Look in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What is the secret of this perfume that has charmed its way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in America you may know! For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this single thread of fragrance . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as yours.

RICHARD HUDNUT
New York Paris

WORLD PREFERRED
in a single thread of
Fragrance
Gemey
Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show... let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her dull, dingy smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she could have—can have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness... a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and does something about it!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush" "Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—and safer!

Remember—
a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

Ipana Tooth Paste.
How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it! It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs! Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property... that's when the fun begins! He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...

Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress! Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN HARLOW • ROBERT TAYLOR
in
"Personal Property"

with Reginald Owen

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE
The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man" "San Francisco" and others
The Opening Chorus

A Letter From Liza

Dear Garbo,

You want to romp. You'd think, wouldn't you, that anyone so ethereally beautiful, and the delicate little lady would be quite content to spend the rest of her days on a chaise longue pondering life and Robert Taylor and Things. But no, Garbo wants to cut loose. And you can be pretty sure that when a lump-in-the-throat dramatic star cuts loose she goes the whole hog in acting up. (Disja hear Grace Moore tear into "Minnie the Moosher?" Minnie hasn't been that hot in years.)

So good old Metro, ever mindful of the happy little Dream Children, gave Mr. Moss Hart (who is the best when it comes to mad, mad comedies; his "You Can't Take It With You" is now playing at the Booth Theatre if you live in New York—lucky you), a huge hunk of dough to whip up a little something in which Greta could sing and dance and cavort without much rhyme and no reason. Mr. Hart accepted the assignment and the dough one day but several days later gave back the assignment and the dough on account of he remembered a previous engagement with a play, and Greta was that disappointed.

Can you just hear her saying to somebody—she must talk to somebody—"I tank I roll on the floor." Which all goes to prove that Greta's no fool. A good roll on the floor has helped many a movie star, and right now it's definitely the thing to do if you want to be terrifically popular with the fans. Look at Carole Lombard and Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow and Loretta Young. They've always been good actresses but the fans didn't go nuts over them until they let down their hair in a commanding way. Miriam Hopkins, I hear, is the latest to give up the oh-the-tragedy-of-it-all type of acting and is now going utterly frantic in her new picture, "Woman Chases Man." In fact she rolled on the floor so thoroughly the other day they had to send her home to bandage her bruises.

Garbo held up production on "Madame Walewska" (which might become "The Polish Countess" any minute now) until several of Metro's better writers could insert a bit of humor in the script. But no matter how you look at it, even cockeyed, it's rather dreamy being Napoleon's girl friend. And Garbo wants to romp. Wanted: A "My Man Godfrey," a "Theodora Goes Wild," a "Liberated Lady," a "Thin Man" for Garbo.

Liza

The Opening Chorus

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Liza
"They're off!" as we say at Santa Anita. The new pictures that are just starting. I mean. But when I look over the production schedules, it's one of the dullest months I've ever encountered. Practically no big pictures shooting, so we might as well start the month right and begin at—

**M-G-M**

There's plenty doing out here all right, damn it.

We have "The Old Soak" starring Wallace Beery. This was a sensationaIly successful stage play some years ago and it is made to order for Beery. He's a shiftless, lovable, good-for-nothing.

J. Walter Rubins is directing this picture and whenever Mr. Rubin is in charge there is fun on the set. In addition, he has Walter Stroh for an assistant and Walter is one of the very few agreeable asistant directors in the business. He's a gent.

"Glad to see you." Mr. Rubin greets me. "You just missed a pretty decent shot. It's too bad, too, because this next one won't be anything to write home about."

If all directors were as affable my job would be a lot easier.

Anyhow, the next shot is in a combination saloon and poolroom. Beery and three of his cronies (Granville Bates, Bert Roach and Oscar O'Shea) are fooling around a quarter slot machine. Suddenly Beery hits the jackpot and quarters pour out all over the place. "Holy mackerel!" he ejaculates. "That thing must have poured out twenty dollars!"

Well, that's all there is to the scene. But what I would like to know is how the property man fixes that machine so Beery hits the jackpot. If I could find that out I could make a fortune.

The next picture is "Night Must Fall." Isn't that a marvelous title? This one stars Robert Montgomery and it's a stark drama. Bob is a bellboy at a country hotel near London. He has no assets but his dreams of power and a way with women. He is the gigolo of one of the guests and is also carrying on with one of the maids—Dora. His benefactress' jealousy of Dora and her refusal to give him more money cause him to murder her. He cuts up the body and hides it near the cottage of Mrs. Bramson (Dame Mae Whitby). His relations with Dora are discovered by Dame Whitby, who plans to compel Bob to marry the girl. They're in her sitting room now.

"Now, young man," she begins sternly, "what about Dora?"

"Excuse me, mum," Bob interrupts, anxious to change the subject, "but is that your cat?"

"Yes," she answers, puzzled.

"May I pick him up?" Bob goes on. "I didn't see him before."

"Do you like cats?" she inquires.

In the Privacy of the Sound Stages the Great Minds Are Producing Pictures. Visit the Working Companies With

S. R. Mook

One picture that is eagerly awaited—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance?" (Left) In "Cafe Metropole," Loretta Young and Charles Winninger develop battle tactics.

"Oh, yes," Bob assures her, "I like all animals—especially cats. He's a beauty. I bet he's a good companion to you, isn't he?"

"He's the only one in the house who is," she snaps.

"Oh, I'm sure," Bob agrees. "Would you mind if I asked what your ailments are?" noting she is in a wheelchair.

"I have the most terrible palpitations."

"Palpitations!" he echoes. "Whew. The way you get about. It's a pretty bad thing to have you know. Did you know that nine women out of ten in your position would be lying down and giving way. I've known people with palpitations. Somebody very close to me." He pauses and then goes on solemnly, "They're dead now."

"Oh!" she exclaims, startled.

"My mother, as a matter of fact," he whispers. "I can just remember her." He pauses again and looks at Dame Mae. "As a matter of fact——" hesitating.

"Yes?" [Continued on page 18]
How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS... the stage... teaching... other professions... each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead—a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is—a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one safe product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
(2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine’s speedy action and efficiency.

Don’t Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Silver Screen
BILIOUS AND UPSET AGAIN!

- One look at my coated tongue told me why I was headachy, desk-weary, out of sorts. I was constipated, bilious. But the laxatives I had always taken were so repulsive. Right there and then I decided to stop being a martyr to bad-tasting "doses." I got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, the popular chewing gum laxative my friends praised as modern, really different!

LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT NOW

- FEEN-A-MINT worked like a charm. Next day I felt like a million. Headache gone. Stomach sweet as clover. Back came the old appetite and pep. I looked better, felt better, slept better. And believe me, FEEN-A-MINT is a pleasure to take. It really tastes good and it certainly acts smoothly! No wonder it's popular.

GOT RELIEF THIS WAY

- According to scientists, one of the chief differences in FEEN-A-MINT is the 3 minutes of chewing. This is what helps make it so thorough and dependable. FEEN-A-MINT acts gently in lower bowel—not in the stomach. No gripping. No upset digestion. Not habit-forming. Economical. Try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious mint-flavored laxative used and praised by more than 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. T-10, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

Family-sized boxes only
15c & 25c
Slightly higher in Canada

“YOU'RE TELLING ME?”

Express Your Opinions—Improve The Movies—Write a Letter.

In ‘Wee Willie Winkie,’ Victor McLaglen and Shirley Temple join up with the kiddies.

THERE rarely comes a picture these days with a moral; a picture that lifts the spirits and makes one feel that things could be worse. ‘Green Light’ is such a picture,” writes Brendon O’Connell, Durflay St., Norwich, Conn. “Errol Flynn as the young doctor teaches a great lesson in moral courage, one that we should profit by.”

Read Dana Burnet’s article in this issue.

“In every picture I have seen that takes place in the East or the North, in which there is a train or locomotive scene, the trains are in most cases Southern Pacific types,” writes Amon G. Carter, Jr., of Culver, Ind. “Any person with any brain at all knows that the Southern Pacific doesn’t go east of St. Louis. I am sure that all people who know anything about railroads notice the same thing.”

Props producers do not know where Southern Pacific engines go.

“TO YOU people who delight in starting rumors concerning our excellent actors and actresses of Hollywood. I would like to ask—why in the name of common decency do you do it? Even if a wife or a husband feels they have to tell their best friend about a little argument, don’t repeat it. Ten chances to one, it will blow over and everything will be lovely, but let everybody talk about it and the gossip gets doubled and doubled and then for some people it’s just too bad,” writes Severin Nelson, Grand Rapids, Mich.

“So what a grand and glorious thing it would be if everyone who starts false rumors and everyone who repeats them would make this resolution in their hearts. "Henceforth, I will not say nor repeat anything I believe will injure the reputation or the well-being of any person. "Having made this resolution, one be-

CHANGE OF TITLES

“Stepping Toes” (Rogers & Astaire) has been changed to “Shall We Dance?”

“Hot Oil” (James Cagney) has been changed to “Dynamite”

“Danger, Men Working” (Lew Ayres) has been changed to “The Crime Nobody Saw”
“Girls, until you’ve seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh... boy... you ain’t seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing... wait’ll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties... ‘Sweet Is the Word For You’... ‘Blue Hawaii’... ‘In A Little Hula Heaven’... ‘Okiehoo’ and ‘Sweet Leilani’. Yeah, man... ‘Waikiki Wedding’ is some party... and how!”
"My hips measured 43 inches. Now they are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ks.

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Odella Brown, Briancliff Manor, N.Y.

"Lost 9 inches from my hips and never felt better in my life!"
Mrs. Rose Grant, Soudolth, Neb.

"My hips have been reduced 9 inches without slightest diet."
Miss Juan Healy, New York, N.Y.

THESE CORSETS ARE GUARANTEED WITH FULL PERMISSION TO WEAR THEM.

No wonder we can make this amazing offer

If you don't reduce hips and waist 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing!

> > > Thousands of smart women have chipped away at their lovely, slender figures to PERFOLASTIC!

Because we receive enthusiastic letters in every mail .. because we find most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in 10 days .. we believe are now justified in making this amazing offer.

Test it for yourself without risk!

DANGEROUS NUMBER—Fair. A rather light little comedy, nicely produced however, about a rich but conventional young business man who finds himself marrying a glamorous young girl who isn't his type at all. (Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Reginald Owen).

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND—Fair. A lofty melodrama about a jealous young woman who come to blows with a Mexican dancer (Dolores del Rio) whom Dick marries. There's plenty of sparkling comedy, as well as a stirring climax.

ESPIONAGE—Fine. A gay film produced in the modern manner, meaning that in spite of its authentic chills and thrills, the characters refuse to take the melodramatic plot too seriously, which after all, isn't a bad idea. (Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans, Paul Lukas).

GENERAL SPANKY—Fair. Children will enjoy this little-length comedy featuring "Our Gang"—of short reel fame. The locale is a Southern plantation during the Civil War and our old friend Spandy rounds up his gang in order to help the Cause. It's all very simply told—you simply judged for adult consumption. (Phillips Holmes, Irving Pichel).

GREAT O'MALLEY, THE—Fair. This is a test-taper for fair. But the kids will eat up. Pat O'Brien is cast as a red-boiled cop whose better nature is asserted when he allows Sybil Jason, a crippled slum child, to creep into his heart. Her father, Humphrey Bogart, who has formerly been convicted by Pat, profts by Pat going softly.

HISTORY MADE AT NIGHT—Splendid. One of those smartly mounted films which you recognize as a "class" production from the start. Magnetic Charles Boyer plays a headwaiter who masquerades as a bum, but becomes the center of the story as a showboat similar to the Titanic disaster. (Jean Arthur, Colleen Moore, Leo Carrillo).

LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE—Good. This is an attractively produced society film with the characters so highly polished that you feel sure they couldn't make any errors—yet make errors they apparently do, so much so that Joan Crawford and Jeff Powell, a next pair of crooks, take them like Grant took Richmond. (Frank Morgan, Bob Montgomery).

LOVE IS NEWS—Excellent. A really charming yarn, beautifully directed, with perfect dialogue starring Loretta Young, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. The plot concerns a newspaper reporter who is "scooped" by the bossess whom he bull-dozed into telling him the secrets of her smash engagement.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—Fair. For the first time Joseph Calleia doesn't play a villain and actually comes off quite well, but the idea of the fuse of the fence. Cast as an Italian immigrant who studies law, he finds himself the victim of corrupt politics which it takes some effort to out. (Florence Rice, Catherine Doucet).

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—Good. Victor McLaglen is excellent as the poorest man, at the outbreak of the World War, kidnaps the baby daughter of a munitions manufacturer and farms her out. The fact that he is later imprisoned for life causes much suspense and melodrama. (Peter Lorre, June Lang, Walter Connolly).

THAT I MAY LIVE—Good, Even though this is a color copy of several earlier "wrongly accused convict" yarns, the last of which was "You Live Only Once," it commands your undivided sympathy and attention nevertheless, and you've delighted to find the hero (Robert Kent) and the heroine (Rochelle Hudson) in a happy fadeout.

WEDDING OF PAOL, THE—Interesting. If you enjoyed the film called "Estimo," you will find this just as absorbing. Produced by the experienced late Kurt Neumann, it is a novel study of the manners and customs of the Eskimos, with simple, natural love story interwoven.

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Excellent. A Grace Moore picture, the story of a beautiful little girl (Joe E. Brown) who consults his horoscope daily before carrying out his plans. Others come to rely upon his charts of their horoscopes, also, withUtterly results. (Marian Marsh, Fred Kasting).

WHIRLPOOL, THE—Fine. A French picture, with super-imposed English titles, which you may catch in the "arty" film theatre of your town. The plot is adapted from T. E. Lawrence's novel "Lady Chatterly's Lover," and the English titles make it very simple to follow.

WOMAN ALONE, THE—Interesting. An English, gay picture minus a war background and starring our own Sylvia Sidney. This has many eerie moments and plenty of suspense, but we can't hold back the fact that the film has its dull moments, too. Nevertheless, an excellent director makes up for this discrepancy. (Oscar Homolka, Desmond Tester, John Loder).

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Fair. It's too bad to have to tell you that in spite of the presence of two such likeable actresses as Virginia Bruce and Malvina Douglas, this film just doesn't go down. It concerns an artist who eventually falls in love with his dim-witted model, in spite of class-difference,
All through the night

DIETRICH·DONAT

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—
together...Facing danger—sharing adventure—together...Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great to face alone...

Looking into each other's heart—to find each other...All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together...Tomorrow held their destiny...Tonight held their love...

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

SILVER SCREEN
Flattering shades of Fashion in Glazo’s non-thickening nail polish that wears and wears!

When it’s Swingtime and dance time...when hearts beat higher than a cover charge...when you’re looking glamorous enough to dazzle even a head waiter...of course, you’ll be wearing Glazo nail polish in one of the exciting new “Misty” colors.

For your most Witching Hours, Glazo offers this enchanting array of polishes, styled for young sophisticates, blended for new nail beauty. Cherry Red and Russet, Sunran, Bisque and Misty Rose—here are shades to complement every costume, to glorify every hand. Glazo's attentions are always flattering...that's why sought-after girls, girls who know the secrets of good grooming, sparkle up with Glazo's misty, smoky shades, or with one of the fashion-approved “clear” colors.

Good company on any party is Glazo...smooth as satin on the nail...with conscientious objections to peeling, fading, or thickening in the bottle. And, at 20¢—or 25¢ for the new large size—so kind to the budget!

Glazo

The Smart Manicure

Glazo’s “Misty” Tints are party colors

SHRIMPS AND PEAS MORNAY

| 1/2 can of shrimp | 3 tbsp. Gold Medal flour |
| 1/2 cup grated cheese |
| Salt—Pepper |
| 2 tbsp. butter |
| 1 1/2 cups milk |
| 1 cup cooked peas |
| Dash of Cayenne |

Remove black vein from shrimps. Blend flour and seasonings into melted butter. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add shrimps and peas; heat in top double boiler. Pour into croustades, made by cutting unsliced bread into about 2-inch slices, scooping out center portion to form a box about 1/2-inch thick. Brush generously with butter and browning in oven. Chicken à la King, creamed oysters and celery, turkey hash, creamed eggs and olives may be substituted for shrimps and peas.

TOMATO CUSTARD

| 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes |
| 1 tbsp. butter |
| 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs |
| 1 egg |
| Salt |
| Pepper |

Heat tomatoes, onion, butter, salt, sugar, and pepper together. Add bread crumbs and mix well. Add to beaten egg. Pour into buttered Pyrex baking dish, set in pan of hot water, bake about 40 minutes in moderate oven—375 F.

BANANA TAPIOCA PUDDING

Combine about 2 scant tablespoons Minute Tapioca with 1 egg yolk, 1/2 cup sugar, pinch of salt and 1 cup of milk in top of double boiler. Stir enough to break egg. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (5 to 7 min.) and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove and fold a small amount into stiffly beaten egg white; add this to remaining tapioca mixture and blend. Add vanilla and sliced bananas and chill—mixture thickens as it cools. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

HOT BOUILLON

Dissolve 1/4 package Royal Salad Gelatin in 1 1/2 cups boiling water and serve. Simple and easy to make, and so good. Here is a grand substitute, which may be used for either luncheon or dinner.

CELERI CHOWDER

| 2 tsp. butter |
| 1 medium sized potato, diced |
| 1/4 tsp. salt |
| 1 tsp. flour |
| 1 tsp. cold water |
| 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine |
| 2 cups chopped celery |
| 1/2 of a medium sized onion, chopped fine |
| Tiny bit of pepper |
| 1 qt. sweet milk, scalded |

Dash of Paprika

Melt butter in saucepan, add onions, celery and diced potatoes. Stir a minute over heat. Cover with boiling water and cook vegetables until tender (about 15 min.). Season with salt and pepper. Mix flour with cold water. Stir into mixture. When thickened add scalded milk. Taste and add any needed seasonings. At serving time pour into bowls and add finely chopped egg and paprika.

VEAL STEAK CREOLE

| 1 veal cutlet, 1/2 inch thick |
| 1 onion, minced |
| Salt, pepper |
| 2 tbsp. butter |

Cut cutlet in two pieces for serving; season with salt and pepper, dip into milk
and then into seasoned bread crumbs. Let dry for 30 minutes. Melt butter in skillet, cook onion 2 or 3 minutes. Brown steaks slowly on both sides. Add tomatoes and green pepper, cook slowly for 45 minutes.

**ROASTED CHICKEN, BARBECUE**

Get a young chicken and have it split for broiling. Place halves of chicken on broiling rack, skin side down, and cook under moderate flame until well browned and almost tender. Baste frequently with following mixture:

- \( \frac{1}{2} \) tsp. dry mustard
- \( \frac{1}{4} \) tsp. Worcestershire
- \( \frac{1}{4} \) cup melted butter
- sherry Sauce
- 1 tbs. vinegar
- \( \frac{1}{2} \) tsp. salt

Serve on a large platter or chop plate with mounds of hot well-seasoned vegetables as peas, carrots, Lima beans and corn. All of these may come out of a can.

**MAGIC LEMON PIE**

Blend together 1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup lemon juice, grated rind of one lemon or \( \frac{1}{4} \) teaspoon lemon extract, yolks 2 eggs. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding 2 level tablespoons sugar for each white. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 10 minutes, or until brown.

**FRIED CELERY HEARTS OR ASPARAGUS TIPS**

Wash celery hearts and separate into quarters. Cook in chicken broth or water 10 minutes. Dip celery in a batter made by blending 3 tablespoons flour, \( \frac{1}{2} \) slightly beaten egg and a cup of milk, then in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat (370 F.) 3 to 6 minutes until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt. For the asparagus use Del Monte Mammoth and dip in an egg lightly beaten, then in fine bread crumbs, again in egg and bread crumbs and fry. You'll love these.

**WINNERS OF THE ADJECTIVE CONTEST**

**FIRST PRIZE—$10.00**

Mrs. Alys Wiesnauer, 15 Radnor Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

**SECOND PRIZE—$5.00**

Stephen Ensner, 923 So. 6th St., Evansville, Ind.

**THIRD PRIZES—(25) $1.00 each**

- Mrs. Mildred Swan, 1460 Baldwin Ave., Chicago, 111.
- Mrs. Robert Fox, 2 Park Lane, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
- Mrs. E. E. Cunin, 69 Kearney Ave., Kearny, N. J.
- Poultry News, Box 3173, Kansas City, Mo.
- Betty Hitchman, 709 Washington St., Oregon City, Ore.
- Miss P. Boardman, 201 N. Easton Road, Glenola, Pa.
- Miss S. Parnell, Federal St., Snow Hill, Md.
- Mrs. J. A. McDonald, 41 Atkinson Rd., Portsmouth, Cheadle, Va.
- Beatrice H. Laid, 29 Henry St., Bellevue Falls, Vt.
- Dec-Jay Street, 865 Eddy Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Mrs. G. M. Putnam, 287 Pioneers Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.
- Phyllis Tashkun, Waukegan, Ill.
- Andrea Newland, 1370 N. 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.
- Mrs. Irene Krouse, 263 W. 36th St., Duluth, Minn.
- Esther Neisinger, 6085 Eire St., Speenport, La.
- Eleanor F. High, P. O. Box 588, Lock Haven, Pa.
- Mrs. John West, 366 Canal St., Newcombstown, Ohio.
- Mrs. W. C. Ellis, 3715 Ohio Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.
- Mrs. H. C. Kennedy, Oxford Road, Durham, N. C.
- Sophie Soldati, 39 Winter St., Somersworth, N. H.
- Harold Ellis, 112 E. Grand Ave., Decatur, Ill.
- Betty Warner, 218 W. 16th St., New York, N. Y.
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**SILVER SCREEN**

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"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours — instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

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Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.

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COIFFURES

The Latest Developments
In Hairdressing.

By Mary Lee

The latest news on the hair style front is that hats are being designed to fit the hair-do instead of the other way around, as it's been in the past.

For instance, there are hats that fit right into that "angel roll" of hair that goes all the way around one's head. Every bit of the roll is exposed. And when you take your hat off, your hair is just as neat as it was when you first combed it into place.

One of the newest Paris-designed hats is a narrow, boat-shaped toque that perches over one eyebrow and shows scads of curls or rolls at the sides and in back.

The whole idea in the new hat styles seems to be to show as much hair as possible. Some of them are slashed away up on one side, or made with an open crown so the top of your head shows through. Even the wide-brimmed hats are so shallow-crowned that they frame your hair instead of hiding it from view.

There's absolutely no doubt now that these radically different hair styles, substituting loose, natural-looking rolls and curls for formal waves, are here to stay. It's not only hats that have been influenced by them. Permanent waves, too, have undergone important changes.

A widespread organization of hairdressers called the "American Hair Design Institute" has had a lot to do with bringing about the change in hair styles so quickly. (Quite likely your own hairdresser is a member.)

Its Director, Mr. R. Louis, gave us the most interesting explanation we've heard of the change in permanent waving, so we're going to pass it along to you. He said:

"From the time permanent waves first came out until just recently, the idea was to put the waves in ridges. This resulted in a set style of hairdress operators had to follow in their finger waves, or else they wouldn't stay in place. The new idea is to make the permanent wave a base, so any hair style can be moulded from it to suit the individual.

"American women are tired of hair set in ridges, and in another few years it will be completely passé. They want their hair to look naturally curly and individual instead of proving that they have a permanent wave or have just come from the beauty shop."

When you get your next permanent wave, be sure it's the kind that will permit arranging your hair the way you want it. For curls and rolls, you should have the croquigne type, where the hair is rolled from the ends toward the scalp. If you want to leave the crown of your head fashionably straight and shining, get a three-quarters permanent wave. It will give you plenty of curl at the sides and in back, also in front if you want to wear an "angel roll" or pomponadour effect. The new three-quarters wave is a little more expensive than an end-curl and less than a full permanent.

The most popular wave is an all-over croquigne. However, if your hair is long and thick and you want a complete wave, you'll get the best effect with a spiral wave.
on top and croquignole in the ends. There's a new type of spiral called the "shadow wave" for this kind of hair. It puts a wave on the upper layers of hair and leaves the underneath straight so there won't be too much fullness at the crown. This is usually combined with a tight croquignole wave in the ends.

We don't need to tell you that the "pre-heated" methods of permanent waving are sweeping into popularity. They're so comfortable and easy to take, with none of that heavy overhead wiring. The most exciting news in pre-heated permanents is the new Nestle-Undine Spatomatic process which gives a spiral wave on the new machine. Until this loomed on the horizon, only croquignole waves could be given by this comfort method. Now you can have either croquignole or spiral or a combination of both.

Just in case you haven't had one already, we're going to tell you how the Nestle-Undine pre-heated permanent wave works. Your hair is rolled up in clips, sachets and pads in the usual way. But the heating is done off your head.

Light aluminum clamps are brought to just the right degree of heat on a small gunmetal and chromium machine that works like an automation by electricity. The machine is set for the exact amount of heat your type of hair needs. A green light flashes when the clamps are placed on the heating rods. A red light flashes when it's time to put them on your hair. And a bell rings to tell the operator when your wave is finished and the clamps should come off. There's no guess-work anywhere!

The entire time the heated clamps are on your head is only one to three minutes, depending upon the texture of your hair. The wave is made while they cool off. The result is a soft, manageable yet lasting wave that it's actually been fun to have!

All the preparations used on your hair—pads, special lotion for your particular strength of hair, cellulose papers for wrapping ends—are contained in a sealed box which is opened in your presence. There's a tube of cream enclosed, too, for reconditioning the hair ends in case they're split and brittle or your previous permanent hasn't entirely grown out.

And now for a word of advice on the things you can do yourself to help make your permanent a complete success! Have it at a time when your general health is good, because even slight illness is reflected in the condition of your hair.

The new page boy hair-do that is becoming, particularly to Binnie Barnes.

Give your hair plenty of brushing after the wave. This helps bring out its beauty and won't affect its lasting qualities.

If you have been using a bleach, dye or color-unparting time on your hair, be sure to tell the operator.

---

IF YOU WANT BEAUTY
follow Myrna Loy's
MAKE-UP ADVICE

You should know, as every screen star knows, that beauty often depends upon make-up. But, there is only one sure way to accent the attraction of your beauty—and that is to adopt the make-up of the screen stars.

It is Color Harmony Make-Up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and it consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized colors for each type of blonde, brunette, brunette and redhead. Not how these stars create beauty with Hollywood's make-up secret.

HOLLYWOOD'S LIPSTICK...it is Max Factor's, of course. Super-Indelible, it imparts lovely lip make-up that is permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too, so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours... One dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Silver Screen

17
WELL-DRESSED WOMEN NOW WEAR

* BRA-FORMS *

Leading American designers recommend the use of dress shields to protect their creations not only from perspiration but also from strong under-arm cosmetics.

At a recent Fashion Show in New York, every dress was worn over a carefully selected Kleinert's Bra-form.

Bra-forms are smart uplift bras made in net, lace, batiste and satin and equipped with a pair of Kleinert's guaranteed dress shields.

They can be laundered as easily as your other lingerie, and solve your perspiration problem perfectly without the slightest bother.

You need bras and you need shields—Bra-forms combine them most conveniently! From a dollar up in good Notion Departments everywhere—a tiny fraction of the cost of the dresses they save.

The Bra-form illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25.

"Oh, no—it's a daft thing."
"What is it?" she demands. "Come along, now. Out with it."
"It's only fancy, I suppose," he smiles wistfully, "but you remind me a bit of her."

"Of your mother?"
He nods simply and her sympathy is stirred. "Have you got a son?" he goes on.
"I haven't got anybody at all," she whines in self-pity.

It goes on like that and first thing you know Bob is working for her. In the end he murders her and is about to murder her niece when he is caught.

"Boo!" Bob exclaims when the scene is over, "this is the pair I've been waiting for—hoping and praying for. I'm sick of these rich young wastrels. This is something I can get my teeth into."

I must say if the scene I saw is any indication Bob is going to give a superb performance. But I have said before and I say again there is no one on the screen who can play those light insouciant parts as well as Bob and it seems a shame not to continue with them.

Next is "Skidding." Lionel Barrymore has been revered for twenty years by Carvel County as a just judge. Then, a few days before election, he is forced (because of his duty) to sign a restraining order against a company which has started work on an aqueduct—a project that has already brought the fore-runner of a boom to Carvel. He is in bad with the populace.

At home, his wife (Spring Byington) and Aunt Milly (Sarah Haden) prepare a feast to welcome his daughter (Cecilia Parker) home from college. Another daughter (Julie Haydon) arrives without her husband.

"Where's Bill?" Spring asks.
"We've set a place for him," Sarah adds.
"I should have called you, mother," Julie replies, not meeting anyone's eyes. "He had a business appointment—some man he had to see tonight."

It turns out it was monkey business and it wasn't a man at all—it was a new love he had.

But it's getting late and I haven't time to find out about new loves or old loves. Of course, in the end Lionel is re-elected. Julie and her husband are re-united and Cecilia Parker gets Eric Linden.

The last picture on this lot is "Song of the City," with Margaret Lindsay and Stanley Morier. There's no dialogue in this scene. It's simply the side of a ship where everyone is going aboard. Margaret and J. Carroll Nash are standing at the foot of the gangplank talking and Nat Pendleton and his picture father and mother are walking up it.

Margaret once had the most beautiful ponds which she had ever seen. His name is Ranger and she gave him to Dick Powell because she was living in a small apartment and had no place for him.

"I saw Ranger the other day," I remark.
"Oh!" Margaret breathes. "Tell me about him."

So I tell her about Ranger—how every time anyone goes swimming in the pool Ranger goes too. And if you dive off the board Ranger dives off the board.

"I wish I had him back," she murmurs wistfully. "But Dick made me promise when I gave him Ranger that I wouldn't ask for him back. He promised to give me a tan cocker—but he never did. Maybe you could remind him."

Mr. Powell, you're reminded—here and publicly.

"Anyway?" Margaret continues, "I think since he married Blondell that ought to make some difference, don't you?"

"It really should," I rejoin. "Why don't you send him a note and say, 'Since you married the other girl, please return my glints.'"

"It's a thought," Margaret laughs and then the director calls her so I leave and go on out to—

Columbia

FAN MAG FANYA, The Mad Hatter, is sitting at her desk quite distraught.

"I've just been out to the ranch where 'Venus Makes Trouble,' with James Dunn

"The Devil Is Driving" has Richard Dix as a young lawyer and Frederick Burton as a judge; it also has a lesson for reckless drivers.
and Patricia Ellis, is shooting,” she explains, “and all that fresh air has completely unnerved me. I’m a night blooming jasmine, you know,” she adds proudly.

“I’m not interested in your private life.” I inform her emphatically, remembering she once told me her mother was broad-minded about everything except sex and liquor. “What’s shooting over here?”

“We have a new picture with Richard Dix,” she begins importantly.

“Quit bragging,” I interrupt, “and let’s get started. I can hardly wait.”

So out we go to the set of “The Devil Is Driving” (tentative title) where Mr. Dix is starring for the nine hundred and um punctuated time. “The scene is a courtroom,” The Mad Hatter begins.

“That’ll be nice,” I murmur. “I’ve never seen one on the screen before.”

“Ah,” Fanya sighs, but the others were different. You see, it isn’t the locale in pictures that counts but what happens there that matters. This one is what happens as a result of drunken driving.

“I hear it,” I protest. “Paramount did it and called it ‘An Unknown Death.’”

“I know it,” she replies, quite unperturbed. “They also made another about the same thing and called it ‘The Devil Is Driving.’ That’s why we’re looking for another title for ours. But I still insist the plots are different and that is another reason the same title won’t do for both pictures.”

If anything Fanya said made sense she wouldn’t be called “The Mad Hatter.” I quit arguing with her and turn to watch the scene.

Dix is a young lawyer who believes in cultivating “the right people.” Frank Wilson has been indicted for second degree murder, caused by drunken driving. Dix defends him and by purifying himself and getting Frank’s father and a lot of friends to do the same thing, gets him acquitted. But he loses the love of the very girl he cares for—Joan Perry. In gratitude, Frank’s wealthy and influential father gets Dix elected district attorney. Dix starts a clean-up campaign against drunken drivers. Frank, a coarse, bumbling fellow, with his fiancée Ann Rutherford. They have a spat and she starts home alone. Frank “borrows” a car from a parking lot and starts in hot pursuit of her, narrowly avoiding several accidents. As he catches up with Ann, he side-swipes her car, forces it over an embankment and she is instantly killed. His father demands justice.

But when the case is called the one witness has been bribed and all the employees at the night club have been taken care of so they testify Frank had done no drinking at the club. The only charge on which they can get Frank, is driving without a license.

Joan thinks Dix is trying to get Frank off. But Dix asks for an adjournment until next day. Next day he comes into court and tells the judge about the first case—how he and all the others perjured themselves. You can imagine the furor all this creates. The others have been sentenced and Dix is standing up in front of the judge (Frederick Burton).

“The others who were involved in this perjury are paying for their acts,” Burton declares. “You have been stripped of public office, disbarred from further practice, and sentenced for subornation of perjury. It is not within the power of this court to reverse you to your position at the bar. But, as to the payment for your crime, we can take into consideration the fact that you sacrificed yourself to secure justice in this case. That was a brave act of public service. The Court suspends sentence.”

There is a low murmur from the audience as Dix looks gratefully at the judge. “Thank you, sir,” he whispers, turns and starts out of the courtroom.

“Most Colds
ARE INHALED

Guard this
INHALING ZONE
with PEPSODENT
the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

It’s the 10-second Germ Killer, even diluted with 1/2 water

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

- How do germs enter your body? How do colds start?

“You inhale most colds!” say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed in every day of your life. Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack... to infect sensitive throat membranes!

Kill the germs

The health of yourself and your family may depend on this safety measure. Gargle twice daily with PEPSODENT Antiseptic. For it’s the 10-Second Germ-Killer!—your protective aid against colds and sore throats resulting from the common cold.

Get over colds twice as fast

So effective is PEPSODENT that, in tests on 500 people, PEPSODENT users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Results were so clear cut that there’s no argument as to what you may expect! What’s more, PEPSODENT is “the thrifty antiseptic”—one of the most economical you can buy. For it’s a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with 1/2 water. Thus PEPSODENT lasts 3 times as long as other leading mouth antiseptics, and makes your dollar go 3 times as far.

SILVER SCREEN
19
—

!

Get Double Protection
This

Way*.

These clever actors, Leonard Mudie, Walter Con-

Your

dentist will tell you that to keep
teeth white and sparkling, gums must be
firm and healthy, too. To do both vital
jobs clean teeth and safeguard gums
an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste.

and Lionel Stander, are making "The
League of Frightened Men." Connolly is Nero
Wolfe, one of our better known fiction detectives.
nolly

—

When you brush your

teeth

with

Forhan's, massage it gently into the
gums just as dentists advise. Note how it
stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh
your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs
no more than most ordinary tooth pastes,
and the new big tube saves you money.
Start using Forhan's today. Also sold
in

Canada.

FORMULA OF

R. J.

FORHAN,

D.D.S.

Forhan's
CLEANS TEETH
DOES

BOTH JOBS

I

\SAVE$ GUMS

Joan, who has been sitting in the press
box, rises quickly and joins him at the
gate, tucking her arm in his and they
quietly pass out together— out of the court-

room, you know.
"In case you're interested," Fanya squeaks,
"that was the very last scene in the picture."

"Dammit!" I explode. "I knew I should
have waited until tomorrow to come here
and then I'd have missed it."
"No, you wouldn't," she assures me.
"They're shooting the first scene tomorrow.
Come on. We'll go over to the next stasre."
Here "The League of Frightened Men" is
working. This one boasts the presence of
Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander, Irene
Hervey, Eduardo Cianelli and Allen Brook.
"Connolly is under contract here now,"
The Hatter bubbles. "I think he's wonderful. Outside of 'Let's Get Married' he hasn't
made a picture here in over a year."
"What are you kicking about?" I demand.
"Did you

see him in 'The Good Earth?"
"I see you're in a nasty mood," she sneers,

"but you're wrong. He's a marvelous actor.

And

so

is

Stander."

quiet, you two," Al Green, the
director, roars. "You can do your gabbing
in her office. I'm trying to make a picture."

We

subside meekly and the plot begins
unfold. It's another Nero Wolfe story.
Connolly is Wolfe this time, and Stander
is his devoted leg man. They are listening
attentively to a caller— Leonard Mudie.
"Mr. Wolfe," Mudie begins, "a man was
killed yesterday. He was the second. I may
be the third— or fourth— but sooner or later
to

madman

"

"You are reasonably

safe

in this house,
interrupts. "Please tell

No man ever fell in love with tired, dull eyes
Keep your eyes enchantingly

clear,magnetic,

Use Ibath regularly... always before an important "date"! Tired, red-rimmed
eyes are soothed! Your eyes feel younger,
look more lustrous. At drug stores, 50^.
thrilling!

McKesson & Robbins

ibath
20

Professor," Connolly
us your trouble."
"It started years ago," Mudie
"when I was a sophomore at

proceeds,

Harvard.
Eleven fellow students and myself hazed a
freshman by the name of Paul Chapin. It
was a typical college joke but this time it
ended in tragedy. Since that day he has
never walked without the use of two canes."
"That was a tough break," Stander puts
in sympathetically.
"For us— as well as Chapin," Mudie
agrees. "We didn't get over it for a Ions

Silver

he was thrown over— by Paul Chapin!
Everyone of us got an unsigned, typewritten
letter the day after Harrison was buried. I
know Chapin sent it!" he finishes hysteric;
lieve

ally.

He
the

fumbles in

letter,

Screen

his

pocket and produces

which he hands to Connolly.

"Ye who left me but a tortured shell, Ye
should have killed me. I have counted one.
I shall count all. Ye should have killed
me."
Walt reads the

letter and passes it on to
Stander. "It don't rhyme," Stander objects.
"And you're afraid of being the next,
Professor?" Connolly continues to question

him.

"The

"Keep

this

time. Chapin was poor so the twelve of
us kept him in college and continued to
assist him until very recently. A few months
ago Paul had his first big success and became financially independent. To celebrate,
an old classmate. Judge Harrison, gave Paul
a party at his lodge in the mountains.
Judge Harrison died during that party!"
"Judge Harrison was one of the twelve
hazers?" Nero Connolly questions.
"Yes. They said he fell over a cliff. / be-

Eugene Dreyer, the art
found dead yesterday. This
morning the remaining ten of us got our
second warning letter," he goes on in a
strained voice. "I'll give you $10,000 to
protect me!"
"Cut!" Green orders.
dealer,

"I

second,

was

say they could stop the picture
more than $10,000," I mutter. "I don't like murder pictures and I
know before the mystery is solved blood
still

and save

a lot

be flowing like Water."
"You're crazy," The Hatter informs me
for the dozenth time. "People go wild over
will

murder pictures and

this

is

strictly

an

A

product-with that cast and Al Green directing. Why, all the principals have standins and even the script girl wears silk
stockings!"
"Let's see," I demand, but the script girl
doesn't feel it necessary to prove her class
to

me.
Mr. Green

is

still

glowering at me, so

we leave. The other picture on this lot—
"Honeymoon Pilot," with Charles Quigley
and Rosalind Keith, is on location so
pursue my lonely way to

I


OVERLOOKED something on my production schedule. There are three big pictures going here. One of them is "Outcasts of Poker Flat" starring Preston Foster and another is "Satisfaction Guaranteed" starring Anne Shirley. But they're both on location so I'll tell you about the next month's Billie Burke for "The Woman I Love" I've already told you about. But it suddenly occurs to me I have never told you about "Shall We Dance?" the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers opus.

The scene is one of the most beautiful roof gardens ever cooked up by a scenic artist. There is a hedge running all around the edge and at one end are a couple of gigantic crystal candelabra.

Ginger is a revue star and Fred is a famous ballet artist who has assumed the name of Petrov for stage purposes. Edward Everett Horton is Fred's manager and Jerome Cowan is Ginger's. William Brisbane is her fiancé and Eric Blore is the hotel manager. Ginger is disgusted with things in general and with Fred in particular. She decides to leave the stage. Her manager, hoping to shake her determination, arranges a farewell dinner for her at this roof garden and privately tells Fred to be there. So Fred is there with Mr. Horton—and they are at the table next to Ginger's. During the evening the orchestra leader introduces Ginger and she sings "They All Laughed." And that is what she's doing now with Fred and Eddie staring at her, expressions of mingled and varying emotions playing across their faces.

Ginger looks lovely in a printed silk evening gown with a voluminous white cape around her shoulders. But an Astaire-Rogers set is never one for levity—not for me, anyhow. So, there being nothing else to see at this studio I betake myself to—

Paramount

WOULD you believe me, dear peepul, if I told you there is absolutely nothing for me to tell you about here? There are gobs of pictures shooting but I've already reported every one of them—"Souls At Sea," "High, Wide and Handsome," "Waikiki Wedding," "Years Are So Long" and "Interiors Can't Take Money." The only one I haven't covered is "I Met Him in Paris," starring Claudette Colbert, and, unless all signs fail, you're going to read a whole story about that one elsewhere in this same issue.

Voila! We change our course and proceed to—

Warner Brothers

"TALENT SCOUT," with Jeanne Madison, and "Tol'able David," with Jane Wyatt, are on location.

"The Singing Marine," starring Dick Powell, is going full blast but Dick isn't working. No, Allen Jenkins, Lee Dixon, Doris Weston (a newcomer who looks double O G good) are sitting at a table. Jane Darwell comes into the restaurant, angrily shakes off the hands of the foot waiter when he attempts to relieve her of her wraps and furiously tells him not to call her "Madam." (That's one thing about Warner Brothers' pictures. If a gag is funny once it'll be funny in every one of their pictures they can possibly get it into.) Then she looks around the room, spots Jenkins, trims her sails and heads for him. She sneaks up behind him and gives him a resounding whack on the back.

"Ma Marine!" Allen ejaculates looking around and seeing who it is. "How are ya?" "How do I look?" Jane wants to know. "Can I barge in?"

"Where there's marines, that's where you belong," Allen tells her. "Folks," to the other two, "I want you to meet the mother of the Fourth Marines. This is Corporal Slim Dixon and Miss Peggy Randall."

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and that was that.

WAKE UP, MARY!

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their alooseness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm—and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it anytime; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of your golden times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
"Howdy," says Jane briefly, seating herself.

"Ma Marine means more to the guys in Shanghai than soup does to nuts," Allen explains as he re-sets himself. "She runs the Anchorage there just for us gynes."

"You bein' transferred back to Shanghai, Mike?" Jane inquires of him. He nods.

"Trouble comin' up there?" He shrugs.

"Why aren't you on a transport?"

"I'm actin' as keeper to a thing called 'The Singing Marine,'" he informs her disgustedly.

"Heard him on the radio," Jane tells them. "What's he like?"

"Take a look," Jenkins invites her and yells, "Hey! Slug!"

I take it Slig is Dick but as he's on another stage rehearsing it's a cinch he isn't coming over to the table now. He'll probably arrive tomorrow—or the next day.

Allen is in one of his grumpy moods where he doesn't want to talk and Dixon is all wrapped up in Miss Weston. I don't blame him. She has on a dress of that come-lither red color with horizontal white stripes.

But the room is very elegant. Instead of the customary plush drapes and gilt and crystal it has some very soft green velvet curtains and everything else about it is very quiet and in impeccable taste. You can't get laughs out of drapes, however, so I proceed to the next set where—

"Kid Galahad" is in work, starring Bette Davis and Edward G. (say! Did any of you ever wonder what that "G" is for? I heard—but I only heard, mind you—his middle name is Geronimo) Robinson. Humphrey Bogart is in this, too.

"Hey! Bogart greets me when we're introduced. "You wrote that you'd met me a number of times and I never remember you. I'm sorry. I'm very bad about that and it worries me. It wasn't intentional. I go 'round in a daze and look right square at people without seeing them."

Then we sit down and gab for about an hour and have a lot of laughs telling stories about people we knew on the stage in the old days when he was a tadpole and I was a fish.

And all at once the ubiquitous Mushy Calhoun booms up.

"Hey, Dick!" he says. "I know Bob Nestell is boxing in this picture! Have you met him yet? Come on over. I want you to meet him."

We go over to young Mr. Nestell, who everyone thinks is going to be the boy who will presently flatter Joe Lewis. "Take care of Bob," Mushy admonishes me, "and don't forget me at the same time. I haven't seen my name in your column in quite some months."

Bob is very shy and you practically have to blast to get a word out of him. He's enough like Wally Holly (who is under

How would your laxative rate with the doctor?

Your doctor is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about little matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry you. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves. No wonder it's a favorite with millions of mothers. No wonder it's the most widely used laxative in the whole world.

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE—If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S57, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When nature forgets—remember

Ex-Lax
The Original Chocolate Laxative.
the same management) to be his twin brother. I mean he's like him in his manner. The make-up man has done a swell job with him, too, and never been knocked out in a real fight but he gets knocked out in this one. And they've put some red stuff around both eyes that look like blood to make it look like his eyes have been cut and are bleeding.

The scene is supposed to be during the fight. The auditorium is jammed. Robinson, who manages Wayne Morris, and his trainer (Harry Carey) are at the corner and as Bob knocks Wayne into that corner Robinson yells, "Lay off that, kid! D'ya hear me? Box him!" But Wayne backs Bob into that corner, blasting him. Bob's guard has risen. A right hand catches him in the solar plexus so he can't support the ropes, Wayne rocking him with rights to the head, Eddie yells up at him, "Lay off! Yuh tryin' to ruin everything?"

It's all very confusing. The fight is supposed to be going on and Robinson is all in a sweat but there's no fight going on because Bob is sitting right beside me and Wayne is in his dressing room on the other side of the stage.

Finally the director yells "Cut!" I doubt that even Eddie's wife and mother are.on kidding terms with him. He's much too arty to go on for laughs. Mr. Nestell's job is boxing—not quitting. Wayne is nowhere around. Bette isn't working today and I've already milked Humphrey dry of anecdotes so I proceed to—

Twentieth Century-Fox

NOW we come to the set of "Cafe Metropole" starring Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, Jr.

Adolphe Menjou is the head waiter in the Cafe Metropole. He has borrowed 450,000 francs from the cashier. The auditors are coming next day and the cashier threatens Adolphe with a gun unless he pays pronto. Menjou craftily talks him into the loan of an additional 30,000 which he promises to repay next day before the auditors arrive. Then he goes to a smart gambling club and starts playing Banco. He keeps doubling his money until he has 210,000 francs. Everyone is urging him to stop but he risks the whole amount and wins once more. This time it is from a young man—Tyrone. When Adolphe asks for a settlement he discovers Tyrone has no money, although he offers a worthless check.

There isn't much dialogue in the gambling parlor, except the croupier offering the bank and people making wagers.

So I drift back to where Loretta is sitting with Tyrone. "Aren't either of you working?" I ask.

"I'm not," Loretta smiles. "I'm only visiting on the set, showing some house guests from Piedmont how pictures are made." Her guests are Mrs. Paul Fretz and her daughter, Tony. They were so thrilled by it all and I keep thinking how wonderful it would be if all of us, who are so close to pictures, could just keep that enthusiasm which we, too, knew when we first came out here.

And Loretta is being a perfect hostess. There are very few stars who bother showing their friends through the studios. Usually they just arrange to have some messenger boy take them around but here is Loretta acting as guide herself.

I turn to Tyrone. "Aren't you working either?"

"Yeah," he grins. "I'm sitting right across from Menjou but they're taking a close-up of him and I wouldn't show. As soon as they finish this I'm to be taken into the manager's office where I offer them the check.

We kid around for awhile and then I start home.

And that, my public, will be about all until next month. Auf wiederschen.

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This!

by Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you will make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "whiten" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

Rachel Made Her Look Like This!

You can paste this on a piece of pasteboard FREE

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a punched-out tab of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

If you have no Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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This was heaven — to make one man her life... her love... her world!

LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS... in the tenderest romance of our time!

SIMONE SIMON
... emerging as the screen's greatest star... in the role she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART
in
'Seventh Heaven'

with
JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF · Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

20th Century Fox
YOU can't tell Warner Oland that the world's not pretty well filled with honest people. While on his trip to the Orient last year Oland lost a cigarette case. He thought he probably mislaid it in Singapore. Recently a package arrived for him at the studio, where he is making "Charlie Chan at the Olympics," and in it was his long lost cigarette case. It had been sent by Roy Roxton, Singapore rubber planter. The case had slipped down between the cushions of a chair in the lounge of the Peninsula Hotel in Hong-Kong and only after many months were the initials "W.O." traced to their owner.

"I'm very grateful for the return of the case," Oland said, "but it sort of upsets things. I have, for a long time, managed to live at least one cigarette a year, and that always made it easy for Mrs. Oland to select a Christmas present."

JEAN ARTHUR, vacationing in New York with her husband, Frank Ross, developed a dancing mood one night and got all dressed up like a movie star. She and Frank went to every night club in town but couldn't get in because they were all filled up. A week later she and Frank attended a first night of a Broadway play and after the performance the young couple were with suggested that they go night-dancing. Jean disarmingly assured them that it was Saturday and that they would never be able to get in—hadn't she and Frank tried last Saturday night? "But we can get in," shrieked the friends, "we've already made reservations in your name."

THEY say that Sonja Henie got a little excited about all those romantic rumors involving Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, and, with a few days off from her heavy personal appearance tour, flew into Hollywood just to see what it's all about. Eye-witnesses report that Tyrone met Sonja at the Union Air Terminal and that they clinched and kissed and posed for pictures and it was all very sweet. "It's wonderful to see you," Sonja said, "You." said Tyrone, who knows how to write his own love scenes, "look better than wonderful to me."

Sonja further remarked that it was "ridiculous" to think that she had hastened to Hollywood to check on reports that Loretta and Tyrone were playing boy meets girl.

ALTHOUGH the billboards continue to read "Garbo loves Robert Taylor," it seems that Barbara Stanwyck is still the object of Mr. Taylor's affections. He has just given her a new sapphire and diamond ring that will knock your eyes out. And Garbo, who is a stubborn girl, still insists that those billboards should read, "Robert Taylor loves Garbo."

MARIENE DIETRICH and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. have been lunching together almost daily since they returned to Hollywood. And Marlene is telling everyone who asks her the London gossip that Merle Oberon will marry Brian Aherne any day now.

Grace Moore, opera star, movie star and flower transplanter, sings with joy as the moves a night blooming cactus down front to the spotlight; husband Valentim Pareira assisting.

WHEN her paws on the set of "Personal Property" showed Jean Harlow the pictures in the paper of the senator kissing her, which were taken when she attended the President's Ball in Washington, Jean merely remarked, "He's certainly going to town, isn't he?"

NORMA SHEARER, looking more beautiful than ever, has been attending many of the previews lately, and was discovered by the press at "The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney." Norma made this picture only a few years ago and probably was interested in seeing what the new edition was like. She was also seen with her sister at the Jane Cowl play, "The First Lady," in Los Angeles.

HOLLYWOOD's first peek at Surrealist Art occurred this week at the Siegel-Antheil Galleries, amid a great display of interest in the screen colony. Carole Lombard expressed great interest in a picture titled, "Agitated Landscape" Edward G. Robinson pinned his preference to a Salvador Dali titled, "A Dream Puts Her Hand on a Man's Shoulder," and Lola Lane purchased a bit of political whimsey called "Death Goes on the WPA."

JANET GAYNOR and Margaret Lindsay and their respective mammas are having a New York vacation—Janet at last having finished her first technicolor picture "A Star Is Born," and for the first time in her screen career Janet has decided that she will "settle" in Hollywood and has bought a good bit of property in the Outpost, where she expects to build as soon as she returns from New York. Janet has always lived in "reused" houses. But now she, too, wants to belong to the landed gentry. It gets them all sooner or later. Miriam Hopkins, who would have none of Hollywood when she first came out here to make a picture, and who dashed off to New York as soon as her picture was completed, recently bought the late John Gilbert estate and has become a house owner. Ditto Irene Dunne. Sylvia Sidney seems to be our only die-hard left. Sylvia still lives in an apartment, and still rushes off to New York the minute she finishes a picture. But maybe love has something to do with that.

HUGH HERBERT has lost twelve perfectly good fountain pens in as many weeks, by reason of autograph hunters who have managed to collect both his signature and his pen.

THERE is no trouble too great apparently for a fan to take to please a star. Pat O'Brien received a letter the other day containing forty-four hand collected by an Irish fan who volunteered the information that it had taken three months to collect them.
DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK

Secrets of Popularity That Jeanette MacDonald Learned From Her Own Experiences.

By Arthur L. Wolf.

(Sketches by Julie Dean)

IN TRIM navy blue slacks fitting smoothly over slender hips, a blue tunic blouse open at the throat, her golden red hair that hung to her shoulders catching glints from the fireplace, Jeanette MacDonald resembled nothing so much as a Gainsborough or Henry Clive beauty masquerading as a boy.

I have seen Jeanette MacDonald in glittering gowns and luxurious furs at important premieres, looking every inch the glamorous movie queen. I have seen her in street attire, in the latest modes from Parisian ateliers.

But this was my first glimpse of her in slacks. This was an informal Jeanette, relaxing on a free afternoon after strenuous weeks of working in "Maytime." Making no effort to be the glamorous star nor a carefully turned-out lady of fashion—yet appearing as natural as if she were garbed and made up for a sophisticated screen role.

After I got over staring, like some foreigner on his first visit to American shores, we talked of many things. Not like star and interviewer. But like old friends. It is so easy to talk with Jeanette MacDonald. She speaks pleasantly, frankly, intelligently, and what is more, is a good listener.

So we talked of many things. Of moving pictures we had both seen. Of books, new and old, and found many mutual friends among them. Of places where the food was good. Of football, of lectures and recitals, and stage shows coming to Hollywood... We even talked of philosophy!

And then she told me: "My mother taught me a bit of philosophy when I was a child. Expressed simply, it was 'never cry over spilt milk.' It came to my rescue then, and has done so innumerable times. After all, when an unpleasant experience comes your way, there's little sense in dwelling upon it. You might be so busy making yourself unhappy over yesterday's disappointment that something fine in today's schedule goes unnoticed. There are a dozen ways of expressing the philosophy of my spilt milk axiom. There's 'Close the door on yesterday.' There's 'Live for today, for yesterday is gone and tomorrow may never come.' There's 'Look forward, not backward.' Oh, and many more. All of them reminding us that today, not yesterday nor tomorrow, is what counts.'

Jeanette curled herself into a more comfortable position. Obviously, she was warming to her subject.

"I believe most things that happen to us, happen for the best," she went on. "Sometimes I've had to cling tenaciously to that philosophy, but in the end it has proven true. "But to go back to my first disappointment—how insignificant it really was, but how important it seemed at the time! I once had the most violent crush on a boy—and he didn't even know I existed!"

Her words, startledly clear, enunciated in a simple, unaffected manner, fell. I must confess, on unbelieving ears. Her next words revealed that she must have read frank disbelief in my expression.

"Oh, but I'm serious," she added.

With a smile that broke into a crescendo of musical laughter, Hollywood's most gorgeous red-head confided to me about...
Dreamed what I'd say when he did.
And then, miracle of miracles, he invited me to a big Hallowe'en party!
"Feeling very triumphant, I boasted shamelessly about my conquest. Two
days later, I discovered that my in-
vitation had come because of
Johnny's desire to make another girl
jealous! I thought my heart was
broken."

Here she interrupted herself to
laugh, "Hearts break so easily when
one is 14, don't they? But after dis-
covering, to my surprise, that my
heart actually didn't crumple to
pieces and that I could go on living
and laughing as before, I realized
that it was hurt pride that caused
tears in my eyes and kept me from
facing my crowd with my chin up.
"It was then that my mother first
taught me to be philosophical about
disappointments.

There was another time, in the
early days of my stage career, when
I was grateful for that first principle
of philosophy. I lost my
job unexpectedly, because I
neglected to attend the
audition, of the show over the man-
er in which I should
have appeared.
"Do you know what
it means to be out of a
job in the middle of a season, with hun-
dreds of professional people more expe-
rienced than you sitting hour after hour in
casting offices? It's no joke, I can assure
you, to pass over lightly. I realized that
I had been hasty and headstrong. A bit of
diplomacy might have kept me from the
necessity of haunting the booking agencies.
Well, I hadn't been diplomatic. I was out
of a job. And that was that.

"Why cry over it? I didn't. I was wiser—
and determined not to make the same mis-
take again. It was some time before I found
another engagement. The play was not
good—far from it—but it led to my real
opportunity, an audition with the renowned
Henry Savage. Delighted, I went to the
audition. Horror of horrors, I found I had
brought the wrong music! I was written
a whole tone too high for my voice!
Since I was too late to turn back and get
the right music, I optimistically asked the
accompanist to transpose it to the proper
key. She agreed, but when the accompani-
ment started, it was as it had been written,
and the result was just what I had feared
—I reached for a high note, and my voice
cracked! There was 'spilt milk' for you!
Undaunted, I deliberately stalled for time.
Finally, after a cascade of 'Mi, mi, mi!', I
announced calmly, 'It's too high for me—'
and finished the song, anyway.

"With what Shrreds of dignity I could
must, my face flushed with embar-
slow. I started to leave the scene of my
(Continued on page 91)

By Whitney Williams

A scene from "Wings Over Honolulu." Ken Taylor (Left) watches with baleful glance as Wendee Barrie and Ray Milland tread a measure.

LIFE—as has been noted some few million times—is a funny thing. Had Josef von Sternberg not traveled to Germany to direct a picture and there become intrigued with the possibilities of a somewhat plumpish young woman named Marlene Dietrich, who, up until then, had been no more than a hanger-on in the UFA studios, the glamorous star might still be clamoring for attention in German films.

Had Joan Crawford not picked up that piece of torn newspaper carrying a want-ad for clerks in a Kansas City department store, she would not have met the girl whose sister introduced her to a vaudeville agent and, in consequence, she might never have embarked upon a theatrical career which eventually led her to Hollywood.

And, by the same token, had Ray Milland, English to the core, not escorted Estelle Brody, the only actress he had ever known, to London's famous Carlton for dinner, he might have been an officer in the British army, a diplomat in some foreign court... least of all one of Hollywood's most up and promising young actors.

But Ray Milland DID "date" the bright-eyed Miss Brody, star of the English cinema, to the tune of a fifty-dollar evening of gay abandon—his last bit of change, by the way—and therein lay the turning-point of our Mister Milland's existence.

Tall, slender, regular-featured, one of the screen's better-dressed actors and radiating an engaging personality, Ray Milland stands today a potential star.

Polished in appearance and soft-spoken, he is being groomed to take the place left vacant by Gary Cooper and Cary Grant on the Paramount lot, and Paramount, his home-studio, has high hopes for his future.

That he is one of the most sought after leading men in Hollywood right now would seem to indicate that his future, and stardom, are assured—right around the corner, you might say. In rapid succession during the past six or seven months, he has appeared prominently in featured roles, in "Three Smart Girls," "The Big Broadcast of 1937," "The Jungle Princess," "Bulldog Drummond Escapes," "Wings Over Honolulu," and, ere this story can be printed, will have enacted the leading role opposite Jean Arthur in "Easy Living."

Quite an enviable record for any player, but Milland can recall with all-too-painful reality other days of his acting career when month after month passed without even so much as a consideration for a part.

"I was down to one suit, several shirts, two ties and a pair of shoes that looked presentable only because they were shined daily," he admits, ruefully. "It wasn't that acting was in my blood, or I was waiting for my grand opportunity—I would have taken any old kind of a job, even with pick-and-shovel. The fact was I couldn't find work. Fortunately for me, those days seem past now."

Unconsciously, he glances around the comfortable surroundings in which he and his pretty wife reside. [Continued on page 88]
Ed Sullivan Says:—

THE SCREEN IS NOT TRUE TO LIFE!

He is an experienced newspaperman who sees everyone, goes everywhere and writes as he likes. Here he takes the producers to task.

I was sitting with Bugs Baer, famous Hearst syndicate humorist, in the loge section of the Capitol Theatre, and on the screen Robert Benchley was playing a very amusing drunk character. "You get around to night clubs a lot," remarked the Bugs, "have you ever seen a drunk who was amusing?" My mind raced down the night club aisles and memory spread before me the thousands of drunks that a Broadway columnist meets in the course of years. Not one of them was amusing. All of them had been annoying pests, noisy, quarrelsome, the most disagreeable people you wouldn't care to meet.

"In the movies, a drunk is always pictured as the life of the party," said Baer. "Even his wife forgives him because he is a witty guy, full of corn, con and conviviality. Now you know that ain't so. The wife of the life of the party would drag him to a setter and flatten him!" On the screen, however, just as Baer pointed out, the drunken Benchley was the life of the picture and the party. Everything he did was hilarious.

From the drunk scene, there was a fade into a night club scene where people were dancing. "You see," said Bugs, "that's what I mean. Have you ever been in a night club where the dance floor was big enough to dance on? Every time I go to a night club, I sit out every dance because the floor is smaller than one of Farley's special delivery stamps, and dancing on it is legalized assault and battery. But in the movies, the night club dancing floor is as big as the afterdeck of the Queen Mary. Another thing, look at those couples dancing on the screen. The director has matched them off for height. It couldn't happen in real life. I'll bet you 1000 to 1 that you've never gone to a Broadway night club without finding at least one short guy dancing with a tall girl, and at least one short girl dancing with a tall guy." I had to confess that this was true, and that I'd often commented on it.

Ed Sullivan

Bugs' incisive observation prodded my dull mind into action. Like the milks of the gods, the Sullivan mind works slowly but once the gears are grinding, they grind exceedingly fine. I started to wonder how many other things the movie directors did that were contrary to what you find in actual, everyday life. If movie directors were so unobservant as to believe that all drunks were amusing, gay creatures, instead of brawling pests, they must be just as wrong in other things. I thought back over the moving pictures I'd seen and arrived at some amazing conclusions.

In the past fifteen years, first as a sporting writer and for the past five years as a Broadway columnist, I guess I've known all of the Public Enemies, the chiefs of the underworld. In fact, I've been friends with most of them, sat with them nightly in Broadway clubs and restaurants. You can conclude that from this first hand observation, I'd know something about them, but believe me when I tell you that no gangster ever brought to the screen, or pictured on the screen, remotely resembles the mobsters I've known on Broadway. I've been writing on New York newspapers for the past seventeen years, but no newspaper movie I've ever seen bears the slightest resemblance to newspapers I've worked for, or newspapermen with whom I've worked. No night club picture I've ever seen has had the slightest actual resemblance to the night clubs which I visit every night on my rounds of the Dawn Patrol.

I covered sports for twelve years, saw every big championship contest in baseball, football, tennis, rowing and in the ring. Yet no moving picture plotted around any of these sports ever has resembled the actual things that happen [Continued on page 76]
FINE FIGURE FRENZY

by Ben Maddox

"You can improve your looks by flattering make-up and by experimenting with coiffures. But you can't alter the features of your face. You can change your figure, accomplish wonders on it." Jean Crawford is the besotted one when she declares the figure is the basis of charm. When she arrived in Hollywood herself she fell into deep despair. She was a full twenty-five pounds too heavy! She gaped at the exquisitely gowned film queens with envy, for she not only lacked a wardrobe and the cash to command elaborate grooming, but she was a hundred and forty-five pounds of solid muscle, thanks to her dancing. In desperation Joan went on extreme diets; a dish of applesauce frequently being her dinner after a day of constant

Spring has come to Hollywood—and it has brought figure frenzy! There is a new lift in the exclusive atmosphere of every famous home I have visited lately, for the more exciting members of the screen colony are yearning for physical perfection and are enthusiastically going after it. They may have been getting by nicely enough before the cameras, but now their personal vanity is aroused. Personal triumphs loom. Tomorrow's surf-and-sand dates are just a tear of the calendar away and when you step into a 1937 bathing scanty you're completely on your own. And while studio retouchers can artfully fix up pictures posed for publication, the snapshots of chums with impromptu habits demand that every angle be a keen one.

Those who have already attained their ideal measurements are diligently retaining them for the coming summer. Joan Crawford is working out every single day with her trainer, Johnny Weissmuller never misses his swimming routine. Ten million women may want Robert Taylor, but what he wants is a physique in the Weissmuller manner and secretly he is acquiring one. Jean Harlow is fighting an annoying inch here and there by dieting, and Loretta Young has discovered that rest is the only thing that will help her gain.

George Raft is resolute about his waistline, Bing Crosby at last is thinning, and Garbo has stopped being indifferent. She's gone to a doctor in Pasadena, the one voracious Tilly Losch went to for a curve-producing diet, and hopes his advice will be equally good for her. Ginger Rogers, in strange contrast to the others, scorns all material methods.

Each magnetic player has his particular problem and his pet system for the body beautiful. Yet a fine program for one often sounds appalling to another celebrity, so it's evident you needn't pursue a plan that's disagreeable. Do as the star who feels likewise does! Whether the goal of their April campaign is to hang onto already obtained allure, or to reduce or put on pounds in the better places, there is certainly some procedure under way. Actresses no longer rely even upon an Adrian to whip up chic costumes with disguising lines. Personality men sense that expensive tailors can be of no assistance shortly. It's a severe blow to the girdle manufacturers and to the swanky cocktail bars, this determination to be proportioned elegantly, but who cares about them now? It's spring and the sunshine beckons. Ever since Eve's era love has been abetted by a generous degree of physical appeal. Besides, the stars maintain it's fun to concentrate exclusively on yourself for a change, a thrill to deliberately be your most attractive.

(Below) Doris Nolan does the Russian Squat. It looks easy, but don't let Doris' smile deceive you. This is one of the most difficult positions to achieve. (Below—right) The old reliable sport—horseback riding—satisfies Bette Davis' urge to maintain the body beautiful.
activity and minute rations. She lost the undesired surplus all right, but hardly by the same diet she's found is wise.

But the grand trait in Joan is her remembrance of her yesterday's struggles. She doesn't lose patience when she hears of foolish dieting. Having attained her goal, she intends to stay in tip-top form. She's hired Bob Howard, a professional trainer, to reach her Brentwood manor at 6 a.m. when she is to go to the studio. In sweatshirt and slacks she races around the block with him. They have a stirring set of badminton and dive into the pool in the garden for a vigorous splashing. He winds up administering a brisk massage and she winds up aglow with that vitality which distinguishes her. Even when she isn't on call to act the trainer comes to the house, only not at dawn.

Francot Tone has his own problem; it is to put on more muscle without adding any fat. So adjoining the dressing-rooms beside the pool he has a miniature gymnasium where he juggles weights in a series of regular progression exercises. He and Robert Taylor could present a bar-bell demonstration if they wished, for the nation's most popular Bob also is following the same scientific development schedule.

The spare bedroom in the Taylor cottage on a quiet Beverly street is surprisingly stacked with assorted weights and bars, and three evenings a week Bob behaves like a college athlete training for the Olympics. Donald Loomis, M.G.M.'s physical instructor, directs the hour sessions and at each one Bob either performs one more lift or slips a bulkier disk on the bar. He's as eager as can be to outshine the lifeguards when it's time to take Barbara Stanwyck surf-boarding.

Carole Lombard used to be too heavy, too. She reduced to her present enviable shape by massage, a masscuse spanning Carole's hips from a 36 1/2 to a 34-inch measurement. Like Joan Crawford, with Carole it's simply a question of remaining "as is." But Carole can't be bothered with a trainer and a regime. Two sports do the trick for her—tennis and riding. She's taken lessons in tennis so she can invite women champions up and not be badly beaten. She stabilizes the horse Clark Gable gave her conveniently near-by and rides in Stone Canyon, beyond Bel Air, on days she isn't working.

But two other glamour girls, Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young, frankly aren't strenuous at all. They'd like to be, but they haven't the excess energy. Both had handsome swimming pools built, and Claudette has a splendid tennis court. Occasionally they use this sports equipment.

Both Claudette and Loretta are five feet three and weigh 106. They wear clothes marvelously, but with their outdoor dates approaching they worry that about ten pounds more apiece will be more becoming. And since their work burns up so much of their strength that they are too tired to play spiritedly, it's their contention that rest and sleep is their one hope. Claudette lies down for fifteen minutes after every meal, not to read, not even to think. She attempts to drive all distractions from her mind and just relax. Loretta vows that when she stays in bed she gains and she's up against passing up most of her dates.

There are no more fastidious women in Hollywood than Joan Bennett and Dolores Del Rio. They slide over no detail which could enhance their appearance because they are smart enough to know that if a girl's face is her fortune her figure is her next best bet. Someone told Joan that her posture wasn't so admirable. Instead of dismissing the remark as cattiness, Joan began watching herself and decided there was something to the criticism. She mapped out exercises that would be beneficial and now she takes them daily—on a blue satin mattress! Dolores, also a fashion-setter, has purchased a woman's home gymnasium outfit and she is using weights adjusted to her strength for light, but daily routines. As a matter of fact, she's taken to asking Mrs. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray over to four o'clock get-togethers in her modernistic figure room. The trio goes to town unless Fay happens to be in the midst of lettuce week, in which case she's none too peppy. You see, when Fay wants to lose weight she eats lettuce and nothing else for an entire week.

Anita Louise goes on a milk diet for a week once every three months. But Basil Rathbone can laugh [Continued on page 81]

(Below) Tennis brings into co-ordinate play every muscle in your body. This back-hand motion practiced by Anne Shirley guarantees a well-rounded forearm which does double service when she dishes tea and gossips after the game. (Left) Only the lightest of home gymnasium routines is necessary to keep the slim lines of Dolores Del Rio's extraordinarily lovely figure at the same proportions month in and month out.
Dick Powell is Sixth In The Latest List Of Box Office Winners, But He Thinks No One Wants To See Him Because He Photographs So "Young."

W hen you realize that a lot of people have their faces lifted in the desperate hope of looking younger, you are amazed at anyone's having the face to say he wants to look older than the law of indulgent nature will allow.

That's the fellow, the one in a marine's uniform, sitting over there at the far side of the Green Room—it's really just a lunch room—and as this is the first time you've seen him off the screen you take a good look at him.

Yes, boisterous Dick Powell is engagingly, incredibly, hopelessly youthful. But he isn't happy about it, No. With almost the first word out of his mouth, before a forked oyster can get into it, he confesses that his confirmed juvenility is the bane of his existence, the cross he bears. Hardly able to believe your ears, you are made to feel that Master Dick—beg pardon, Mr. Powell—would give anything in the world of motion pictures for a faintly wrinkled brow, a few well-chosen crow's-feet, or any other ravaging trifle to mark him as a man of years.

"I'm thirty-two," he protests, "but I'm still playing boy scouts."

Here, then, is Richard in search of his age. But let us pray, on our creaking knees, he never finds it, at any rate for another thirty-two years. Meanwhile he should be reconciled to the undeniable fact that he is the best, as well as best-liked, singing light comedian on the screen. And as for boy scouts, didn't he, in "On the Avenue," momentarily play an aged, portly millionaire from head to waistline? You mention this just to cheer him up. Surely, that part was old enough to satisfy his morbid longing to feel his joints stiffen.

"Yes, but that was a bit on the other side," Then, brightening; "My own wife didn't know me."

You congratulate him, at the same time making the mental reservation that there's probably precious little else Joan Blondell doesn't know about him.

"I put that one on her," he grins. "It was a lot of fun. So was the song, The Girl on the Police Gazette. I like doing character stuff."

Perhaps you've noticed how well the facile Powell did it, not only in the singing of the song itself but with that quaint touch of caricature true to the "mimeties, the skillful acting of his hands, the droll humor playing about the corners of his mouth."

"But at a radio broadcast," he is pained to relate, "I murdered an Irving Berlin song. It's the one that goes:

'The Man in the Back Room—"

"You listen to the words that I speak, the way it was constructed; hated the elements associated with it. I like to rise or fall by my own means. I was always afraid of radio, and on the first show I was scared to death. Even in the show that ran those two years or more I didn't think I was any good, and my contention proved right, for my leaving the program didn't hurt it a bit."

Thirty-two years old, but the arteries won't harden.

But I feel that you listen with your tongue in your cheek.

"Suddenly I saw Berlin, who sat right down in front, turn white as a sheet, then whittle in his chair. No wonder, for this is the way I sang it:

'If you have a leg to stand on, I wish for you be brave on the stage, for I call your name!"

But I feel that I listen with my tongue in your cheek."

"I could have torn out my own tongue. But Berlin never said a word, though he knew that in broadcasting his song all over the country I had ruined it. How it happened I don't know, except that I was plain dumb."

For consolation Mr. Powell turns to his even dumber oysters, the rest is silence till he breaks it with:

"To now go on to do one thing that I will like, broadcast from the Warner Brothers' studio once a week."

This is news, and good news. You recall his earlier career with interest, only to have him shake his head and regret:

"My radio work was not a success. For one thing, I didn't get to enough people at first, being on only local programs. I feel I've never been successful in radio, although I was supposed to be all right in one show which was on the air for over two years. But I wasn't happy; didn't like the situation."

Dick's home is complete, wife and all. (Right) Joan Blondell (Mrs. Powell) also co-stars with Dick in pictures!
To hear the frankly modest Mr. Powell talk about himself you'd think him to be the world's worst entertainer. But having heard that in addition to singing, he was master of ceremonies, conducted an orchestra, and played various musical instruments, you feel he must, at least, be versatile. Yet the self-knocking goes on:

"Oh, I occasionally played the saxophone, clarinet, banjo, guitar and trumpet, but none of 'em was any good. I was a year in Louisville, three years in Indianapolis, and four in Pittsburgh, but they were small programs and all local. My first work out of town, after leaving Arkansas, was in a Louisville hotel, where I played classical music for seventy dollars a week till I found out that another fellow was getting eighty-five for doing jazz. That stopped me. I was all for going where the money was, and getting mine. The trouble was that I got the wrong slant in Little Rock, where my brother and I went in for good music and had a corner on church jobs. We'd also sing at funerals and now and then catch a wedding. Before that we did a lot of home-work."

Nothing if not historic, you inquire whether Mr. Powell remembers the first song he ever sang.

(Upper left) Doris Weston and Dick in "The Singing Marine." Dick has landed and has the situation well in hand. (Left) He plays many instruments—it's natural, like singing. (Below) The private pool is his joy and one can see that it takes a wallow to be a Box Office Winner.

"Casey Jones," is his prompt and proud reply. "When I was five I'd chase 'em all over the house singing it, and they'd always give me a nickel."

"To stop?"

"No," he laughs, "to keep on. My family was funny that way. 'Casey Jones' was the household favorite, and I suppose it might be called my cradle song."

With time marching on, you are delighted to learn that his cradle picture was no less than "Blessed Event."

"In it I was a singing band leader. But I had one word of dialogue, I said 'Hello' to Lee Tracy."

Perhaps that was just as well, for coming to words with the pugnacious Tracy of that day usually meant a sock in the nose.

"I wasn't frightened at tackling my first picture," Mr. Powell assures you. "I knew I'd either do it or not, so what the hell? Instead of staying home the night before and worrying about it I went to a Hollywood night club and stayed out till three in the morning. I still feel it's the best picture I've had on the Warner lot. Roy del Ruth made it, and he's my four-leaf clover. He made 'Thanks a Million,' and now I have him to thank for 'On the Avenue.'" Maybe he knows what to do with me, which is more than I know.

"But I've done one thing. When I started out in pictures my voice was high—like a tenor's, you know—but since then I've lowered it three whole tones. Now, the hardest thing for me to do is listen well. You have to react to what you hear, and as a rector I'm dead from the neck up. Ruby Keeler used to react to me, and she was good at it. But yesterday I had to react to Doris Weston while she sang a song in 'The Singing Marine,' and I sank like a chain-anchor. It's hard enough for me when I'm doing something, but ten times worse when I'm doing nothing. What's more, I look so awful that every time I go to a preview I say, 'Never again!' I never see myself in a scene that I don't wonder. 'Holy smoke, did I do that?'"

[Continued on page 99]
HOLLYWOOD is changing the world we live in, and changing it for the better.

I take great pleasure in making that statement; first, because I believe it to be true; second, because it will infuriate those high-brows who scorn the Hollywood product, and who are only happy when infuriated; and third, because the effect of the motion picture upon modern manners, customs, states of mind and moral attitudes is a highly interesting sociological phenomenon.

To put it plainly, the movies unquestionably are the single greatest force for change in human society today, and in this country—where mental and spiritual development is still free of dictatorial bondage—that change is, on the whole, a constructive one.

Let me say at once that in striking this cheerful note about Hollywood and its works, I am laboring under no delusions as to the primary motives of its producers. The specific content of altruism in the typical Hollywood executive may be represented by a large and exclamatory zero. Motion pictures are not made to uplift humanity. Darryl Zanuck, David Selznick, Jack Warner, Adolph Zukor, Sam Briskin, Sam Goldwyn, Ben Schulberg, Manny Cohen, Jesse Lasky and the other important heads of Hollywood’s great studios are not, I assure you, in business either for their health or for the purpose of shedding sweetness and light over the contemporary scene.

They are in business to make money for themselves and their stockholders. In this they differ in no wise from the manufacturers of motor cars, safety pins, railroad locomotives or ladies’ lingerie. Where the Hollywood product does differ from such strictly utilitarian commodities is in its appeal to human consciousness and to human emotions. The motion picture strikes directly into the brain through nerve pathways leading from the eye and from the ear. In every brain, as a matter of anatomical fact, there is a certain “receiving station,” called the thalamus, which receives those incoming sensory impulses from the eye and ear and transmits them to other parts of the brain, where they produce automatic reactions of thought or emotion, or both. The result may be laughter or tears, intense interest, curiosity, serious reflection, a feeling of horror, pity, human comradeship or revulsion to injustice. But at any rate, it is the simple truth to say that when a producer makes a moving picture, he is aiming—though he doesn’t know it—at that receiving station in the brain of every one of the millions of human beings who compose his audiences throughout the world.

In a sense, he is shooting at a moving target, for the human brain is constantly developing, constantly adapting itself to the incredibly complicated conditions of modern life. That is why the

There Is A Force At Work In This World
Helping The Downtrodden, The Ignorant And The Sick. The Irresistible Force Is Motion Pictures.

This Movie-Made World
By Dana Burnet

(Left) "Green Light" shows the public how science fights disease. (Above) "Toast of New York" warns the public of some Wall Street types. (Right) "Fugitive From a Chain Gang." This picture told America of some horrors that still exist.
Hollywood product never can be standardized, but the story that got a laugh yesterday will not get one today. That is why the famous screen "soul-kiss" of a few years back, which thrilled audiences of a younger generation, now receives what is technically known as the "bird" from present-day sophisticated audiences. And that is why the smart executives of Hollywood, for the past three years, have been slowly but surely raising the quality and intellectual content of their pictures, because they have discovered a nation-wide hunger, even a world hunger, for those intangible but very real ingredients that feed the spirit of man.

It works both ways, you see. The demand for better and more intelligent pictures exists, and the bright minds of Hollywood are keen to satisfy that demand. But without the medium of the motion picture, no such universal satisfaction would be possible. So when we say that Hollywood is changing the world—or at least our American world—for the better, we mean that the present crop of Hollywood pictures is giving visual and audible expression to a mass-longing for wider horizons of thought and feeling, for knowledge of history and science, for truth in all its forms, for tolerance and simple kindness, and for both the stark tragedy and the immortal comedy of human life in its various ramifications.

Here again, let us admit that the movie millennium, in which every picture will be a work of art, is still about 9,990,000 years in the future. Tinsel have been the steps taken forward by even the boldest lions of the industry, and extreme caution has been the advance. Well, why not? How could it be otherwise, when a single misstep may cost a million dollars and an advance in the wrong direction may put a great company permanently in the red? Don’t let’s blame the Hollywood producer for keeping one sharp eye on the box-office. If he failed to do so he would be a fool; and very shortly he would no longer be a producer.

But Hollywood has found that a certain degree of mature entertainment, that is, the appeal to what may be called the higher emotional, produces profitable results. When R-K-O made "Little Women," with Katharine Hepburn, there was considerable head-wagging among the big-wigs of the industry. What did the picture have? It was a biography, it was an epic, it contained no spirit, no artistic gallery, no romance and no gold-plated bath tub. To be sure, the book had been widely read, but the number of people who read books is a very small percentage of the number of people who go to the movies. However, "Little Women" hit the bull’s-eye of that target in the American brain. It struck a note of tenderness, of wholesome sentiment that the American people found dear to their hearts. Immediately, by the thousands, the people of these United States, and of the world at large, sat down and wrote letters to the studio commending this picture. Those letters are still arriving from all parts of the globe. I suppose the picture was not particularly "significant," from the higher critical standpoint, but it was significant in that it opened up new fields of emotion for other studios to develop. And if the question is asked: Was the general effect of "Little Women" good or bad, the answer, in simple honesty, would have to be that it was good.

I have said that the number of people who read books is a small percentage of those who go to see pictures. That is true. But what happens when a motion picture is made of a book, let us say a famous novel, or of a play which may already be one of the world’s classics? Answer—the book or the play, no matter how well-known it was previously, suddenly finds readers by the millions instead of by the thousands. This is true also of historical works, of biographies and books on scientific subjects. If you don’t believe it, consult your local library.

I know a young woman—now holding an important job in one of the big Hollywood studios, who once was connected with a branch library in Columbus, Ohio. This library was in a residential district, its clients were largely well-to-do, well-educated, cultured people, so that the demand for good reading was unusually brisk. But brisk as it was, when the picture "Mary of Scotland" came to town, the clamor for historical works of that period was so great that the library was swamped by it. So it was, my friend told me, in the case of the picture-version of "David Copperfield." Instantly the works of Charles Dickens—(by no means an unknown author)—leaped into a new and startling popularity. Paul Muni’s portrayal of "Pastor," in the picture of that name, caused a tidal wave of interest in the great scientist’s life and works to sweep over the country, over all the civilized world. Is that a constructive result of Hollywood’s New Deal in intelligent entertainment? I think decidedly that it is.

And I’ll bet my ten cents against a Roosevelt dollar that when R-K-O releases "The Toast of New York," based on the book "Robber Barons," the libraries of America will be deluged with requests for literature dealing with the industrial and financial battles that occurred in this country during the railroad-building epoch of the late sixties and early seventies. Similarly, Cecil B. DeMille’s last picture, "The Plainsman." [Continued on page 71]
The Little Girl, Whose Sweet Baby Face Was Dear To The Fans Of The Silent Picture Days, Grew Up Into Our Girl On The Cover.

A still of Baby Madge and Pauline Frederick in a scene from "Zaza."

Madge Evans has sat upon many things in her short life—including the ice in New York's Central Park when she was learning to skate, and the big shiny mahogany chair in Mr. Mayer's Hollywood office when she was signing her "come-back" contract—but the only sitting she regrets, and she regrets it with positive bitterness in her voice, was the time she sat on a cake of soap. "That was the most revolting thing I ever did," says Madge with a blush, and hastily changes the subject to Emily Dickinson, whose poems she adores.

Of course Baby Madge was only three years old at the time and when the nice man in the commercial photographer's studio gave her a bunch of violets and told her to sit on the big piece of soap and watch the birdie, Madge did just that, all in the spirit of good clean fun. How was she to know that for years afterwards she would be haunted daily by pictures of herself in newspapers, magazines, grocery stores and subways. Advertising, of all things, soap! Being a sensitive, shy child she burned with shame. And the neighborhood kids, realizing that they could get a rise out of Madge, let her have it, you may be sure.

Even today, some twenty years later, you have but to say with a silly smirk, "Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?" and Madge will either give you a perfect imitation of the North Pole in the dead of winter, or else will start throwing things, depending upon how well she knows you. Unlike Bee Lillie, she has no liking for little fairies—either on soap or in the bottom of her garden. Mrs. Evans claims that her daughter never sat on that cake of soap. It was some other three-year-old. But Madge is quite pessimistic about the whole affair and says she guesses it was Baby. And, after all, it really doesn't matter now.

The story which you are now reading (I hope) is in the nature of a labor of love. I don't suppose I am giving away any of the secrets of the trade when I tell you that in Hollywood there are movie stars and movie stars, some of whom we of the writing profession can take easily, some of whom we can take only with a grain of salt, and some of whom we can't even take with strawberries and whipped cream. Very rarely, along comes one we take as a friend. (Of course she has something to say about it too.)

For six years I have liked and admired Madge tremendously. She is one of my best friends. And so, poor thing, she has to pay the penalty in my stories about her. For it seems that we writers, for the most part, are a zany bunch, and greatly resemble the Chinese who always belittle the people they admire most. "She is a wretched creature," says Wang of his beloved O-lan, "she is not worthy of you." Well, perhaps, we aren't quite as severe as Wang, but anyway that's the general idea.

However, for the good of all, we might just as well get this point straight now: Although I may call Madge a wretched creature whom you would not care to know, if I so much as hear you even suggesting that she has a fault I will grab the sword of Damoses that has been hanging over my head for years and go for you just like Melanie did for the Yankee in "Gone With the Wind."

Madge has had three big, burning ambitions in her life: (1) to receive a diamond wrist watch, (2) to go to boarding school, and (3) to become a great actress. On the first two she drew blanks, but the third—all Madge today is one of the most talented and
MADGE EVANS

(Left) Madge as she is today. (Right) Miss Evans posing for her public in 1915. (Below) Edmund Lowe and Madge in "Espionage."

Beautiful of the younger actresses, Madge is going places. Madge is--Heavens, I nearly forget--Madge is a wretched creature.

At the age of six, when she had been a famous "child star" for three years, Baby Madge with her golden curls wanted above everything else in the world a diamond wrist watch. Norma Talma had one, and so did Gloria Swanson and Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford, but she had none. She did considerable hinting around Christmas time but Mrs. Evans seemed suddenly to have gone deaf.

Finally her opportunity came. The last day of work on one of her dramatic productions (and even the kiddies went in for heavy drama in those days) the kindly director said to her "Madgie, you've been a sweet little girl on this picture. I want to give you a present. Would you like a big beautiful doll with curly hair like yours and open and shut eyes?" "No," said Madge quite truthfully, "I don't want a doll. I want a wrist watch with diamonds like Pauline Frederick's."

Her horrified mother nearly passed out then and there. A gold-digger in the family! Like it or not, Madge got her doll, and a spanking, and a long lecture. It was her one effort at gold-digging. It turned out very badly indeed. She gave it up after that. Twelve years later she bought her own wrist watch with her first two weeks' salary from a Broadway play. It didn't have as many diamonds, or as large, as did Pauline Frederick's, but Madge was quite content.

When Madge was eleven she retired to private life. She and her mother returned to their adored New York and took a small apartment on Seventy-eighth street. With her brother Tom, Madge roller skated on Riverside Drive, studied her lessons on a bench in Central Park, and championed by Mrs. Evans took the downtown subway and attended matinées on Saturday. And it was about this time that another ambition took hold of Madge. She wanted to go to boarding school. An exclusive boarding school. And it had to be a boarding school where you wore a uniform, preferably a middy blouse and pleated skirt.

Why she wanted to go away to boarding school and wear a uniform with hundreds of other little girls Madge didn't know, she wasn't then, and isn't now, what you might call the "chummy" type, but it was the one big ambition of her early teens. Religiously she bought copies of Vogue and Vanity Fair and Harper's Bazar and pored over their advertisements of smart schools for girls.

The Finch School and the Semple School she discarded after some consideration because they were in New York, but she sent off for catalogs from Chevy Chase, National Park Seminary, Fairmount, Briarcliff, the Knox School and dozens of others. If they didn't insist upon uniforms she wouldn't even consider them. This phobia for uniforms was probably the reaction of being a child star. She had been "different" so long that now she wanted to look like all other little girls.

Madge eagerly watched the mails and every time the postman brought a catalog she was in seventh heaven. Terrifically excited, she would read it through, word for word, look at all the pictures, decide upon her room, and draw a mental picture of herself wearing the school uniform. Would she rather be the captain of the basketball team, or the hockey team? [Continued on page 83]
The War That Never Ceases! Crooks Are Slow To Learn, But Some, Now In Jail For Twenty-Five Years, Will Have Time To Think It Over.

HOLLYWOOD has always looked so peaceful, somehow. You know ... rows of palm trees and roses over the doors of cottages and youngsters playing in their sand piles in December. And, over all, the beneficient California sun creating the pleasant feeling and thought that God's in his Heaven and all's right with this particular section of the world.

Yet underneath this illusive surface a sinister influence exists. The influence of the racketeer, the kidnapper, the petty thief. To the casual observer, Hollywood presents the appearance of a charmingly laid out small town whose citizens are, for the better part, fairly well-to-do. Rows upon rows of detached cottages of various styles of architecture, each standing in the acre or fraction of an acre of its own front and back lawn, greet the eye of the tourist in almost any direction of Beverly Hills.

But the people who live in these houses are apparently different from the people who live in the same type of houses in small towns or suburban communities elsewhere. They belong to the movie industry and this fact seems to set them apart from people who are associated with other callings. It is natural that this should be so, because the reams of publicity that emanates from the film capital yearly has caused a glitter of imperishable star-dust to fall upon every person—man, woman or child—who has access to the fascinating movie studios.

It is no wonder, then, that the underworld, feeding as it does upon the rich and powerful of this country, should pick this town and its prominent inhabitants as the victims of its illegal machinations and its subsequent greed and cruelty.

Pondering on these matters, I recalled a conversation with Ann Harding, just before she went to England. Ann had taken her young daughter to call on everyone they knew who had young babies. "She has a passion for babies," Ann explained. "And I couldn't have given her a greater lack, but ... we went without a bodyguard!" Her eyes were wide and dark, as she told me this startling news. "I haven't taken her anywhere without a bodyguard for years. But no one knew we were going and of course we had the chauffeur ... But I shan't do it again. I was too nervous."

I recalled Mary Pickford's almost psychopathic dread of kidnappers and extortionists. Mary is more concerned about the safety of her niece, Gwene Pickford, than she is for herself. "We shall have to organize vigilantes," Mary told me, earnestly. "You don't know ... you can't realize ... the danger we are all in. The constant threatening letters ... the chronic feeling that people are watching, spying. Whether you are locked within your own home or mingling with the gayest crowd, you never know who is watching or what he is plotting."

"Two men have been behind bars for several years for sending threatening letters to both Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks."

A few years ago there was an attempt on the part of producers and press agents to suppress articles and pictures which might draw at-
The Publicized Salaries Of The Stars Attract To Hollywood Many Light-Fingered Gentry.

By Helen Louise Walker

Ann Harding hasn't taken her daughter anywhere for years without a bodyguard. (Below) Bill Gargan has had his moments with "slickers."

Playing villains has developed Charles Bickford's tough streak. The gangsters decided to scam!

Underworld vs. Hollywood

attention to the enormous salaries earned by movie stars. No more photographs of ornate cars or large stucco palaces, flanked by swimming pools, was the editor. If an actor gave his wife fourteen star sapphires for Christmas, he must not tell the Press about it. Actors were practically forbidden to give the lavish and much publicized parties which had always delighted them. "The Underworld is moving in," they were told. "Try not to let it know how much money you have!"

The actors were frightened for a little while and Hollywood was very quiet. But it's no fun for an actor to have fourteen star sapphires or a chromium-trimmed automobile or a party with special decorations and champagne, unless he can be photographed while he is having them! So the cars began to be lined with steel and everyone began to hire husky bodyguards, and I'll wager that there is hardly a star in Hollywood today, male or female, who hasn't a license to carry a revolver.

They know that the Underworld is constantly watching them. They know that they live in constant peril. They never know startled friend could gather her wits together enough to ask what sort of danger, the respectable woman was gone. Vanished, apparently, into thin air. Now, Virginia was living in the country where her young child might enjoy the advantages of a sunlit garden. After this mysterious exit, the sunlit garden became a sinister, dangerous spot. Virginia scooped up her child and rushed to a large hotel in the center of the city where she registered, of course, under an assumed name. But not to know what sort of danger threatened . . . not to know what forces were at work or what anyone could want of her . . . these things were more torturing to Virginia than any definite and recognized peril could have been. The Underworld again.

Less than a year ago Eddie Cantor received kidnap threats, menacing his idolized wife and his five daughters. Eddie wasted no time, took no chances. He packed his wife and children off to the East within a few hours' time. He [Continued on page 71]
Conquering Cesar

By Jeanne de Kolty

Cesar Romero Overcame The Handicaps Of Fate—He Had To!

One day Cesar Romero trudged into the office looking like Caesar's Ghost. He suggested that we lunch at the Pig 'N Whistle around the corner. We did. After the waitress had taken our order I leaned confidentially over the table with my most sympathetic leer and demanded: "Come clean, fellow. You have something on your mind. What's the matter? Lose your girl, your job, your fortune?"

"My job," he moaned, "is gone. They didn't take me on. Here I am, three thousand miles from home, broke; a has-been at twenty-five!"

That day, a beautiful bubble had burst. Cesar had been under a picture to picture contract. He made, "The Thin Man" and one other picture, both great successes. He thought that the success of these films would naturally lift him up the ladder toward bigger and better roles. Instead, the studio decided they couldn't use him. He was out. And since he was still more or less a stranger to Hollywood, his predicament was serious. In fact, at the time it seemed the height of tragedy.

Today, Cesar laughs at it. He can afford to laugh, on his present salary out at Universal, where he is now under contract. In fact we both laughed, the other evening, reminiscing over his first few months in Hollywood. But under the smiles was a serious note. Cesar still remembers how it feels to be "a has-been at twenty-five!"

At this moment he is one of the most sought after young men in Hollywood. Studios want him because they've decided he's just about tops in villains. Girls adore him because he's just the sort Mae West would describe as "tall, dark and handsome." Almost unbelievably tall, he has the sort of personality that audiences all over the country are raving about. But to me, he has one quality that stands out above all others—his ability to smile, and to laugh off everything and anything. He may be a villain to the fans, but to his friends he's just a great big, charming, laughing kid. That's why he's so popular off the screen.

He's so jovial that people seldom realize how many ups and downs Cesar has lived through. But he actually has had a very tough struggle. Back in New York, the Romeros (originally from Cuba) were once big shots. Cesar's dad was a prosperous machinery exporter and the youngsters, two boys and two girls, were raised to be the pampered darlings of a wealthy family. Thirteen years ago, trouble first struck the family. Cesar's dad was forced into bankruptcy. From then on, a misfortune followed another, until the family found themselves penniless, save for the earnings of Maris, the oldest girl, who taught school, and Cesar who, by that time, had grad-uated from bank messenger to actor.

One of his biggest "breaks" on the stage was the lead in a road show of "Strictly Dishonorable." A timid little unknown, Margaret Sullivan, was understudy. They used to have great fun together, young Cesar and Margaret, window shopping, playing practical jokes on their fellow actors, shopping in the five and ten. Their young hearts were filled with ambition and great expectations; but little did they realize that within a few short years their salaries would top four figures a week!

Cesar's family didn't realize it, either. That some day he would be sending them five hundred dollars a month. That he would put his young brother, Edward, just seventeen and finishing high school this year, through college... that he would be the toast of the most glamorous ladies in Hollywood, never would have occurred to them in their wildest dreams. Cesar Romero has certainly traveled a long road since his Park Avenue childhood.

Time may have changed his financial status, but it hasn't changed him otherwise. He's still the same lovable darn fool he always was. He still likes to haunt dime stores, eat hot dogs, do goofy things. He's still courtly and gallant, and the ladies still pursue him.

His deep voice and rangy body seem to be Hollywood's ideal of a perfect villain's set-up. He wants to do light comedy, on the order of William [Cont. on page 31]
Jean Arthur

Her recent successes have added glamour to her name. If she's in a picture, it's good.

We Point With Pride

Jean Arthur, Believer In Dreams. She Walked In The Tradition Of Duse And Bernhardt.

In those "silent" years, girls came to the screen from beauty contests and choruses. Their eyes had to be spaced just so, their faces had to be round and their teeth conspicuous. But in Jean there burned the divine fire. She gave with intensity to small parts in pictures that were just junk. So she left the "yes" men and charlatans and sought out on Broadway the wise men of the ancient clan of the stage. Of course she was successful. Now that the screen has grown up, Jean Arthur has returned to pictures. As usual she gives only her best and every part she plays throbs with the pulse of the heart of an artist.

(Below, left) In "The Plainsman," Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane brought a new conception of a woman to stand out among the stuffed manikins of the screen. (Below) Her new picture with Charles Boyer, "History Is Made at Night."
DOES it lie in the welcoming glint of a lady's eye? Does it tremble upon the lips that smile with enigmatical meaning? Whereunto is beauty good?

But girls never know. One seeker for the secret of charm finds a petulant mouth most alluring. While another is drawn to silky waves of hair or finds that the curve of soft shoulders holds him a prisoner for all the tomorrows.
The girl who smiles, Rochelle Hudson, casts a spell—that's allure. You will see her in "That I May Live." [Left] Bette Davis has surrendered to intensity and found the secret of all emotion. Her next picture is "Kid Galahad." [Extreme left] Carole Lombard in dance costume for "Swing High, Swing Low."
THERE IS

POETRY

EVERYWHERE

CAN YOU BUT FIND IT

Some sensitive people see poetry in ordinary things and happenings and quote an apt line or two of verse now and then. Others, more grim, live the lives that others set to rhymes, and go upon their appointed ways unconscious of their picturesque roles and blind to fantasy:

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

There is a kind of poetry, however, that sings through all men. It calls them to the wastes of oceans and starves them on lonely mountain slopes as they search for gold. Of such are the men of Gloucester, who watch the flutter of the mainsail peak with canny eye as they sail "close hauled" across the restless sea.

Fortunately for us stay-at-homes the screen ships us to the "Banks" one evening ("Captains Courageous"), and on another evening to the bleak mountains of Tibet ("Lost Horizon").

We see, we marvel. The picture ends and home we go.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing . . ."

Scene from "Captains Courageous"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness."

Anita Louise now appearing in "The Go-Getter"

"—We are but helpless pieces in the game he plays
Upon this checkerboard of nights and days."

Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward in "The Woman I Love"
"Like wind along the waste,
Willy nilly blowing."
Marsha Hunt now appearing
in "Murder Goes To College"

"He rais’d a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."
Helen Mack and the baby
in "I Promise to Pay"

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."
Jane Wyatt and Margo
in "Lost Horizon"
Many Men of Many Part:

When "Captains Courageous" went before the movie audiences, Spencer Tracy played a real man once again. Few can even equal him. (Above) James Stewart in "Seventh Heaven."

Gary Cooper, "Plainsman" more than a fled "western." He gave us a character study of those dangerous times.

Victor McLaglen, "Wee Willie Winkie" supports Shirley Temple, our cutie star.
But There Is Only One Great Lover

Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow at their respective specialties. Jean has qualified as a dramatic comedienne, but love scenes are no new field. And Taylor is any girl's inspiration.

Ronald Colman in "Horizon" costume. Picture is never once wonderful than Ronnie in scene with the High. (Right) Warner Oland says Charlie Chan, on screen or off.

Cary Grant has recently made a real advance and now is playing important screen characters. His next is "The Toast of New York." (Below) Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery in "Slave Ship," a picture to shame all America.

EVEN if Robert Taylor is the great screen lover, nevertheless Clark Gable comes to mind when the title of "Great Lover" is mentioned. But since "Mutiny on the Bounty," Clark's ability to portray men of character has broadened his screen usefulness. "Parnell" will show Gable in the title role.

The admiration that the ladies of the audience lavish upon kissing heroes is about the only relic left of the dumb days of screen entertainment.
Bette Davis is convinced that large brimmed hats will be much in vogue this season. Hers is of beige colored baku, strikingly accented by a shirred rosette of velvet in hyacinth blue and orange ice—two delectable new shades sponsored not by the coronation but by the coming French Exposition. (Right) Polly Rowles' jaunty toque relies upon its nosegay of yellow primroses, the long stems of which are stitched at even intervals over the black faille foundation.

(Below—left) A full-skirted white satin frock lusciously splashed with red Tudor roses stenciled in bright green is the pièce de résistance of Betty Furness' wardrobe because it answers so many daytime needs. (Below) Frances Drake sponsors this twin print for tailored street wear. The dress, coat revers and cuffs are of matching emblem print in stone-blue and white, and the belted coat has a white background. All accessories are of stone-blue doeskin.
Britain's on May 12th has conscious capitals of the London this Spring for have been accepted with girl has been only too extraordinarily popular jalousie. Spring sunshine even the lordly peacock has been inspired by the ing those present—in a select a summer print such as the thistle, the me plume, all of which

The golden-haired Tala Birell pays no attention to celebrations of any kind and insists that black and white is the smartest combination at any time. At right she wears a small brimmed white felt with black patent leather trim, and, below, a black satin Flemish bonnet copied from a Rembrandt painting. The printed flower motif on the sleeve of her back crepe dress is white.

(Below) Margaret Lindsay in a simple but trickily tucked white-dotted print in the new, warmly vibrant shade appropriately called "red earth." Rich contrast is offered by means of a long, draped sash of black and white dotted print.

Some prints depend as much upon distinction of line as they do upon design. Olivia de Havilland demonstrates this point clearly in the exquisitely cut and harmoniously blended Persian border print below. Dark green kid accessories are used, and a natural colored straw hat with green quill. At left, Olivia is serenely confident in a delicate grey and thistle colored print, with puffed sleeves, a removable scarf, and a sash that starts at the deep V-neck and ties at the waist in back. Her accessories are black.
READING from left to right beginning with the upper row:


Second row:


Bottom row:

Rita Cansino and Tex Ritter in "Trouble in Texas." Michael Whalen, Shirley Temple and June Lang in "Wee Willie Winkie." Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?"
In the face of this striking illustration it is hard to claim superiority for our own girls. But then, perhaps, they’ll all be our girls in time. Claudette Colbert, born in Paris, France, is now ours, and many others have their papers. And they have something else, too, that is revealed in two or three pictures and makes them stars for life.

The greatest actress on this page is either Garbo or Bergner. The most beautiful Madeleine Carroll or Garbo, and the most talented is Lily Pons or Jessie Matthews. The best loved of all the girls in pictures is Claudette Colbert.
SUSPENSE: THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF DRAM

The Imagination Of The Audience Rushes Ahead And Visualizes Possible Calamities.

Frances Drake in "Midnight Taxi" registers terror. Now what will happen? It is a fascinating appeal to the imagination. (Right) George Raft and Olympe Branda in "Souls at Sea." Can it be mutiny or was that a couple other pictures? (Below) In "The Woman Alone," the audience knows that there is a time bomb in the can. Hurry mister! Or Desmond Tester, the boy, will be so scattered that he will hardly be able to pull himself together.

(Above) While abroad Marlene Dietrich made a film, "Knight Without Armor." The villains have her at their mercy. Will she or won't she? (Below) Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery, in "Slave Ship," are in a bad spot, and as the prospects grow worse your imagination paints a picture of horror.

EVERY day the most ordinary life has its moments of suspense and then existence gets out of its rut and becomes as exciting as a picture. "The boss wants to see you." That sentence plunges many a wage slave into drama. Does it mean disaster or promotion? Human nature being what it is he expects the worst.
Errol Flynn, in "The Prince and the Pauper," has come upon distressing times. Will the pauper, Billy Mauch, lose all? You will never know until the film ends. Good old suspense.

**STOP GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY, BOB—A RUN'S NO JOKE TO ME!**

**The Lux Way to Cut Down Runs**

1. Lux stockings after every wearing to remove perspiration.
2. Turn stockings inside out—squeeze lukewarm Lux suds through them.
3. Rinse in lukewarm water. Squeeze water out—never twist or wring! Then shape and dry—but not near heat.
4. Don’t risk soaps containing harmful alkali, or cake-soap rubbing. These may weaken elasticity—then runs may start.
5. Lux contains no harmful alkali. It saves elasticity—cuts down on costly runs.

**Saves Stocking Elasticity**...
"Mr. Gable's Public" demands autographs, and Clark, still wearing the Parnell whiskers, tries to accommodate. The clamoring fans are an old story to him and the old sack suit does not worry him. The smile is genuine.

Caught By The Candid Camera

Joan Crawford returns from the studio and receives a royal welcome from Franchot and her three dachshunds. The dogs get the first kiss.

Bobby and Billy Meuch enjoy life between scenes of "The Prince and the Pauper." Ice cream sodas waiting.

The clever chemists and lens makers have made photography very simple. Cameras now take snapshots in almost any light. It is a relief to see pictures that are not posed, showing the subjects just as they are. That's why the cameras are called candid.

Deanna Durbin being rehearsed by Leopold Stokowski, internationally famous composer-conductor. Observe the length of his thumb—a born musician.
It is good luck for a player to have a nickname or slogan.

Jean Harlow is known affectionately to her fond Mamma as "Babe," but "Platinum Blonde," too, could mean no one else but her. Those two words have been synonymous with her ever since she dawned on the screen, and they have done much in catapulting her to stardom. Similarly, "Come Up and See Me Sometime!" is Mae West's label—as well known as she, and utterly inseparable from her even at this late date.

Sometimes these slogans or nicknames come by accident; sometimes by design. Garbo's famed remark, "Av tank ay go home," was one of the accidents. It was repeated, made people laugh, and so it stuck like glue. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios fan mail is even delivered to her, addressed with only the now famous quotation, instead of her name. Another publicity man called Joan Crawford "Empress of Emotions" on a billboard—and the nickname "Empress" continues to cling to her to this day. "Frozen Face," of course, always means Buster Keaton.

Jimmy Durante and "Schnozzle," as you might guess, mean one and the same thing. The "IT" girl, of course, will never be anyone else but Clara Bow. The term was originated by Elnor Glvin, the novelist, applied to Clara as best fitting her, and stuck.

Their early screen roles gave nicknames to Bela (Dracula) Lugosi and Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff.

[Continued on page 86]
WHAT with frighteningly large crowds of American people going stark and over skiing this year, I knew it would only be a matter of moments before the movie industry would catch on to Ketchum. Skiing (and you don't have to say shee-ing, if it makes you happier) has become such a rage that if you can't discuss fluently such things as stemming, the christiana, and salooning down nursery slopes you might just as well live alone and like it.

Junior may not know what the capital of Idaho is, and I can't blame Junior for that, but he knows quite definitely that the christiana isn't the title of a Garbo picture. The christiana, if you are one of those puffy people who don't get away, is the most important turn in skiing. They call me Liza the Learned. Sometimes.

Now you know what movie producers are. Sort of ingratiating Urash Heaps who aim to please the folk public. So when they saw that the American public was going deliriously insane over skiing and skip-eating and winter sports in general, they said, "So?" Twentieth Century mopped up with Sonja Henie and "One in a Million," which was made on a studio stage with cornflakes and dustines and was colder than the ice cubes in the Rita Brothers' ginger ale. And that gave Paramount a Wonderful Idea. If the fans were going nuts over skiing, why not make a picture right in the heart of the frozen north, where the snow is manufactured by God and not by the property department, where the blizzards need no press agents, and the pneumonia germs no encouragement.

The "I Met Him in Paris" company was hastily equipped with long drawers and galoshes, and, leaving palm trees and tropical fish behind, entrained for Ketchum, Idaho, a dead end of a northern spur of the Union Pacific. Once the last frontier of American civilization, with wild Indians squatting over the window ledges, the tiny little mining town of Ketchum (population less than two hundred) has suddenly become the St. Moritz of America, the mecca of an annual rush of ski-mad manias.

Ketchum has decided whether to be glad about it or not. The natives continue to mine their mines, herd their cattle, and gather of a Saturday night in the local gambling joints in ten gallon hats and flannel shirts to watch the crack-pot customers and movie folks throw away their dough.

A short ride from Ketchum by dog team, or car if you must, and you mustn't unless you have chains, is the muchly publicized Sun Valley Lodge, hotel de luxe in the best sense of the word, built for a million bucks or so by one of the railroad Harrimans who sort of read it in the cards that America was about to become ski-conscious. And, judging from the crowds of people who have come piling in since it officially opened last December (the "season" in Sun Valley is from December until April, when the thaw sets in), including a neat number of New York millionaires and Hollywood movie queens, I don't think the Harrimans will have to have their shoes re-soled this year. And those awful plush-bottomed seats on the Union Pacific will surely be covered with a flowered chintz by June.

When the "I Met Him in Paris" company arrived in Ketchum, after being delayed by a snowstorm in Shoshone and a blizzard in Pocatello, they were divided into sheep and goats.

The sheep, including the director, the star, the cast, the unit man, the camera-man, the still man, the author, the script girl, the make-up man, the wardrobe mistress, the hairdressers, etc., etc., were given rooms at the swanky Sun Valley Lodge, where of an evening they might dance shoulder to shoulder with a Vanderbilt, or step upon the pet corn of a Harriman, depending upon their mood.

The goats, including grips, gaffers, props, etc., were scattered about in a tourist camp near Ketchum—very convenient, unfortunately, to the Ketchum Casino where roulette can be played for a nickel and there are drinks on the House. The extras, and there are a hundred and twenty of them in this picture, chosen for their ability to skate, drew a private train on a side track which would be "home" for the length of the location. They get sixty to seventy dollars a week, and all expenses paid, except gambling. I think it must be fun to be an extra on a location picture, I'd like to try it sometime.

The actual working crew of a picture, the little men with hammers and saws and things, usually consists of about forty men. Paramount to date has bought one hundred and seventy-nine tickets to Ketchum (this does not include the hundred and twenty extras bought up especially for the skating sequence) and so if you will subtract forty from one hundred and seventy-nine you will get the number of people it takes to make a picture, excluding the workmen. The hundred and seventy-nine ticket was bought for me, who, as we go to press, am the only member of the Fourth Estate to penetrate the frozen north. I was a sheep, shaved a Vanderbilt, and looked awfully cute in my long drawers and several layers of sweaters. It's costing, nice old Paramount, who wants to please,
nine thousand dollars a week to keep everybody fed and sheltered—that of course doesn't include any salaries: I should say not. When you add the salaries to that nine grand you can readily understand why we might have to progress to higher mathematics, and why Paramount hopes to high heaven that you, dear public, will remain stark staring ski-mad for another year.

However, Paramount does get a couple of good breaks on the expense account. It seems that those expert skiers who jump madly about from mountain range to mountain range, without breaking their necks, all expect to be Olympic champions some day and so cannot accept any money on account of they will lose their amateur standing. And so they slalom down Proctor Mountain while the cameras click—for nothing.

Also, Claudette Colbert, the star of "I Met Him in Paris," is just as tasty a dish on a pair of skis as she once was on Cleopatra's barge, and will not need a double. Claudette learned to ski a year ago last January at Yosemite, on her honeymoon. Ice skating she learned when she was a kid on the frozen lakes of New York's Central Park. Also, Bob Young, one of the young men so in love with the beautiful Claudette (Oh, only in the picture), prefers to take his own bobbled fall, and he, too, will save Paramount the price of a double.

"I Met Him In Paris"—and don't for one minute think that Ketchum is Paris, movies aren't that crazy. Ketchum is standing-in for a Swiss alpine village, and very nicely too—is being directed by Wesley Ruggles, who directed Claudette in two of her comedy successes, "The Gilded Lily" and "The Bride Comes Home." Robert Young played with Claudette in the latter picture, you probably recall, and Melvyn Douglas, who is the other leading man in

dinner every night in miles of chiffon and silver fox, holding a Peke, sweating like a soster, and smoking a cigarette from a long holder.

Except for those rare occasions when she puts on a very white gown and has tea in the lounge with Bob and Mrs. Bob and Melvyn and Mr. Ruggles, Claudette is not seen at all around the hotel. She has all

[Continued on page 52]
They Are Not All Dependent
Upon Their Jobs. Some Of
Them Have A Great Deal
Of Money.

This is the year of the Midas touch in Hollywood. That Ancient King who was
reputed to have turned everything
he touched into gold has just re-
turned to the ethereal world
from a visit to the Cinema
City. Not that he will stay
there long. Perhaps he will
come again tomorrow and
shower gold onto the
shoulders of his lumin-
ary favorites. Con-
cerning that we do
not know. But we
do know that King
Midas is in the
habit of making
repeated visits to
the Earth.

He doesn’t al-
ways come to
Hollywood: fre-
quently not. We
read about his
visiting people in
the various states,
particularly the
central ones. Maybe
that’s because folks
there need more pen-
nies from Heaven just
as a means to offset the
droughts, storms and
floods.

But Midas has already
spotted some of the glam-
orous gals and guys of
Hollywood. I suppose that’s
because he likes to stand
off and watch the funny
things they do with their
money. Of course you al-
ready know what strange
things some of the intrepid
leaders of the colony hay.
It doesn’t seem to make
any difference how much
money you have—it’s how
much you spend that
counts. And the more weird
and bizarre your home,

(Above) Frances
Farmer in a scene
from her next pic-
ture, “The Toast
of New York.” The
golden flood for her
has begun. (Circle)
Rosalind Russell
works for art’s
sake. She has plenty
of money.

your car, or your clothes the more
attention you’ll attract. Not that
it’s always the most desirable
attraction. Last year everything
was whiter this year it is blue. That’s
Hollywood for you.

But here’s a little secret. The
Younger Generation has got it all
over their daddies and mammies
when it comes to saving money

and spending it wisely. It’s a
cinch they don’t intend to be
left stranded in the middle of
a pond when the rainy season
sets in. Not only have a num-
ber of unknown players blazed
forth overnight into spectac-
ular successes, with weekly pay
checks that would dazzle the
average toiler, but some few of
them have fallen heir to great
fortunes between-shots.

There’s Norma Shearer, Robert
Cummings, William Hall, Vir-
ginia Bruce, Rosalind Russell,
Grace Bradley and Franchot
Tone, for instance. And like
King Midas, not one of these
players has experienced an iota
of increased happiness with the mul-
tiplying shekels.

Though the Hollywood players have
not as yet prayed that the curse of wealth
be removed it appears that some are on the
ragged edge of it.

The largest amount received by a screen
player, as a bequest, is the fortune left
Actress Norma Shearer and her two chil-
dren by the sad death of Producer Irving
Thalberg. Already it is reported that
Norma has disposed of the $5,000 shares
of Loew’s stock held by the producer. These
shares represented an important interest in
the company that controls M-G-M studio
and other enterprises. It is said that Miss
Shearer sold the stock to English interests
for more than $2,000,000.

In her own right the star draws a salary
running into four figures and is under con-
By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek


dom arc worth ten times their weight in gold to the industry. That is why each one's contract will bring a million or more in cash if he develops into a real luminary. Out of the large number of embryo stars Midas has let a magic hand fall onto a few, and has helped them to instant success. Outstanding is Robert Taylor, the new matinee idol, whose popularity bids fair to outshine even Valentino. Gable and the rest, Simone Simon,

fame have smiled bountifully upon her, much of her good luck is due to her tenderness, her fragility and her genuine spirit of kindness.

Plenty of players have been touched this year with the hand of fame if not of fortune. The new film actors who have achieved stardom are not hard stardom. When Ina Virginia Durbin had hit the big time, she and her children and time alone may comfort her desolation and ease the ache that lies so heavily upon her heart. Just what her plans for the future are is a mystery. But no one will ever know to what extent Norma may suffer from the loss of the quiet, sagacious man whose genius contributed so largely to the lasting brilliance of her career. Perhaps Midas anticipated this great mental agony and that may be why he touched her with so much gold.

When romantic Jack Gilbert died a year ago, like Producer Thalberg he left the bulk of his estate to his widow, Virginia Bruce, and their daughter, Susan Ann. Miss Bruce was the actor's fourth wife; earlier wives being, Olivia Burnell, Leatrice Joy, and Ina Claire. An ever-increasing popular star, the beautiful Miss Bruce and her daughter were reputed to have received around $150,0000 from the estate. Some say that Virginia has grown more beautiful and successful with each picture and those who have seen her in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Women of Glamour," her latest, will not deny that statement. Though fortunate and

tract to M-G-M for three years to come. But Norma, insupportably lonely as she is, has gone away with her children and time alone may comfort her desolation and ease the ache that lies so heavily upon her heart. Just what her plans for the future are is a mystery. But no one will ever know to what extent Norma may suffer from the loss of the quiet, sagacious man whose genius contributed so largely to the lasting brilliance of her career. Perhaps Midas anticipated this great mental agony and that may be why he touched her with so much gold.
Lionel got inquired, especially told possible, or has gave. kid, must. managed has. can Martha the family which. Here. stage. smallish said the but small.事情.
By Mabel Hunt

The two most famous mouths—
Joe E. Brown’s and Martha Raye’s.

She is Naturally a “Comic” and Her Years in Vaudeville Have Given Her the “Professional Timing,” She Always Gets The Laughs.

Bing Crosby and Bob Burns about to launch Martha on her career. (Above) William Bake-well and Martha Raye go social. (Left) She receives lots of fan mail and is quite surprised and very happy.

heaven and take her place beside those of Hollywood’s all-time great. Because Martha Raye’s success isn’t due to mere luck or to “breaks.” It’s due entirely to her own hard work (seventeen years of it) and a completely individual style that really isn’t a style at all... it’s just Martha being herself. For when you see her “carryin’ on like mad,” as she puts it, you’re seeing her re-acting on the screen exactly as she would if the situation happened to her in real life. “Come on in and take to your clubs and be comfortable,” is her ordinary way of welcoming her friends... and that just about sums up the real Martha Raye.

And now that the Raye tribe no longer have to worry about lay-offs, bookings and the like, Martha has decided to outshine La Dietrich when it comes to clothes... “Now that I can afford it,” she swears, “I’ll have no more of this bargain fighting in Rosenblom’s basement.”

The plans for Martha are going ahead, for that Raye girl has passed the doubtful period. She is now accepted by the public and is scheduled to keep the rocky hillsides of Maine and the verdant valleys of California echoing with laughter at her irrepressible antics. Her next picture will be “Mountain Music.” This, the comic tale of a farm folks out West, features Martha with Bob Burns. They were together, unforgettable, in “Waikiki Wedding,” and the winning combination continues. John Howard plays the big romantic role. Music for mountains is, it seems, a specialty and will be written by the composer of the hit song of “Trail of the Lonesome Pine.”

Martha’s career being thus inaugurated, now is rolling along toward a bright and shining future. She is the salt of the screen. She gives us the homely down-to-earth comedy that drowns sham right out of pictures. Success has come to her and a real welcome from the movie fans. Her whole five feet four and one-half inches is thrilled and her china blue eyes look out upon a kinder world than she has ever before known.

However, you somehow know that all those years of pinching and scraping while on the road have taught her the true value of a “Dollar. And if she wants to splurge a little right now at the first you know it’s only the little girl in her showing off a bit... the little girl that she missed being while she was busy doing three and four shows a day... and surreptitiously stealing toast from patrons. So... the next time you’re in a picture house and you hear an outburst of laughter faintly reminiscent of a wounded water buffalo, don’t grab your hat and make for the nearest exit... it will only be Martha Raye. Hollywood’s ravingest comedian, “CARRYIN’ ON LIKE MAD.”
TO YOU, maybe, it is just New York’s municipal building down at City Hall.

If you are a tourist you crane your neck up at its lofty façade or stand in its porch and look up at the mammoth columns at the green of City Hall park, with the Woolworth tower in the background. If you are a male New Yorker, maybe you hurry in and out across this busy way. But if you are a woman and young, or even not young but hopeful, those great pillars mark the portals of Romance, for it is in the Municipal building that you will find the Marriage License Bureau.

On a mild and lovely spring afternoon Torchy Blane, a mighty cute little blonde with starry eyes, went dancing up the steps to the Marriage License Bureau.

She wore a neat little blue spring suit to which she had pinned thirty-five cents worth of fresh violets. She had gritty little new pumps, but last spring’s hat, and she had in her purse two dollars borrowed from a fellow reporter on the Morning Herald because she believed in the old adage for brides, “something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue.”

When Torchy went quick-stepping into the pleasant reception room of the license bureau she found that Steve was not there. She sat down to wait, watching the other blushing couples applying for tickets to heaven, watching the door for Steve.

Sometimes Steve was on time. A man can’t be a police lieutenant with a brilliant career before him and always be on time. Torchy, who was the ace girl reporter for the Morning Herald, knew that. She didn’t hold his tardiness against Steve. It was nice to sit there and think about him.

He was all man, was Steve McBride! Secretly Torchy thought him an Adonis for beauty, though another girl might have said he looked hard. Well, he had to be hard to make a good police lieutenant. And he had to be a fanatic about his job. Torchy was a fanatic about her own job and they understood each other. She knew Steve loved her and she knew that she loved Steve and, after all, that’s what counts when two people want to get married.

While Torchy sat at the license bureau and dreamed of Steve, the City News ticked in the Morning Herald office rattled off a flash: Milton T. Devereaux, senior partner Devereaux and Allister’s exclusive jewelry store, murdered...

Maxie Monkhouse, the city editor, turned from the tape yelling ‘‘Torchy!’’

‘‘She ain’t here. She went out to buy a marriage license,’’ an office boy explained.

Maxie’s hand passed shakily over his apoplectic face. ‘‘Traichry, that’s what it is,’’ he whispered hoarsely. His arms waved. His voice rose.

‘‘I took her on this raid when she didn’t know a murder from a blessed event. I made her the smartest reporter in this cock-eyed town. How does she repay me? Runs out to marry some corporal’s bobs and spawn a kernel of brass!’’ He grabbed the telephone. ‘‘Get me the marriage license bureau before I lose control of myself.’’

Devereaux and Allister’s was an institution so famous it had no need to put even a name plate beside its door. It was a landmark, like the Empire State and Rockefeller City, a store whose gray sandstone façade out of town visitors stared at as they stare at St. Patrick’s cathedral.

Within these doors, guarded now by a big flat-footed cop named Galahan, the usual hurried quiet had become the tense, frightened stillness of tragedy. Milton T. Devereaux had been shot while he sat at his desk in his private office.

Lieut. Steve McBride, summoned hastily before he could keep his date at the Marriage License Bureau with Torchy Blane, was questioning witnesses. Chief among them was Guy Allister, the junior partner. Allister had been at lunch at The Globe, a nearby chop house, when the tragedy happened. He was the only person beside Devereaux who had a key to the alley door through which the murderer entered, and he had a perfect alibi. He had brought the alibi with him in the person of Sonny Croy, a young man about town whose father owned the Star-Telegram.

‘‘This is one case I’m going to handle all by myself,’’ Steve McBride said complacently. ‘‘I’m not going to be up to my neck in crazy newspaper reports every time I turn around!’’

He turned around as he said it and paused. His face began to burn. Standing in the doorway was a reporter—the girl he had meant to marry that afternoon. Torchy Blane. Torchy looked cool and unruffled.

‘‘The wedding viollets were still pinned to her coat.

‘‘What are you doing here?’’ Steve growled in a menacing aside.

‘‘I’m afraid I mistook this place for the Marriage License Bureau,’’ Torchy smiled with the sort of sweetness that can corrode burnished steel. ‘‘Listen, I waited two hours for you!’’

‘‘Well, this case broke. I couldn’t make it. Murder and marriage don’t mix—’’

‘‘So I said Torchy scathingly. ‘‘You put murder before matrimony!’’ She wasn’t taking that, not even from Steve McBride. And yet she loved him! She loved him right now so much her heart was bursting with it. Only this was not the time to give way to love. There was a job to do, a murder to solve, a whale of a big story to ferret out!

Torchy paused only long enough to add for the good of Steve’s soul, ‘‘I’m through hanging around license bureau while you’re galloping around with your nose to the ground chasing crime waves.’’

The life of a girl newspaper reporter in Manhattan is full of strange coincidences. For instance, at exactly the hour when she expected to leave the Marriage License Bureau on the arm of Lieutenant Steve McBride, Torchy found herself looking for clues in the alley behind Devereaux and Allister’s store, and both she and Steve had forgotten matrimony for mystery.

‘‘If you had a line on the guy—’’ Torchy began helpfully.

‘‘Yeah,’’ Steve growled. ‘‘And if we had the killer’s address and telephone number—’’

Torchy was talking to herself. ‘‘Well, if I’d just killed a man and was coming out of there with a gun in my hand, I might have been in a hurry. But I’m not. I’m peeling off my shoes now. I don’t want to be late for a chaperone—’’

Love Kept Waiting
When Two Are In Love They Are Two. In A Hurry.
By Jack Bechdolt

have ditched it... in here." She indicated the first hiding place at hand, the end of a raisin spit. She thrust her small hand into it and paused, her face such a picture of surprise that Steve vished at her.

Slowly Torchy withdrew her hand and it clutched a Luger automatic pistol to which was attached a silencer. One shot had been fired from it recently. It was the murder gun.

Half an hour later Steve drove a department car through traffic. Steve's mind was miles away from the problem of dodging taxis and watching for red lights. Torchy, beside him in the front seat watched that abstracted face a little wistfully. Didn't Steve even give a thought to their date at the Marriage License Bureau?

"I spent fifty-five cents on a taxi," she reminded him. "The violets cost thirty-five cents. And I borrowed two bucks from Hymie in case you forgot to pay for the marriage license. Two dollars and ninety cents! If I'd put my money on a horse, you might have showed!"

Steve glanced at her as if she were a stranger. "I've got a hunch that Luger gun's a cold potato," he murmured. "A check up will probably show it wasn't even bought in this country."

"Oh thank you, judge," said Torchy with sweet sarcasm. "Only six months for talking to myself!"

"So far this case is just a headache," Steve went on, unheeding.

"Would it help you any to know that Sonny Croy had a quarrel with Devereaux yesterday?" Torchy asked casually.

Steve had picked up the latest gossip around the store. Croy, she learned, had gone to Devereaux, the old family friend, to borrow a lot of money. Devereaux not only refused his loan, he let it be known there was a violent row.

Steve gasped and turned the car about. Torchy had the darndest way of picking up hot tips, then spearing them on him in that snog, tantalizing manner!

"Hey, where are you going?"

"To the Globe Chop house to check up a couple of alibis."

It was at the Globe, just across the alley from the store, that Guy Allister and Sonny Croy said they sat at lunch at the time Devereaux was killed. The headwaiter there checked their story readily, but Torchy, sniffing around with her healthy young interest in a broiled steak, picked up a menu that turned out useful.

Spread out flat, the two sides of the chop house menu showed pictures of the two hemispheres. Torchy found the menu in the booth where Allister and Croy sat. On the blank space of the card somebody had pencilled the figure $25,000 several times. Then the unknown scribbler had indulged in some calculations, subtracting $5,000 from $25,000. Also a pencil line had been drawn across the maps of the hemispheres, starting at Newark and marking out a complete trip around the globe.

"Why, it's a round the world trip," Steve exclaimed.

"It's a round the world flight," Torchy cried. "There's a big airpot in every one of those cities. Looks like Allister and Croy were going by-here.

They questioned the waiter, Yes, Mr. Croy had drawn that pencil line across the map. Also Mr. Croy had been absent from the lunchroom table for at least ten minutes just at the time of the murder.

The department car raced Steve and Torchy to the cozy little love nest where Sonny Croy lived with a night club singer. They were both home.

"You had a row with Devereaux," Steve thundered.

"Because he refused to loan you money—which you neglected to mention—"

Fictionization of "Fly-Away Baby," Produced by Warner Brothers and Directed by Frank McDonald. Screen Play by Don Ryan and Kenneth Comart. From an Idea by Dorothy Kilgallen.

THE CAST

Torchy Stone
Gleeda Farrell
Garbagon
Tom Kennedy
Lucien Croy
Gordon Oliver
Ike Sole
Marcia Ralston
Col. Higgam
Harry Davenport

Lt. Steve McBrine
Barton MacLane
Hughie Sprague
Hugh O'Connell
Guy Allister
Joseph King
Mrs. Monhouse
Raymond Hatton
Clifford Vance
Emmett Vogan

"What of it," Croy snarled.

"Plenty! Next day Devereaux is knocked over and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gems stolen from his safe. Just before the killing you were writing this same figure on a sign. On top of that, you mopped up a long trip for yourself—around the world. You've come through with some pretty smooth alibis, Croy, and if you're not smart you'll be in the slate while you still have a chance."

Croy stared at him, then at the menu. The surprise in his face looked genuine. Then he chuckled. The chuckle became a whole hearted laugh.

"All right, you asked for it," he gasped.

"You're just a big, dumb flattoo. You've been making a fool of The Star-Telegram and you've been buttered in here and now I'm going to finish the job." He grabbed a newspaper and spread it open at a page display; "I suppose you can read easy words? Well, spell that out!"

The paper was a copy of the last edition of the Star-Telegram, the sheet Croy's father published. It announced that Sonny Croy was to race around the world by the air lanes.

"I was illustrating my trip to Allister," Torchy snarled. "Those figures you were worrying about were calculations regarding advertising contracts we're going to grab as a result of my battalion." Croy sneered.

Steve McBride's face was red when he and Torchy left Croy's. "I was right the first time," he growled. "It's a case of murder and robbery by a professional jewel thief. I let you lead me off on a wild goose chase and what happens? I make a monkey out of myself!"

"Why, Skipper," Torchy cried, wide-eyed.

"And no funny cracks, either," said the aggrieved man. "From now on I handle this case alone."

Torchy looked meek, as any fiancée should on such an occasion. But inside she was well pleased with her own. Another idea had dawned on Torchy. She might claim the murder was done by a professional as much as he liked. Torchy was playing a hunch that Croy did it. Yes, Croy did it and the flight around the world was not to escape, it was Croy's chance to unload two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of stolen diamonds somewhere where they could not be tracked back to him.

There was just one way to prove Torchy's theory, that was to catch Croy. She went to the publisher of The Star-Telegram and suggested they enter her for the coming flight around the world to be the time of Sonny Croy of the Star-Telegram. Her plan succeeded.

The liner taxied down the field, circled, took the air. Steve stood watching its lights dwindle and vanish into the night sky. Torchy was on it—his—her—into the unknown. Into perils, maybe. Murder mysteries didn't count with him now. That strict discipline of duty was forgotten. His lips moved in a little prayer for Torchy.

And from the window of the plane Torchy looked back, watching the airport lights vanishing in the gloom. She wasn't thinking about murder mysteries or a race around the world. She was thinking of

While City Editor
Monhouse, Managing
Editor Vance and Col.
Higgam, Publisher, were
stared in amazement, Torchy told them her hunch. "I believe Lucien Croy killed Deve-
reaux," she stated ex-
citely, "if you'll let me follow him I'll bring back the proof."
Honolulu, party, the.

Sell to.

Alexander 101 his Chamber had him, para-
Commerce to.

Home a luck caught the confession." It mem
hysterical moment at old Croy...
"The other man to.

Torchy's home.

Frankfort.

The other in.

Torchy found,

She spotted to.

She spotted from.

She spotted the bag.

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CALL IT A DAY
A CHARMING INTERLUDE IN BRITISH FAMILY LIFE—H. B.

HERE is one of the greatest comedies of the year. Adapted from a New York stage success of last year, and brilliantly directed by Archie Mayo, it is guaranteed to pull you right out of your seat. The plot deals with a day in the life of a British family—the first warm day of the year—how the sap begins to rise. Olivia de Havilland, the young daughter, goes off in a poetic flight over Rosetti (she was just recovering from Shelley), and Peter Willes, the son, who has been planning to run away falls in love with Anita Louise, the girl next door.

The father, Ian Hunter, who has been happily married for twenty-two years, and who is rather a sober sort of fellow, suddenly becomes involved with an actress with a reputation from here to there. The youngish mother, played by the lovely Frieda Inescort, is almost swept off her feet by the dynamic wooing of Roland Young, who has just returned from India. But as night comes on the family return to their respective beds, none the worse for their fancies, and call it a day. Each part in the picture is a gem all its own, with everybody so good that no one can steal a scene. Besides the family there are Alice Brady, funnier than ever, Walter Woolf King, Peggy Wood, Beryl Mercer, Una O'Connor and Elsa Buchman. The spring-struck Willes are well worth your time and money.

WHITE BONDAGE
LIFE IN THE DEEP SOUTH—Warner Brothers

THIS is rather second rate melodrama based on the conflict between the southern crop-sharers and the plantation owners. The crop-sharers get desperate because of false scales and crooked bookkeepers, so they plot to take by force what belongs to them.

Jean Muir plays the granddaughter of one of the militant tenants and her loyalties are torn between her rebel sweetheart and her growing love for a young reporter from the outside who is trying to straighten out the mess. Gordon Oliver plays the reporter, and Howard Phillips the young tenant.

MARKED WOMAN
THE DRAMATIC EXPOSE OF ANOTHER RACKET—H. B.

BETTE DAVIS returns to the screen in this rather sensational, and exceedingly violent, exposé of the "hostess" racket in the big cities. Those of you who followed the Lucky Luciano case know just what Warner Brothers got its ideas for its latest topical picture.

Bette plays the part of a hostess in a high class "clip joint," which is owned by Edward G. Robinson, who as JOHNNY JAILING, brings to the screen one of the most menacing racketeers we've had in many a day. Other hostesses in the joint are Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Mayo Menthot and Rosalind Marquis.

They're a cagey lot, those girls, for they realize only too well that if they know much their bodies will be found in the river. And that's just where Bette's innocent little sister is found after an ill-advised visit to Fanning's penhouse.

Bette goes to the district attorney, and the terrorization begins. The dramatic highlight of the picture is when Bette behind closed doors being beaten and tortured by Fanning's mob. You can't be a sissy and take strong stuff like that. And by the way, it isn't a picture for the kiddies.

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE
LOVE IN A TRAILER—20th Century-Fox

MICHAEL WHALEN and Claire Trevor are again teamed in this amusing comedy, which concerns a runaway bride who hitch-hikes her way into the heart of a young man, who is driving a caravan of new cars to California. Things seem a bit confused occasionally but the dialogue is bright and sparkling, and Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor are quite pleasing. Also giving good performances are Joan Davis, Bennie Bartlett and Chick Chandler.

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE
IT'S EXCITING WHEREVER YOU FIND IT—Para.

THERE'S just no telling where you'll find murder these days. It used to be down in the tenderloin where mother was a little girl, but now it seems it has moved way uptown to the mortar boards.

The professor of a certain college, it is discovered, is the brain trust for the numbers racket mob, and he is murdered right there in the ivy-colored walls of his dear old alma mater. There are four suspects in the building at the time, each one supplied with a logical reason for bumping off the poor old prof.

Lynne Overman, as a free-lancing detective, moves in and eventually clears up the mystery—having a lot of fun for himself all the time. Also on the college campus are Roscoe Karns, a reporter on a binge, Larry Grable, a flashy gangster, and Marsha Hunt, Astrid Allern and Harvey Stephens. One of the better murder mysteries. And a bull's eye for Lynne Overman.

LOST HORIZON
DON'T MISS THIS—Col.

THE beautiful and idealistic novel by James Hilton comes to the screen as one of the most spectacular and impressive pictures ever made. Directed by Hollywood's Wonder Boy, Frank Capra, it stands shoulder to shoulder with "The Good Earth" as a marvel of production. They will tell you that Columbia spent more than two million dollars on it, and you can well imagine it, for never before have you seen such breathtaking photography; the dream-like beauty of Shangri-La, the magnificent horror of the snowslides, and the aerial views of the ice mountain peaks of Tibet will haunt you for many a day.

Hilton's story of man's flight from struggle and greed to contentment in a world of fantastic beauty is probably familiar to all of you, as it has been a best seller for several years. It will please you die-hard to know that Robert Riskin, who did the adaptation for the screen, has lost none of the beauty of this inaccessible Utopia described by Mr. Hilton in such detail, and has changed the original story as little as possible.

Ronald Colman is of course perfect as Robert Conway, the British attache, who longs for escape from the weariness and problems of the world. It is his most outstanding performance. Excellent, too, are

Olivia de Havilland, Peter Willes, Ian Hunter and Bonita Granville in "Call It A Day."
Thomas Mitchell and Edward Everett Horton are as the business man and scientist who, after much grumbling, find peace and happiness in Shangri-La. The part of the missionary has been changed to that of a tubercular woman of the streets and is splendidly played by Isabel Jewell, John Howard, as Colman's brother, and Margo, as the Russian Maria, are the two main characters.

Sam Jaffe is the High Lama and H. B. Warner the inscrutable Chang. Jane Wyatt is the young woman who has read Colman's books and has selected him as the right man to carry on the tradition of Shangri-La. All are flawlessly cast. Aside from its philosophical point, the play is crammed with entertainment. It's a "must see" by all means.

MAYTIME
THE MUSICAL WE'VE ALL BEEN COUNTING ON-M-G-M

You've been waiting for it, and here it is at last, the romantic team once more of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, singing away for dear life in a most exquisite and lavish production. Both Jeanette and Nelson are destined to rise to new heights of fame and popularity after this picture, for never have they sung so thrillingly beautiful.

Jeanette is so lovely in her close-ups, even with her mouth open hitting high C, that she fairly takes your breath away. And Mr. Eddy, girls, has never been better photographed. The picture has one of the most glorious musical scores you'll ever have the good fortune to hear, and if there's a drop of sentiment in your blood stream you'll go pleasantly mad over "Sweetheart," as sung by Jeanette and Nelson. Together they also sing, "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny," "Santa Lucia," and "Grazia" (an operatic sequence based on Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony).

Jeanette goes it alone with "Les Filles de Cadix," an aria from "Les Huguenots" and excerpts from several favorite operas. Nelson does a comedy song called "Virginia Ham and Eggs" which is very gay. But it is the old soft number "Sweetheart-Will You Remember?" that really gets you.

The plot is told in flashback (and I could tell you much more about that 1915 on a Continental May Day, Tom Brown and Lynne Carver, two young things, have a lover's quarrel because Lynne wants to go to America and put an operatic career. Jeanette, as a nice old lady, advises Lynne to stay with the man she loves, and tells her the story of her life. She was the great prima donna, Maria Moryn, who in 1865 sang at the court of Louis Napoleon. She, too, met a young American student (Nelson Eddy) in Paris in the spring and fell madly in love with him—but it was too late. She had her career, and she was engaged to the man who had made it possible, the famous maestro, Nazaroff (John Barrymore).

The lovers part but meet again at the New York Metropolitan seven years later, at a meeting that ends in tragedy. Barrymore, though having Ariad trouble all through the production, gives a superb performance as the menacing Nazaroff. Also excellent are Herman Bing and Rafaela Ottiano. You'll probably go crazy about it.

QUALITY STREET
A SPLENDID ADAPTATION OF BARRE'S PLAY-ROKO

They'll tell you that Katharine Hepburn is slipping. That "A Woman Rebels" was in the nature of a swan song for our Katharine. But don't believe a word of it. In this whimsical show of Sir James Barrie's, which several generations have loved with a warm sincere love, Hepburn gives as beautiful a performance as you may ever hope to see.

She's even better than she was in "Little Women" and "Alice Adams," and the Hepburn fans who have become sort of apatheatic of late will now come surging back with renewed enthusiasm. And that competition she has in this picture—the stiffest any star has been faced with in a long time—but with it all "Quality Street" is big picture, which speaks well for the Hepburn ability.

She plays, of course, Barrie's favorite heroine, little Miss Phoebe of London of 1865, when ladies were really ladies, and about the only fun they had was furtive peeks from their windows. You know the story, how just as she thinks she's has a man for years away to the Napoleonic wars for ten years and upon his return doesn't recognize her because she has become a faded schoolma'am.

She plays droll for this, because Miss Phoebe proceeds to masquerade as her niece, and is such a gay mad young thing, flouting so outrageously, that not only the great officer but all for her.

And then, when she has him just about ready to propose she learns that it is Miss Phoebe, the schoolma'am, he loves all the time.

Frenchoir "Tone is excellent as the dash- ing Dr. Brown. And too much praise cannot be given Farley Granger, as Susan, Estelle Winwood as the leader of the sneaking Willoughbys, and Cora Witherspoon as the maid who has an eager eye for a uniform. A very satisfying picture.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL
A CAPTIVATING COMEDY—WB

FERNAND GRAVAT, of Paris and points east, makes his Hollywood debut in this bit of delightful whimsy, and, judging from the women in the preview audience, it's going to be a mad-for-Gravat year. Monsieur Gravat has this to say, "I'm glad to report that he has a six year contract."

In his first American picture Gravat plays Alfred, an ex-King in Paris who once ruled two million people but now rules only two, the Duchess Asna and Count Humbert (Mary Nash and Edward Everett Horton). He has seen everything and done everything and is so bored with it all—so he just takes a bottle of brandy to bed with him at night and is well on his way to becoming a dopsomanic. The doctor advises him to get a girl, a girl who, for a change, will let the ex-King do the chasings.

The Duchess and the Count decide that Joan Blondell, one of the entertainers at the Folies Bergères, is just the one to rouse Gravat out of his lethargy. Joan is American, and very amusing. All kinds of amusing situations develop that will keep you in hysteric, especially the scene in the restaurant where the ex-King, unrecognized, argues over the dinner check with Louis Alberni, a postman.

This is the best part Joan Blondell has been given in pictures. And she is splendid as the American girl who is at first indifferent, and then anything else but. Could it be co-incidence that Fernand Gravat at times, particularly in his naval uniform, looks very much like a certain ex-King who also loved an American girl?

23 3/4 HOURS LEAVE
HARKING BACK TO THE WORLD WAR-GRAND NATIONAL

A MERRY little story about love and a gay, gung-ho, American Can- tonment during the first years of the late war. Just as you guessed, if you are one of the older generation, this picture was once made in 1919 and was one of the most successful of the comedy war pictures. Douglas MacLean played the lead and made quite a name for himself as the licentious young officer who is wild. With him he was asked to be breakfast by the general—and was.

But time marches on, so they say, and now is Douglas MacLean who produces the picture and Jimmy Ellison (remember Buffalo Bill Cody in the "Plainsmen") who plays the young officer. But in this picture, played by Walker, a newcomer to the screen, plays the general's daughter and Paul Harvey is the irascible general. Jimmy sings several songs, including "Good Night, My Lucky Day."
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, wind-breaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. I'd walk a mile for a Camel—and fly a thousand!"

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia  Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston  Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston  Mrs. Anthony J. Drew, Jr., Philadelphia
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia  Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman, Baltimore
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York  Mrs. Rufus Taylor Spalding, III, Pasadena
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago  Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

FOR DIGESTIONS SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
"Worth stopping for!"

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel. 3 rings of performers - clowns, animals, acrobats, elephants - music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating - doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

You can taste the difference Quality makes.
Alas! The Poor Players  
[Continued from page 61]

proud of Bob Burns. The bazooka-playing comedian, who advertises his home state in his radio and screen comments, has decided to put his gratitude into more concrete form by establishing a free camp-ground in the Ozark Mountains. As the spot Bob has in mind is not on a main highway, he will build a road to make it accessible to motorists, Picturists swell of Bob, we think.

Young Robert Cummings, Paramount hopeful, who stormed the screen via an acquired English accent route a few years ago, is bewildered by his fabulous luck. A few weeks ago he learned that supposedly worthless gold mining stocks, left him by his father, had a market value of over a million dollars—$1,600,000 to be exact. His fortune, which he shares with his mother, Mrs. Ruth K. Cummings, represents an investment in gaudy stock certificates which were bought by his father before the latter's death. The initial investment repre- sented $80,000 about twenty years ago, the life savings of a Joplin, Missouri, physician. The turn of fortune came from the sale of the corporate properties in Nevada, properties which recently were proved to be gold bearing and were sold for twenty million dollars, of which the Cumminings received a twelfth.

Seems like Midas sort of picks his Hollywood favorites from the mid-western states. There's young hero William Hall, who made the name for himself in "Magnificent Bruite" and "Flying Hostess." Though Hall was born in New York much of his life has been spent with an uncle on a farm in Kansas. Recently the uncle passed away leaving the farm to Hall, and all of a sudden—what do you think? Hall finds a fortune in oil right on the place! At present the property is involved in some litigation, but Hall expects to have that ironed out soon. Just what he will do with his expected fortune has not as yet been determined, but he says that he will spend it in some way that will not only make himself happy but will bring comfort to others as well.

Another inheritance that added brilliance to a promising screen career sometime ago was the net sum of $200,000 which Grace Bradley was reported to have received from her grandfather, a manufacturer, Rosalind Russell's father, a prominent judge of Waterbury, Connecticut, left Rosalind and her mother a tidy sum, while wood came a few days ago that Lola Lane is one beneficiary of a huge fortune left by an uncle who amassed it in copra trade in the Malay.

Though King Midas still rules over a far-flung dominion it looks as if he spends much time hovering over Hollywood. No doubt his magic hand has had a great part in bringing about the new Golden Age in the Famed City. The year 1936 returned the entire motion-picture industry to the place it enjoyed before the depression, and in artistic attainment far surpassed any previous period. Nearly all of the film companies are again reaping real profits and all are on a better financial footing than at any time in their respective histories.

But Hollywood cannot reap the benefit alone, for individuals here are fleeting; they are gone before we know. All art as blind instruments toward a creation that in the end becomes immorally lovely to all. Hollywood's fortune indeed becomes our heritage.

The Thrill That Comes With Success  
In Hollywood

Each year the Academy of Arts and Sciences awards honors to the most deserving of Hollywood. 1936 awards were won by Paul Muni, Luise Rainer and Frank Capra, director.

This Movie-Made World  
[Continued from page 35]

has aroused a universal thirst for information regarding the post-Civil War period in the development of the West.

Hard-boiled Hollywood has been, and will be, directly responsible for these brain-waves of interest in the making and the growth of America. Is that a good thing, sociologically speaking, or not? If a knowledge of the past is of any value in educating people to solve the problems of the present and the future, then it is a very good thing indeed.

When the late Irving Thalberg, one of the authentic geniuses of the picture business, decided to star his lovely wife, Norma Shearer, in a movie version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," I doubt whether he had any idea that he would be making life easier for thousands of high-school and college English teachers throughout the U. S. A. and elsewhere. But that is what happened. When "Romeo and Juliet" was produced as a picture, people of all ages, who formerly thought that William Shakespeare was a football player, rushed to their own or to public libraries and began to absorb the immortal poet's lyric thought and singing lines. Teachers had no difficulty in assigning "Romeo and Juliet" to their pupils for required reading. Again, Hollywood had opened the floodgates of one of the world's great sources of beauty, so that common men and women—and children—were moved to quench their thirst at the Shakespearean spring.

A side acquaintance with such beauty and wisdom tends to make for a better world, and I think it does, then chalk up another credit for the picture makers of
TANGEE
the Years Away

Hollywood.

That leads us to some of the lighter phases of our subject, which is an estimate of
the changes which Hollywood is effecting in our national life. Earlier in this paper I
mentioned the tub-bath as an element of interest in some primitive Hollywood classics. Mr. Cecil B. DeMille in his earlier days was the outstanding impresario of the
great bath-tub scene. His glorification of America is a part of the saga of Hollywood. It is one of its stock honors. Yet one of the most prominent male stars of Movieville, Mr. Warner Baxter, insists that Mr. DeMille's dramatization of the bath-tub has created a revolution in the construction of European hotels. In Europe and Asia, states Mr. Baxter—and all travelers of that period will agree
with him—it was next to impossible to get a hotel room with bath. Now it is easy. Historically speaking, will credit this abysmal victory of the movies.

"I don't think," said Mr. Baxter, more seriously, when questioned for his opinion on the Hollywood influence, "that we have
to draw graphs to demonstrate that the motion picture is the greatest propagandizing force the world has ever known. It is a
simple fact that American-made pictures have introduced American standards of living all over the world. The things we take for granted, such as electric light, sanitary plumbing, heated houses, good cheap clothes and low-priced automobiles are brought to the notice of other people in other lands. And I always considered these American necessities as fabulous luxuries. Now they are beginning to demand these things for themselves, and out of that demand they will create a new world for themselves, just as we have done. I understand that, due to the influence of American movies, Japanese girls, for instance, have taken in the American way of kissing. That may stir us as amusing. But amusing or not, it means a profound change in the customs of an ancient people, and American pictures, without in the least meaning to do so, have brought about that change."

One of Baxter's pictures—the "Road To Glory"—in which he starred with Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore, induced a tremendous public reaction in favor of the picture, which was a bitter indication of the wave. In this case, it cannot be said that Hollywood created the sentiment against war. The sentiment was there. What this picture did was to discover and crystallize that sentiment, which proved to be so strong that Twentieth Century-Fox dropped instantly its plans to make a picture of the present Spanish Civil War, to be called "The Siege of the Alcazar." The preliminary announcements of that proposed picture brought a flood of protest, which indicated, among other things, that there was a strong feeling against Fascism in this country. Thus, as in the case of the gangster pictures, when war pictures are made they will be carefully written and edited to emerge as anti-war propaganda. That is all to the good, so far as America is concerned.

As I write these words, Twentieth Century-Fox is making "Slave Ship," with Warner Baxter, Walter Huston and Mickey Rooney, which may easily turn out to be
a document in favor of abode tolerance and understanding of our colored citizens. Mr. Baxter is not only hoping that it "pulls 'em in at the box office. But the message of sympathy is there, implicit in the picture, and that, too, is to the good. The clear thought is to show how hideous to the sociological value of a picture. The more people who see it the more money it makes, to be sure; but also, the more people who see it the greater good it does, if there is any seed of good in it."

Twentieth Century-Fox is about to put forth a modernized version of "Seventh Heaven." Obviously its sponsors expect that this sentimentally-stirring of the heart will gather will in the checkbooks as it did in its original version. But listen to what Mlle. Simone Simon, who is to play the role of Diane in the picture, has to say about it, "I have tried to put into this character," she says, "all the hatred and dread of war that I learned when I was growing up during the aftermath of the last terrible war in my native France. I hope this story will bring some cheer and hope to those who despise because the world is again torn by wars and the threat of war."

Well, we shall see. But at least there will be no glorification of war in "Seventh Heaven," not as long as Mr. Zanuck is up and about the studio. And give Republic Pictures, an independent company, a hand for "Larceny on the Air," which warns the public against certain patent medicines.

Again turning to the lighter and brighter side of the picture business, it seems to me that the manufacturers of winter sports goods, who apparently have been having a banner year, should make a slight genuflection to Miss Sonja Henie, the charming Norwegian girl who is world's champion skater and who zoomed to stardom in her first picture, "One In A Million." I am not so naive as to suggest that Miss Henie is responsible for making America suddenly ice-conscious. But certainly by her appearance on the screen she has, as she herself says—"translated to the public the beauty and rhythm that I feel in ice-skating has for those who love this glorious sport." To quote her further: "The camera, by means of close-ups, gives audiences a chance to see and notice the technique of skating which they never could see in such detail by attending an actual exhibition. To me, skating is poetry in motion, and I have had great joy in presenting my own enthusiasm for it to thousands of movie goers who would otherwise not feel the thrill of this sport I love."

Let cynics observe that Miss Henie's art is not essential to human progress. I say it and I say this to the record of who see her pictures and take to skates (I mean ice-skates) the fewer will be the girls leaning against bars and crowding us men out of our natural habitat. For that matter, it would be better if more men and boys took to ice-skating. They'd have less time to in

WASH TANGEE'S Color Change Principle bring your lips glowing freshness of youth. Tangee isn't pink, can't give a "painted look." From orange in the stick it changes on your lips to soft blush-rose. Paris says, "Paint is out of harmony with today's fashion!" Also use Tangee Rouge for checks and achieve perfect color symmetry.

SEE HOW Tangee Lipstick's special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep...Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime...it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangee doesn't rub off, and never smears bed linen. Try Tangee at 39c and $1.00. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

PAINTED TANGEE

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—Don't let anyone cheat you. Be sure to ask for Tangee! Baxter's. Tangee is the only one approved for Motion Picture Stars, for Tangee Theatricals.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Lott Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Compact Powder, Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coins).<br>Mail in Canada; check Shade of Rouge desired: Flesh or Rachel. Light or Rachel.<br>Name:__________________________<br>Address:__________________________<br>City:__________________________<br>State:__________________________

MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

Sonja Henie, whose first picture established her as a successful Hollywood star.

72 SIlVER SCREEN
When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

PONDS, Dept. 788-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 60c to cover postage and packing.

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way

Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

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Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 60c to cover postage and packing.

Name ________________________________

Street ______________________________

City ________________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
he loves
ardent color...

he hates
lipstick
parching!

Yes, he likes bright lips—...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has two duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50c.

"Air Span" Rouge is another thrilling Coty make-up discovery! Cyclones blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and smoothness. In shades that match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, 50c.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Underworld vs. Hollywood

Underworld vs. Hollywood

[continued from page 39]

Eddie sent passes to his show to the local gang leader and in return for this courtesy, he enjoyed the delightful privilege of having two armed guards, recruited from the local "gang," accompany him whenever he moved abroad in that city!

Sometimes these apparently dangerous episodes have a sinister but gallant twist to them. An interesting story is told of an English police official who was walking down the street when he was confronted by a group of hoodlums. The official immediately pulled out his gun and shot one of the attackers, preventing a major crime from occurring.

The official's quick thinking and bravery helped to ensure the safety of the local community and demonstrated the importance of law enforcement in preventing crime and maintaining peace and order.
She thought it was “Another Woman”

... till her Doctor told her the Truth about Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

“My husband is cruel,” she told the doctor. “He no longer loves me.”

How mistaken she was! It was just because he did love her, and couldn’t be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that she was the only “other woman” in the case... that she had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by “little” neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife’s neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can talk about superficial things like clothes, or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about “Lysol” disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which “Lysol” disinfectant provides—

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. Non-caustic... “Lysol” in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... “Lysol” is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration... “Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy... “Lysol,” because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” vanishes promptly after use.
6. Stability... “Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
Lysol & Finc Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J. U.S.A., Dept. 5-S.
Sold Distributors of “Lysol” Disinfectant
Please send me the book called “LYSOL vs. GERMS,” with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of “Lysol.”

Name __________________________
Street __________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

Copyright 1937 by Lysol & Finc Products Corp.
two and, for goodness sake, a pig farm!

"I threw the letters in the waste basket," Charlie told me. "But I got a permit to carry a gun the next day. On the first evening when I had been working in Culver City I was invited to the home of a friend and I attempted to take a short cut on a little-frequented road. Suddenly a car loomed out of the darkness and cut across my path. A man leaned out. I drew my gun, laid it across the top of my car door, leaned out and said, 'Scream! Scream quickly ... or I'll shoot!' A few minutes later I arrived at the home of my friends and found them listening to a police broadcast. 'A dangerous man,' said the broadcast, 'People who stopped a car on a road near Culver City, to ask directions, were threatened by a ferocious looking man who brandished a gun.'"

"The ferocious looking gun brandisher was me," Charlie grinned. "I must have been a little apprehensive, or I wouldn't have been so quick. I don't imagine telling you that I didn't like those letters that I had been receiving."

Then there was the grocery salesman who ingratiated himself with a group which included Pat O'Brien, Bill Gargan, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee and some others. If people would buy so many quantities, he assured them, he could sell to them at wholesale prices. All he asked was an order and a small down payment. He wrote down his orders, received his initial payments—and hasn't been heard of since.

Y'know, I wish sometimes that some of the men were a little bit more like some of the women. Mrs. Pat O'Brien (Ella Rainey) owns a dress shop down on Wilshire Boulevard. Mrs. Pat was visiting the shop one day when a difficult customer was trying on frocks. She kept sending the saleslady to look for more things, and suddenly the saleslady cried to Mrs. O'Brien, "Why, she's gone! She's gone and she's still on the dress she was trying on."

"Oh, she has!" quoth Mrs. O'Brien. "I'll see to that." She peered through the door, spotted her quarry, pursued her down the Boulevard, and caught up with her just as she was preparing to enter a car. Then and there, Mrs. O'Brien required the high-handed young woman to step out of her car—taken off the streets of Wilshire and some street or other. When the lady had stepped out, three more frocks were revealed on her which she had concealed under her arms.

Mrs. O'Brien doesn't know what became of the girl. She left her standing on a prominent corner, clad only in her leggings.

The business of selling telephone numbers is a minor racket in Hollywood, and the reason why stars change their numbers every month or so. Doctors' assistants, dentists' assistants, department store salespeople, ice men, discharged servants—even number of gents can make a few dollars by selling these numbers to addresses and the ever-present criminals.

Blackmail—pure and simple blackmail—is the least the actors fear among the many other things. Richard Dix once bought some handler-chefs from a young girl who said that she was "working her way through college."

Subsequently, the girl's mother threatened to turn the young woman in to the police unless she was paid the huge sum of $100,000. The girl's mother belonged to a large order of the deinity of a minor, although Dix had only seen the young woman briefly at his door. Quick work on the part of the studio and the police revealed that (1) the girl was not a minor, (2) the mother admitted plotting to extort money from him because she believed that he could not afford to fight such a suit on the basis of the publicity involved, (3) that the only crime that Dick had committed was to buy and pay for the handler-chefs the girl was supposed to get."

Los Angeles is justly proud of her record of No Major Kidnapping and no really important losses through extortion plots, despite the fact that the large incomes which are more the rule than the exception with her gates ... and despite the constant menace of the avid Underwoods.

Special Investigator John McDonnell commented to me: "The reason that you do not hear more of these matters is that the majority of them are nipped in the bud ... that is, these activities are halted while they are still in the planning stage and before they become accomplished crimes."

David Harris, who threatened Freddie Bartholomeu and Jane Withers, walked into police headquarters and gave himself up, voluntarily, realizing that he had started something which he could not finish. He was sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment with no delay whatever.

The sixteen-year-old Nebraska farm boy, Sterling V. Powell, who sent threatening letters to Three on a String, August, 1936, was apprehended at the same time. The twenty-two-year-old grocery clerk, Frank Edward Stevens, of Atlanta, Georgia, who threatened Shirley in August, 1936, was apprehended in September of the same year.

J. E. Snider, who sent an extortion note to Mrs. Will Rogers on June 19, 1936, was arrested on June 19.

And so it goes. When one of the country's most powerful gangs moved into the vicinity of Los Angeles in 1932 ... one of the most highly-powered gangs in the country ... the police quietly moved them out within a few months. A year or so later another gang moved into the same head-quarters in a strategic spot just outside the city. Before you could say, "Boo!" even if you had wanted to, the cops had advised them to scatter ... and they had scattered.

Los Angeles and Hollywood are topographically fortunate." Mr. McDonnell went on to say. "Criminals cannot make their escape westward because of the Pacific Ocean. And the limited network of roads leading to the East are heavily patrolled. Your major criminal is trapped before he starts, so far as escape is concerned.

"Despite the money here ... only stupid criminals will attempt to collect it!"
MAKE YOUR TEETH
shine like the stars!

"Calox gives teeth the whiteness and brilliance the screen demands. It deserves its popularity with the stars."

Fred MacMurray

When Hollywood hints— it pays to listen! Try Calox today.

Use Calox Tooth Powder. Use it twice daily. Wake up the natural brilliance of your teeth!

COUNT THE REASONS FOR CALOX!
Calox is fine and soft... cleanses safely. And doubly assures cleansing by releasing live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps neutralize mouth acids... tends to strengthen gums. And it is as carefully made as a prescription by the famous drug house...

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Out in Hollywood, where a "starry" smile is worth more cold cash than anywhere on earth, they found out how Calox makes teeth sparkle! So it's Calox in the dressing rooms of many famous stars! Calox for the last important brushing before the picture is "shot."

Would a brighter smile improve your personality?... help you socially? Then use the dentifrice that has been tested in the greatest "Personality Laboratory" in the world... in Hollywood.

"CAMERA!" Powerful Kleig lights... each 2000 watts... pour blinding light on the star's face... and teeth. Would your teeth register pure, flawless and brilliant in such a gruelling test? It is countless experiences of this kind that have taught so many stars to use Calox.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW." See this picture at your local theatre—notice his smile... But don't wait to make YOUR teeth spick and sparkling! Start Calox-care today!
Two comedians of great ability in "Shall We Dance?"
Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore know that when a comedian laughs you don't, when he is mad you do.

stories that they produce so blithely.

In a picture I saw not long ago, the hero was in a night club with his girl. They ate and drank and then he discovered that he had left his wallet home. The minute he told this to the movie waiter, the headwaiter came over and started to abuse him, and then called two strong-armed cops over to pummel him. This was the movie director's idea of what would happen, in real life. As a matter of fact, in such a case, the headwaiter in a reputable cafe would take the patron's name and address and tell him to send a check the next day. There would be no embarrassment.

For the big pictures, such as "Romeo and Juliet," Hollywood hires a professor from Cornell University, grounded in Shakespearean tradition, to see that the finished product is nothing to be ridiculed, and they hire experts in period costumes to prevent an error in the garb which the performers wear. They are rewarded, for this painstaking effort, by the plaudits of the world. But in pictures about Broadway and sport and doctors and ships, the movies blunder along.

I am a great movie fan, and yield to no one in my sincere admiration for the great job that the movie-makers turn in, month after month, but it seems to me that movie directors could do a better job of matching real life and real life. For instance, I'm fed up to here with William Powell's pajamas. Not that I have anything against the particular brand of pajamas which he wears, you understand, or that I am opposed to Powell ocupying them, but in picture after picture, we see Powell arising from bed in the morning and his pajamas are as neat and unrumpled as though he'd just come back from the tailor's pressing machine. Now, in real life, pajamas don't react in that particular fashion. They get wrinkled and mused, one pajama leg climbs up your shin and when you get out of bed in the morning, you look as though the Notre Dame football team had done a job of mousing you up. But not William Powell. He must sleep with his pajamas in a plaster cast.

It seems to me that movie directors, in presenting this cockeyed portrait of a man awakening from a sound sleep, are deficient in a sense of realism and that audiences resent it. One of the greatest scenes in "Dodsworth" was when Walter Huston, in his underwear, walked into the hotel living room and asked his wife to locate his trousers. There was a delightful roar from the audience at this seeming trifflc, but the audience roared because this was an actual incident, and they recognized it as something out of their own lives and daily experiences.

Girls have told me, in Broadway night clubs, that they resent the movie heroines who, like William Powell, step out of bed in nightgowns that haven't a wrinkle in them. The girls go beyond this: they want to know how it is that these movie heroines get up in the morning with every curl in place, and with a street makeup...
already applied. "If I go to bed with even a little makeup on," one choremist pointed out, at the Paradise. "I get up in the morning with the makeup smeared all over my face. But not the Harlows and the Boys and the Crawfords. They awaken looking as though they'd stepped out of a bandbox."

That isn't the half of it. How often have you seen a movie heroine, about to retire for the night in a picture, ever take off her makeup with cold cream? Have you ever seen a movie heroine, awaking in the morning presumably, go to the bathroom for a cold tub? Have you ever seen her wash her teeth? Those things never happen in real life. The heroine gets up unwrinkled and unruffled, with makeup already on and she is ready for the day.

These things are not to be confused with the movie boners of which confere Sidney Skolsky writes. These are typical instances of the movies' refusal to present things on the screen as they occur in everyday life. Motion pictures, for some curious reason, steer clear of the homely little facts of everyday life, and in so doing they miss the opportunity of a lifetime to score with the movie patrons.

How many times have you been bored to death with the typical musical picture plot of the understudy who replaces the star on the opening night, and achieves a sensational success? If it is a dancing picture, the star breaks a leg for the purpose of the plot. If it is a picture about a singer, the star loses his or her voice so that the understudy can step into the role. I've been around Broadway for a long time but this has never happened once in real life. If the star breaks a leg, or the singing star loses his voice, the critics and the columnists get a wire from the producer of the show or the publicity agent, informing us that the show has been postponed and that our opening night tickets will be honored at the later date.

In "The Big Broadcast," you will remember that Shirley Ross, the girl singer, disappeared before the radio broadcast. That was the big punch of the plot, remember? As always happens, however, she got back to the studio just in the nick of time. So far, so good. These things conceivably could happen, BUT, and it's an important BUT — although she had not rehearsed her songs, she raced into the studio and without even consulting the orchestra leader, she sang an impromptu orchestration. In real life, the band in the radio studio would not have had the music on their racks because they didn't know what song she intended to sing, and more important, no band in the country could have played a tune arranged

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**Silver Screen**

KEYE LUKE and WARNER OLAND. They play father and son in "Charlie Chan at the Olympics."
by former high model Silver round just right the newspaperman, difficulty thirty-minute have doubt day, 

ANN at O MARSH Star Grocery, include FREE these est for on goes the the the double doz. ribbon. — OH on Mint? */ Mint? *— That's your favorite dressing Powder aids easily, your favorite A At Screen tables size beautiful free, leading Hollywood of your — MINT? You dressing in Jc your fin- where — MINT? Your office best newspaper wear — MINT? Where — MINT? Why acts with his — MINT? Why Be Jimmy Cagney, little more than an amateur boxer, in this picture fought ten rounds with the welterweight champion of the world. Cagney hadn't even trained for the fight, but jumped into the ring at the last minute and not only fought a great fight, but had the world's champion on the floor several times. This is such an amusing conception that a former sports writer must control his laughter. The greatest amateur fighter in the world wouldn't last a round with a professional ring champion, because the gap between the ring amateur and the ring professional is greater than the gap between a high school baseball player and a big league. However, the movies blandly set this ridiculous thing down on celluloid and expect you to credit it as a possibility.

Truth is stranger than fiction, of course, but the movies have used this as an alibi too many times, to cover their own slipshod methods. Let the movie-makers turn to life and study the things that normal people do in normal life and under pressure, and then mimic the actual record, rather than trust to the imagination of a writer or a director.

The movies, for instance, would have turned thumbs down on a script which pictured the king of England giving up his throne to marry a 40-year-old American divorcée. But in real life, the King forfeited his throne and went into exile. It just shows what Hollywood can learn from the pages of everyday life, because people don't behave as the movie directors think they behave. In real life, a Baltimore queen turned a king into a duke, and even Houdini couldn't do that.
at that. He is abstaining from all smoking, cocktails, coffee, and tea for this whole month in order to become more buoyant. Refraining from all your favorite minor vices will give you spring streamlines! Dorothy Peterson lasts one day a week, but in comparison what's that?

Jean Harlow and Joan Blondell are under contract to rival companies, but even though they are merely on bowing acquaintance they are engaged in the identical tactics. It seems that nearly everything they eat consists upon turning into fat, and to Joan, at least, there's nothing more heavenly than candy bars. They're her big temptation! Both enjoy a moderate amount of outdoor exercise, but they have to diet to be luciously easy on the eyes. With the Messrs. Powells (boy-friends with similar names is another bond) hankering to sample the waves at Malibu, these two Js are busily persuading themselves that candy is poison and cake is a horrible suggestion. When they must lose a trifle quickly they cut out starchy's, but in a safe way.

Here is Jean Harlow's four-day diet, which she admits to lose six pounds in that space of time:

**Breakfast for Four Days:** Black coffee, orange juice (after the coffee).

**Lunch for First Three Days:** Broiled lamb chops, 2 tomatoes with salt and pepper, black coffee, 1/4 grapefruit.

**Dinner First Night:** Sirloin steak (broiled), 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice (taken after meal).

**Second Dinner:** Broiled lamb chops, a dish of spinach, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 tomatoes or cucumbers, black coffee; orange juice.

**Third Dinner:** Scrambled egg, 2 tomatoes, fruit jello, black coffee, orange juice.

**Fourth Lunch:** 1/2 fried chicken, 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice.

**Fourth Dinner:** Broiled lamb chops, 2 tomatoes, black coffee, orange juice (always taken after eating).

At the end of four days Jean eats as usual, which is cautiously. Her doctor prescribed this and if you are in good health and want to lose weight before repeating it there should be no ill effects.

According to Margot Grahame, it's not what you eat, but how much. She speaks...
with considerable authority, for she's been required to gain and lose for certain roles and so she votes for diet as the essential factor in figure control. No one is more of a food connoisseur than Grace Moore, but she has ordered her chef to cease his fancy concoctions because she prefers her new slimmers. Grace, incidentally, has the double-chin threat to contend with. She cannot eat, pat her firmly and patted again until she had regained the lovely chin of youth.

Alice is not visibly emaciated from her dancing, but they don't. Alice has to show them in musicals so she faithfully takes two pet exercises for fifteen minutes between men's and women's scenes in a tutu. She pulls her legs straight out in front of her, then crosses them alternately, keeping them still and being sure they rub well together as they cross and uncross. Afterwards she stands erect and brings the right leg up quickly, the knee towards the chin (and don't meet it with your head). She places a rough towel under the bent knee, holding the ends of the towel in each hand, and pulls the towel from side to side beneath the knee. She stretches the leg out straight and runs the towel—still pulling it from side to side—right down the leg to the ankle, and then up to the knee again. She alternates on the right leg, pulling both legs for the required time. Dixie Dulan, however, is extremely partial to an arm and hand exercise, originated by herself.

The new film Mary Carlisle possesses can be credited to a snappy game of ping-pong every day, and to no sweets, whereas Jane Shirriff's method (figuratively, to be sure), by tennis.

Barbara Redd is the most energetic of all the stars—she goes in for handling. When you think of some exercise. And Doris Nolan does a bit of Russian squating—not to kill time, either. Girls in their early twenties, with a fondness for sleeping late, can find their Hollywood counterpart in Ann Sothern. This Ann hates to be routed out of bed and refuses to be. When she's sufficiently enthused she plays a working game of tennis; but she trusts to massages and restrained diets to keep her figure. She's the one star who says, frankly, that she'd enjoy a whale of a meal—but doesn't dare indulge in one! The naturally slim dames, like Bette Davis, don't have to do anything but average out their magnificent loss of weight. Bette's notion is that exercise is all one needs; she dons informal riding clothes and heads for a stable in the San Fernando Valley.

Clark Gable rides in the Valley when he isn't catering with Carole, and that is keeping him in condition. Dick Powell stirred out the air merely walking a few miles a day for the first week. Then he batted a tennis ball against a wall and swam leisurely for another two weeks. After which he was ready for his current tennis and water polo tournaments.

Bing Crosby has bought a rubber suit to wear under his tennis garb and he is playing a set every morning in the hope that the special suit will melt away excessive flesh. George Raft has taken to no meth-odical physical exercises.

Ginger Rogers has never been on a reducing diet in her life. She has always eaten what and as much as she wished. She declines to devise any notion never gives her figure a conscious thought. Ginger's platform is that you'll gain your Spring figure by visualizing yourself in ideal form. Just candidating and pining for the thing isn't anything, but right. But who'd ever have thought that vivacious blonde got that way simply? And how far is my will-power going to get medals or a bar-bell in the style of Taylor and Tone Boy?
and the movie people are beginning to show the strain. For the first two weeks Ketchum was a big lark, and snow just too marvelous for words, especially to the native Californians in the company who had never seen the real thing before—but now, what with five weeks gone and more to come, snow is beginning to be a bit of a bore, and the company in toto is casting wistful glances at the transportation manager's office.

Oh, no, they don't want to hurt Mr. Harriman's feelings. Sun Valley really is a grand place, but after all you can get awfully tired of Baked Alaska when it is served as a steady dish. Well, heated stage live on the Paramount lot would be sort of nice again. Claudette is actually writing letters, something she hasn't done in ten years, and signing them "Admiral Byrd." That just kind of gives you a rough idea.

Projections:
Madge Evans

[Continued from page 37]

Raye both. And of course, loving books as she did, she would naturally be the resident of the literary society and write paper on Edna St. Vincent Millay whose verse poem she already knew by heart.

The Evans' apartment was soon over-run with catalogues. Madge had sort of known all the time, but just the same it hurt dreadfully the day her mother sadly explained to her that boarding schools were for girls with wealthy parents. She went to the New York public schools and she never wore a uniform. The tragedy of youth.

One summer, as a sort of present for studying hard, Mrs. Evans took Madge to England to meet all her relatives. (Both Mr. and Mrs. Evans had been born in England.) It was an exciting trip for Madge and she got a big thrill out of the English lattices, as well as out of the young men in the boat who said such flattering things and danced so divinely, but she was restless and eager to get back to New York.

Madge began to hate the fact that she had been a child star, with a fine and beautiful hate. Today she never mentions it. She regrets it almost as much as sitting on that cake of soap, "If I could do something important as an adult: I guess I couldn't mind so much about being a child star," says Madge, "but until I do, I mind, redlyfully." Ah me, it's the curse of the old prodigies. Can't you just see Nathalia Kane lying awake in her bed at night shying to high heaven that she had never written "The Jumper's Box?"

But there was one producer who did not go to the girl at the switchboard. "Madge Evans? The former child star? Tell her I'm at the Majestic," Genial, kindly William A. Brady Alice Brady's father) who had directed Madge in her early pictures was all ready giving her a chance to make good on stage. He gave her sincere and enthusiastic letters of introduction to the right people, and soon afterwards Madge is summoned to the office of George Kelly for an interview.

Mr. Kelly gave her a part in his new Broadway play, "Taisie Mayne," and in her at legitimate role Madge received praise from the New York critics who evidently didn't give a damn whether she was once child star or not. George Kelly soon became the saint in the Evans household. He did give Madge her "start." Saint Kelly and Madge are the best of friends in Hollywood today. Funny thing about Madge, although she was brought up in a veritable bed of insincerities, affectations, and

Romance never came her way

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New BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo & Rinse

dishwaters, loyalty has become a fetish with her. Once you have done her a favor, once you have proved yourself a friend when she needs a friend, she never forgets. And vice versa.

It was while she was playing in “Philip Goes Forth” that an M-G-M talent scout spied her and before she had time to decide whether she was doing the right thing or not she was on the Santa Fe headed for Hollywood once more, and for the opposite Ramon Novarro in “Son of India.”

She is going into her sixth year in Hollywood, now, and she is still under contract to M-G-M, and her one ambition is to become a great actress—but she gets awfully depressed about it at times. Especially those times when Metro ships her a lemon like “Murder in the Moonlight.” No one understands Midge or sees Midge when she gets depressed. She doesn’t believe in inflicting her problems upon other people. So when she is hurt and unhappy she takes baths. She is a battetb crier of the worst sort.

During “Murder in the Moonlight” she practically lived in the bath-tub when not at the studio. Even her mother began to doubt that soap was making her eyes so red. But I am delighted to report that during and since, “Pickadilly Jim” Midge has been more or less content with one cold a day. And soap doesn’t seem to get in her eyes any more.

If you ever invite Midge to dinner you can count on her being especially polite, for she is adored by all Hollywood servants. But don’t serve her boiled meats or ice cream. There is something about boiled meats that revolts her, and ice cream she cannot take, even in the name of etiquette. Of course, if you want to make her perfectly furious, though she won’t show it, try cold oysters the second, just when she passes up the ice cream, “I don’t blame you for not taking it, dear, it is fattening, isn’t it?”

After dinner you have a problem on your hands with Midge. She doesn’t play bridge. And she doesn’t like games though she will play checkers. What she does like to do is tell, is a brilliant conversationalist on any subject you care to dig up, but particularly on international affairs, playing bridge, books. (If she knows them well enough she will “dish” the Hollywood gossip.) And then you will discover to your consternation that Midge is a sentence interrupter. She rarely waits for you to drop a period, much less finish a story, before she has interrupted you and taken over the conversation. Nothing infuriates me so much as that same interruption from me,” says Midge. “But I interrupt other people all the time. My annual New Year’s resolution is to keep quiet while other people are talking. It does the way of all New Year’s resolutions.”

If you want to make a lasting, favorable impression on her, just say, “Midge, you look divine in Hollywood. That wretched creature has the most terrific hang complex I have ever seen on any female. Her best friends tell her that she looks like hell in hangs (sometimes we say Madame Dags instead of hell), and even horrible people will shout at her across the studio lot, “Oh, Madge, why don’t you come out from under there?” But she never takes it up. She has won hangs in pictures sixteen times and has yet to have someone tell her that they were becoming.

Next to hangs she has a madness for queer little pancake hats, kicked over one side precariously, or pushed back so far that they look as if they were falling off her head. Whenever Midge goes shopping her mother knows that she will come home in one of these crazy creations. But at least she isn’t unreasonable about her hats as she is about her hangs. If the dogs do a double take (movie talk for surprise) when she
enters the living room, and they always do, she decides that that gay bit of nosiness is not for the likes of her. She looks best in swagger things which she wears in a saucy and what-the-hell manner. Her allure is at its best when she is smartly tailored. O. O. McIntyre has often commented on this in his column.

Madge lives in Beverly Hills, in a large house, with her mother and brother, Tom, and six dogs, Scotties and Pekes, who go through a terrific yapping every time anyone enters the house. No, not every time. To their dying shame, there wasn't a squeak out of the entire lot the night a bold young man in a mask entered by the garden door and held up a dinner party Madge was giving. Mimi, who threatens me with death and destruction every time I set foot in the house, did not so much as open his eyes while Madge and her guests were being looted. I shall always hold that against Mimi. Such favoritism I find extremely annoying.

Tom Gallery is Madge's constant escort around Hollywood, and when she isn't working they can be seen several nights a week at the fights, concerts and previews. Madge hasn't many close friends for the excellent reason that she doesn't want many close friends. Una Merkel is her best friend. The friendship started six years ago when Madge, suffering agonies with her inferiority complex, was being given a cold and cruel imitation by the other players in the Metro lot. Una was the only little girl who said, "Let's eat lunch together."

Madge, that wretched creature, has the most godfrightful pride I have ever seen. She wishes to reach the ultimate goal of success in Hollywood by her own efforts. Fancy that! Why she's stank mad with pride. She has never "cashed in" on any romance publicity and she absolutely resists to stoop to any of those cheap little tricks of space-

grabby, such as appearing every night at the Trocadero with some tall, dark and handsome who tallages beautifully and has the brains of a bird.

When her friends suggest that it might help her in a business way to go to the Clover Club with a producer or director occasionally Madge merely laughs and says, "Do you remember Dorothy in Anita Loos' Gentlemen Prefer Blondes? Dorothy was very anxious to get on the stage but it seemed to be the consensus of opinion that Dorothy couldn't act. Now Dorothy had a very wealthy gentleman friend who told her that the reason she couldn't act was because she hadn't lived. So Dorothy lived. But imagine her disappointment the next day when she discovered that she was just as bad an actress as before." So Madge's friends long ago gave up urging her to "live."

Madge wants to earn everything herself. "I'm afraid it's just plain vanity," says Madge. "If I ever do succeed as an actress I want to be able to say, and truthfully, Baby did it." She is playing the game the hard way, but it can be won that way. It only takes longer.

Ralph Forbes, Mrs. Forbes (Heather Angel) and George O'Brien talking shop over the luncheon table.
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Tags Of The Stars

"The Royal Family," title of the stage play supposed to deal with them, has plunged steadfastly to the Barrymores—Lionel, John and Ethel. Tod Browning, mystery director, is known as "Edgar Allan Poe."

Now we come to Schonzie-Wozzie. Sweetie-Pie, Lotey, Muggums and Oakie-Doke. Otherwise, reading from left to right—W. C. Fields, Gary Cooper, Director Otto Lovering, Charlie Ruggles, Gracie Allen and Jack Oakie—just a few of the most prominent victims of the nickname movement in Hollywood.

The fad for dippy diminutives and pulchritudinous pet names has reached alarming proportions in the film colony, and the system your favorite movie stars use to nickname another one is absolutely unhampered by shy or reason!

For instance, brassy, barrel-chested Charles Bickford has become "Ducky" to playful intimates. And Baby LeRoy is "Commodore."

An impish assistant director who worked with Marlene Dietrich on "Garden of Allah" dubbed her "Pony."

Carole Lombard tagged bronzy Gary Cooper "Sweetie-Pie."

And the name "Schonzie Wozzie" was hung onto W. C. Fields by Rochelle Hudson. The name, of course, refers to the bulbous fields' nose.

Matronly Alison Skipworth is "Skippy" to everybody. Harold Lloyd, to a good many, is "Woman."

Gary Cooper's moniker is "Googie," and Mary Boland thought up "Muggums" for Charles Ruggles. Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall call each other "Gert" and "Bart." And even Ernst Lubitsch has a nickname—"Lubby"—brainchild of Jeanette MacDonald.

Virginia Bruce's nickname is "Briggle" and the reason undoubtedly is because her true last name is Briggs and not Bruce at all. Bruce was merely picked at random from a telephone book when she was first starting her screen career.

A number of years ago Janet Gaynor's schoolmates nicknamed Laura Gainer (that was her name then) "Lollie" and whether she wanted the nickname or not it has always stuck to her.

Then there's that world-famous nickname of Bing!

A small school boy in Spokane, Washington, astride a broomstick horse, dully shouted "Bing!" and louder than any other kid in the city as he played his favorite outdoor game of cowboys and Indians. Thereby he won his nickname of "Bing," which today is the trademark of the radio singing screen star, Bing Crosby. It is such a more distinctive than Harry L. Crosby, which is his...
Eldridge, as you believe. He won't tell you his middle name because he hates it. (It's 'Lillis'!)

Virginia Weidler is so shy and timid for a little eight-year-old maiden that they all call her either "Little Herring" or "Minnie Mouse." Around the studios, that is—home, she's "Ginny" and always has been since a tiny baby.

Charles Butterworth, for some reason or other, seems to have contracted the nickname of "Olelo" and does it hate it! As matter of fact, he very much dislikes his whole name. If he had it to do all over again, Charles sadly admits, he would change the whole works for something better and sweeter.

Though the name he now has is of an old Welsh lineage, it has made him the butt of jokes and puns that are both outrageous and repetitious. The worst of them goes something like this: "If So-and-So is worth so much, how much is Butterworth?"

That sort of thing makes poor Charlie see red. Too, his multi-syllabic surname is too long for theater marquee purposes. Due to its length alone, he knows that when his next picture is shown he will be billed as C. Butterworth" or "Chas. B'worth." If at all! However, all things considered, he can love just about everything but that "Olelo!"

They nicknamed Freddie Bartholomew "Tiger" during the filming of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Freddie is still trying to find out why.

And Freddie's friend, 11-year-old Kenneth Wilson, who played with him in "Captains Courageous," is known far and wide as "Curly."

Warner Oland, who is still immortalizing the clever Charlie Chan on celluloid, is invariably called "Charlie" by workmen on the set because they have come to identify the famous actor with his equally famous character creation.

Bob Burns, whom many claim is the only actor ever likely to take the late Will Rogers' place on the screen, actually is named "Robin Burns." So someone, just had to nickname him "Birdie!"

Now, he is being courts add an official "S" to his name and shorten "Rob-" to "Bob" officially.

Herbert Mundin, comedian par excellence, is called "Tommy" by his friends. The name stuck to him after he had played two consecutive roles in which his stage name was "Tommy."

Jane Withers is known to a lot of people as "Pepper," and Oliver Hardy is known to thousands as "Babe." Likewise, Stan Laurel is widely heralded as "Babyface."

On account of her reddish hair, Mary Livingstone is known to practically everyone as "Rusty."

Jack Gleason's nickname is "Jag" because those are his three initials. By the same token, Otto Kruger is called "Okay" and Hal Mohr, the noted photographer-husband of Evelyn Venable, is nicknamed "Ham?" And Ken Maynard carries the nickname "Kim"—after a Kipling character that was one of his favorites as a boy.

Gloria Stuart is called "Lefty" because he's left-handed.

But Shirley Temple seems to have cornered more nicknames for herself than anyone—"On the 20th Century-Fox lot the known to various folks as "Dimples," "Bright Eyes," "Shrimp," "Baby Doll," "Curly Top," "Cuddles," "Peanut," "Sweetheart" and "One-Face Temple." And that's rough nicknames for any one wee girl!
Royal Horseguard

[Continued from page 28]

We sat chatting in a small sitting-room, just off the large living-room, and davenport and chairs were covered with gray-colored chintz. Both rooms bore an air of being well lived in, and a cheerful atmosphere seemed to pervade the place.

"You know," he continued, flipping a gray-clad leg over the arm of the davenport, "it was suggested, apparently as seven years ago, that I would be on the screen today, living here in Hollywood and getting the benefits of my life of acting. I would have told him we was a bit blooey. London was my home, and I wouldn't have left it, except to travel, for the whole state of California. And here I am, a naturalized American—at least, I have my first papers—and I've never been happier in my life.

"Going back a bit—yes, don't mind, you yourself—by all rights I should be in the British army today. Of course, I may not have remained there, but that's something else again. I hate them. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. We might have been in his London club, for in his rapid speech he still is the Britisher, despite all efforts to erase trace of an accent.

"I was an officer in the Household Cavalry—that's the King's bodyguard, you know—had been to the States in fact, in which I was sent a bit of a fortune. Well, to devote my undivided attention to the spending of that money, I resigned and set myself in the States.

"I was only about twenty-one, but during the period I had been in the Guards I had developed a fondness for the high living of that life, by living expected of young men, so I experienced no difficulty in falling in with that sort of life. Wherever there was excitement and anything to do, whether in England or on the Continent, there I was. Eager and willing to join in. To make a long story short, a good and unbounded pleasure a short out at the end of ten months I had gone through my inheritance and wound up in London practically broke. The night I took Estelle Brody to dinner I had exactly $5.20 to my name."

"I had met theatrical people only casually prior to knowing Estelle. The set I traveled with never gave them a thought. They were entertainers, people inside the theaters and movie studios. Outside, they didn't even exist. Estelle and I had struck up a friendship, through mutual friends, and she was the only actress I had ever been out with.

"Why don't you try the screen, old boy?" she inquired, when I told her my plight. "Oh, now," I replied, "I've never had any ambitions along that line. What do I know about acting, anyway?"

"Enough," she told me. "Come out to the studio with me tomorrow and we'll see what can be done."

"The following day I met her out there, and as luck would have it I stepped into a good part in 'The Flying Scotsman.' At fifteen pounds a week, if you please. The money was a Godsend, and I was on salary for a number of weeks. It was one of those parts that any young man would have been good in, a 'natural' that couldn't miss. As a result, I got notice, and I figured I was all set to go on.

"One day, as he was lunching in the Savoy Grill, a gentleman accosted him and introduced himself. Robert Roper, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"Are you by any chance a screen actor?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the world-weary Mister Milland, in as bored a tone as he could muster, "I am."

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[Image of Olive Tablets advertisement]

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88

Silver Screen
ness," the American declared. "What have you been in? And where was one?"

"I told him I had been in 'T'Scotman,'" Milland says, "and said I might find myself in Holly. I remember I merely smiled. was the farthest from my thought time."

The following morning, at nine the telephone in Milland's flat jinged. "Can you come right down to the Goldwyn office?" he was asked. "I replied that I never got up eleven," the actor tells, with rather a surprised smile. in recollection they remarked it was to my advad to get down there in a hurry. I slapped on some clothes and dashed to their office.

"Ruben was there, as well as Donald manager of the studio. The no time in preliminaries. 'Will for $150 a week, with expenses wood paid?' I was asked.

"When I walked into their office had no intention of leaving for min later, my name was on the line, and I was set to leave for H"n In many respects, Ray Milland been conducted with as much dispatch as he won that original tract. Surely, his can-going borne fruit. But there have been, for all his good nature, I pass him by.

As an example... he porting his eighteen months under Metro, one of the leading rolstance Bennett's famous $60,000 ture, "Bought." By every right have netted himself featured isportant productions from the good breaks. What happened? C him as a "find," but Hollywood
of years and he owns a private license. He recently completed his hundredth hour in the air and will get his transport pilot's license.

Never suspect, to look at him, that one of the world's most expert marks— that he is a crack horseman. In is one of the few gentlemen riders and who have raced over the Grand Steeplechase course at Aintree being jostled from the saddle. His horsemanship first won him a place in Cheshire Yeomanry, a territorial corps, and later in the ranks of the Household Cavalry. It was while of the King's personal bodyguard learned to shoot with such unerr- ing precision to box and to fence.

Christmas Milland had a date to the holidays with his mother in the area, where that much-traveled lady to be at the time. The commander of the Household Cavalry, invited him to participate, as a of the Guards, in the impending ceremonies of King George VI. of picture commitments, the young was forced to forego both engage-

in many places must turn down his mother, and then, indeed, must success be complete. And fame most certainly is Milland now. It's a far cry from days of Neath, Glamorgan, Wales, land was born, to picturesque London, but Ray Milland has bridged the gap between horseman and a Royal Horseguard should believe I mentioned, is a funny

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Don't Cry Over Splitt Milk

[Continued from page 27]
tamed extra pains with her appearance. Studied, made herself interesting. She undoubtedly had met a better man.

"I've no patience with girls who are wallflowers. It isn't necessary any month," she announced. "If a girl isn't pretty, she doesn't have to cry about it. She can be interesting, distinctive. Characteristics, features that might be a liability, can be made an asset."

"For instance, when I was a child, I detested my red hair. I used to call me 'carrot top.' I would have loved dark brown or ebony black hair. But mine was red and there was nothing I could do about it. Now I realize, however, being called 'carrot top' at least singled me out from the rest of the youngsters, made me different.

"All girls have something, regardless how homely they may be, which they can cultivate to their advantage. Attractiveness is a matter of personality primarily.

"It isn't necessary for a girl to pursue a man. Watch the most popular girl in a crowd. She's often a quiet, serene poised person, deeply interested in others. She lets men find her—she doesn't go out on the hunt for them.

"I knew two girls in Hollywood, one pretty and the other, attractive. They were great friends, but the plainer one has more dates than her too, lovely friend. It wasn't always that way. There was a time when the plain girl never had a date unless it was a 'blind' one arranged by Dorothy.

"And no wonder. That was when she was so self-conscious about her lack of beauty that she was literally hidden by an inferiority complex. Then something happened to upset Betty's entire viewpoint and general outlook, on life. She found that she could sit in a corner at a party and the men would drift her way. Without realizing it, she looked interesting, appealing.

"I don't mean that a girl who is vivacious should suddenly lose her power of speech or affect a demeanor that isn't real in order to gain popularity. What I do mean is that a girl should make the most of her natural qualities, cultivate a pleasant voice, for instance, or develop a flair for style. But most of all, she should be herself, first and always. That's the secret of charm, the art of appearing at ease, master of herself and true to herself.

"If you try to be something that isn't yourself, you're not fooling any one but yourself. Men today want honesty, interest and friendship. Most of all, I think, they want honesty. They'll forego a highly decorative companion for one who can talk intelli- gently without being boring. One who is interested in what they're interested in.

"Not that you have to have a Ph.D. degree to win a man, Jeanette hastily interjected. "Heaven forbid! If there is anything a man loathes, it's a girl he thinks is smarter than himself! But a girl should have enough intelligence to listen properly and speak up for herself. It shouldn't be spelled out in capital letters, for so few girls have enough patience to hear what a man has to say. Then they're all talking themselves, and that's how they lose their man!"

Suddenly she paused.

"I'll give you an answer to this advice-the-lovelorn conversation"—again her litting laughter, laughter directed at herself. "What were we talking about? Oh yes, speak your mind.

"Will I spill any milk, make any more mistakes in the future? Heavenly, of course! Wouldn't it have sounded not to make mistakes? To be right all the time? Dull and finished, somehow.

"Have you ever noticed how quiet and sad wise people are? Not young and gay. Never reckless of consequences. I should
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in 5 to 10 days.

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to help them disappear quickly and gently while you sleep. Simply apply NADINOLA Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared. Freckle-Cream, becomes invisible. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 10 years experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. Use a dime for trial package to NADINOLA: Dept. 165, Paris, Texas.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

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CAN SAVE HOUSEWIVES MILLIONS

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Great Discovery. Costs but few cents-yet can save a housewife hundreds of dollars. Needed in every home. Helps end waste amounting to 600 million dollars yearly. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Make up to $5-$10 daily introducing into your locality. Give Free Premiums to subscribers. Get easy orders and steady repeat sales. Write for full size Free Sample and sensational franchise proposition for Distributors and Fore Managers.

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We can pay you for any surplus.

American Frog Company
Dept. 1024, New Orleans, La.

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Clean Out Acids

Your body classes out poisons and poisonous wastes in your blood by the million tiny, delicate kidneys. But beware of lemon, drip, linitating drugs, of functional disorders which make you suffer from Getting Up Stiffs, Nervousness, Leg Aches, Throat Pain, Acidity, Burning, Stomach aches, or anything that can cause or is caused by guaranteed prescription called Cystex 6.00 00 per week with Bank of America, Los Angeles, 00. Mail guarantees Cystex must be used for at least 48 hours, with no fail younger in the week of money back if you are not satisfied. To prove your struggle for guaranteed Cystex (Subsidized today).

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Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to luminous shades of blonde, brown or black. WITE LINTON and a small brush does it. A WITE LINTON and a small brush does it. Active coloring agent is paintable vegetable. Cannot affect wave of hair. Economical and lasting — will not wash out. Simply brush in new color. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amasing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNSTONE TRELLIS is in only 60c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Like to learn from the mistakes I make so that I might be wise and satisfied. But I should like that to be when I am very, very old. Then that wisdom could compensate for not being young.

"Meanwhile, I shall not cry over split milk." She stretched her tiny feet toward the fire's blaze, sank her flame-topped head into the curve of her shoulder, looked at me with eyes literally sparkling with mischief.

"Well, not for long, anyway!"

In Search Of His Age

[Continued from page 33]

I think I sound a little better than I did, but being a Southerner I still drop all my 'ds and 'ts. But the worst of it is I'm a photographer so darned young that it makes me mad. Practically all my picture work has been done in jewels paros, and it's a helluva job to cross the breach from juvenile to character leading man. I got so tired walking through pictures and trying to be myself that I'd like to go and take a jump in the lake.

As Mr. Powell adds an olive to his inner bitterness, you try to reason with him that there's something he had as they seem.

"Of course," he reluctantly agrees, "the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence."

You assume it must be pleasant from time to time to get away from Hollywood and go places, as Mr. Powell did when he went to West Point for the making of "Irritation Walk."

"Pleasant!" he gulps, choking on a radish.

"It was all right after I got acquainted with a couple of boys from Arkansas, but will I ever forget my first day there? I went up to West Point with two strikes on me, knowing that soldiers didn't like actors, particularly crooners. So that soon found out. Both officers and cadets were stiff as rambos when they got anywhere near me and just about as friendly as a spiked cannon. Feeling a sudden affinity to all chivalrians, I walked over to a horse show the army was giving. Like hawks, I hoped the horses would like me, even if I did.

All by my lonely, leaned against a fence that enclosed them. Just then a New York excursion boat turned loose about four hundred kids. Some of them me and made a wild rush. There was no stopping 'em. They came like a high wind, knocking down the fence and stamping the horses. Was I in a tough spot? For me it was three strikes and out.

Since then surely things have changed for the better, you remember. Radio, for instance.

"Picture companies produce plays on Broadway and elsewhere, so why not radio programs? It's a tremendous business. Personally, I'm glad of the turn things are taking, as now radio will be a bigger side-line for the actor than ever before. If I had my choice I'd rather devote the major part of my time to radio, then I could pick my own pictures and make three a year instead of live, which are too many"

From the hearty way Mr. Powell attacks his humble chores you judge radio, in spite of his earlier view of it, to be his meat.

Sympathy moves you to ask him if he has ever found the explanation of his relentless youth.

"Maybe it's to smile, "it's because I have so much fun making a picture, and time might straighten things out for me. My age is okay if I could only look it.

Now what is going to do with a fellow like that, and what can you possibly call him but Lucky Dick?"
When is something about New England that a native never forgets. Now the priests have discovered some of the screen material that is to be found in these humble settings, and in the resulting pictures there is a great deal to admire and respect. "Maid of Salem" brings to life the strange people of Colonial days, and "Captains Courageous" tells a story of Gloucester fishermen who still carry on the traditions of years. It has been lived for so many years. The golden codfish that hangs over the speaker's chair in the lawmakers' hall of the State House on Beacon Hill, Boston, is a mute tribute to those hardy souls who now live again on the screens of the country.

The New Englanders had from earliest times tempests to strike and hearts of high courage. Perhaps the shoemakers of Lynn, Brockton and many other towns will come into their own with the stories of men who have seen the shadowy forms of men plodding along through the snow just as the first grey of morning began to lighten the eastern sky—hurrying to their beaches in the shoe factory.

New England men fought the first battles of the War of the Revolution, some of these men grew up to be Presidents and great statesmen. Great colleges are there and fine writers and artists spring from the chill penury of the little farms scattered over the rocky hillsides. You will see no hooded legions breaking our laws, neither will you see lynching nor chain gangs. But you will see in these pictures of New England the counterparts of the men who lived uprightly and died honorably, whose names today are gone with the wind.

If opportunity offers, see "The Wednesday. It is a picture made in Eastern Greenland by Dr. Knud Rasmussen, and is actually a true record of Eskimo life. There are no Hollywood actors in disguise in this film. The leading lady is Nakaita, who we consider the most attractive, at any rate, to an Eskimo, and she and all the rest are natives of Angmagssalik, Greenland. Doubtless, if a picture were made of our daily lives by some intrepid Eskimo, and taken to Greenland and shown to his people, they would find it as thoroughly interesting as we have found this picture from the North.

Ronal D'Alonzo's performance in "Lost Horizon" is a fine, convincing piece of work. We particularly enjoyed the scenes when he listened to the spirited words of the High Lama. Colman seemed to see a vision as he heard the voice of the old, old man, and pledged himself to carry on the work and to consecrate himself to the beautiful faith that is expressed in its words. Be kind.

As I sit here in the study of my Holly-wood home, writing these words, I know that from all over the world an army of human beings is advancing on Holly-wood. On ships, on trains, on foot, in rattletrap cars and homemade trailers, on horseback and in swift airplanes, this army is converging today on the Film Capitol and no one in this internecine fray of it may differ from his fellow in appearance, dress, age or ambition, every one, without exception, cherishes the same dream.

Diana D'Alonzo stars in his very interesting article "Ambition's Little City," which appears in June Silver Screen.

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS

1. Mackey's in "Sinner Take All"
2. The original "Honeymoon" player (abbr.)
3. He plays king to Joan Blondell's chasing girl (Scot.)
4. The film's December birthday (Scot.)
5. Clark Gable's latest film (abbr.)
6. Pregarrison (Scot.)
7. The force (Scot.)
8. The railroad signal (Scot.)
9. Natural metal (abbr.)
10. News' home town (Scot.)
11. Not well (Scot.)
12. One who uses (Scot.)
13. Manhood's pronoun (Scot.)
14. New in England (Scot.)
15. Exposed (Scot.)
16. Exists (Scot.)
17. Atmosphere (Scot. initials)
18. Sweet potato (Scot.)
19. Cracks with Gary Cooper in "Sons of the Sea" (Scot.)
20. The dancer in "That Girl from Paris" (Scot.)
21. The wing in "The Good Earth" (Scot.)
22. The crossing of the sea (Scot.)
23. The Italian poet (Scot.)
24. Kind of cloth (Scot.)
25. The relative pronoun (Scot.)
26. Sixth (Scot. initials)
27. Residence (Scot.)
28. Jibbed type (Scot.)
29. Church seat (Scot.)
30. Iron block used for hammering metals (Scot.)
31. With Janet Gaynor in "A Star is Born" (Scot.)
32. A household pet (Scot.)
33. Within (Scot.)
34. Barrier to check the flow of water (Scot.)
35. Symbol for titanium (Scot.)
36. Year (Scot.)
37. A Chinese actor (initials)
38. Mysel (Scot.)
39. Humphrey Bogart's sympathetic friend in "Black Legion" (Scot.)
40. Morning (Scot.)
41. Scrooge's ex-wif (Scot.)
42. With James Melton in "Sing Me A Love Song" (Scot.)
43. It is now appearing in "Marked Woman" (Scot.)
44. Soon to be seen in "The Prince and the Pauper" (Scot.)

DOWN

1. The swindler in "Stolen Holiday"
2. A small e on a creel (Scot.)
3. Monetary unit of the United States (Scot.)
4. South African asterisk (Scot.)
5. Manuel in "Captains Courageous" (Scot.)
6. To make by segmentation (Scot.)
7. The cowardly Dr. Endicott in "Green Light" (Scot.)
8. Curved or crooked (Scot.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
DO YOU have a dream picture of yourself — lovely, radiant, alluring? You adored and he adoring? Let your dream picture come alive with a perfume as ardent and as irresistible as the real you!

Irresistible Perfume is a perfume made by artists in allure. It does thrilling things to you, and for you. It is the choice of glamorous women everywhere — women who are wise in the ways of perfume and who find romance in life.

Tonight, try Irresistible Perfume, and Irresistible Lip Lure in the exciting new shades. You'll be sparkling, electric, ready to conquer the world and the man! To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure laboratory tested and approved.

10¢ at leading 5 and 10¢ stores
After a man's heart...

...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them
Nothing else will do
AMBITION'S LITTLE CITY

By Dana Burnet

Silver Screen

June

Ginger Rogers

ECULIARITIES OF PICTURE MAKING
Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You’ve Ever Seen!!!

EVERY LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO YOU! WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU’LL LOVE IT!!

DOTSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF “NIGHT AT THE OPERA” WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

The Marx Bros
A Day at the Races

Hear these new song hits:
“All God’s Chillun Got Rhythm”, “On Blue Venetian Waters”, “A Message from the Man in the Moon” and “Tomorrow Is Another Day”...

with Allan Jones • Maureen O’Sullivan
A Sam Wood Production • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
WHEN PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES SAY THAT ABOUT A TOOTH PASTE
YOU CAN BET IT IS!

KAREN SUNDSROM, Swedish beauty, of New York, and 21, says "It gives teeth the flash that studios demand—a real Beauty Bath."

GRACE ROWLAND, of Virginia, says "A perfect Beauty Bath for teeth—and it gives the mouth a feeling of dewy freshness."

BERNICE GREEN, of Indianapolis, says "So many girls in the studios use Listerine Tooth Paste that I heeded their advice and use it myself."

If their beauty fails they're out of a job... these radiant women of big New York commercial studios. They favor only products that have proved themselves able to foster and heighten their precious good looks—safely. That is why so many of them use only Listerine Tooth Paste. Enthusiastically they call it their "Beauty Bath" for teeth; they've seen the startling results it achieves.

Why not for you?
Why not give your mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness... your teeth the radiance, flash, and brilliance that others enjoy?

Put aside the dentifrice you are now using and try Listerine Tooth Paste. You will be amazed to find how quickly—and safely—it makes the mouth feel youthful—the teeth look young, radiant, enticing.

Satin-Soft Cleansers
Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth paste contains the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Risk a quarter and try it yourself. See what a difference it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

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THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!

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Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch —sensational twin star discovery—a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!

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MARK TWAIN'S Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with ERROL FLYNN

CLAUDE RAINS

HENRY STEPHENSON

BARTON MaCLANE

and THE MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles • Montague Love • Fritz Leiber • Donald Crisp • Alan Hale • Anne Howard

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

In the vicious haunts of the London underworld—where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

The prince plays hockey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

"It's all right for a girl to lose her head," said Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did.

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more! Errol Flynn as dashing Miles Hendon, defender of the prince.
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MONTHLY FEATURES

The Opening Chorus

ART SECTION

We Proudly Present Our New Edition

The Bow of Promise

Every Girl Hopes That Her Beauty Will Win Her Future

Vacation Time Is Here At Long Last!

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The Golden Gentleman Of The Academy Has His Pick

Pawns in the Picture Game

They Play Their Parts And Help For The Best

CONTRASTS

The Rules They Live By, The Rules They Play

With Candid Camera

COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus

A Letter From Liza

Dear Boss:

I was never quite sure that I had gone Hollywood until I came to New York to get away from it all—and found myself spending every luncheon, not to mention cocktail hour, at the famous "21" where Hollywood gathers in mass. Now I know it is time to take steps, see a psycho-analyst, or just break down and admit that I like Hollywood, movie stars, and all the vulgarity that the intellectuals frown upon.

Also getting away from it all in the none too quiet recesses of "21" I found Frankie Albertson. Will you ever forget him in "Alice Adams") who is having a tremendous success as the V.L.I. boy who starts all the trouble in "Brother Rat." It's Frankie's first Broadway show, and his "Who's Who in the Cast" reads, "Born in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, he has up until this time confined his talents exclusively to the movies. He believes he will stay in the theatre because, to use his own words, 'in Hollywood you work your fingers to the bone, and what do you get—a measly fortune?' Why Frankie, you ought to be ashamed.

Also at "21" I found Sylvia Sidney, who loves New York more devotedly than any other movie star, but still isn't at all averse to dropping in at "21" every few days and picking up the choicest gossip straight from Hollywood. She leaves in a few weeks to appear in "Dead End" for Sam Goldwyn, and this time there aren't any prison bars, but, just so Sylvia will feel at home, they might toss in a few.

Gary Cooper startled everyone there with his marvelous tan. Gary and Sandra are just back from a grand vacation at Nassau. They're Hollywood-bound. Gary to do those long awaited re-takes for "Souls at Sea." And there, too, I found Paul Lukas with only one day to spend before he sails for England and a Korda picture—one day, so he spends it in Hollywood's favorite New York haunt.

After a strenuous marine of "The Mask of Kings" Margo and Dudley Digges dropped by for tea and toast and a bit of chit chat with Tyrene Power, who flew in from the Coast for a broadcast. Margo leaves the Theatre "Gedel" (Miss Bea Lillie's pronunciation) immediately to play the lead in Goldwyn's "The Hurricane." And so I am left at the bar telling a sour-faced New Yorker about California sunshine.

Well, that's how Hollywood and I get away from it all.
Girls WHICH WOULD YOU

By Claudette Colbert

No. 1. The Man of the World
(Melvyn Douglas)

No. 2. The Pushover for Love
(Robert Young)

No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her
(Lee Bowman)

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's
"And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night... Come on you two, get out the skis."

“I Met Him In Paris.” And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in “I Met Him In Paris” may not frighten you... but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)

Claudette Colbert in
“I Met Him In Paris”
with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young
Produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES
A Paramount Picture
Quickly... Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"How 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson, "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Durr, "Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?"

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified guarantee.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

- You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually reducing hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

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Please send the FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Postcard!

MIGHTY TREVE, THE—Good. A fascinating study of a dog whose innate ability to control a flock of sheep is astounding. The plot revolves around an adventurous youth who owns the dog, dramatic experiences at a sheep farm, Albert Payson Terhune wrote the story, and the cast includes Noah Berry, Jr., and Barbara Read.

PUBLIC WEDDING NO.—Fair. An amusing little comedy which will fill in nicely on a double program. The plot has to do with a rather peculiar man, who, to say the least, acquisition at a carnival, and Bert Conchith the silver-tongued huckster, does much to create the laughs. (Dick Purcell-Jane Wyman).

QUALITY STREET—Disappointing. It's too bad that we can't ravel about this latest Katharine Hepburn film, but it's impossible. The story, by J. M. Barrie, is incredibly dated—quite too precious for words—and the quaint character drawings of the cast are slightly more ridiculous than charming, which they were intended to be. (Francot-Tone-Eric Blore).

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Good. This is somewhat reminiscent of "The Miracle Man," of many picture fame. As the crooked racketeer-evangelist George Bancroft is so efficient he even succeeds in reforming himself. Cast includes Evelyn Venable and Wynn Gibson.

SOLDIER AND THE LADY—Good. This was originally titled "Michael Strogoff" and, as you may have guessed, is a heavy melodrama of Casimir Russia. Anton Walbrook, a foreign star, is well cast in the lead, and the feminine allure and intrigue are furnished respectively by Elizabeth Allen and Margot Grahame.

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Excellent. A genuinely enjoyable remake of the dramatic hit "Buckaroo" once made popular by Nancy Carroll and Hal Shelty, and now boasting the lovely Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in the leading roles. The plot is completely changed, but it's a good plot, so you won't mind. (Chas. Burrellworth-Jean Dixon).

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN—Fair. A mild little comedy about a homeless girl who takes refuge in an apartment house basement and falls in love with the elevator boy. Of course there's the usual church ending. (Mary MacGuire-Tom Brown-Harley Holt).

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—Fine. A skillfully woven mystery yarn boasting the extraordinary Mr. Peter Lorre as a Japanese business man who finds it extremely diverting and expedient to run a detective and solve the secrets of a jewel smuggling ring. (Virginia Field, Thomas Beck and Norman Foster).

TOO MANY WIVES—Fair. A mild little domestic comedy concerning the romantic conquest of a very likable young lawyer (Arthur Lake) by a young man who has just graduated from college with plenty of ideas. (Gene Lockhart-John Morley-Barbara Pepper).
WOMEN WERE HIS IDOLS! MONEY WAS HIS GOD!

Revelling, fighting, marching with the mighty surge of America, they flamed in gaudy glory through the wildest, wickedest city on earth... these fabulous “robber barons” of the realm of Rule-or-Ruin... building railroad empires by day, and flinging away their lives and fortunes on Pleasure’s darlings by night!

EDWARD ARNOLD
CARY GRANT • JACK OAKIE
FRANCES FARMER

in

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

Directed by
Rowland V. Lee
An Edward Small Production
An RKO Radio Picture

At last—the blazing romance of glamorous Josie Mansfield and flashing Jim Fisk... reckless titan who battled his way to a throne of cornered gold, then madly danced with his love down the primrose path to Black Friday... The screen sensation of a decade, played by a galaxy of stars in a hell-bent world of wine and women!
Secrets Of Summer Make-Up

How To Look Your Best In Blossom Time.

By Mary Lee

LOVELY Joan Fontaine, newcomer to Hollywood and leading lady in RKO-Radio's "Wings of Mercy," couldn't have chosen a better time to flash her natural blonde beauty on the screen. Peaches and cream complexes are here again, and that's just the kind Joan has!

This Summer's most fashionable faces won't be burnished bronze like Indians. They'll be frankly feminine, even if it takes paradox to keep them that way. We're saying a very definite farewell to the sun-tan which stayed with us so many years, although a mild "sole au lait" tan won't brand you as old-fashioned quite yet.

It's the English influence that's responsible for bringing fair complexes back in style, now that the spotlight's on Coronation ceremonies and fashions. A new interest has sprung up in the English complexionists that have long been known for their fine texture and beautiful coloring. Our new goal is to have our own faces as naturally fair and rosy-toned as wise beauty care and subtle use of cosmetics can make them.

And how do you get a peaches and cream complexion, you ask us? First and foremost, you must protect your skin from the burning rays of the sun. And right now is the time to set your defenses. See to it that you have a good anti-sunburn cream on hand so the first blistering days won't catch you unprepared!

If your hats are broad-brimmed, they'll help a lot to keep your face from tanning. But if you go in for that saucy off-the-face headgear which is such a rage, be sure the foundation under your make-up is sun-repellent.

Your make-up must look natural, even if your dressing table provides all the latest aids to bring out the beauty of your eyes and lips and skin. You mustn't confuse the light-toned make-up we're talking about with the pink and white brand. Oh, dear! Smart complexionists labelled "peaches and cream" are more on the pastel order. And they take a clever blending of many colors to give them that lusciously feminine look that is so much desired.

No white powder, mind you. That's as dead as the Dodo bird. Your powder should be slightly darker than your skin to bring out its best tones and to help conceal any little blemishes or skin faults you might have. Lighter-than-skin powder makes every mark and line stand out, besides giving you an obviously powdered look that is not becoming.

Select your powder to flatter your skin, no matter what costume colors you're wearing. The trend is away from ochre powder, which contains much yellow, toward the shades with rosy tones. If your skin is naturally sallow or lightly tanned, a powder that's rich in rose will take away the drab look and brighten up your complexion. Especially if you don't use rouge, you need a rose-toned powder to lend life and color to your skin.

Most complexes are flattened by a rose-toned powder. However, there are some that have a natural purplish tone. For these, ochre powder does a definite improvement job, since yellow kills purple. It tones down sunburn, too, if you've been careless about exposing your face to the sun.

Remember the darker-than-skin rule for powder if you're letting your complexion go mildly tan as the Summer wears on. If that's the case, have two shades of the same quality of face powder and blend them, so you'll always be wearing the color that's most flattering to your skin. Increase the amount of darker powder in the mixture as your tan deepens. Then, when you bleach out in the Fall, add more of the lighter shade.

So much for powder! Your rouge and lipstick should be chosen with an eye to your costume colors as well as your complexion.

Beige, which is so popular now, calls for copper tones in rouge and lipstick if you're a brunet or medium blonde, and orange tones if you're very light.

Navy blue and black allow more color.

[Continued on page 12]
HOW TO BECOME A MOVIE STAR

Test No. 1

Can you kiss a man passionately when you really want to slap him? • Can you laugh when you feel like crying?
Can you cry when you feel like laughing? • Can you take constant criticism without losing your temper? • Can you learn two pages of dialogue in an hour? • Can you stand publicity about everything in your private life? • Can you stand to be emotionally shocked by seeing the truth about Hollywood? At last it has been filmed—the unforgettably moving, hilarious portrayal of Hollywood behind-the-scenes.

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Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

SILVER SCREEN

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
"Girdle Fit"

by

JANTZEN

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20th Century-Fox Star
in "She Had to Eat"
Sun Barat Mio [illustrated] with adjustable Bré cord $4.95
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...Just as a girdle molds your figure in graceful lines, so does a Jantzen have a deft way of achieving flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Beautifully textured new Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-drying wool have actual figure-control qualities permanently knitted in. A Jantzen always retains the beauty of its original classic lines and fits smoothly, perfectly, permanently. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore., Vancouver, Canada.

[Continued from page 10]

in your face than the lighter and brighter shades. Clear red tones in rouge and lipstick will do the most for brunettes wearing navy or black, and orange tones will be the most flattering to the fair-skinned.

Rose-toned rouge and lipstick make the most of yellow, which holds such a prominent place in this Summer's sun! Fashionable grey is lined up by copper-toned rouge and lipstick for the brunette, rosy shades for the blonde.

As for eye shadow, its first job is to brighten and give depth to your eyes, although you have those changeable "chameleon" eyes can vary the shades with your costumes. Green, brown or amethyst eye shadow flatters dark eyes. Blue will always bring out the color and shine in blue eyes. And a shade called "smoky pearl" works wonders for those blue-grey eyes.

Your eyebrows should match your hair, unless you're extremely blonde. And your mascara may match your eyebrows or eye shadow, whichever is most becoming to you. Many women find black mascara does the most for their eyes regardless of the colors in their costumes and other eye make-up.

And now we're going to give a few tips to you who don't want to go in for all the intricacies of sophisticated make-up. One sure way to have flattering color in your face without looking "made-up" is to use Tangee! We don't know how the magic trick works, but there's a color change principle in Tangee rouge, lipstick and face powder that actually makes them take on their shades according to the tones of your own skin! They seem to bring out a natural glow in your cheeks and lips that you never knew was there. When we're wearing Tangee make-up ourselves, we defy anyone to prove that this color isn't our very own! Besides making your lips look naturally colorful (and inviting), Tangee lipstick has other virtues. It's grand and lubricating to those lips that are inclined to be dry and to suffer from windburn. It's non-transferable, too.

Your Tangee lipstick and rouge are bound to be a perfect match, and your powder couldn't help blending with your skin if it tried!

There's a new aid to complexion beauty that's creating a sensation. It isn't a rouge at all, but a natural color restoring cream that gives you rosy cheeks. All you do is put a little of Grace Donohue's Blush Cream on your cheeks after you've cleansed your face thoroughly. And there you have fresh glowing color a Swiss mountain Miss might envy! It stays with you, too.

BETTER TITLES

That Have Been Given To Coming Pictures

"Everybody Sing" (Tony Martin) has been changed to ..............

"Sing and Be Happy"

"Escape from Love" (Michael Whalen) has been changed to ..............

"I Will Be Faithful"

"The Trespasser" (Bette Davis) has been changed to ..............

"That Certain Woman"

"He Wouldn't Get Married" (Leslie Howard) has been changed to ..............

"A Gentleman After Midnight"

"Miracle Mountain" (Dick Foran) has been changed to "Blazing Sixes"
"You're Telling Me?" Write A Letter—Set The World Aright

Rochelle Hudson and Jack Haley invite your opinion. They're in "She Had To Eat."

Why don't you give a break to someone who deserves it, someone who has the makings of a great star and could be one if she got some good breaks? I'm talking about sweet little adorable Rochelle Hudson," writes Shirley Haberman of East 98th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "You never have stories of her in your magazine. Instead you write about Taylor and Gable. We know enough of them. Let us hear more about that Hudson gal."

And there's her picture!

"Why do motion picture directors frequently spoil an otherwise excellent picture?" asks Alfred S. Myers of N. Fullerton Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

"One case in point is the small boat scene in 'Lloyd's of London.' Hero and heroine are bowling along at sea, dead before a smart breeze and a big following sea, conditions requiring the skill of an expert sailor for safe navigation. Hero, who is at the tiller, asks heroine fondly, 'Do you think you can steer the boat? Heroine replies sweetly, 'I've never tried, but it looks easy.' Therupon she takes the tiller, but during the night the smart breeze increases to a gale. Yet, with some heaven-sent sailor's instinct she keeps the plunging boat on her course, until, exhausted, she calls hero who has been sleeping, whereupon he adds the final absurdity. Without rounding the boat into the wind, he just magnificently pulls the sail down, a feat which would be practically impossible with the full pressure of a gale against the canvas.

"If a movie director doesn't know any better than this, why doesn't he get someone with technical knowledge?"

Congratulations to the director. You thought it was a boat, didn't you? Another example of a studio process shot.

"The King and the Chorus Girl" was witty and delightfully absurd. The King, who was the talented Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, showed how kings reviewed troops while asleep, and how transatlantic liners go to Niagara Falls. It's intelligent and surprising. Humor without slapstick," writes John Fount, Jr., of Newark, N. J.

We say that, too, and laughed in all the right places. We couldn't help it.

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Now only 75c

Lowest Price in History!

Now, millions more can switch to Pepsodent, the pleasant Antiseptic that keeps breath sweet and pure 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading brands!

The giant bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic formerly sold for $1.00. Now, this new giant size, containing 14 ounces, sells for only 75c.

3 Bottles for the Price of 1

Pepsodent keeps breath sweet 1 to 2 hours longer, because it kills odor-causing germs in the mouth even when diluted with 2 parts of water.

Thus you get the equivalent of 3 bottles of Antiseptic for the price of 1 Pepsodent now comes in 3 generous sizes—25c, 50c, and the new bargain size for 75c, the lowest price in history.

Try, today, this remarkably quick way to relieve bad breath and help fight colds.

In Germ-Killing Power—1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC = 3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG...YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!
THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD SNAP!

- I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."

FEELS LIKE HER REAL SELF AGAIN

- I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully thorough and dependable. No disturbance of sleep, and the action occurs gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. Try this modern, non-habit-forming laxative, praised by over 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. T-5, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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CLEANSE the pores daily with warm water and Resinol Soap. Its rich, Resinol-filled lather gently removes clogging waste and surface grime, making your skin feel really clean—live—refreshed. Especially agreeable to sensitive skin. To relieve the fiery soreness and aid healing of surface pimples or like irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment.

Resinol products sold at all drug stores. For free sample write to Resinol, Dept. 6-B, Baltimore, Md.

MEN ENJOY HEARTY MEALS

They Scorn At Women With Bird-like Appetites.

By Ruth Corbin

WOMEN would only plan their meals for men they should soon find the most difficult part of home-making made easy. Men, as a whole, prefer simple food—good, well-cooked steaks and chops or a luscious roast, potatoes and vegetables. The way to a man's heart is still through his stomach.

A steak, thick and juicy and of fine quality, when it has been properly broiled, is always a great favorite with men. Your broiler should be pre-heated thoroughly and then rubbed with a piece of suet before the steak, neatly trimmed, is placed on it. The steak is seared on each side at intense heat for three minutes to seal the flavor and juices. The heat is then reduced to 350° F. and cooking finished at this lower heat. Remove 1 to 2 tablespoons of suet from the end of an inch and a half steak, 12 minutes; and an inch or thinner, 8 to 10 minutes.

Never salt the steak before broiling. While it is grilling heat a planter, place a generous amount of butter on it with half a teaspoon of salt and the pepper and paprika, which your taste calls for. When steak is done turn it over once or twice in this dressing, then dot with bits of butter. Steak should always be served hot.

Most men like onions—or mushrooms— with any kind of steak. The mushrooms are peeled and broiled in butter or, if you use the can, just broiled. The latter is a matter of about three minutes while the fresh mushrooms take 10 to 15 minutes to cook thoroughly.

Onions are peeled and sliced a quarter of an inch thick and separated into rings. Cover with salted water and cook until tender in an uncovered skillet. Drain and return to fire to dry. Add a tablespoonful or more of butter and cook to a delicate brown. Season to taste and serve around steak.

SWISS STEAK

Here is another universal favorite with men. Purchase a thick slice of round steak, at least one and a half inches thick. Pound this about a half cup of flour, turn it, the meat often so flour will go into both sides well. Salt, pepper and paprika is rounded in with the flour. Brown a sliced onion in some Crisco. Add meat and cook for 10 minutes, turning often. When thoroughly brown, pour a cupful of boiling water around, cover and simmer until tender. Serve this steak with tomato ketchup and its own gravy, to which a little Lee and Perrins Worcestershire sauce has been added.

The preparation of any kind of roast is important. So many people think that to surround with water, add salt and pepper and bake occasionally is all that is necessary. This is the worst kind of a mistake. Veal, pork and lamb require more cooking than beef. They have to be well done. The justice to a beef roast it should be placed on a broiling rack, seared quickly to brown and seal juices. Then sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika; lower flame to 350° F. and cook until done, basting frequently with the grease which drips into broiler pan. A beef roast requires 15 minutes per pound for very rare, 25 minutes for medium and 30 minutes for well done. When done, rich brown gravy can be made by sifting flour into the beef grease, brown- ing and thinning with water. For other dishes, men like asparagus cooked in salted water and served with either drawn butter or with a cream sauce into which has been melted a little grated American cheese. Broccoli cooked in this way is also nice. Or, if you prefer, serve it with Hollandaise Sauce.

- HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup cold water 2 tbsp. lemon juice
3 egg yolks 3 tbsp. butter

Into a small sauce pan place salt, paprika, cold water and egg yolks. Stir thoroughly until well mixed. Cook five minutes before the sauce is to be served place pan into boiling water and stir briskly and constantly. When butter is entirely melted, sauce will start to thicken. Lift from water. Continue stirring. Lower again to water. Continue this method of stirring and lowering to water until sauce is like soft custard. Remove from stove and stir in lemon juice. Serve immediately.

French fried potatoes are another favorite dish with men. And baked potatoes are also well liked.

I have never yet found a man who did not rave about Cheese Pudding. It is as light as a thistle and can be made ready for baking hours before hand.

CHEESE PUDDING

1/2 pound cheese 1 pint sweet milk
2 cups bread crumbs 2 eggs
1/2 teaspoon soda Salt
Butter size of an egg Cayenne

Mix milk and soda, cut cheese in small pieces and put in milk and cook until creamy. Stirring constantly. Beat eggs lightly. Take mixture from stove and stir
in eggs. Then mix in butter, pepper, salt, and bread crumbs. Pour into a Pyrex dish and bake 20 or 30 minutes. Serve at once.

Jellied consomme usually make a great hit with men. The simplest and easiest way to have a fine flavored cold consomme is to take, for a tomato flavor, C. & B’s Consomme Madrilene and pour it into the ice compartment of your refrigerator. It will be ready for use in about an hour. You can do the same thing with their plain consomme if you desire the beef flavor. Of course, if you prefer to make your own jellied consomme this recipe will turn the trick nicely.

**JELLED CONSUMME**

1 package Royal Aspic Celatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water


Salads are a woman’s dish. Few men like them though they usually enjoy olives, celery and radishes. However, in this season of green vegetables, a combination salad on lettuce with French dressing is a nice addition to any meal.

Most men like rich desserts. All kinds of fruit pies make a hit and these can generally be bought for much less than they can be made. But here is a five and ten cent dessert that can be made in less than half an hour, including baking time.

**PASTRY**

1 cup Gold Medal Flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter or Crisco (1/2 lb.)
1 tablespoon sugar
Ice water

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add shortening. I prefer butter because it gives better results and flavor but any good shortening will suffice. Use your hands for mixing shortening, rubbing the mixture again and again through your hands until it forms into small, sticky balls. To this add not more than a tablespoon of water, half at a time, as the sugar will melt as soon as the water touches it, and lift dough around bowl until it combines thoroughly. Cover your bowl with a plenty of sifted flour. Now lift your dough, which has been slightly dried by a fine sprinkling of flour in bowl add the addition of the water, onto the board. Pat flat with your hands and then, with a well sifted rolling pin, roll out to a thickness of about 1/8 inch. Cut in a circle about one inch larger than pan. Due to the shortness of the pastry you will have to roll it carefully back on pin and lift onto ungreased pan, then quickly unroll off pin into pan. Smooth and indent edges by placing your left thumb against outer edge of pastry and with the thumb and forefinger of your right hand placing pastry against it. Continue this around edge. It is amazingly easy. Puncture pastry in pan and push out air. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F. about five minutes or until light brown. While it is baking make a—

**CHOCOLATE FILLING**

2 squares Bakers Chocolate
1/2 cup water
1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into the baked pie shell. Chill and cover with whipped cream or serve plain. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

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JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER
CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS
FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL-EVEN BERNIE-FOR A SWELEAGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!

YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND-WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTAEVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!

Glamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burning... as they flipcrack face to face!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

"It's Swell Of You"
"I'm Bubbling Over"
"Never In A Million Years"
"There's A Lull In My Life"
"Wake Up And Live"

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

A kid's dream come true! Ginger Rogers has installed an honest to goodness soda fountain in the his room of her new home. Chocolate, raspberry, vanilla—any flavor soda you want. Can't you just see little Miss Rogers fixing herself up a strawberry, marshmallow, nut sundae for her luncheon? And Ginger doesn't have to worry about calories—her dancing takes care of all that.

Ginger and Virginia Bruce are still the two most popular gals in Hollywood right now. James Stewart seems to be head man in Ginger's life, and David Niven in Virginia's. David and Virginia parted from each other in the lobby of a night club recently with a kiss that would have brought out the hays olk shears had it been in pictures.

You could only see it in Hollywood: Napoleon reading a movie magazine. Of course Napoleon happens to be Charles Boyer, in the most perfect make-up any screen Napoleon has ever had.

Whenever Marlene Dietrich goes out to dinner with another man Douglas Fairbanks Jr. manages to get the next booth or table to them and sits in sulky silence until Marlene leaves. Doug Jr. is so smitten with the glamorous Marlene that he hasn't had a date with another girl since he returned to Hollywood from London some three months ago.

There's a rumor going around that Fred MacMurray didn't do the hot trumpet playing in "Swing High, Swing Low"—it was a couple of other fellows from the paramount music department.

This is what we call an anti-climax: the Countess di Frasso has been in town for weeks and hasn't tossed a party.

Freddie Bartholomew thought he was so good in "Captain Courageous" that he asked his Aunt Cissy to raise his allowance from five cents to ten cents a day. And Freddie was the first to wire the Match twins after their sensational success in "The Prince and the Pauper." Clark Gable can worry about Robert Taylor, who in turn can worry about Tyrone Power, but Freddie is still too young in the ways of Hollywood to worry about the Match twins. He thinks they're swell.

And the Match twins, according to A. Warner Brothers, can be quite a problem. They look like that the studio has to keep them both under contract though there are very few "dual" roles for them to play. But they can't keep Billy on contract without Bob because Mrs. Mauch might sell Bob to another studio—and you can well imagine what difficulties that would bring on. Identical twins are going to be a major Hollywood problem.

June 17th is still the date set for the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding, and Jeanette swears she will keep it even if she has to be married right on the studio set. Her trousseau for the Honolulu honeymoon is something that will really take your breath away. The wedding gown is by Adrian, who is delighted that at last one of his "creations" will make a bona fide altar.

One of those could-only-happen-in-Hollywoods: Margaret Sullivan and her new agent-husband, Leland Hayward, have settled down in Hollywood to await the Hayward heir. And, much to their surprise, the house they rented is right next door to the one occupied by the Henry Fonda's! Henry, you recall, if you brush up on your cinemania, was Margaret's first husband. Just one big happy family.

They'll tell you up in Reno, where Arline Judge recently got her divorce, that Arline was the best thing for the tourist trade that Reno has ever had. Whenever Arline was rumored in a night club the tourists piled in. Finally it got so that the tourists even followed her in droves down the street. It was a sad day for Reno when the judge handed her her blue-ribboned divorce decree—the night clubs practically went into mourning. And hardly did she have her hands on the divorce decree before Arline skipped over to Virginia City, Nevada, and was married to Dan Topping, New York sportsman, and by the same judge! Wesley Ruggles, her ex-husband and well known director, is consoling himself with Toby Wing, who, we hear, is quite a lotion.

Friends and fans of red-haired Nancy Carroll will be delighted to know that Nancy will soon return to the screen in a picture called "The King Business," a romantic comedy authored by none other than the famous Dashiel Hammett, and it sounds like Nancy has something worthy of her talents at last.

It used to be Hollywood mothers who got in your hair—but times have changed, it's Hollywood husbands now. And it is generally conceded that the most annoying of the Hollywood husbands is Frank Ross. He who manages Jean Arthur.

Eleanor Powell has had hundreds of requests from children, asking for the doll she used for "learning dance steps by proxy," when she was in bed with a leg injury sustained on the "Broadway Melody of 1939" set.

The dancer would like to send the doll to one of the children, but she can't—because she borrowed it from a younger who is her next door neighbor in Beverly Hills.

When you see Maureen O'Sullivan in her role in "The Emperor's Candlesticks," she will be wearing an entirely new hairless. The little Irish actress has been reading "Empress Elizabeth," as a little personal researching in the way of authentic hairdresses.

The six-foot model airplane which James Stewart has been making, during his spare time for the past few months, is now practically ready for its test flight. He is thinking of having a group of friends over to the house as spectators when the time comes.
AS I sit here in the study of my Hollywood home, writing these words, I know that from all over the world an army of human beings, unorganized but inspired by a single hope, is advancing on Hollywood. On ships, on trains, on foot, in rattletrap cars and homemade trailers, on horseback and in swift airplanes, this army is converging today on the Film Capital; and though each individual member of it may differ from his fellow in appearance, dress, age or specific ambition, every one without exception cherishes the same dream. That dream is to make good in pictures. For Hollywood, in this day and age, has become the Mecca for talent the world over.

When I was a young man, New York was the magnet that drew the dreams of youth. My own case is typical of that day. Having been graduated, by sheer good luck and the benevolence of my professors, from the Cornell College of Law, I was destined by family influence to a job in a dignified law office in my home town, Cincinnati, Ohio. But I wanted to be a writer. So, a few days before Commencement, I boarded a train and arrived breathless and—as I recall it—hastily in the great city of my dreams.

New York, as I saw it from the upper deck of a ferryboat crossing from Jersey City, seemed the only place on earth large enough and thrilling enough to be worthy of my vast talents and vast ambitions. When a friend got me a job on the old New York Evening Sun as a cub reporter at $15 a week, I was quite sure that fame and fortune were mine. New York was the place for a budding Shakespeare to be. Later I discovered that practically every other person I met in New York was some sort of genius in the bud. Writers, painters, actors, playwrights, sculptors, scenic designers, musicians, architects and other practitioners of the creative arts made up a large part of the metropolitan population. New York was the town for talent in those days.

Let me add hastily, in order to avoid a transcontinental civil war, that New York still attracts its share of geniuses. So does every large city in the country, for that matter. But judging from my own observation, I think it fair to say that Hollywood today is the final goal of the great majority of persons who believe, rightly or wrongly, that they have something to offer the world in the way of personal talent.

It was not always so. Ten years ago, when I took my first writing job on
AMBITION'S
LITTLE
CITY

On The Hollywood Hills They Build
Their "Castles In Spain."

By Dana Burnet

the Coast, Hollywood was a highly localized, curiously isolated, provincial town. The motion picture industry, born in a barn, had attracted to itself only those specialists who were interested in the making of silent pictures. Professionally, life in Hollywood had comparatively little to do with any other form of artistic life in the outer world. It bought stories and plays from established writers, and occasionally it snatched an actor or actress from the theatre to star in one of its epic pantomimes. But on the whole, it was pretty self-sufficient and generally independent of any talent lying East of Hollywood Boulevard. Socially, too, it was anything but cosmopolitan. Though many of its people were foreigners, it still had a purely local, almost small-town air. Looking back on the social life of Hollywood in 1925, I must admit that there was a certain charm in walking into a party and finding Greta Garbo there, usually wearing sport clothes and conversing in imperfect English with her friends of the silent picture days: or in watching Charlie Chaplin go through an impromptu routine of parlor impersonations; or in driving up to the late John Gilbert's mountain-top home and playing tennis with Jack and his friends, who included most of the prominent stars, directors, producers and scenarists of that time in Hollywood. Of them all, I was the only outlander. They were all dyed-in-the-wool picture people.

The other day—speaking of tennis—I saw playing on the courts of a fashionable Hollywood club, in addition to the usual sprinkling of movie stars, a former New York theatrical producer, a composer of international reputation, a British Earl with movie ambitions, a Russian director, a well-known German writer, a great French opera singer, an ex-editor of one of our most popular American magazines, a king's grandson, an Italian countess, a famous Broadway playwright, an Austrian architect (now turned scenic artist), a New York banker and an Irish polo player who combines polo with the job of assistant producer at one of the major studios. Not to mention a Maharajah of India, a ranking bridge player and a well-known radio band-leader. And in the lounge of that same club was a collection of paintings by a great Mexican painter and an exhibition of sculptures by a distinguished American sculptress. Those sculptures and paintings were there because Hollywood today is not only a gigantic movie metropolis, but an art center as well. "Hollywood culture" used to be a cause for loud and raucous laughter. The laugh has died: for a large number of the men and women who are responsible for modern culture are in Hollywood, or are on their way there.

I don't mean to say that Hollywood has become a paradise of good taste or that the presence within its environs of titled foreigners, multi-millionaire bankers and Broadway playwrights is any guarantee of social or intellectual eminence. I am merely reporting the fact that Hollywood today is attracting a cosmopolitan company, many of whom are already prominent, some of whom are extremely talented and all of whom think they have talent and hope for prominence.

What is the magic element that draws [Continued on page 61]
Hearts Still Throb In Hollywood, But Which Throbs For Which?

All the world loves a lover. Wherefore, mes enfants, a knowledge of the innumerable real-life romances of our screen personalities does make them thrice as fascinating, for then we have a sense of being on intimate terms with Cupids themselves. We will admit the truth that we are all crazy about lovers. When we hear that some fellow is romancing with our favorite Glamour Girl it helps immeasurably to elevate that gentleman to a high place in our affections. No doubt about it, love is always the closest thing to our hearts and it is as keen a subject of conversation at the drug store lunch-counter as in the Tropicana.

No question, it is love that makes the wheels of the earth spin around. This is the most important thing of all. Love is the vital essence of mankind, and particularly an important factor in the life of a sensitive and emotional screen actor. Few male celebrities have long been able or willing to resist falling in love with at least one of the exquisite Hollywood Dream Girls, so magnificently beautiful are some of them with their perfect bodies, arched eyebrows and soft, dreamy eyes. Maybe falling in love has something to do with making actors great, and maybe that’s why in Hollywood they are so ready to enter into some kind of a race. And so who’s who in the current romancing Handicap? What girls are affecting the careers of our matinee idols? That’s an order.

It’s hard to tell whether Katherine DeMille and Michael Whalen are terribly serious, but the two of them do seem to have a lot of fun together and that’s the first sign of a real romance. Colleague Tom Brown who dances divinely with Natalie Debuty in “The Comin’ Groove” gives definite evidence of being in love, indeed, and what cute youngsters they are when you see them together spending a day at the beach. I mustn’t forget Bruce Cabot’s feeling toward Heiress Gloria Baker, or the way in which the noble Sulkus and Madame Trevisault look with admiration at Loretta Young, or the quiet devotion of Dr. Frank Nolan to his quaint and winsome Mae Clark. Oh, yes, there’s also George Raft in love with Virginia Pine.

Just in case Jockey Cupid is able to boot both the June Lang-Vie Orsatti and Helen Wood-Errol Flynn romances to victory in the matrimonial sweepstakes it will make Glamorous June and the little Tennessee beauty sisters. The betting is heavy in favor of Helen and they are certainly off in a rose-colored cloud of dust.

Another romance that is expected to wind up at the altar has Miriam Hopkins and Alfred Lunt, the director, as principals. Neither of them will admit that they are in love, but they are definitely on friendly terms. It is easy to see how they must love each other. And that is exactly what Miriam Hopkins was thinking when her director-sweetie was filming “The Woman I Love” on location at Point Magu, up the coast near Ventura, California. Although Miriam co-stars with Paul Muni in the picture she was not used in any of the location sequences but nearly every day that the company was absent she drove up to see her heart throb. As a rule actresses do not go to so much trouble unless there is a genuine romance. But true love runs deep and that is why a bet on this entry would likely not be amiss.

Behind their romance is an interesting story of how they met. Lunt was signed in Europe to direct the picture and Miss Hopkins was in England appearing in another production. When she was secred for the leading feminine role in Lunt’s film she boarded the Normandie for America, Lunt was on the same liner and they met after one day on the high seas. It was not until the nearly reached New York that they learned, to their amazement, that Lunt was to direct her in his first American picture.

There’s Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, already set to be altar-halted. Some say that theirs is a publicity stunt, but don’t let anyone kid you. Jackie hasn’t looked at another girl since he was caught in the tide of romance with Betty. She declares that the engagement is still very much on and, in fact, she and Jackie have gone so far as to buy a lot in Beverly Hills and will start building their future home soon.

Martha Raye, the up-and-coming feminine Joe E. Brown, has been swept into an emotional adventure with King English, the radio writer. It looks like she and Jerry Hopper have decided to call it quits. James Stewart, that good-natured, husky boy, evidently believes that there is safety in numbers because he divides his attention between a half-dozen or more girls, chief of whom is sparkling, red-headed Ginger Rogers. Ginger has become quite a rival of Carole Lombard in matters pertaining to entertaining. Recently she and the millionaire sportsman, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, rented a Los Angeles skating rink where they entertained a party of four-hundred notables.

When Brian Aherne returns to Hollywood for another picture don’t be surprised if Merle Oberon is with him as his bride. Aherne has just turned down a picture to leave for London where he can be with Miss Oberon, who recently announced that her romance with David Niven had faded. Niven is now courting Virginia Bruce.

The latest lad to strike Hollywood with a bang is the trading of sweeties, especially among leading feminine players, and that accounts for much of the gossip to the effect that certain romances have gone cold. This trading seems to exist on a large scale and leading men, who formerly pledged their time only to a certain feminine star, now may be seen at the night spots with two or three different girls every week. This trading fracas started when Alice Faye lent Michael Whalen to Sonja Henie as an escort. As a result of this magnanimous gesture Alice lost Mike—not to Sonja but later to Katherine DeMille. Recently Sonja reciprocated.

Jeanette MacDonald and Loretta Young, always at the top, Simone Simon, Katherine DeMille and Merle Oberon. Each a heartful for any bachelor.
Lending Tyrone Power to Alice. So o—the next day the papers had it that there was a ruff. But such is the way of the gossips. While this experience was disastrous in so far as Alice’s romance was concerned, she

Eleanor Powell. Although Eleanor, on rare occasions, is spurred to and from premières by whatever happens to be playing with her in pictures at that time, her real interest is in Viginia. He accompanied her recently on a trip to New York and now that he has returned to his native South America is nourishing his romance in a different manner. Two of his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ferdini, are now in Los Angeles with instructions from the baritone to give a huge party for the dancing star.

Their idea is to take over the entire Coconut Grove at the Los Angeles Amb-

ador. Phillips Holmes and Gene Ray-

mond. Are they soon to be bridegrooms?

quickly acquired Tony Martin. Now, this laveling of boy friends business, once it gets into the blood, appears to persist. When Arline Judge wrote Alice from New York that she was lonesome, the latter telegraphed Tony, also in New York, to get in touch with Arline. This time luck favored Alice for when Tony came back it is rumored he brought a huge sparkler. And you know what that means.

Only recently Barbara Stanwyck set the gossips a talking when she consented to Robert Taylor’s accompanying Jean Harlow to the President’s Ball at Washington. D. C. Speaking of Jean, it seems to be pretty definite that William Powell is her one and only, for the time being, at least. Of course you know that Cary Grant and Mary Brian are still holding hands, proving the potency of a long romance, and Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice are renewing their friendship of some time ago.

Film colony swains are pikers compared to Manuel Viginia, wealthy Peruvian lawyer, who seems to rate Number One with

Jeanette MacDonald, one of our breath-taking beauties. Jeanette is a perfect example of the artist who seeks and gets inspiration in love. She frankly admits that she cannot sing her best unless she is in love, and she expects beauty, and inspiration from her romance. Those who have seen her in “Maytime” will know that something has inspired her to those great heights. Jeanette’s love has worked wonders with her; it has humanized her. She is so happy herself that she wants the world to share in her happiness. She was engaged for a number of years to Robert Ritchie, her business manager, but with Bob she was always Jeanette the artist. With Gene she is Jeanette the woman; that’s why he is so good for her. When she acts, she acts to him and he is her inspiration.

Indeed, the 1937 Hollywood Romance Handicap is very much under way, and it does seem that every actor-artist must have at least one real love. Who will be the first ones to come to victory in the wedding sweepstakes? It is hard to say. At this writing probably some have already motored to a near-by Gretta Green and had the magic knot tied.

With others Cupid may change his mind entirely.

The average American lives through several romantic episodes before he finds THE girl and marries her, and why should there be any exception in Hollywood? There is one thing—and only one thing—we may be sure of, and that is as long as the world goes around and so long as Hollywood is filled with such charmers and romancers Love will continue to score in every inning.

LOVE GOES ON

By

Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

Brian Aherne, Michael Whalen and Eddie Sutherland, Phillips Holmes and Gene Ray-

mond. Are they soon to be bridegrooms?
Champions vs. The Screen

Sonja Henie, Skater De Luxe, Is One Of The Few Champs To Click In Pictures.

Buster Crabbe has a brilliant record as a swimmer, but he has made only a slight screen success.

In this year of grace, 1937, Sonja Henie, champion figure-skater of the world, not only made a movie but an enormously successful one. The question clammers for an answer: "What has Sonja Henie got that Dempsey, Carpentier, Tunney, Max Baer and Babe Ruth didn't have? Why did she click where they flopped, despite the fact that some of them had greater publicity behind them?"

The editor of this magazine asked the question of me: "You wrote sports in New York for twelve years," the editor pointed out, "and you've known all of these sporting champions intimately. Why did they fail in pictures? Why has Miss Henie clicked?"

Your reporter, thus urged, retired to a bench in Central Park to cogitate. I can always cogitate best when I have pigeons or Broadway cuties cooing on my knee, but there were pigeons in Central Park—pigeons and one or two creased and launtered horsemen jogging about the bridle path, hanging on to the reins and their instructors for dear life. I spent the greater part of the afternoon grappling with The Strange Case of Sonja Henie, and I've come up with some conclusions that may not be bright, but which at least are logical. First and foremost conclusion, of course, being that Sonja is the first feminine sports champion ever brought to the camera.

I have a vague memory of the first, and probably it was the last, moving picture that Jack Dempsey perpetrated. It was in the silent days, photography was in its comparative infancy, plots were made up out of old telephone books and, more often than not, the telephone books yielded wrong numbers. Or perhaps I'm being too critical: possibly his manager, Jack Kearns, wrote the plot of the picture. The good Doctor Kearns, in those halcyon days, was bubbling over with confidence and he would have knocked off a movie plot as real as you've known all of these sporting champions intimately. Why did they fail in pictures? Why has Miss Henie clicked?"

The first close-up of the Dempsey figure-established the Manassa Mauler as a home boy, although the camera revealed something that looked more like a reformitory than a tumble-down shack in Athlone. At any event, the subtitle attested that this was the poor cases. Dempsey's experience with the movies has been the experience of other sporting champions who achieved enough publicity on page 1 to justify the movie makers in using them for one picture.

Dempsey suffered in the movies because (1) the story was bad; (2) direction and photography were crude; (3) he had no comedy to relieve the dreadful dullness of the opus; (4) he had little or no sex-appeal. Sonja Henie, in "One In A Million" has an excellent story, magnificent photography and slick direction, the Ritz brothers, Ned Sparks and Borrah Minneff for comedy relief—and Henie had considerable sex appeal. She had, in other words, everything that other sporting champions lacked in their first picture.

Do not disregard either the fact that Miss Henie bobbed up on the celluloid horizon at the exact moment when the country was in its wildest craze over winter sports. Sporting goods stores will support this assertion because their sales of skis and skates topped all figures this past winter. If she had timed her arrival, Sonja couldn't have picked a better moment for her debut. The
By 
Ed Sullivan

An undefeated champion, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, has taken a test for a screen career. John Boles gets some pointers on tennis from her.

Wide World

(Above right) Johnny Weissmuller is "Tarzan" to the movie world and nothing more. (Left) The wonderful exception to all rules is graceful, pretty Olympic Champion Sonja Henie. Her picture clicked and her personality won all America.

Made women turn from the scene in distaste. Babe Ruth, belting a homer at the Yankee Stadium, was a thing of beauty, but on the screen he was a poorly ridiculous figure in contrast to the Leslie Howard and Astaires. But where Dempsey and Ruth appeared awkward in comparison with the matinee idols of movie-land, Miss Henie made the movie stars appear awkward in comparison with her spectacular skating.

It mattered not that off her skates, Sonja couldn't act. The public didn't expect her to act. In contrast to her labored acting, Max Baer, by comparison, was a Charles Laughton or a George Arliss. In "Prizefighter and the Lady," Max Baer turned in the finest acting any sporting celeb has brought to the movies. Baer had enough screwball in his makeup to be blissfully unconscious of the camera, director and everything else. As a result, where Dempsey and Ruth tightened up and destroyed their natural grace, Baer moved through seven reels with the greatest of ease and nonchalance. He was an excellent actor, an amazingly competent performer.

A lot of reasons have been advanced for the comparatively poor box-office return of "Prizefighter and the Lady." My guess is, ignoring all others, that women not only stayed away in droves because they didn't like prizefighting but they also stayed away because of all fighters, they liked Baer the least. He was too noisy, too much the braggart to become a dancing and boxing hero.

But other things enter into The Strange Case of Sonja Henie! No other sporting champion ever has appeared in a musical! It was as if an Eleanor Powell or Ruby Keeler had been placed on skates, incredibly graceful skates, more graceful than any ballet dance ever could be, and set to music. That is the answer to Miss Henie's film success.

Champion of the world, at the most graceful sport in the world, she scored on sheer grace and form. The movies had never seen anything to equal her spins and loops and figure eights. Here was a girl more graceful than Pavlova, more talented on her feet than even a Fred Astaire. She couldn't miss.

No other sporting champion had what she had, expert fluidity of motion. Dempsey offered little grace or form in chopping down the punching bags that Hollywood set up before him. At best, it was a brutal, thudding exhibition that

(Continued on page 65)
Generation After Generation The Name Tyrone Power Has Been Identified With Actors—Brilliantly Talented.

(Above) The great grandfather of the present player was a celebrated comedian on the English stage, especially in Irish parts. He also won fame as a playwright, poet and novelist. In 1836 and 1839 he visited America, and in March, 1841, he embarked on the steamship "President" which was lost at sea. Tyrone Power went down with the ship.

The father of Tyrone Power III was an actor on the legitimate stage and stood high in his profession.

Tyrone Power III, the name became famous in theatrical history when his grandfather tried the boards, breezed in and out of New York on a three day trip occasioned by his appearance on a Rudy Vallee radio program. Probably most of you heard him, and some thousands or so of you crashed the gates and saw him. I know, because I had to wade through a few dozen giggling, excited girls to get to him myself.

When I got the assignment to interview him I was very pleased because I knew his father slightly, played with him in fact during my own Thespian days, and I wanted to see whether the boy had promise of later measuring up to the majesty of Tyrone the Second.

In announcing him, Rudy said that Tyrone Power was another proof that the public and not the publicity department made a new star, and not since Robert Taylor appeared on his program had there been such a deluge of girl autograph seekers as thronged the green room of the studio—and that after well organized efforts on the part of the National Broadcasting Company to keep them out.

When we emerged from the rehearsal room, into which not even the bravest of the fans could penetrate, a swarm of girls fell upon Tyrone like a hive of bees. He waved goodbye to me and ducked into a corner to talk a moment or two with an acquaintance. That stopped the girls for a minute but I heard a businesslike little voice pipe briskly "Excuse me, Excuse me." And there was a lad who must have been all of seven striding towards Hollywood's newest matinee idol with pencil and paper in unquenchable evidence.

The youngster, himself a radio performer, knew there was no use waiting for a celebrity to be free. They are never free, and the only way a business man can lick the situation is for him to state his wants briefly and have the implement necessary to expedite matters right at hand. He got his autograph too. No conversation on either side, just a flash of amusement from Tyrone's handsome dark eyes and a grin of understanding between them.

"What scares me," Tyrone had said to me earlier, "is what's going to come next. Two years ago I couldn't get a look-in anywhere, pictures or radio. Then suddenly all this ballyhoo, and it just doesn't make sense. I'm no different and not a bit better than I was then, though I've had a little more experience. I tried so hard to get a chance to do anything at all and they wouldn't give me one. Then when I stopped trying and the stage gave me another job the excitement broke loose.

"It makes me uncomfortable to think that in a year I'll be better known than my father was in his whole life, with all his fine work and experience."

"That's because you're in pictures and reach so many more people than the stage can," I chanted.

"I know. And don't think I'm not crazy about it. I am, I love anything that has to do with acting. Only it doesn't seem fair to Dad when he was so much more deserving of all this than I am."

I liked that speech. It showed a nice sense of values and a complete lack of conceit. Although he has made a sensational

TYRONE POWER

By Helen Fay Ludlam
success he has not yet reached his stride, and he knows it. He will probably go down and up again several times before he does reach it and he fully expects an uneven road.

"Another thing I've got to get used to is having people recognize me no matter where I am. That's really uncomfortable. A taxi driver in New York throws open the door of his cab and says, "Where to, Mr. Power?" and when I got off the train for a minute in Kansas a girl said, "Oh, Mr. Power!" I was stunned. Why, I'll never be able to have a night out with the boys again."

My speech of mirth almost broke up Rudy's rehearsal.

"Well, you know how it is. If you are seen taking a drink you are reported as 'drinking' and that grows according to the imagination of the hearers. I'll wake up some morning to hear that I've been carried home or something. Those things hurt Hollywood and it isn't fair, though I'm not going to worry about it. I like to take a drink now and then and I always will when I feel like it, only I'll have to pick and choose my places now—the old freedom is gone."

I smiled. "Just a lifetime of slavery from now on!"

"Not as bad as that," he laughed. "But you know what I mean. It's like moving into a new house that you always wanted to live in and getting settled. It seems strange and unhomelike at first. I know everyone in the limelight has the same experience. Mine isn't any different, only it is mine, new to me, and so it seems different from the others."

Well he hasn't much to worry about from now on I guess. He is only twenty-three, and for a lad of twenty-three to have handled the role of Jonathan in Lloyds of London as splendidly as he did is worth any studio's top bet. In several of those scenes he reminded me of his famous father.

Tyrone the Third was about three years old when his father appeared in some matinee performances of Julius Caesar in New York. Walter Hampden played Marc Anthony, Tyrone Power, who had just come from Hollywood, remarked what a magnificent Marc Anthony William Farnum had been in a gigantic production of the play given in the Hollywood Bowl the year before. Cyril Keightley said that he didn't know Bill was such a fine stage actor. He thought Dustin was the star of the family on the stage and that Bill only excelled in pictures.

A polar bear can't swim in a bath tub, but if you give him the ocean he can make quite a splash," replied Mr. Power. "Bill never had a chance on Broadway, as Dustin had. Good parts—yes—but not for him, and they didn't give him any elbow room, except in Ben Hur. That should have made him on Broadway, but Klaw and Erlanger took him on the road and kept him there four years. He cleaned up a fortune for them but it was suicide for him. Give Bill a part big enough for him and he'll top any of us."

And though we hear so much about professional jealousy that speech proves that some actors are big enough to be above it and that Tyrone's father was one of them. The boy seems to have this fine quality of

\[Continued on page 58\]
THE more important your Hollywood movie star of 1937, the more freak clauses in his or her contract. Of course, as you probably know, the principal idea of a long legal agreement between a studio and a star is to specify just how much money is to be paid and just how many weeks of work are expected.

But—you'd be somewhat surprised (and probably amused, too) at what other interesting reading matter some of these contracts contain. What's more, you can, by a brief perusal of formal sounding phrases, discover quite a lot about a star's character, his idiosyncrasies, his hobbies, foibles, faults and personal life!

And not all the jokers are inserted by the studio lawyers, either. The various film celebrities of more or less important standing have become wise to the idea that what's fun for the studio is fun for them, too. Or, as the old saying goes, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

So what did John Boles do but whisper in his lawyers' ears, and lo and behold! they immediately fixed things so that he positively wouldn't have to work on Saturday afternoons during the football season. Other Saturdays, yes, but not when U. S. C. is playing Notre Dame, Stanford or some other college.

Furthermore—and this will undoubtedly come as bad news for the many Boles fans—he will probably not sing again on the screen for a long, long while. Possibly, never! Don't misunderstand; his voice is okay, in fact, better than ever, but he has won his long hard fight for recognition as a dramatic actor rather than as a singer. He fought for and obtained a clause in his Universal contract guaranteeing that he will not have to appear in any more musicals—at least, not in a singing rôle.

Querily enough, this same concession was made to Walter Pidgeon, which leaves Universal in the odd position of having two of the best masculine voices in Hollywood under contract, but unable to use them!

Having had a good deal of experience with much-married and much-in-love stars, Paramount stuck a little paragraph in the contract of Frank Chapman (husband of Gladys Swarthout), which says he positively cannot come on, or even approach, a set when his wife is enacting a love scene! Chapman was more than a little bit astonished when he read the clause, but he signed anyway.

The W. C. Fields' contract says he can write his own dialogue any time he feels like it. Mae West also insists of a similar clause in her contract and, besides, she is at liberty to hire or fire anyone she wishes when her productions are under way. And Merle Oberon had Sam Goldwyn put in a very special clause to the effect that he would always give her Gregg Toland as a cameraman.

On the other hand, Warner Brothers, until this last year, had a "no marriage or we will fire you" clause in Dick Powell's contract. At last option time, however, Jack Warner lifted this. Watching Dick with Joan, he figured he might just as well relent, if Dick were to be happy!

The Georgia-bom and Florida-reared James Melton also has a rather unusual working agreement with Warner Brothers Studio. He is allowed to sing at least one old southern song in each of his productions.

In his musical, "Melody for Two," he sings "Mah Linda Lou," accompanying himself at the piano. He sang "Shortnin' Bread" in his last film, "Sing Me A

Some Stars Are Temperamental, Some Are Geniuses And Some Are Nuts.

By Grace Simpson
Carole Lombard, and, furthermore, she wants it known that she isn’t a prude!

On the other hand, Constance Bennett won’t have her legs photographed ever. Neither will Irene Dunne or Katharine Hepburn. There isn’t anything the matter with their legs, but, nevertheless, they have it down in black-and-white that their nether extremities must remain covered. Irene, also, is never to be called upon to parade around in only lingerie.

Paul Muni dislikes to smile, especially for photographs, so he has a clause which says he shall never be called upon to smile in front of any still camera.

John Barrymore has a paragraph saying he shall never be photographed from one certain side. John insists on this himself. Few people have ever seen a portrait of Barrymore showing his right profile. Did you know that?

Now Edward Ellis, familiar character player, has brought up a new clause that he will insist upon when next he is engaged for a picture role. It is that his housekeeper shall be allowed to accompany him on any and all extended location trips, to cook his meals!

The reason: He has a “trick” stomach, and it acted up on him through six weeks of exterior shooting for “The Texas Rangers,” and again during the two weeks he was away from his studio with the “Maid of Salem” company. Only his housekeeper, he says, is capable of suiting his dietary whims.

Speaking of “The Maid of Salem” reminds one of Claudette Colbert, who has one of the most unusual contracts. Under the terms of it, she must appear in seven Paramount productions to be completed within the next thirty months and must start a new picture every fourth month.

In the periods between her appearance in Paramount pictures, Claudette has the right to star in three other features for any other producing companies. But she must never go roller skating, swimming alone in lakes, or stay out in the rain!

Long ago, Fred Stone made his wife a promise that he’d never fly in any airplane. Not so long ago he utterly refused to go back on this solemn promise.

Visiting Mrs. Stone and his daughters in New York, Fred suddenly was handed an urgent wire from an R-K-O executive telling him to take the first plane back to Hollywood to appear in a picture.

Stone wired back he would take a train even though it might cause a delay—and take a train he did. He promised Mrs. Stone not to fly after he had had a rather bad accident some years ago, and has never violated it except to once take a short sightseeing trip in a blimp. And when he reached Hollywood he made his bosses insert a contract clause saying he should never be called upon to take airplane trips.

Robert Montgomery is forbidden to play polo, because of the risks, so he’s turned to a sport considered second to none in daredevilry—gliding. He took his first lesson from a hardy group of fliers at Santa Ana a few months ago, being launched from the ground by a long rubber cable. Now, the studio is thinking of forbidding him to glide, so poor Bob never expects to be flying his own soaring-type glider.

Ralph Bellamy must never publicize the nickname by which he is known to his immediate family—namely, “Trevis McGutney.” And his weight must not go up over seven pounds more—or else.

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SECRET FAMILIES

Players Are Warned That Home And Marriage Take Away That Romantic Appeal—But It Isn’t True.

By Maude Cheatham

Basil Rathbone

SECRETs are always intriguing. And, if coupled with romance, they become doubly intriguing. That’s the reason why, whenever a screen favorite reveals a “secret family,” the imagination is stirred and an additional glamour hovers over everybody concerned.

Once the stage encouraged its actors to keep their domestic affairs from view, but the screen has never created such a ban, though in the early days of motion pictures several players thought it wise to hide their families in order to enhance the mystery the film emphasized. Remember how the first screen Adonis, Francis X. Bushman, kept his many children a secret? And the late Belle Bennett passed off her son as a younger brother?

Modern Today, however, doesn’t bothered much with secrets. That is, as a rule. So the surprise is even greater, now-a-days, when a popular player suddenly divulges hidden chapters in his—or her—personal romances, and trots out a hitherto unknown husband, wife or child.

The most sensational “secret family” disclosure was that the handsome Phil Regan was not a romantic bachelor but had been married for thirteen years. Furthermore, that four husky children called the singing Romeo daddy!

The film world buzzed with the news but Phil’s fans were so delighted that during the following week he received more than a hundred congratulatory letters and wires from all over the world.

Phil was happy to have the truth come out. Unlike most stories of this kind, it never had been his idea to keep a veil of secrecy over his family, instead, it was the gallant Mrs. Regan. She argued that a wife and children would interfere with her husband’s budding screen career and insisted that he should appear as a fancy-free bachelor. Few wives would have had this courage, but she knew her man; she had

no fear of his going Hollywood. So, arriving in California three years ago, the Regans leased a quiet home in Pasadena, where the children entered school and Phil commuted to the studios, some eighteen miles distant.

Oh yes, they both admit, there were times when the “secret” complicated their lives but they managed the situation with amazing skill. Ever gay and debonair at the studio, Phil faded from sight when the day’s work was over and if something came up calling for him to make an appearance, he was always accompanied by his pretty girl friend, Josephine Dwyer, of Pasadena, whom everyone admired. As for the children, Joseph, aged twelve, Phil, who is ten, Jo Ann and Marilyn, seven and six, they

thought it a great joke and never so much as peeped to their screen friends as to who their beloved daddy really was. I’ll say, that’s a fine family loyalty!

It was fourteen years ago, in Brooklyn, that Phil first met his Josephine, when she accompanied some friends to the hospital where he was ill.

“It was love at first sight,” Regan gaily explained. “I sensed Cupid’s swift steps down the hospital corridor even before the door opened and I caught a glimpse of Josephine.” Then he added, “Here’s a record of legend that few couples can top; we’ve never been separated a single day since our marriage thirteen years ago!”

An exciting surprise was to discover that George Raft has a son—a son who looks much like his father. The lad has lived with George’s idolized mother in New York City ever since the breakup of his early marriage, and it wasn’t that he deliberately disclaimed the boy to the screen world, it was just one of those peculiar Hollywood effects that overtake some players.

Following the sensational success of his second film, “Scarface,” the studio decided to feature Raft as a menace, but a romantic menace, mind you, with a warm, warm heart. He was instructed not to mention that he was a father, it being explained that children were not counted an asset to romantic appeal. Innately sincere and honest, this didn’t please George at all, yet he figured, if he could make big money and give his son all the advantages that he himself had missed, it would be worth it. So, the sleek-haired hero kept mum about his early romance and no one guessed his secret. Even that famous newshound, Walter Winchell, who knew all about it, didn’t tell.

A couple of years ago, George sent for his mother and the boy to come to Hollywood for the summer and he introduced the youngster as his nephew. Perhaps it was his devotion to the handsome twelve-year old, perhaps it was the striking resemblance between them that aroused the suspicions of the columnists. Anyway, when asked the direct question, George refused to lie and proudly admitted his was his son.

“He’s studying to be an aviator,” George told me with happy enthusiasm. “All his life he has been fascinated with airplanes; why, he even keeps a scrapbook of the new inventions and of the record flights. Once, he won a miniature machine in a contest. I’m glad he chose aviation and I’m going to see that he has every chance. Proud of him? You bet! I am, he’s all that a father could wish for in a son. Want to know something? Just thinking about him makes me feel rich, very, very rich!”

Hollywood took another [Continued on page 6]
When Stars Are Pals

They Help One Another
And Never Tell.

By Katherine Albert

(Left to right) Eleanor Powell, Olivia de Havilland, Madge Evans, Margo and Luise Rainer. Friendship means something to them.

There are a lot of nice things about Hollywood—the gorgeous beaches, those sable coats the stars wear, and Gary Cooper, to name a few.

But one of the nicest things about the town, it seems to me, is the fact that when a star makes an unselfish, gracious gesture she doesn’t go around boasting about it. It’s so easy when you’ve been “terribly sweet” to someone to let the world know it, just to drop a subtle hint that you’re all full of goodness and light. It can be done like this: “One thing I like about Betty is that she’s so grateful. Last summer when she went on her vacation and I loaned her my best evening dress—poor thing, she doesn’t have much, you know—tears of thankfulness came into her eyes.”

Or like this: “No, my dear, I can’t possibly go shopping with you this afternoon. You see, Mrs. Andrews is ill and I’m getting the dinner for her and taking care of the children.”

Yet during all the years I’ve spent in Hollywood I’ve never heard such subtleties (I pass a star’s lips. You hear their kind gestures from those they have befriended—if you hear them at all—and they usually get terribly embarrassed when they’re thanked. But it seems to me only fair that you should learn about star loyalties. In a town supposedly ruled by professional jealousy and glamour competition it’s kind of grand to see the other side of the picture.

The first incident that comes to mind concerns the time that Florence Eldredge was given the role of Queen Elizabeth in Katharine Hepburn’s “Mary of Scotland.” Florence was both thrilled and terrified. Once her name had been more important than Freddie Marsh’s. But for the past years she had been ve complete homebody. Her home, her children, her husband had taken all her time and energy. Now that the babies were no longer infants she longed for the thrill of the work she loved.

The day she was to report to the studio for the first time she was up at five A.M. When she went downstairs she found Freddie pacing the floor. He was as nervous as she, as anxious for her to make good. Even the kids—seeing some momentous thing was in the air—were up.

Fred wasn’t working. He stayed home that day while Florence drove to the studio. The kids thought the whole world had gone mad—Papa home, Mama at work, w h a t a t o p s i e - t u r r y b u s i n e s s w a s this! Florence was dressed and made up and on the set even an hour before the electricians.

And while she sat there waiting she saw some men bringing in Ginger Rogers’ portable dressing room. “Miss Rogers sent this for your use, Miss Eldredge,” one said. “Thought you might like the rest between scenes.”

Ah, how well Ginger knew the solace of silence and relaxation when working on a difficult job. But the thing that made tears come to Florence’s eyes was that she knew Ginger would have given her dancing feet to have played Queen Elizabeth—that Ginger had had a dozen tests made in costume and had begged the producers for a chance at the role. But they did not want the Rogers kid to step out of character. No, she had to be the gay dancing gal before the camera. No serious dramatic roles for her! So Florence got the part—and used Ginger’s dressing room.

When Eleanor Powell was given the leading role in “Broadway Melody,” the theatrical wiseacres shook their heads. Sure, the girl could dance—was probably the greatest feminine exponent of tap on Broadway, but she wasn’t an actress. Could she read lines? No. Was her diction good? Again, no. Well—maybe the dancing would carry her along.

And these same wiseacres were amazed when they saw the film and watched her knock off as neat an imitation of Katharine Hepburn as the celluloid has reported, heard her speak her lines like an old-timer.

As Eleanor is the first to admit, the reason was Una Merkel, Eleanor realized her limitations. She told Una—who had a part in the picture—how inadequate she felt the minute she stopped dancing. So Una began by making “suggestions” and ended by being Eleanor’s unofficial coach.

Before every scene those two would have their heads together—Una showing Eleanor just how to get the most value from every word. During that time Una’s old friends thought she had gone high hat because they couldn’t make a lunch date with her. Una was giving up all her lunch hours trying to help Eleanor. And she didn’t even tell her husband what she was doing. And now here’s the way Eleanor repaid Una. “Broadway Melody,” made the Powell girl a star. Una—for all her years of experience—has had to fight for good roles. When “Born to Dance” was being cast Eleanor said she wouldn’t appear in the film unless the executives gave Una a big fat part. They protested, because the girl who played this role had to do a dancing routine. They knew Una couldn’t tap.

“Give her the part,” Eleanor said. “She’ll tap!”

And—what’s more—she did. Eleanor Powell taught her how.

When the romance between Jeanette McDonald and Robert Ritchie was at its height, Bob went to Europe on business. (He was Jeanette’s manager, you remember.) There he met Luise Rainer and came back to Hollywood screaming about her talents. At first M-G-M wouldn’t listen. But finally Bob made himself such a nuisance that they decided to send for the gal and see what had inspired such raves. Incidentally, Luise’s contract wasn’t signed until after “Escapade.”

Now you would certainly think that it would be a beautiful woman to hear her

(Continued on page 60)
ALL sorts of fascinating cliques color Hollywood life. Each month I have told you of the particular crowd of celebrities whose hobby is the current sensation. Now the most interesting group in the entire motion picture colony is that intriguing circle of stars who are in The Know. What they are sponsoring might be called gossip. Only when they get together the tales they pass on are vitally important. Their favorite stunt is talking shop, hour after hour, and what they say rings with genuine authority.

They can amplify and predict the actual inside facts of the astounding film business in an astonishing manner. They are fully aware of what’s going on behind the scenes and of the exciting things to come. They aren’t surprised by the present crop of hits; they even know tomorrow’s headlines and whispers today!

It is an unparalleled thrill to be able to say, “Oh yes, why of course; just as I predicted!” Especially when you’re speaking of the movies and their glamorous folk. These are the stars who can do this, who know immediately what’s happened to everyone of importance in Hollywood: the Bennett sisters, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Madeleine Carroll, Dolores Del Rio, Fredric March, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Gary Cooper, William Powell, and Charles Boyer.

They don’t, as you might suppose, meet over luncheon tables. The bustling Vendome isn’t a cozy coffee shop for this group. Nor do they assemble at the summit publicized Trocadero night club to be confidential. They come together at private homes. What are they discussing now? If you want to crash a splendid mansion and be in on the stories being repeated right at this time, come along with me!

They know that Paul Muni is determined to forget Hollywood for a long spell and that Janet Gaynor isn’t through, that two Viennese baronesses have been quietly under cover and will be starred by rival companies next month. They know that Olivia de Havilland’s severest competition for ingenue laurels will be furnished by her own sister, Joan Fontaine. They know why nothing is being said about Will Rogers’ daughter, and that Allan Jones is the serious menace to Nelson Eddy, that there is a girl who’ll race Deanna Durbin and that Eleanor Powell is teacher’s pet at M-G-M. Frances Farmer must cultivate tact and

**ON THE PAN**

There Is A Clique Of Insiders Who Know The Important Developments Long Before The Public.

By Ben Maddox

Are they going up in smoke? Janet Gaynor, James Stewart and Humphrey Bogart, Fred MacMurray, Doris Nolan and George Murphy are talked about when studio rumors are discussed.
Paul's part was smaller than Louis Hayward's to begin with, and he didn't care. He made this picture because he felt he owed a debt of gratitude. The man who produced it was starting off on the RKO-Radio lot and securing Paul meant tremendous initial prestige. Anxious to quit for complete relaxation, Paul remembered that this same man was the first to offer him a break on Broadway.

What's happening to Janet Gaynor is no secret to the inner circle. For ten years she was undisputed empress at Fox, tiny but supreme. Darryl Zanuck took over the studio and she left. It was widely rumored that he didn't agree with the former regime's high opinion of her. This isn't so. The stars who have the lowdown on everything know that Zanuck offered to renew Janet's contract. It was her own decision to free lance. Janet, you see, is a born diplomat. Perhaps the new boss mightn't always see things her way, so why not politely shake hands and you she'd be glad to work for him whenever he had a vehicle she liked? Instead of a scrap, Janet cannily forestalled any possible rift.

Cecil B. DeMille is up to his old magical trick. He's cleverly grooming a brand-new lady star. Francesca Gaal is her name and she is debuting in the lead in "The Buccaneers." A gay Austrian baroness of twenty-three, she looks like a blonde Sonja Henie. She couldn't talk English at all when she arrived last December and you've heard nothing of her because DeMille wished it so. He found her as he gets all his players—by examining pictures they've been in. She's made a couple abroad.

While Miss Gaal's baron is with her, Luilli Deste, Columbia's Viennese baroness, is a widow. A sophisticate, in contrast to Francesca, Luilli looks like Marya Loy in person, and photographs like Dietrich. She is as cosmopolitan as she is chic and Harry Cohn is industriously seeking the proper story in which to launch her.

So, talent is still being imported from Europe, despite agitation to exclude foreign artists. Hollywood won't ever become so narrow as to do that. But the fact that two baronesses are among those present no longer dazes the colony, as it would have several years ago. Luilli, alas, a naive practice, is passe. These baronesses haven't been given a social rush. They must click on their own merit.

If you dropped in with me at Constance Bennett's Georgian bungalow in Holmby Hills, you'd first learn that Connie is building guest rooms over the garage. She's gone that social! Then there'd be dinner, in state, The In The Know claque, no matter whether they're at Connie's or DeRKO's modernistic mansion or Cary's Bahaman cottage, have dinner in formal attire. Afterwards there's generally cards. And it is over the card games that the unpublished news, merely tossed off as asides during dinner, gets to flying fast and furiously.

As Joan Bennett is on the verge of scoring a grand slam, Bill Powell murmurs that Judy Garland and George Murphy are going on at Metro. Judy's singing in "Broadway Melody of 1937" will give Universal and Deanna Durbin a run for honors in this new adolescent star class. Then, George Murphy's singing and dancing in the same film is proving Louis B. Mayer right in declaring George deserved to advance.

There is no relying on imagination when sitting between Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. They discuss tomorrow's screen names without a trace of languor. At 20th Century-Fox, of course, Gracie Fields skystoekers in July. While she was in England, Marlene found out that Gracie is Britain's highest-paid star. Meanwhile, Carole interrupts, the feminine dark horse on that lot is Mary Rogers, daughter of Will. And Mary has begged Mr. Zanuck not to give her any publicity campaign; Mary thinks it would be extremely poor taste to capitalize on her father's reputation. It was a shame she became ill after starting her debut in "Slave Ship." She's been studying acting in Eastern stock companies. Yes, Mary Rogers will be big!

Speaking of Paramount, their home lot, Marlene asks Carole if she believes John Trent and Lloyd Nolan will be—as the studio hopes—the foremost men of next year. Carole thinks the men at the top are pretty astute and doesn't doubt John and Lloyd will register emphatically.

Sally Eilers, Clark Gable, Fredric March, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell always know when a big break occurs. Sally Eilers beams. She knows something! She knows that Warners have destined Humphrey Bogart for stardom. Also that Barbara Read's performance in "The Road Back" assures prominence and that Universal is scheming to introduce Jack Dunn, the male Sonja Henie. Carole glows when [Continued on page 78]
TODAY, at twenty-five, red-haired Ginger Rogers is what every girl at one time or another has longed to be—the Most Popu-
lar Girl at the Party. Every Waltz is taken by Cary Grant and
Jimmy Stewart and Alfred Vanderbilt, no less. Her phone rings
constantly. So does her door-bell. There are roses with long
stems, and orchids with white petals, and cute little knick-knacks
in gay boxes from Cartiers. And Ginger who is a warm, friendly
sort of person is as excited as a debutante at her first ball.

She has always been a party-girl at heart, she loves laughter
and lots and lots of people, but ever since she was a little girl
in her early teens she has worked like a Trojan, like a whole
army of Trojans, on her career—and what with vaudeville and
night clubs and musical comedies and radio and movies and
rehearsals, interminable rehearsals, there has been very little
time to play.

But today she has "arrived." She is an established movie star
with a telephone number salary and rates right up in the Big
Ten according to the Box Office poll. She can afford, for the first
time in her life, to relax, enjoy herself, spend her money, and
become a part of Hollywood's mad social whirl.

When Ginger, who was already well known on the vaudeville
stage, but not in movies, was on her way to the Coast some six
years ago to make B-pictures for Pathe, and support Joe E. Brown
in comedies, she met Harold Ross, editor of the New Yorker, on
the train, and when the publisher pulled in at Pasadena Mr. Ross
received an invitation from a well-known screen supervisor to a
party at his home that evening.

Ross invited Ginger to go with him to the party, and after a bit of
conspiring with her, he introduced her to their supervisor-lust as Eliza-
theth Du Pont, young heiress on her way to
Honolulu. The supervisor didn't recognize her, nor did any of the guests,
until the Marx Brothers arrived and they of course spotted her in a second.

They were let in on the gag by Ginger and Ross and helped matters con-
siderably by whispering around that Miss Du Pont looked like excellent
screen material and somebody in Hollywood ought to give her a test. After
a terrific build-up the supervisor became so interested that he insisted
that Miss Du Pont postpone her trip to Honoul-
ulu and make a screen test at the studio the very
next day. It seems the movies could not survive
much longer unless blessed with the grace and beauty of
Elizabeth Du Pont.

Ginger, every inch an heiress, was politely regretful. The supervisor
still gets wires from his friends wanting to know when he is going to give
that Du Pont girl a screen test. Ginger Rogers does not go unrecognized at
parties today, you may be sure. Even bona fide Du
Ponst get shoved about

something awful when Ginger makes an appearance.

And when a movie star has worked hard all her life and de-

cides to rest on her oars a bit what does she do besides romping
like a mad young thing? You guessed it, Bright Boy, she builds
a home. After six years of moving and renting and moving and
not being able to call her patio her own, Ginger has bought
herself some good earth on the top of Beverly Crest and built
herself a home, her first real home. She calls it a "styled farm-
house" and it is low and rambling and has nine rooms all on
one floor, with a most breath-taking view of the hills and ocean.

There's a huge play room which would warm the heart of
Abercrombie and Fitch, for it is equipped with everything from
ping pong to checkers—our little Ginger being a perfect pushover
for any kind of a game. The director of "In Person" (the one
about the movie star with George Brent) will tell you about the
day on the set that Ginger was to do her big emotional scene
for the picture. Everything was ready, but there was no Ginger.
"Poor kid, probably trying to get herself into the mood," said
the director who had worked with other glamour girls and had
a mental picture of Ginger pacing dramatically back and forth
as the victrola played a recording of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Sym-
phony. But it wasn't the plaintive strain of the violins he finally
heard—it was the thump, thump, thump of a rubber ball. Ginger
was discovered behind a prop bar playing a heated game of
jacks with the two little girls in the picture! She had crashed
the game and was winning all the jacks.

Ginger's house is modestly and comfortably furn-
ished, as a farmhouse should be, only in her bed-
room did she let herself go. The room is done in blue,
which is Ginger's favorite color, and is feminine
as a feather fan.

There's a tennis court which faces in the right direc-
tions, and a swimming pool that's deep enough to dive
into without cracking your skull. There's also a bar-
becue grill and Ginger can hardly wait until the nights
get warm enough to give outdoor barbecues.

She even smacks her lips, a gesture which in you
would be vulgar, but in Ginger is cute, as she thinks
about it. For Ginger, dear people, is one of the few
movie stars who admits, mercy she even boasts, that
she has a hearty appetite. Next to grilled steaks she
loves ham and eggs, and on the hottest day of sum-
nner (after dancing for hours with Fred Astaire) she
will sit down to a luncheon of ham and eggs while
the rest of glamorous Hollywood is swooning over
a lettuce leaf.

Ginger has never dieted in her life. When she is
rehearsing dance routines she drinks gallons of iced
tea with plenty of sugar. When you marvel at her
appetite and her perfect figure she matter-of-factly
tells you that if you exercise as much as she does
you'd be slender too. In this homestead high on
Beverly Crest Ginger lives with her mother, the youngish Mrs. Lela Rogers. There is no “man of the house.” But there will be.

Ginger is possibly the only movie star in Hollywood who doesn’t cross a bridge until she gets to it, and even when she gets to it she often makes a detour without getting the least bit upset. Her mother will tell you that she has been like this all her life. She was a serene, good-natured baby. Trifles never bothered her. If one of the mean little kids in the neighborhood took her doll away from her, she didn’t hurt and scratch, she merely went in the house and got herself another doll.

As soon as she was old enough to reason she could discriminate between the trivial and the important, and only when something is really big will she put up a fight for it. While other stars are screaming and having hysteric in the “front office,” in the publicity departments, in the wardrobe department, and on the sets over all sorts of trivia Ginger goes on her own sweet, serene way, and accomplishes just as much, if not more, in the end.

Glamour girls, as you probably know, are very fussy about the clothes they wear in pictures, and even though the colors do not show (except in Technicolor) they insist upon having shades they consider becoming to themselves. If the shade isn’t just right they go up into the air like a sky rocket and refuse to wear the gown.

Now Ginger, like all redheads, has a natural aversion to pink. But when she was making “Top Hat,” she walked into the wardrobe department one day for a fitting and found that they had made a pink metallic cloth dress for her to wear in one of the dancing sequences. Ginger claims she feels awkward in pink, but rather than make any trouble for the wardrobe people she wore the dress without registering a single complaint. I know of no other star who would have done that.

Everytime she reads something about herself in a newspaper column or a magazine that isn’t quite flattering she doesn’t burst into tears and howl out all the little people in the publicity department (other stars do), and she doesn’t snub the extras and tell the director how to direct his picture (other stars do).

This entire lack of temper, or temperament if you wish, has made Ginger Rogers the “pet” of the RKO Studios, from the prop boys to the producers. They worship her. She is also worshipped by those terribly awed and badly frightened people—the “new” players.

The “first picture” in Hollywood is an ordeal for any actor, no matter how talented, and under the strain of the excitement he blows up [Continued on page 79]
THE dullest month I have ever known around the studios. They all seem to be marking time, waiting for something... James Stewart, perhaps, or a Tyrolean Power... or a millennium. At any rate, only at Paramount is anything stirring.

Paramount

But over here are "I Met Him in Paris" starring Claudette Colbert, with Robert Young and Mervyn Douglas; and "Turn Off the Moon" with Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney. We might as well start with "I Met Him in Paris." The set is the cocktail room of a big hotel in Paris and Claudette is sitting at a table by herself. Imagine Claudette sitting at a table alone! But anything can happen in pictures.

She has just managed to make a waiter—who learned to speak English from a Japanese, who worked for a year in America as a houseboy, and who learned English that way (the easy way)—understand that she wants a Martini. A Frenchman, sitting at an adjoining table thinks he sees an opportunity to strike up an acquaintance, so he takes his handkerchief out of his breast pocket, drops it on the floor by Claudette, leans over, picks it up and offers it to her. She is just about to accept it when she notices it isn't hers. But Frenchy sits down anyway and gets quite fresh.

But Bob Young and Douglas have been sitting at a near-by table watching the byplay. When Frenchy tries to pinch Claudette's check Bob gets up and makes his way over to the table.

"Pass!" says Bob, tapping Frenchy on the shoulder. Frenchy looks around. "Voilà!" says Bob jerking his thumb in the direction of the door—and Frenchy vanishes.

"I hope he was annoying you," Bob smiles as Claudette starts at him. "I'd feel pretty silly if he turned out to be your uncle."

"So would I," Claudette assures him. "I never saw him before." She looks at Bob and likes him. Then the waiter brings her cocktail and looks at Bob in surprise. Claudette suddenly realizes the waiter thinks she's being picked up, so she drops her smile. And Bob realizes that.

"Would you rather I'd leave?" he asks politely.

"Well," Claudette begins uncertainly, "this isn't exactly..."

"Would you have the ask to wish for also a Martini?" the waiter interrupts.

"What?" Bob asks.

"That's Colonel Double Talk," Claudette laughs, "the fancy English speaker. He wants to know if you have the ask to wish for also a Martini."

"Oh, may E?" Bob replies.

Claudette realizes she's caught, looks at him uncertainly, then shrugs and smiles. "Okey dokey," she says to the waiter.


"Thanks for letting me stay." "I'm Kay Denham," Claudette informs him. "To tell you the truth, I don't exactly know how I happened to let you."

"Maybe we can help each other," Bob suggests. "Perhaps I can speak French for you and you can translate the waiter for me."

"Cutt!" calls Wesley Ruggles the director, as though he'd had enough of this.

"How're ya, Dick?" Wes asks, shaking hands. He looks swell. That location trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, where the company has been for six weeks, seems to have been just what the doctor ordered.

So we come to "Turn Off the Moon." Isn't that a great title? Charles Ruggles, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs and Marjorie Gateson are featured in this.

Ruggles owns a department store and an astrologer tells him the most propitious time to propose to his long-suffering secretary, Miss Gateson, is at 3:15 AM the following Sunday night. But he warns him that he must first bring to a successful conclusion the love affair of two other people.

He picks on Eleanor and Johnny as the two. But they've had a row and Eleanor... [Continued on page 70]
Errol Flynn

Having Lived Intensely And Dangerously, Movie Parts Do Not Seem Unreasonable To Him. He Gives Them Life Out Of His Own Picturesque Experience.

(Extreme left) Billy Mauch and Errol in "The Prince and the Pauper." (Next, below) With Cedric Hardwicke and Anita Louise in "Green Light." (Center) In a scene from "Captain Blood." (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Flynn (Lili Damita) at their home in Hollywood.
June Is For Lovers

The Mysterious Stirrings Of Nature Call Flowers To Bloom And Males To Feel Strong Longings, While Every Girl Becomes More Beautiful.

Poets have sung of the strange yearnings of lovers in June, and moving picture directors have sought expressive situations and gestures to tell the old, old story of love. But all the wisdom in Hollywood has been unable to find a more natural or lucid grouping than the surrendering attitude of an embrace. As a picture beauty melts into the arms of the hero, her protective armor of speech and her self-reliance and independence drop from her. The wisdom that calculates for the future, and the pride that contributes to her arrogance, fade and are lost. Life has her in its grasp, but a girl in love fears nothing. "Be kind to me," she whispers and thus comes to pass the mysterious alchemy of a day in June.
A kiss—the dot on the i in loving. James Dunn and Patricia Ellis are sweethearts in "Venus Makes Trouble." (Left) In "Think Fast, Mr. Moto," Virginia Field and Thomas Beck surrender to the urge that every June breeze is whispering. (Center) Ray Milland and Wendy Barrie are willing actors in a make-believe love scene in "Wings Over Honolulu." (Below) Katherine DeMille and Allan Lane feel the plot of "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" should be remolded nearer to the heart's desire.
There are as many different kinds of womanly beauty as there are colors in the rainbow, and every pretty face reflects the hope that dreams will come true.

Below, left to right—Irene Dunne, Claud Colbert, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers, Francis and Madeleine Carroll. Their pul tude has given them such success that fame reaches across the world.
Every Beautiful Girl Responds To The Lure Of Hollywood And Seeks The Miracle Of Fame And Fortune.
The Stars Are Like Good Little Pawns, They Must Accept The Parts Assigned Them And Hope For The Best.

The pawns reading from top to bottom are: (Left) Claire Trevor, Warren Hull, Joan Blondell, John Howard; (Right) Kent Taylor, Margaret Lindsey, Michael Whalen, Constance Bennett.

In the center panel are scenes from recent films. At the summons from the studios the players spring into action. Drama, dancing, comedy and tragedy are all in the day's work.
In the making of pictures, it often seems that the players are more or less like the pawns in a game of chess. The genius, called Hollywood, uses them to make pictures. The director, the author and the producer conceive the completed picture, and then select the players, who frequently dislike the very roles which turn out to be their greatest successes.

Pawns reading from top to bottom are: (Left) Isabel Jewell, Randolph Scott, Sally Eilers, Edmund Lowe and, center, Gene Raymond; (Right) Robert Young, Gail Patrick, Jack Oakie, Beverly Roberts.
The Flirtation That

With Every Charm And
Talent Glowing Enticing!
The Girls Of Pictures Offer

(Top Row) Myrna Loy, Grace Moore, and Ruby Keeler.
(Below) Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett, Joan Arthur, Greta Garbo, and Sylvia Sidney.
THE shining statue that symbolizes the highest honor to be awarded in Hollywood fills the breasts of the actresses with a sincere longing. Every year some girl is made very happy when she takes the shining little fellow into her arms.

But there are, this year, an unusual group of actresses of great talent, who possess grace, loveliness and breathtaking beauty. They hope that they will be chosen to take the dignified little Academy trophy to share their hearts and homes.

Joan Crawford and Shirley Temple. (Shirley once received an award for her general success.)

Previous Winners Of The Award Of The Academy Of Arts And Sciences

1927-8—Janet Gaynor
   Emil Jannings
1928-9—Mary Pickford
   Warner Baxter
1929-30—Norma Shearer
   George Arliss
1930-1—Divine Dressler
   Lionel Barrymore
1931-2—Helen Hayes
   Fredric March
1932-3—Katharine Hepburn
   Charles Laughton
1933-4—Claudette Colbert
   Clark Gable
1934-5—Bette Davis
   Victor McLaglen
1935-6—Luise Rainer
   Paul Muni
Pictures For The Summer Screens

There Are Two Seasons In The Movie Business—"Busy" and "Dull." Pictures Have To Be Better In Summer.

(Above) "Night Must Fall" is taken from a successful English Play. Robert Montgomery is the murderer and Rosalind Russell plays opposite him. (Left) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "When Thief Meets Thief," a picture made in England.
Edward Everett Horton seems to be ailing in "Oh, Doctor." He apparently desires to cancel his voyage across the Styx. All in the interests of comedy. (Top right) "The Outcasts of Poker Flats," have Preston Foster among their number. A play with Bret Harte's title, at least. (Right) "Slim," a drama from the daily lives of linesmen. Pat O'Brien, of course.

(Below) Spencer Tracy and Gladys George in "They Gave Him A Gun," is a man ever the same after he has seen a soldier? (Left) Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Wayne Morris are making a prizefight picture called "Kid Galahad." (Extreme left, bottom) Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt in "The Gold Racket." What has that to do with feet? (Extreme left, above) John Qualen and Jane Withers in "Angel's Holiday."
Vacation Time Is Here At Long Last!

NOW that summer is here again all of us are thinking of days in the open, and, whether you expect to spend your leisure at some beach or pool, on a golf course, tennis court, ship's deck, or just lounging in your own garden or backyard, you can always be a vision of loveliness.

It would be impossible not to look attractive in the variegated sports clothes designed for your benefit this year. And, no matter how slim your purse, there will be no excuse for you if you emerge a frump! If you cannot afford luxurious satin bathing suits and expensive crepe play togs, console yourself with the thought that cottons have come into their own right now. And cottons are not only within your income, they are extremely modish, come in the most entrancing designs and—what is still better—are cut along the most fashionable lines.

(Janice Jarrett wears a three-piece playsuit, consisting of shorts, halter and long flowing robe with fitted waistline which will make her a devastating rival at any sun-kissed beach. It is made of cotton and designed in bright orange, blue and yellow with splashes of black.)

(Above-left) For her favorite of tennis, Wendy Barrie is in comfortable culottes fashions that lovely new material called clo. The ones she is wearing are white, topped by a canary short-sleeved sweater of the angora. (Left) Shirley Ross is for any outdoor sport in this silk linen suit, boasting well-cut a bolero jacket and a tobacco and white striped muffler—leather sandals with cork sol heels complete her ensemble.
Be a Picturesque Summer-Girl

Cecilia Parker and Lynne Carver tramp up and down the beach secure in the knowledge that they are the cynosure of all eyes. Cecilia’s graceful cape is of tan and yellow stripes on a neutral wool background, with slits through which the arms are given freedom. Lynne’s beach-dress features red and blue diagonal stripes on a white wool background.

(B.V.D. Beachwear.)
The Further Removed The Character In The Play Is From The Actor's Role In Life, The More Skill Is Required To Play It.

To make a screen character seem real, particularly when that part is entirely different from the actor's own type, is the problem that fascinates the player. Robert Montgomery, whose early years were spent in New York, tackles the role of a killer in his new picture. A problem indeed. Comedians have it easier—that is, easier for them. They are born that way and no one can be made into a comedy player.
Sail Sondergaard and, above, as she appears in her rôle in "Seventh Heaven." Her performance in "Anthony Adverse" won for her honorable mention on the list of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. (Right) Walter Brennan and, above, as the unforgettable Swede in "Come And Get It." He also received honorable mention which he well deserved.

VER HER FRESH UNDIES—A 5-DAY DRESS!

Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned—

WELL, JUDY, YOUR DRESS LOOKS CLEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU LUX IT?

I'D HATE TO RISK EVEN A HINT OF PERSPIRATION ODOR, JOAN. I ALWAYS LUX MY DRESSES AFTER A COUPLE OF WEARINGS.

Dresses absorb perspiration odor... Avoid Offending

Dainty women shrink from offending others. They Lux their dresses often. Any dress safe in water is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor completely—prevents offending. Lux has no harmful alkali and with Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing.

FOR DRESSES
With Candid Cameraman

On a special train to a premiere, Mischa Auer, Dick Arlen and Gloria Stuart convince San Francisco that "Lost Horizon" is important. (Left) Carole Lombard keeps a tryst with a plate of ham and eggs in the studio commissary.

The imposed photographs caught by the cameras reveal that the charm of the players is an inseparable part of their famous faces. We read of the wonders of make-up and the tricks of lighting that are invoked to help the stars maintain their screen personalities, but the candid cameras need no tricks. These off-stage pictures of the players catch the mysterious quality that is the priceless possession of the screen men and women.

Cary Grant Was Worried.
His Friends Said:
"Either You Get A Hair-Cut Or Buy A Fiddle."

CARY GRANT
leads a double life! Who would have suspected it?
Herein are the true facts, presented chronologically for the first time on any type-writer, that he who runs may read—yea, and weep—great scalding tears of sympathy for one more sinned against than sinning.
He doesn't want any double life, heaven knows. The business is not of his asking or design. The truth is, he revels in single blessedness—when he has no business to. He admits it. He asks naught of life but that he be permitted to live it in a leisurely fashion and at unhurried pace with the world. He likes to take his time. Probably caught the mood from Mae West in that early spectacular opus of hers, "She Done Him Wrong," in which he scored so emphatically.
But it seems this tall splendid fellow is impaled on the thorns of a dilemma.
Now, according to Cary, when you are stabbed by a dilemma, you know it. If the thing will not be satisfied with the one initial bite sanctioned by law, but continues to pursue you, it can run you ragged. That's what Cary says he is—run ragged. It hardly shows on him. Possibly those fuzzy tweeds he practically lives in could use a shave, that's all. But they perfectly matched his hair the other day when he told us this sad tale. The Grant coiffure hung in quaint wisps over his collar, but surely through no fault of Cary's, which is part of the story, so stick around and pretty soon all will be revealed.
He doesn't like his long bob, and admits it in strong but genteel accents. He went from here to Palm Springs just to get his hair cut, which is where the double-life part of this story begins. But let's start at the beginning.
Cary is making two pictures at two studios while under contract to a third. He is living in two houses at one and the same time. He has six telephone numbers (two houses, three studios and his agent), which would require him to be quintuplets plus one, in order to answer all of them. If one were sufficiently curious, which one is not, to pry into his private life, undoubtedly it would be discovered to have at least two ladies in it. And one of them is very likely to be Ginger Rogers, according to latest reports. Spurring our imagination to a spirited gallop, they are very lovely ladies, one blonde and fair, the other red-haired and with a tilted nose, very exacting, who greets him with "—and where were you?"

As above proclaimed, we don't know a thing about it, merely we are reporting a theory which seems logical—and there are rumors—since there happens to be so many lovely ladies in Hollywood and so few Cary Grants. He rates at least two to provide the final fillip in his complicated life . . .

But one need not exercise even a modicum of curiosity to observe blessedness—when he has a chance to revel—and he does. He asks naught of life but that he be permitted to live it in a leisurely fashion and at unhurried pace with the world. He likes to take his time. Probably caught the mood from Mae West in that early spectacular opus of hers, "She Done Him Wrong," in which he scored so emphatically.

It's hard when a player grows his own wig for a costume picture.

A HAIR-RAISING STORY

By
Ruth Rankin

from day to day, Cary may be in the middle of a scene, to be picked up the following day—and obviously he cannot appear to have departed from the Countess Hoost's drawing-room, in the midst of the formalities, long enough to have his hair trimmed? It wouldn't make sense and thousands of fans who are sticklers for such detail, would write, telephone and wire their anguish protests. Cary knows. They have, once in the past, before he found Town.

So there is one barber, of all the barbers in Hollywood, whom Cary has discovered to have a fine feeling for how much to snip and how much not to snip in order to convey the proper touch of verisimilitude (no extra charge for that).

"So," says Cary, "I saw what appeared to be a barber's interlude, one afternoon recently while we were making some added scenes in the Grace Moore picture, 'When You're in Love.' I got as far as the door when an assistant director caught up with me. 'Sorry. You're in this next shot, Cary.' Well, that seemed to start the entire sequence of misadventure.

"After the scene, I again got as far as the Columbia front door, where a man with a kind face remarked, 'They want you at R-K-O to fit a costume.' As handsome an understatement as ever I heard. A costume, my eye. Fifteen costumes, with fifteen fancy wigs (the time is 1930 for this 'Toast of New York' picture) and fifteen shirts and sticks and hats and swords and pairs of shoes and boots. The good old days of 'When You're in Love,' during which I wore two of my own old [Continued on page 60]
ACHIEVEMENT of any kind, the philosophers will tell you, requires courage in a large measure.

Supposing you favorite star had to face a test of fortitude tomorrow. How would he measure up?

The chances are, judging from examples of star courage of which I know, he would prove himself a thoroughbred. For the men and women who have won fame on the screen are no exception to the rule that achievement and bravery go hand in hand.

Sometimes courage is a matter of sheer physical gallantry, as, for example, the time that Gary Cooper swerved his horse and rode up a steep trail into an oncoming avalanche of rock and stone to rescue a studio workman, Robert Falconer, who otherwise would have been caught and possibly buried in the slide.

Of course, Gary is a daring and fearless horseman, more at home in the saddle than in front of the camera (although he's pretty good there), but I don't imagine he stopped to think whether his expertise with the reins would carry him through this emergency. He simply saw a man in danger and rescued him.

This occurred on location in the rocky Santa Susanna pass. A premature dynamite explosion occurred. Without warning a large part of the mountain side came tumbling down. Everyone scrambled for safety. Falconer was directly in the path of the rolling careening rocks when Gary gallantly spurred his horse up the trail, grabbed the workman by the arm and dragged him to safety.

Sometimes star courage is a matter of carrying on cheerfully in time of great emotional stress. For the private lives of the actors are separate and distinct from their screen roles and although sickness or trouble may be distressing them, it must not shadow the performances given on the screen for you.

One of the finest recent examples of this is the bravery of Lionel Barrymore, who was working in "Captains Courageous" when he was told by the doctors that his beloved wife, Irene Fenwick, could not recover from the illness she was suffering and that death could come at any moment.

Now the love between Lionel and Irene was such as is not given to many mortals to possess. The gruff, stooped, eldest Barrymore adored his wife beyond anything. He had worshipped her and tended her in her sickness and pain for many years.

Stories are legend of the way he expressed his deep feeling for Irene in little things and big things. Flowers every day. Driving all night to Arizona just to spend twenty-four hours with her when, not crippled by pain himself, he was tired and worn and needed rest.

Yet none of the shadow of this great emotional strain which he was undergoing colored his work. Watch him enacting the role of the gnarled old sea-

Carole Lombard (top) lived through days when the future seemed very dark. (Left) Gertrude Michael played her role in spite of a terrifying accident. (Below) Lionel Barrymore has lived true to his ideals.

By Muriel Babcock

STAR COURAGE

dog in Kipling's great narrative of the Gloucester fishing coast, and you will never know you are watching a man with a broken heart. He put his heart in his work—his heart that was in reality back with Irene at home. He shirked not a single chore. He even promised to broadcast "The Christmas Carol" as usual on Christmas day, but on Christmas eve Irene died.

Note the gaiety and spontaneity of Fred MacMurray's performance in "Swing High, Swing Low," with Carole Lombard. Note his apparently gay and carefree manner. You'd never know from his work that he was going through his own private hell and that at the moment there was sickness and trouble at his home.
His wife, the lovely Lillian La Monte, to whom he had been married only a short time, was ill, not seriously so, but enough to cause her husband worry. And just when Lillian began to recover, Fred's mother was taken very ill.

Now Fred is not the kind to bother friends with his private worries. He said very little about what was going on. Few people knew. I saw him during the rehearsal for his first radio broadcast, as master of ceremonies for "Hollywood Hotel," in which he was tackling a new and responsible job. I knew that much depended upon the kind of work he did this night. First impressions are always important.

I watched him. He seemed assured of himself. He was gay, he was fun. He joked quietly with the members of the cast—Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, Louella Parsons and others. He went over his lines and songs painstakingly, muffing nothing.

After rehearsal I looked for him, hoping for a chat in the hour before the actual broadcast began. Somebody who knew said to my astonishment: "Fred? Oh, he had a telephone call just before we started that his mother was worse. He had to get a nurse for her and then go home. But he said he'd be back."

He did come back, if you remember, and gave a whale of a show. He didn't let the shadow of his trouble color the lives of the thousands who listened to the broadcast.

Fans rave about Carole Lombard's beauty but her friends are impressed with her perseverance and gallantry in the face of great obstacles. She was one whom the Fates thought they had defeated, but they did so without reckoning her courage.

At the start of her career, Carole's face was horribly cut in an automobile accident. Hollywood said she was all washed up as far as the screen was concerned. They even told her so. But they didn't reckon with Carole. She didn't believe it, not because it wasn't possible, but because her courage would [Continued on page 76]
LOVE TRAPS A MILLION

A Fascinating Girl Nobly Tries To Save A Young Man And His Money.

By

Jack Bechdolt

B. J. NOLAN was broke. The reception room was filled, not with customers, but with process servers. The trouble was that he was born an optimist and had married a pessimist and they had a son, Kenneth.

Nolan made a million dollars in Florida. Mrs. Nolan took half of it. He spent the other half promoting useless inventions. He made another million in Oklahoma. Mrs. Nolan took half of that and Nolan bought more useless inventions with his half.

Then Mrs. Nolan died and Kenneth took away his father's check-book. Kenneth had inherited the million and meant to hang onto it.

The door opened and a very pink faced, determined girl came in.

"Here I am, Mr. Nolan," she said firmly and held out a paper to him. Nolan wilted.

"All right, I'll take it," he groaned. But it wasn't a letter, it was a letter she handed him. Nolan read:

This will introduce a graduate of Pitt and Beaux Arts, a young architect of broad vision and fine artistic background. I heartily recommend her to you for your new project, Nolan Heights. With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely

V. TRAVIS.

"Just who is V. Travis?" Nolan gasped. She looked rather sheeplish.

"It's me. The V. is for Virginia."

"And who is this remarkable young architect?"

"Oh, that's me, too," said V. Travis.

Before Nolan could say those three simple, fatal words, "No jobs open," V. Travis had gone into her sales talk. She came out of her in a rush, a speech that was meant to ring with pep and confidence but wobbled pitifully because V. Travis was so young and so desperate.

"Here I am, Mr. Nolan, with the key to Nolan Heights. I've found a way to make us both rich. I've got the theme of Nolan Heights, the dream of Nolan Heights. Nolan Heights needs me. I can make you a fortune.

She brought her clenched hand to his shoulder. "Why, I've got a million dollars, here in my hand! I . . . ."

V. Travis swayed uncertainly. Her pretty, excited eyes closed, opened and closed again. The healthy pink drained from her face as she pitched into Nolan's arms. She was in a dead faint. Her hand which had clenched so eloquently fell open, the hand that was supposed to hold a million dollars. It was empty.

"Simple case of malnutrition," said the ambulance surgeon who examined her.

"She hasn't eaten in forty-eight hours."

V. Travis raised her head slowly.

"Forty-nine," she corrected.

Nolan took V. Travis to his home, because she had no other place to take refuge. It was one of the handsomest homes in town, but there were no servants in it. The gas was not even turned on any more, because Kenneth Nolan had taken the check book with him when he went for a little tour of Europe.

"Sit down," said Nolan kindly. "Feel strong enough to stand a shock? There isn't going to be any Nolan Heights. I'm broke."


"But isn't there anyone who will lend you the money? How much do you need?"

"I need a hundred thousand. And there's Kenneth. But . . . ." Then the kindly old man explained to her about his son Kenneth.

V. Travis looked curiously at her host. Her manner underwent a sudden change. Her voice became hard and she began to talk out of the side of her mouth. "Well, we've got to go to work on Kenneth," she announced.

"Got to work on him?"

"Sure," said V. Travis, a hard guy now. "Take him over the hurdles. Make him come arrest wit' the dough!"

"What's the matter with your mouth?" Nolan asked curiously. She laughed. "It's a habit I got into when I was a movie usher at the Casino where they showed only gangster and G-men pictures. But I mean it. We'll go to work on Kenneth."

While V. Travis talked so confidently and Nolan listened, not because he hoped, but because he was polite, a cablegram from Kenneth arrived. He was due home that very day. Then Nolan saw V. Travis really go into action and he learned what a dynamic young woman she was.

The house must have servants because it would not do to let Kenneth know his father could no longer afford servants. She telephoned two friends. Her friends Hunk and Judy arrived and when they put on their ushers' uniforms they looked like good butler and maid, all except for the words Globe Theater stitched in gilt on their collars. The doorbell rang while V. Travis was hurriedly ripping off the insignia. Judy got stage fright. She didn't feel at home in the old uniform without a flashlight in her hands and nobody had one. It was Hunk who finally admitted the son and sole heir to all the money that B. J. Nolan had made during his lifetime.

His father had not exaggerated in describing Kenneth Nolan. He was a young man with one idea, that was to hang onto the million dollars. And he was accompanied by two companions who also
Fictionization of "Woman Chases Man," Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and Directed by John G. Blystone. Screen Play by Joseph Anthony, Manuel Jeff and David Hertz.

THE CAST

Virgilia Travis Miriam Hopkins
B. J. Nolan Charles Winninger
Nina Tennison Leona Marie
Hunk Broderick Crawford
Doctor William Jaffrey
Secrecy Mary Frances Gifford

Kenneth Nolan Joel McCrea
Houri Saffron Erik Rhodes
Judy Ella Logan
Mr. Jud Charles Halton
Taxi Driver George Chandler

(Left) Virginia rallies her pals for the emergency. (Center) She meets the millionaire's son and forgets the troubles of the father. (Above) It was Henri's idea to take care of that million and Nina, too.

meant to take him away to England where she and Henri could enjoy spending his money. And Nina, knowing Kenneth's weakness, decided that a glass or two of brandy ought to do the trick.

It was Judy who discovered Nina's plot and Hunk took Kenneth in hand and steered him out into the garden before dinner, where V. Travis was waiting with a bottle of champagne they had found in the cellar. It was her birthday, she explained to Kenneth. And wouldn't he join her in a toast to the happy occasion?

Well, of course, Kenneth didn't drink, but he couldn't refuse a simple little politeness like that. He sat beside V. Travis on a marble bench. The moon was rising. In the house a radio was playing soft music. The champagne was full of bubbles and V. Travis' eyes were even more alluring. Kenneth had one glass, then another.

They got to comparing notes, as two people will when the moon is up and there is a bottle of champagne handy. It was really remarkable how much they shared in common. Escalators, for instance. They both loved to run up escalators that were going down.

"And I like to listen to wild geese flying," Kenneth said dreamily.

"Yes," whispered V. Travis settling her head more comfortably on his shoulder.

"And I adore holding my breath in the tub,"

"And I like to flip a cigarette into the ocean and hear it hiss when it goes out."

And I like to look at the moon—"

"They both looked solemnly at the moon."

"And I like to think how nice it would be to be able to talk to someone the way I'm talking to you now," Kenneth went on, getting her head closer, so her soft cheek touched his.

"And I like," he went on shyly, "I like—if you don't mind my saying so—"

"Oh not at all!"

"I like you!"

From an upstairs window B. J. Nolan, Hunk and Judy were watching breathlessly. Everything was going fine. At any moment V. Travis would have Kenneth's signature on the dotted line of a contract to finance Nolan Heights!

"This takes me back twenty years," sighed the fond father, "I once bought an oil well under much the same conditions."

"Look!" cried Judy, "He's kissing her!"

Kenneth was kissing V. Travis.

"After all, it's your birthday," he explained. "Happy birthday," he kissed her again. "And many of them."

"Gosh almighty!" Kenneth added suddenly.

"Gosh almighty me, too," said V. Travis breathlessly, "Do you know something? I like you!"

Kenneth made an heroic effort to come down to earth. "Mais non," better tell me what that business was you wanted to talk to me about? Signing something, wasn't it? You said it was something very important, don't you remember?"

"Did I?" said V. Travis sleepily, "I don't remember. And anyway . . . it's too nice out here to be thinking about anything important . . . Her voice trailed away. V. Travis had been lulled to sleep by champagne and kisses.

After she had been put to bed to get over the effects of the birthday party, Kenneth returned to Nina and Henri in great spirits.

"Do you know," he confided brightly, "I've found out that liquor doesn't make me want to buy things. I found out tonight that I'm more like my father than I thought. I want nothing.

"Then have some brandy?" Nina smiled. "It's delicious."

"I believe I will have a spot," Kenneth smiled, "Can't hurt me on top of champagne."

Not long after that Nina and Henri and Hunk and Judy were obliged to carry Kenneth up to his bedroom and tuck him in to sleep it off.

An hour later V. Travis waked to find B. J. Nolan working over her. She was able to understand now how she had failed to get the contract signed. Like a good, conscientious girl, she set out to find Kenneth and right matters.

Kenneth, too, had waked. He was feeling fine. In fact, never felt finer. He had impulses to sing. And he had even stronger impulses to go out and buy something. He started by going to his dressing room to put on his clothes. That was just when V. Travis entered his bedroom.

Before she could even speak with Ken- neth, Nina and Henri came bursting into the room. V. Travis barely had time to hide behind a curtain.

After she made sure that Kenneth really [Continued on page 67]
DOCTORS KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT LAXATIVES—DO YOU?

In protecting your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:
It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should not form a habit.
It should not act overact.
It should not cause stomach pains.
It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on every point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE
Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is not upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. 597, Box 120, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

WAKE UP AND LIVE
IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT AFTER SEEING THIS BRELLY MUSICAL—TWENTIETH CENTURY-Fox

TWENTIETH CENTURY crashes through with another of its musical satires, and for perfect entertainment this one is hard to beat. The story is based on the amusing story of the arrival in New York of one Jack Haley, who is hell-bent upon becoming a big radio star. But poor Jack takes one look at the mike and gets the worst mike fright imaginable.

There's one hysterical situation after another, with a final climax in Bernie's Manila Club that's a knockout for fun and cleverness. Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell play Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell—and perfectly. But most of the raves must go to Jack Haley, who at last comes into his own as a leading man. Also in the super cast are Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly as the wise-cracking Girl Friday, Ned Sparks as her fiancé Walter Gillett as a double-crossing agent, and Grace Bradley as a double-crossing girl friend. The Mack Gordon and Harry Revel music and lyrics are the best yet. And Joan Davis stops the show with a comic rhumba.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
A FAMOUS CHILDHOOD CLASSIC IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN—II, B.

The screen version of Mark Twain's well-beloved story is a thing of sheer delight. Furthermore it is tops in entertainment.

Bilby and Bobby Mauch, "as like as two peas in a pod," play little Edward, Prince of Wales (whose pappy was the infamous Henry VIII) and Tom Canty, the little pauper boy of the London slums, and the Mauch twins immediately take their place among the child marvels of Hollywood.

As you recall, on the eve of his Coronation Edward brings Tom into the palace and as a boisterous trick they change clothes. Edward is mistaken for Tom and the excitement begins. Errol Flynn, as a soldier of fortune, befriends the little lost prince, who is none other than Prince Edward, and, after much delightful swashbuckling and sword-thrusting, returns him to his throne just in time to save the Tudor line for dear old England.

Claude Rains is excellent, as usual, as the scheming Earl of Hertford, and so is Henry Stephenson as the kindly Earl of Norfolk.

Capra's Love's Henry VIII compares most favorably with that of Charles Laughton. But the picture belongs to the twins. It would almost seem that Mark Twain must have had them in mind.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
A POWERFUL TALE OF THE SEA—M-G-M
From Rudyard Kipling's famous book, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has evolved a gripping, heart-rending drama concerning a small boy's devotion to a man who saves his life at sea. Freddie Bartholomew again delights with a sincere, almost unbelievably fine interpretation of the spoiled rich man's son who is literally thrown in the midst of a rough but friendly crew of a small fishing vessel.

Spencer Tracy's characterization of the Portuguese fisherman, who rescues Freddie and teaches him to be a man, is one of the best of his career. Lionel Barrymore, as the captain of the boat, is splendid, as always. Charley Grapewin, Mickey Rooney, John Carradine, Melvyn Douglas and Jack La Rue are excellent in the leading supporting roles. Superb photography and fine, intelligent direction combine to make this one of the important pictures of the year.

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY
STRONG ON TITLE BUT WEAK ON PLOT—PARAMOUNT
The terrible thought-of-the-month is this: what this picture might have been without the very capable and charming performances of Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Some day there's going to be a law against such plots. It's the one about the poor little mother who is looking for her ha-bee (in this instance the kiddie was kidnapped by her gangster father, now deceased, and who suffers and suffers until she finally decides to make the big sacrifice.

But she is saved from the heavy and unwelcome attention of the noble young intern who has fallen in love with her, and who has been adopted by a rival gang because he once saved their leader's life. Lloyd Nolan and Stanley Ridges are perfect as the two gang leaders.

(Continued on page 58)
RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG
Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her gloriously clear, smooth skin

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe.

"A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it... Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 755-CF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ________

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Silver Screen 57
WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG
You Won't Go Wrong on This—Universal

A REFRESHING comedy drama about a small town girl who makes good in the big city. Not new in theme, certainly, but well-produced and with some new twists that are quite delightful. Virginia Bruce, as the young peasant girl who later blossoms into a musical comedy star, is handed the best role of her career, and proves beyond a doubt that she can really act. Kent Taylor, as the press agent, is also shown to good advantage.

Walter Brennan, Greta Meyer, Christian Rub, William Tannen, Sterling Holloway, Nylia Westman and Jack Smart are all excellent.

WAIIKIKI WEDDING
Almost As Good As A Trip To Hawaii—Paramount

A RIOT of fun, beautiful photography and captivating music, with Bing Crosby in the middle. It's a light story, all about a boy who thinks up the swell publicity stunt of selecting a pineapple queen to write her impressions of Hawaii—and the jam he gets in by doing it.

Bob Burns, as Bing's pal, has never been better, nor has Martha Raye. Shirley Ross, as the pineapple queen, is pleasing. George Barbier, Grady Sutton, Lief Erickson, Anthony Quinn, and others form the supporting cast. And Bing Crosby, our favorite crooner, is TERRIFIC.

A Chip of the Old Block

[Continued from page 25]

When he got to Chicago he telephoned some of his mother's friends to say hello. They offered him a job! He was so astonished he almost dropped the phone. For years he had one had one of these jobs to his credit, and this one he called to his luck. He decided to play up to it. He quickly redeemed the rest of his ticket and hopped a street car to the home of his friends.

He worked in the World's Fair—all kinds of jobs. In one sketch he played a Mexican ranch hand for who some reason wore boots and spurs. He was a hit. But that sketch, one was convinced, did not like him. He never knew why but he felt definitely that she had liked him and then as he thought about it, his old man forced him to make him nervous. Once as they were about to make their exit, he clucked his heels in the accustomed salute—and the spurs locked together! Move his feet he could not and the effort he made to free himself sent both of them flat on their faces on the stage.

The act brought down the house as well as the curtain and the scenery which he clutched as he fell. "It always discouraged me," Tyrone said, laughing in memory of it. "That my acting during the entire evening I never thought about until the spontaneous applause I received during that one ignominious moment."

It his story, the leading lady was low before this point I shudder to think to what depths it sank after that exhibition.

Tyrone is not addicted to any one type of part. That makes him restless. He likes to switch constantly from one thing to another—as he did in "Lords of London" and "Lover is News." A dramatic role one time, a comedy role the next. You'll never settle down and get used to him because he's not the settling kind. He's a bird on the wing.

And speaking of birds, he was scheduled to fly back to the Coast after his broadcast here. But during the broadcast his press representative got news of a crash in which thirteen people were killed and Tyrone decided to come out to the Coast, engaging other accommodations for him on the train. Tyrone cancelled those and rebooked his flying passage.

"Tell me if there's anything foolish when there has just been an accident?" I said to him after I talked with him the next day.

"Oh no," he replied earnestly. "No one stops driving a car just because there are accidents. I really believe in flying as a mode of travel. It is the coming thing. I felt a bit creepy when I heard of the crash but I'm over it now. If the weather was bad it would be different. It isn't intelligent to fly in bad weather, any more than it is to put out to sea in a row boat in a storm, unless it is vitally necessary to do so. But this is excellent flying weather, the studio needs me tomorrow—so I'm flying."

"Well I'll keep my fingers crossed anyway," I said furtively, and waited up for the next plane with the leading lady.

There you have him, as I see him. Charming, intelligent, with courage and ability. I think he's a long term winner. Meet me in ten years and see if I'm right.

He'll be an old man then and of no interest to anyone? Oh I don't know. He'll be thirty three, Nelson Eddy is thirty five they say, and he seems to interest quite a lot of people.
It's their Birthday...but Your Gift!

Mothers—ACCEPT THIS
"DIONNE BIRTHDAY BOOK"

The whole world shares a thrill of joy as those darling Dionne babies toddle past their third milestone—"bigger and better than ever!

"Lysol" disinfectant celebrates with a birthday gift for you! Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's own thrilling story of the methods used in bringing up his five famous little wards. Illustrated with many of their most appealing photographs! Free with each purchase of "Lysol"!

Use "Lysol" in all your household cleaning. Add "Lysol" to the laundry tub for washing towels, bedding, handkerchiefs, etc., especially when there is any sickness about. "Lysol" adds no work; hardly any cost—because it is highly concentrated. Get "Lysol" today and ask your druggist for a free copy of Dr. Dafoe's valuable book!

FREE! AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
with every purchase of "LYSOL"

If your druggist is out of these books, send "Lysol" carton and coupon below and we will mail you a copy, absolutely free and postpaid.

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. 6-S-S, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

I am enclosing a carton from "Lysol". Please send me, by prepaid post, a FREE copy of Dr. Dafoe's book. My druggist's supply was exhausted.

Name
Street
City
State

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suits and one necktie during the entire opus, already began to look in retrospect like the happiest days of my life," Cary sighed most convincingly.

"I was on my way out, relaxing in the anticipation of a good dinner at home, and early bed, when the gentleman at the R-K-O door stopped me with a script. To be studied for the next morning's scenes. And, oh yes, we were to be on location at six A.M. Just a little after-thought.

"So I steved in venomous thoughts all the way to Santa Monica, where Randy Scott and I have bachelor's digs. That is, we did have. It appeared now that Cary didn't live there any more. Randy has forsaken his bachelor state, and his very charming wife, together with several South ern friends, arrived that day for a visit, unexpectedly. During the excitement, they had been kind enough to find a house next door for me to live in—and I am not unmindful of my luck and their consideration.

But when the question, the very moot question, arose—where do I eat?—nobody seemed to know."

("That's why he looked so gaunt and wistful when I met him, the poor lamb. He was hungry!"

Then—great day—Tony, who had disappeared suddenly from Hollywood, was located in Palm Springs by one of Cary's trusted sleuths.

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Peculiarities of Picture Making

[Continued from page 27]

And think of Robert Taylor who started out to stage a little private war all of his own with the road hogs of California. His campaign was to be directed against three types of motorists—drivers of big expensive cars who crowd smaller cars off the high way, those who scoff at the little cars and prevent them from passing, and the type who always invites a race when you try and pass him in heavy traffic. Bob's weapon was to be humiliation. He went out and bought a cracking, battered Model 'T' tin-lizzie coupe, fifteen years old, but right smart, and pass on for all that! Driving it, he intended to challenge any road hog in town. The "old wreck," you probably surmise, would out-distance almost any stock car, because hidden under its hood was a supercharged motor which, in speed tests, had reached 110 miles per hour. It looked like a piece of junk on the outside, but on the inside it had enough gadgets to humiliate any big-car driver who sneered it on its way.

So, as we said before, Bob was all set to have his fun, when suddenly his studio heard about it and a clause was hastily put in his contract forbidding him to ride in that "Blamed Thing." Thus his fun and private little war ended somewhat abruptly, much to his regret.

And Ronald Colman has a clause saying he shall not be called upon to speak the last line of any production during tests. This is because he believes it is bad luck to speak the "tag" of a picture or play at any time except at the end of the show, and then only from the stage or set.

But oddities of all are those in the contracts of Spencer Tracy and Charlie Murray, allowing them to be ardent circus fans. They can leave off work in pictures and attend any circus whenever one comes to Hollywood. Last to leave the circus grounds are always Spencer Tracy and Charlie Murray.

The other Bob of Charles Boyer allows him to make one picture in his native France per year.

But best of all is the Greta Garbo clause saying she must never become engaged! As if the great Greta ever would!

When Stars Are Pals

[Continued from page 29]

sweethart going into ecstasies about another beautiful woman. And you would have every right to believe that an actress just from the footlights, particularly in Europe—would resent the appearance of a rival as formidable as La Rainer.

But, you would think wrong. Jeanette was one of the first to greet Luise when she came to the studio. She realized that she was lonely and bewildered by Hollywood and that she was worried because her English was not perfect.

Jeanette gave Luise invaluable tips about Hollywood and spent long hours helping the foreign girl with her English.

Many stories have been told about how Margo got her first big break in pictures. The truth is that the person responsible was Helen Hayes. Margo had been singing
"It really began with this snapshot"

T’d heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me, naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

"I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

"He said he’d rather I’d take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that’s how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot."

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don’t take chances...use it always...Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.
at the Coconut Grove. On the last night of her engagement she suddenly decided to dance, signaled to Xavier Cugat, the orchestra leader, for a rhumba and went into a wild improvisation. She was movement and rhythm and fire.

It happened that Helen Hayes and Charlie McArthur were there that night. Helen leaned forward, "Watch that girl, Charlie, she's marvelous. Can't we arrange a test for her?"

The test was arranged because of Helen's insistence and a few weeks later Margo was playing a principal role in a Henry Koster production. And so about those stories about actresses who resent any new, exciting, young woman's competition?

Joan Crawford's loyalties to other actresses are legion. Julie Haydon, Gail Patrick, Evelyn Knapp are but a few who have known her warm aid. You know that when Joan was on her honeymoon in New York she read of Loretta Young's illness and heard a rumor that Loretta was solely in need of funds. She picked up the telephone instantly and called a friend in Hollywood with the request that he go to Loretta and offer all the financial assistance necessary. Joan's friend met Barbara Stanwyck there—another who had immediately rushed to Loretta's aid.

But well known is Joan's loyalty to Madge Evans. When Joan saw Madge in "Lovers Courageous" she raved over her performance and prophesied a great future. But somehow, Madge didn't seem to get the breaks.

She was terribly unhappy and discouraged and she used to drop into Joan's dressing room for the tonic of the star's vitality and understanding. When Joan moved into the newly built studio dressing room for stars only, she went to an executive and asked that Madge be given her other dressing room—a three room suite with a shower Joan had had especially built in.

Then, one night, Joan went to the Trocadero to a party given by the Goldwyn's. She found herself sitting next to Nick Schenck. Joan, herself, was unhappy with the role she was assigned. She was eager for stories that would give her a chance to do real dramatic acting. And here was a chance of a lifetime. With Schenck in a friendly party mood it would be a great opportunity to grind her own axe. But did she? Ask Joe Schenck what she talked about with Madge Evans.

The producer looked at her in amazement while she launched into a verbal campaign that would put the most silver-tongued orator to shame. For over an hour she told Schenck what a marvelous actress Madge was, what great possibilities she had and begged him, as a personal favor, to see that she be given big dramatic roles.

There has been plenty of gossip concerning Katharine Hepburn's temperament, her temper and her rudeness. But you had better not repeat any of it to Fred Stone.

When fiery Kate was working on "Alice Adams" she—like everyone else in the cast—fell in love with Fred. And if you're fond of Fred one of the penalties is hearing about his daughters. Paula, Dotty and Carol—well, say, those kids could do no wrong. Morning, noon and night Katharine heard their praises sung. Paula and Dotty were in Hollywood. Fred would, he conceded one day, be perfectly happy if Carol were with him.

Unbeknownst to Fred, Kate arranged through the RKO New York office for Carol to have a test. It turned out fine and Kate had the exquisite pleasure of telling Stone that his other daughter was soon to join the happy group. If Hepburn wanted thanks she got it when the tears spilled down Fred's impressive, bulbous nose.

Speaking of the possibility of a rival reminds me of another one about Ginger Rogers. Harriet Hilliard had been given a test in New York. When Mark Sandrich saw it he gave Harriet the second lead in "Follow the Fleet." At that time Ginger and Harriet did not know each other but Ginger showed her makeup secrets, coached her in her lines and did everything to help a girl who was typed to play the very same sort of rôles Ginger plays.

On the first day of the picture Ginger had only about an hour's work—Harriet had a full day. But Ginger stuck around until the cast was dismissed, talking with Harriet and kidding with her, making her forget herself, for she knew how nervous Harriet would be. By the time the picture was finished they were fast friends and had Harriet's baby been a girl it would have been named for Ginger.

But when the reviews of "Follow the Fleet" appeared most of the critics pointed out that Harriet had stolen the feminine honors from Ginger. And the columnists wondered how Ginger felt about it. Well, I can tell you Ginger felt fine. She saved all the reviews praising Harriet's work and was as pleased as a mother hen with an only chick. The girls are even better friends today than they were before those criticisms were printed.

This will give you just a sketchy idea about some of the loyalties of Hollywood stars.

But the wonderful thing about it all is that when a star helps another actress she definitely keeps her mouth shut about her. Her loyalties are invariably untold so far as she is concerned. The recipients of the kindliness are the ones who repeat the incidents. And that—it seems to me—is pretty grand.
Champions vs.
The Screen

[Continued from page 23]

I am wondering what camera disposition will be made of Helen Wills Moody, the tennis champ who is currently negotiating a contract. Tennis will not be so difficult to photograph as golf, but it will not be so spectacular as Miss Henie's sport. In tennis, again, the camera will have to interrupt rhythm to show the start of the shot and the place where the ball lands. The former Helen Wills should photograph better than Sonja, I think. She is much the better looking of the two and the tennis champ has a million dollar smile when she relaxes her poker face. Her voice should record well, too, and her general personality is one that will appeal to movie goers, because she is an awfully nice person.

Whether or not Mrs. Moody will permit the movies to surround her with the Ritz brothers and Ned Sparks and Borrah Minnevitch remains to be seen. If Helen Wills Moody, reared in the Forest Hills and Wimbledon tradition, shies away from a supporting cast of robust, slapstick comedians, she will be a movie flop.

What will happen now, of course, is that the phenomenal success of Sonja Henie will create a cycle of sporty personality flicks. Zanuck has blazed the trail. Other feminine ice skaters will be grabbed by the talent scouts, and golfers, tennis players, quaint chuckers and ping pong pushers will arise and as quickly fade.

But the movie makers had better study the formula that Zanuck used to such good effect with the Norwegian Olympic champion. He placed her in a musical setting, supported her with great comedy and a great cast, gave her a fine, natural story and introduced, for the first time, a switch on the typical backstage story. Other producers, I'm afraid, won't be as fortunate, because Sonja Henie's "One In A Million" was, figuratively and literally, a million to one shot.

Zanuck, in this picture, really hit a new high mark. I've never given him great credit for taking established stage stars and getting results from them. In taking Sonja Henie, however, and creating a film star out of the rawest material, Zanuck rates all the bows. He created something in this instance that is a recommendation of his imagination. The complete story has not yet been told, either, Sonja, in the foreign market, will be a greater box-office attraction than she has been in this country.

Zanuck parlayed a pair of skates into a $2,500,000 attraction, I think he's got something there. I do indeed.

Fredric March, Kay Francis and Mrs. Florence Eldredge March at a costume party. Freddie represents the absent-minded professor who drank hair tonic by mistake.

Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!

This free Fleischmann Ice Card from your grocer

wait another day! Start now to save yeast labels for this wonderful book of 20 dance cards by Arthur Murray! This book is not for sale. The key to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for 27 days. The label from each cake, when you get the free Fleischmann Dance Card you can get your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 21 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York, City. And be sure to include your name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: "STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES." Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimplies break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimplies by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

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Silver Screen 63
LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed of to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely “glamorize.” They create a new “YOU”!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihite I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luxurious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihite is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That’s why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America. Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of Daye and Nihite shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihite at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihite shades of face powder.

Ambition’s Little City

[Continued from page 19]

these people to the Film Capital? Let’s be honest and say that the chief attraction is money, or the fame that can be converted into money. The fabulous salaries paid to the successful in Hollywood are sufficient to explain its worldwide allure. But money alone is not the whole story. That army of hopeful human beings which is constantly moving toward Hollywood is motivated chiefly by the knowledge that the motion picture industry offers larger and more varied opportunities for talent than any other medium on earth.

New God forbid that I should plant the seed of a false hope in the breast of any reader of this magazine! While it is true that Hollywood is full of dazzling opportunities and dizzy rewards for the successful, it is just as grimly true that there are a thousand failures, a thousand heartbreaks for every such success. Nor does success or failure depend necessarily upon true worth or the lack of it. Pure luck plays an important part in every outstanding Hollywood career.

All right, you may say at this point, with some impatience, we realize that luck plays a part in every success, in any walk of life. What we want to know is this—How does one go about selling one’s self in Hollywood? How does one sell a song or a scenario? How does one sell one’s talent as an actor?

There are as many answers to the question:—How do I break into the movie game—as there are people trying to make that break. Every case is different; but without attempting the hopeless task of solving this problem, I can say that, in general, the person with experience or training has more chance of success than the inexperienced and untrained person.

This is particularly true in the field of writing, with which I am most familiar. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for an unknown writer to sell a story to a Hollywood studio. The reason is simple. All the studios are afraid of plagiarism suits. Therefore their policy is to return unsolicited manuscripts from an unknown writer.

The other day I sold a story to one of the major studios after a ten minute conversation with the story editor. All I had written on paper was the title. A short time ago, I sold another story to a thirteen-page synopsis. Pretty soft, you may say. But don’t forget that I have been a professional writer for some twenty odd years. In plain words, I have learned my trade. That makes all the difference in the world.

The same thing is true of musicians, directors and producers. A Class “A” picture costs anywhere from three hundred thousand to a million or two dollars. It is only logical that the studios want experienced men and women to handle that much money.

It is when we turn to the field of acting that we find our rules for success badly scrambled and our preconceived ideas knocked into a cocked hat. I have talked with many producers, casting directors and talent scouts and while they all begin by saying that acting experience is essential to success in Hollywood, they immediately begin to cite cases which disprove that dictum and leave the whole question where it probably always will be—high up in the air.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the various ways and means by which Hollywood’s actors and actresses reach prominence on the
screen by citing a number of actual cases which have come to my notice. If you, the reader, can formulate any fixed rule of procedure from these cases, then you are better at puzzles than I am.

Let's start with Marlene Dietrich. Miss Dietrich once upon a time was an unknown girl working in a Berlin studio. She was getting nowhere fast. An assistant director, who was interested in her, gave her a monocle to wear. It was his idea that the monocle would reflect the light from the klieg lamps and thus attract attention to the girl. It did. The director noticed her and gave her a "bit" in the picture. Miss Dietrich made good and the rest is history. The assistant director, incidentally, was rewarded later on. Miss Dietrich married him.

Alice Faye, brilliant young Twentieth-Century Fox star, became a screen luminary by accident. The accident happened to Lilian Harvey, who was playing the lead in George White's "Scandals." Miss Harvey, at the outset of the production, injured her foot. Alice Faye had been engaged to do a single number in the picture. When Miss Harvey retired, Miss Faye was rushed into the lead. She was a hit, and went on to stardom.

Fredric March got his big chance in pictures by an intelligent bit of self-advertising. Like thousands of others, he had found it hard to crash the studio gates, until he learned that there was to be a Los Angeles production of the stage play, "The Royal Family." By fast work and determined effort, Freddie secured the lead in that production. He figured that every movie producer in town would come to see him play that part, which was a stage portrait, supposedly, of John Barrymore. Freddie guessed right. The movie moguls came, and Freddie's performance put him where he really belonged, in the big picture money.

Clark Gable's rise to picture fame was by the same route. Clark had banged at the extra gates with little success until he appeared in the Los Angeles stage presentation of "The Last Mile." His performance in that play was the first step in his rise to stardom.

On the other hand, Fay Bainter, who was born in Los Angeles and who has played there in some of her distinctive stage successes, has only recently found the high place in pictures which is deservedly hers. Miss Bainter is one of the few great American actresses, she has been on the stage since she was four years old and has played the lead in any number of stage hits, the last of which was "Dodsworth," in which she created the rôle that Ruth Chatterton played on the screen. Yet it was not until this winter that her performance in R-K-O Radio's film version of "Quality Street," and her even greater performance in that same studio's picture, "Michael Strogoff," assured Miss Bainter of a sustained motion picture career.

Shirley Temple, eight years old on April 23, blowing out the candles on her birthday cake.
Jack Oakie staged a “Gone With the Wind” party.
Jean Hersolt, Heather Angel, Pat O’Brien, Mrs. O’Brien and Joe E. Brown (behind the moustache).

The movie debut of the three Ritz Brothers, those inspired zanies of stage and screen, was a direct result of their show at the Ticonderoga, Hollywood’s famous nightclub. At the same site, Tony Martin sang his way into Twentieth Century Fox contract. Martha Raye did her stuff at the Casa Noval, another Hollywood cafe, and landed a contract with Paramount.

Bing Crosby, a graduate of the Los Angeles Ambassador’s popular Coconut Grove, Raquel Torres started her career as an usherette at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. The stuff liked the beautiful little German-Spanish girl and gave her the prized post at the entrance. This was equivalent to placing her in a spotlighted goldfish bowl. It wasn’t long before her beauty engaged the attention of a director, and Miss Torres was on her way to fame.

The fact that Shirley Temple was born within ten miles of the Elisa Mecca probably simplified her amazing career. With unusual foresight, Shirley chose Santa Monica as her birthplace. At the age of three, she began to attend a dancing school for juveniles. Shortly, with a number of companions, she was chosen for a small part in a series of short comedies entitled “Baby Burlesks.” Her striking personality and extraordinary ability won her a role in Paramount’s “Little Miss Marker.” (If I am not mistaken, it was Ben Schulberg who first recognized the full scope of the child’s genius.) Then Fox borrowed her for “Stand Up and Cheer” and the incredible youngster was launched upon a career that is unparalleled in pictures.

But the lure of Hollywood is not limited to its own immediate vicinity. Jane Withers, probably the foremost child character actor in the world, was born in Atlanta, Georgia. When she was not quite seven, her mother brought her to Hollywood with a definite determination to place her in the movies. For two years and six months, little Jane and her courageous mother battled to overcome the colossal indifference of the great film executives. Jane sang and did impersonations on the radio, she appeared in innumerable benefits, she played unimportant “bits” in several pictures. Then in October, 1933, Mrs. Withers heard that David Butler was looking for a little girl to play the part of a brat in Shirley Temple’s picture, “Bright Eyes.” Mrs. Withers took Jane to see Mr. Butler, and with the help of James Ryan, the casting director, Jane contrived to run through her repertoire of impersonations for the director. She ended her performance with an imitation of a machine-gun. The machine-gun did it. Jane got the part, and is now a star in her own right.

It was the famous California climate—(which at this writing is infamously cold and rainy)—that attracted to Los Angeles the parents of the young girl, still in her teens, who is Hollywood’s latest sensation. I refer to Deanna Durbin, the truly meteoric young star of Universal’s smash-hit picture “Three Smart Girls.” Miss Durbin was born of English parents in Winnipeg, Canada, on December 4, 1922. Just a year later, doctors told James Durbin, Deanna’s...
father, that he must leave the rigorous climate of Winnipeg for his health. So the Durbins moved to Southern California.

Then in 1935 a certain lady happened to hear Deanna sing at a neighborhood social gathering. This lady telephoned a friend of hers, an actor's agent named Jack Sherrill. Mr. Sherrill knew that the M-G-M studio was considering the production of a picture based on the life of the late Mme. Schumann-Heink. The studio wanted to find a young actress in her teens to portray the elderly actress as a girl. Mr. Sherrill arranged to be present that afternoon in the home of Deanna's singing teacher while Deanna was having her lesson. The result was an M-G-M contract for Deanna.

Incidentally, Louis B. Mayer, production head of Metro, was in New York at the time. Deanna sang for him over the long-distance phone, and Mr. Mayer immediately wired his congratulations to the new contract player whom he had never seen.

These cases that I have mentioned are only a few of many I might cite to prove my thesis, which is that Hollywood today attracts artists of all kinds and all ages. For instance Stephen Gooson, art director in chief at Columbia, who is responsible for the sets in Frank Capra's latest master-piece "Lost Horizon," came to Hollywood by way of the University of Michigan, Syracuse University, Immucci Academy in Rome and the Academy of Paris. Dan Grossbeck, who designed the costumes for that same picture, is a well-known illustrator and painter of murals; and Dmitri Tiomkin, who wrote the remarkable score, is a distinguished Russian composer who finds in Hollywood both opportunity and inspiration.

As for myself, it has taken me ten years to transfer my allegiance from New York to Hollywood. I still have moments when I miss the excitement of New York, its frenzied crowds, its fury of accomplishment, its theatre, its superior newspapers, its art, its loud riveting machines, its lordly cops and little people rushing toward nervous breakdowns. But I haven't time to go into that here. I have an appointment in a few minutes with an architect who is going to build me a house on a lot I have bought in Coldwater Canyon, Los Angeles, California.

Love Traps A Million

[Continued from page 55]

was in the room and safe for the night, Nina ordered Henri to stand guard over the door. She did not mean to let V. Travis get near Kenneth while he was in that buying mood.

V. Travis was cut off from retreat by Henri who took up guard duty outside the door. Her only way out was via the window, beside which stood a fine old elm tree. She crawled out onto its broad branch. But unfortunately she caught her dress and couldn't get up or down. There was nothing to do but inform Kenneth of her plight.

Kenneth was in that golden mood when nothing is impossible. His love was in distress. He meant to rescue her like the knight that he was. Then they'd go some place and bury something—lots of things! He handed her the bridge lamp through the window and they hung it in the branches. Then he passed out a chair. Finally he arrived in person, singing happily—

"People don't know what they're missing, staying out of love," he beamed. "Shall I get another chair?"

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SILVER SCREEN C7
"Is anybody else coming?" she asked, a little surprised.
"I didn’t invite anybody. Did you?"
"Only you."
"Only me!" he declaimed. "In a tree. All night. We'll make a world of our own—"

His arm was about V. Travis. In her pocket his hand encountered a folded document. "What's this?"
"Ah, never mind that now," she sighed.
"It's just a contract."— "Contract? Kenneth was all interest."
"For Nolan Heights, eh? I'll buy it."
"Buy it tomorrow," she said, snuggling closer.

"Gimme a pen and I'll sign it now. No sense sitting in a tree all your life planning. The alive thing to do is to do it. Gimme a pen—" V. Travis' conscience gave her a twinge.
"Oh, Kenneth, are you being... sensible?"
"Sensible! I'm sick unto death of that word."
"Oh, darling! May I call you darling?"
"Yea! darling!"
"This is what I wanted you to be like," she said, her eyes radiant. "It's... it's a miracle!"
"A shining miracle come to pass," she answered happily. "And you did it! And I will thank you for it! And I will love you for it!"

"You will... what?" Her cup of happiness was full and running over.
"Love you for it. Forever and the day after. Gimme a pen!"

"A pen!" Her face fell. "I forgot the pen!"

"Tree service!" Kenneth shouted. "Tree service!"

His roar brought Hunk and Judy out of the house. "Bring a fountain pen up here, right away," said Kenneth.
"Yea, man!" Hunk shouted.
"Make sure there's ink in it. And bring a blotter, Judy," V. Travis added.

The upcar brought Nina and Henri on the run. "Kenneth, what are you doing there?" Nina screamed.

"We're being Adam and Eve in a tree!" Kenneth leaned far over, beaming happily at Nina. "And guess what... I'm putting all my money into Nolan Heights!"
"No... wait!" Nina screamed. She started to swarm up the tree.

"You keep out of this tree," V. Travis shouted.

Hunk rushed out with the fountain pen.

Henri jumped him and tried to take it away.

"Kenneth, you don't know what you're doing!"

"Hunk," Kenneth roared back. "Hunk, the pen!"

Hunk broke loose from Henri. He held the fountain pen in his teeth and started up into the tree.

"Stop him, Henri!" Nina screeched.

Hunk was halfway toward the first big branch. Henri swarmed over Judy, using her face as a steering stone. Judy bit Henri in the leg. That gave Henri an idea. Hunk was just in reach above him. He bit Hunk's leg. Hunk said, "Ouch," and dropped the pen.

"Gimme the papers," Kenneth commanded. Hunk had recaptured the pen. Handed back to him by Judy. This time he gave it a toss and Kenneth caught it.

"Where's the dotted line?" he demanded.

By now Nina had reached the first branch. "Kenneth," she screamed. "If you sign that I'll faint." She looked about, choosing a safe branch to faint on. Kenneth, paying no attention, was looking for the dotted line.

Having selected a safe looking branch Nina leaned back carefully and fainted. The branch promptly broke and Nina reached the lawn below with an audible plunk and this time it looked as if she had fainted.

They all peered down at her, horror struck. Hunk rushed to her side. "Oh my darling," he gasped. "Don't leave me. I cannot bear it. Remember the pledge we made to our love that night on the River Ganges."

"What night on the River Ganges?" Kenneth demanded. "Hey, what is this?"


"What kind of uncle talk is this?" Judy demanded.

"I am not her uncle," Henri answered, defying them all.

"You fool!" Nina snapped as Kenneth signed the contract on the dotted line.

"Shut up!" said Henri. "I love you!" He picked her off the lawn and slung her over his shoulder. "From now on, he announced to the world, "I will be proud of me."

And in the rereport Kenneth blotted his signature and turned to V. Travis to seal the bargain with a kiss.
surprise jolt when it learned that the very fine English actor, Basil Rathbone, had a "secret son."

At nineteen, Basil was swept into an impetuous World-War marriage, and later, a son was born in London, whom he named Rodion. After his romance crashed, he set forth to win fame as an actor, while the boy remained in London with his mother. Coming to America, Basil remarried, and few knew of this early chapter in his life.

There have been a few brief meetings between father and son and last summer it was planned that Rodion should journey to Hollywood for a visit. Then occurred one of those ironical incidents that frequently punctuate the life of the screen player; before his son arrived, Basil was called to London for an important film engagement and the two passed each other en route, without even a chance of a "Hello!"

The tall, distinguished Rodion arrived and immediately conquered Hollywood, all on his own. The high point of his visit being that he developed a terrific crush on pretty Olivia de Havilland, calling her the ideal girl of the world, and having no eyes for other screen charmers. Now, having graduated from Cambridge this spring, Rodion is coming to Hollywood for a lengthy stay and his father is exuberantly excited about it.

"The boy followed my father's footsteps rather than mine in his education, by becoming an electrical engineer, but the acting profession intrigues him tremendously and he may try his luck on the screen. I would be very proud were he to become an actor and I shall encourage him, but the final decision will be his. One must choose his own career if he is to be happy in it. Whatever comes from this visit, I shall have the great joy of his companionship and, at last, my son will be a reality. This is something I've dreamed about for many years."

A recent Hollywood laugh came with the clever hoax put over by Carol Hughes, one of the most promising of the new starlets; she was at the Warner Brothers studio for almost a year before anyone knew she had a husband and a six-year-old daughter. Her story is one of youth and optimism.

Carol and her handsome young husband, Frank Faylen, had been vaudeville headliners for several years when it occurred to them to try the movies. They determined to win or lose on their own, each to start out independently, and the way to do this was not to mention their marriage. After several good roles in Warner Brothers' pictures, topping off with her priceless weeping-widow performance in "Three Men On A Horse," the studio hastened to put Carol under contract. In the meantime, Frank's excellent work in various films at the same studio interested the executives and he was given a contract. All this, and still absolutely no one guessed that these two promising new players even knew each other.

"It wasn't difficult to keep our secret," confided Carol. "Everyone seemed to think I was too young to have a family and, of course, I never mentioned it. If anybody asked for a date I explained, very sweetly, that I had a steady boy friend, and that always ended that. We each had our separate telephone number and soon learned that my calls for dates came around seven-thirty in the evening and Frank would answer them, pretending he was the Japanese houseboy—you should hear his accent—it is perfect. We're very happy, Frank, our daughter Catherine and I, and spend all our play hours together, either swimming, etc."
skating, playing tennis or riding, which lessened the risk. Then, after almost a year, when we both had won our contracts, the story leaked out, which was just as well. But it was fun while it lasted.

Ann Sheridan, another Warner Brothers' beauty, tried the secrecy routine when her elopement to Mexico last August and married Edwards Norris, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract player. No sooner was the wedding over than they began worrying as to what their studios would say, each fearing for the other's career, and the only way out seemed to be to keep it a secret. It worked beautifully for several months, then some inquisitive snooper discovered the records at Edwards and the newspapers flashed the story. Much to Ann's and Edward's surprise, neither studio minded in the least.

Then, the marriage of Constance Bennett. When she returned to Hollywood several years ago to resume her film career, following a marriage and divorce from Philip Pine, the baby was found to be a boy surrounded by the greatest mystery. Rumors flew wildly in every direction; he was the child of a relative, of an old family friend, and it was even whispered that he was Constance's. For a long time the baby was taboo with writers discussing the eldest Bennett, her great devotion for the handsome, brilliant boy finally gave the news away that he was her very own son, Peter Plant.

It is above time, in this goldfish bowl of Hollywood, where the relentless spotlight is forever penetrating the private lives of screen players, that any pages of "secret happiness" could remain hidden and each disclosure is new evidence that actors are, indeed, masters of their art.

Picturing on the Fire

[Continued from page 54]

he goes to the Firefly Night Club with Grady sutton (Charlie Grapewin) and with another girl. Charlie is curious that his plans are being tampered with so he calls Grady to his table, leaving Eleanor alone. She orders a girl with Johnny to go to the store for something, leaving Johnny alone. So Eleanor and Johnny get together. Eleanor, knowing Grady has only money, ordered more enthusiastically than wisely. When she's left with Johnny they're in a pickle because he hasn't much money with them. They're stalling in the night club, trying to buy some way out and the waiter is becoming suspicious. He keeps eying them until at last Johnny calls her over.

The waiter comes eagerly. "Check, sir," he asks.

"No," John replies promptly. "Another glass of water."

The waiter scowls but pours the water and as he does so Johnny rubs at the check he has in his hand. He almost faints when he sees the total. The waiter catches him peering at it and scowls at him. Johnny smiles weakly.


The waiter stands there while they drink their water and then fills the glasses up again. He orders the water, but a little later Johnny calls him back for more water.

Of course, it's a gag but the director keeps taking the scene over and over until those kids must have drunk a gallon of water apiece before he finally calls "Print it."

They stagger over to the bench where
I'm sitting, "Come over and have a cocktail," Johnny suggests politely.

"A water cocktail?" I ask scathingly.

Eleanore has never looked as pretty as she does today. She has on a white brocaded evening gown, lavishly trimmed in white fox fur. "Be sure to mention her coiffure," Carmen, the hairdresser on the set, whispers. "I invented it myself and it's very unusual. It's parted in the center all the way down the back. There are two rolls on each side of the part, and, as you can see, she's wearing a little jeweled clip under each roll."

It's a very trying hair dress and not many girls could wear it but it's mighty becoming to Eleanore. There being nothing more to see at Paramount this month, I leave for—

United Artists

If MR. GOLDSWYN makes the most artistic pictures in Hollywood, the other producer on this lot makes the most consistently entertaining. I'm referring to Walter Wanger.

This month he's just putting "Vogues of 1938" into production.

In this opus Warner Baxter is the world's most famous couturier. He's married to Helen Vinson, which is a job in itself, aside from his dress designing. He designs a wedding gown for Joan Bennett but Joan wants him to hold up delivery so she won't have to be married so soon. He refuses because he doesn't want to impair his reputation. But he helps her to run away. Her family disowns her, so she has to go to work. The same day Helen walks out on Warner. He starts to make the night spots to forget, but Joan insists upon going along to help him forget. Next morning she starts work as a model at his shop (it would have to be a shoppe) and Helen breezes in, eyes flashing lire. Warner, seeing the uselessness of trying to argue with her, calls Joan in. Then in his best prosecuting attorney manner, he says:

"Miss Van Klettering, my wife's attention has been called—by certain gossips—to the incidents of last night in numerous and salacious night clubs. You were present. I understand, when Mr. Curson (Warner, himself) made a spectacle of himself in certain refined and luxurious joints."

"I was," Joan admits quietly.

"Did Mr. Curson, either in the night clubs, in taxicabs, or subsequently, in the milk wagon, make what is vulgarly known as a "pass" at you?"

"No," says Joan, and then as Warner turns triumphantly away, she adds, "Unfortunately."

"What?" he shouts, whirling around again.

"It wasn't very flattering to feel I was just a stooge for a broken heart," Joan tells him.

Warner turns briskly to his wife. "Any questions?"

"Now that I've seen her—none," says Helen nastily. Then she smiles and reaches for his hand.

"Thank you, my dear," says Warner in every business-like way. "Now, I've got to work."

And with that he leaves.

Although this picture is being shot in Technicolor I notice the absence of make-up on the players. Any of them could go out on the street with the little they have on. It's a new process.

"You know," Warner informs me, "since I've seen the rushes of myself in this picture I hope I'll never have to work in another black and white film. This process has taken ten years off my looks."

Irving Cummings, one of the best directors in the business, is handling this. There's no reason technicolor pictures should take any longer than any others.

* * *

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he tells me, "I've only asked for the regulation schedule and we're not a day behind, either."

I say he is one of the best directors advisedly. They rehearse this scene over and over. The overture is a mis-thought. During rehearsal if he thinks one of them could hesitate at one point to get over a line better, they rehearse it again the new way. If he thinks by pausing on a certain word it would heighten the effect, they do it again and pause. I think all young actors should be directed by Irving Cummings in their first two pictures. They'll learn more from him that way than they would pick up in two years by themselves.

But I can't stay here all day. There's work to be done so I continue to-

Universal

I GUESS I was too optimistic when I said this was a dull month in the studio. It seems there are FOUR pictures going out here.

Of course, the most important is "The Road Block"—the sequel to the never-to-be-forgotten "All Quiet On the Western Front." Unfortunately, Lew Ayres, who played the lead in "All Quiet" was killed at the end so he can't be in this one. In fact, the only one in this one who was in the original is Slim Summerville. And I wish you could get a load of his hair. All the hair he has on his head is a widow's peak, down front.

Andy Devine and Richard Cromwell are in this sequel. It is just as the armistice is signed. Our whole gang of heroes walk out over No Man's Land, looking towards the French trenches, secure in the knowledge they're not going to be shot at.

"Four years we've been here," Slim says soberly, "Four years—and then it just fizzles out." He pauses and suddenly gives a short laugh. Then he becomes serious again. "Funny, isn't it?"

With that Slim turns and climbs out onto the plain, the others following. They look out in silence towards the West—over the sunburned earth and splintered trees. A low autumn mist is lying close to the ground. It is some time before one of the boys (Henry Hunter) turns away, "Well, let's go," he says.

But Dick Cromwell lingers, his eyes on the horizon. "A lot of us lying out there," he whispers, and then, after a pause, "Brant, and Mueller—Kat and Haie—"

"Paul Baumer," John King continues.

"Bartowsky—Sandkuhl—Meinert—Hugger—"

Bartowsky was the part Lew Ayres played in "All Quiet." And the others—William Bakewell, Ben Alexander, Russell Gleason, Owen Davis, Jr., and Louis Wolheim. What memories those names bring back!

"I've been in a hospital," Cromwell volubly.

"I'm sorry," I apologize, "I didn't know. I'd have come to see you."

"Had to have the septum taken out of my nose. Sinus trouble," Dick rattles along cheerfully.

So we come to "Oh, Doctor!" featuring Edward Everett Horton, Ed Brophy and Bill Demarest. And there is also a newcomer in the cast named Eve Arden who is what you might safely call a looker.

The overture is a mis-thought. When Demarest is leaning out the window, as he goes to draw his head in he straightens up and gives it an awkward crack. He's still standing in the divan head, opening his aching head when the door opens and Eve strolls in.

"Hey!" she yells at her indiscriminately. "Let's have a little dignity around this office. When I ring the buzzer, come on in. See?" "I like your whistle better," Eve says unconcernedly. "And what was so important?"

"Is it all right to put a red ten on a black jack?" he asks, pointing to a game of solitaire he has laid out on his desk.

"Yes," she says, "but did you ever hear the story of the man who committed suicide when he caught himself cheating at solitaire? Catchy?"

Just then the door bursts open and Brophy dashes in.

"Boy, oh, boy!" he chortles. "I got a house even—I didn't kick about. "He's Horton—a rich hypochondriac they're planning to kill.

"What does he want a house for?" Eve flips. "I thought all he needed was a mausoleum."

"Belongs to a guy named Rodney Cummins," Brophy gushes, pulling out pictures.

"He's a swimming coach."

"Champ," Eve corrects him.

Brophy hands Demarest a picture which the three of them study. "It's a little large for me I guess I'll do," Demarest finally concludes.

"That's the guest house," Brophy informs him disgustedly, snatching the picture away and handing him another. "This is the chateau."

"You sure it isn't the world's fair ground?" Eve asks, taking a squat at the new place.

"I know what I'm doing," Brophy snarls. "We can live in that guest house rent free for six months."

Poor Mr. Horton. It begins to look as though he's going to need every cent of that $5,000 a week he's supposed to make when he works in pictures.

Next door to "Oh, Doctor!" is another picture called "As Good As Married," starring John Boles and Tala Birell with Doris Nolan and Willie Best.

This is the most beautiful set of the month. The garden, which can be seen through the windows, is so lovely. Real lemons, oranges, pomegranates, and apples are growing in profusion. What does it matter if they're wired on to the trees. The fruit is real.

My brain won't remember me again. I'll probably have to go out to his house and break another lamp to recall myself to him.

It is the drawing room of his house. He is in dinner clothes, pacing up and down scowling, Miss Birell is seated at the piano strumming.

"I'm afraid this whole thing is a mistake," he confesses. "I should never have asked you to come here. Why didn't you leave this morning with the others?" (There's evidently been a house party.)

"Well, darling," she smiles, "since your wife walked out on you I thought you might have a change."

"She didn't walk out on me," he bellows, "She'll be here tonight."

"Oh, how nice," she draws maddeningly. "Yes, Cherry," he agrees, "very nice, but the point is—"

"Oh, Alec," she interrupts, "she couldn't be so stupid as to be jealous of me?"
Boles smolders and looks at his watch impatiently. "I'm beginning to get worried. She's an hour late." He stops suddenly and turns to Tala. Something is beginning to dawn on him. "Wait a minute! Did you by any chance talk to her?"

"Certainly," Tala admits readily. "When I phoned you today I had to talk to her in order to talk to you. Didn't I? After all—she is your secretary."

"I mean, you didn't say anything?" John interrupts impatiently.

"Stop nagging me," she bursts out angrily. "Why on earth should I waste my time talking to your secretary?"

"You might learn something—if you had the mind to grasp it," he retorts.

"Something about courtesy, perhaps?" she smirks. "She's an hour late already and she doesn't even bother to let you know."

"Something may have happened to her," he mutters apprehensively.

"Nothing ever happens to women like her," Tala consols him.

"Well, something's going to happen to a woman like you if you aren't careful," he announces belligerently.

I neglected to mention that Mr. Boles is a man of many amours—in the picture only, of course—and Doris is his secretary who marries him to protect him from women like Tala.

They have finally succeeded in making a glamour girl of Tala and, boy howdy! She really exudes sex appeal.

The other picture on this lot is a Western and I haven't time for it today so we'll leave Universal and proceed to—

M-G-M

THERE are three pictures going here this month: "The Emperor's Candlesticks" starring William Powell and Luise Rainer; "They Gave Him a Gun" starring Spencer Tracy and Franchot Tone and "Broadway Melody" with Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen.

"Candlesticks" is on location so that'll have to wait.

"They Gave Him a Gun" is my favorite picture of the month because Spencer is my favorite actor, with Franchot pretty high up on the list and Gladys George being pretty near the top of the women's brigade, and because W. S. Van Dyke is one of my favorite directors (to say nothing of Florence, his script girl, being my favorite script girl) and largely because this is such a gripping story.

Spence is a barker in a circus. When he gets into the army he meets Franchot, who has been a weakling clerk. Spence kicks some guts into him and bullies him until he makes a man of him. Spence and Franchot are both in love with Gladys (a nurse) and she marries Franchot. They gave the latter a gun in the army and he keeps it when he gets out and turns in a tough gangster. And that's what you get for making men out of mice, Mr. Tracy.

Scene from "The Road Back" with Andy Devine, Slim Summerville, Maurice Murphy, Henry Hunter, John King and Richard Cromwell.

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ZIP Cream Deodorant

FRANCHEIT

Winx is sent up.
And that's where I come in. It's the chapel of the prison and all the convicts are sitting on benches. "One'll get you five that Tracy is sitting in the front row," I whisper to my guard as we enter, not knowing the story and never dreaming that Mr. Tote would be in jail.

But my guide evidently doesn't know the story either because he doesn't take me up and we find Franchot in the front row and Spencer nowhere around.

One of the prisoners next to Franchot is muttering to him out of the side of his mouth, apparently trying to find out something about Tracy, but he talks so low I can't hear him. And then Florence calls "Lunch!"

"But I'm not ready for lunch yet. I want to make another shot first," Woody objects.

"Well, I'm hungry and I'm tired," Florence squeaks him. Then she turns around and bawls "LUNCH" at the top of her lungs and the company rushes out to lunch without waiting to find out which one wins the argument.

"Did you hear about one of the extras getting pinched on this picture?" Franchot asks.

I pick up my ears, thinking to hear some dirt as I say "No!" most eagerly.

"Well," Franchot explains, "you see we wear these convict suits. One of the extras has a hank of his horse the next morning when it was coming to work a top spotted him and thought he was an escaped man and picked him up. It took practically the whole studio to get him out again, too.

I guess that takes care of that and as Franchot is not a gent to chat idly, I leave him and proceed to the next set.

"Broadway Melody" of 1937 is rehearsing here. I don't suppose Mr. Mayer will ever be very upset when I say there's nothing original about the plot of this one. It's about a race horse and if you can think of anything in connection with race horses that hasn't been done in pictures you're a better man than I am. Gunga Din. But the situations are all sure fire and I'm sure when the picture is released I'll be sitting there during the race with my mouth just as constricted as the author's.

Murphy and Elven are the horse trainers and they are taking Blue Bolt to New York. They find Eleanor Powell hiding in the hay in their box car and are about to throw her out when they discover Blue Bolt was born on her father's ranch.

They get to New York and of course, haven't any money. They're living in what looks like a brownstone front, only the part I see is the back. The horse is standing in the yard and he's really a beauty. Only he's a sorrel and why they call him Blue Bolt I don't know. In order to get him to stand perfectly still his trainer ties his front feet together during the take and you never saw such a surprised expression as there is on that horse's face when he can't move.

Eleanor and George are standing there wondering where they're going to get feed for him when Buddy saunters in in that nonchalant manner of his, carrying a guitar case.

"Taking violin lessons?" Eleanor jibes.

Buddy just grins and shakes his head negatively.

"Well, where's the feed?" she and George chorus.

Buddy just opens up the guitar case and it's filled with corn which he pours into a tub.

"You're a wonder," Eleanor squeals and Buddy grins some more, and that's all there is to the scene.

I've said it before and I'll say it again - right out in print, too - Mr. Elsen may not

Silver Screen

Years ago mother taught her
Never to let more
than one day pass

Ever since she can remember, there has been a box of Olive Tablets on the bathroom shelf just as a reminder not to let more than one day go by without doing something to assist Nature.

Originally the formula of an Ohio physician, Dr. Edwards, Olive Tablets are now widely recognized as a standard proprietary.

Mild and gentle in their action, one little pill is usually all you need to take to get the desired results. Thousands of women have made Olive Tablets their favorite laxative. Three sizes: 15c, 50c, 60c. All drugstores.
wear “tails” with the clan of Fred Astaire but I'd rather see him, despite the fact that I thoroughly enjoy Mr. A. I've never met Buddy or Eleanor and George is busy so there's no use staying around here to chat, because there's nobody to chat with except a certain columnist named Harrison Carroll. And he never puts out any information. All he ever does is ask you what you know.

But, by George! I almost forgot one of the most important things about “Broadway Melody.” Robert Taylor, girls, has the lead in it! Imagine overlooking something like that. It is to laugh.

So, laughing heartily, I proceed to...

Twentieth Century-Fox

YOU can believe it or not, there are but two pictures in the works on this lot.

No, three... four.

“Wec Willie Winkle” starring Shirley Temple is on location. So is “Angel's Holiday” starring Jane Withers. “This Is My Affair” starring Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is closed to visitors. (Could it be they're making love scenes?)

Accordingly, only “One Mile from Heaven” is left. But that one stars my old standby—Claire Trevor. You dull, unsympathetic folk, who lead such phlegmatic lives may ask “What is so rare as a day in June” and I'll be right there with the snappy comeback. The answer is, “a month that doesn't find a Claire Trevor picture in production.”

Don't ask for the plot of this um, suffice it to say the set is the pressroom in a police station. A bunch of the boys were whooping it up—No! That's wrong. That's Service and this is Twentieth Century-Fox and Sol Wurtzel. They were merely having a poker game. A couple of the police reporters have to leave—and do. So that leaves only three—Ray Walker, Russell Hopton and Chick Chandler. Three handed poker is no fun and they're sitting around, rather disgruntled, when the door opens and Claire walks in—timidly. Is she a picture? Mama come get Dickie.


“My name is Lucy,” Claire beams, “but my friends call me Tex.”

Chick indicates Ray Walker. “This is Mortimer Atlas of the Post.”

Walker puts on an exaggerated Southern drawl. “M’name's Mortimer, but my friends call me Buck.”

“Hi ya, Buck?” Claire calls gaily, falling in with the mood.

“And this is Peter Brindell of the Register,” Chick goes on, nodding towards Soups Hopton. “We call him Coyote Pete—as tough an Hombre as ever toed a typewriter.”

“Hi, Pete,” Claire greets him.

“Do you play poker?” Russ inquires hopefully.

“Sure,” says Claire.

The men look at each other and smile in happy anticipation.

“Hey, Atlas.” Russ orders Walker, “pull up a chair for the lady.”

Ray drags up a chair and Chick takes her coat. Russ starts to shuffle the cards and then passes them to Claire to cut. “What'll it be?” Claire asks brightly, “spit-in-the-peace, with deuces and one-eyed jacks wild?”

The men glance at each other significantly. “Maybe we'd better play post-office,” Walker suggests.

“This'll be draw,” Hopton announces. “Two dollar limit, jacks or better to open and a two bit ante.”

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We civilized folk find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and teeth sound and white!

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DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

HELPs KEEP TEETH WHITE

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Invitation to Love

Men thrill to the sight of gleaming, glossy tresses. And it's so easy to make your hair fascinating. Simply use Colorine, the modern rinse that puts a youthful shine and sparkling highlights in your hair. Easily applied at home and easily removed. Harmless, because it's a pure coloring and not a dye or bleach. To get your own correct shade; see the Nestle Color Chart, at toilet goods counters.

SO SIMPLE TO USE . . .

Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve Colorine in warm water and pour the rinse over your head.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.

10c for package containing 2 rinses at 5 and 10c stores.
Larger package containing 5 rinses for 25c at drug and department stores.

Nestle

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PIANAUS'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA PREPARED IN FRANCE

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PIANAUS'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW

PIANAUS'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

He deals a hand and Chick and Ray drop out. At the end there is quite a pile of dough on the table.

"I'll call," Claire says, referring to the lost hat Hopston has made.

"What you got?" Russ asks.

"Three eights and a pair of deuces," Claire smiles, preparing to rake in the pot.

"Sorry, Tex," he says. "She gave me those nine full and started to gather in the shekels.

That was a tough pot to lose, Tex," Chick says sympathetically.

"It sure was," Claire agrees. Suddenly she gets up from her chair, goes to the wash basin behind her and takes down the mirror from the wall, putting it on a chair with the back towards the men. Hopston had looked in the mirror and seen what she had in her hand. The men watch her, who, by gosh, she's picked up and pulled up her hand without making a comment, other than to say, "I'll do better this time. I open for two dollars.

It is a sub-sister and are their faces red when they find out.

"Come up and see my new house sometime," Claire invites me, and I'll go it if it's the last act of my life.

Star Courage

(Continued from page 53)

not permit her to.

Take a good look at Carole's face in "Swing High, Swing Low." The loveliness you see is there is a tribute to that gallantry and steadfastness of purpose she once showed when the world thought it had put her on the rack. Yes, there is just a tiny droop to one corner of her mouth, but that is the only thing that remains to remind those who remember the accident how horribly injured she once was.

She didn't whimper or curse her ill luck. She simply sat about overcoming this obstacle placed in her path. She found the best plastic surgeon she could, went through a series of painful operations, one right after another, and then went out and fought her way back to the screen and the fame waiting for her.

Achievement and courage always go hand in hand.

Once upon a time Grace Moore, whose lovely voice has won her fame, not only on the screen but in the Metropolitan opera house and before crowned heads of Europe, was told she could never sing again. I told brutally that she had lost her voice and to go home to Tennessee and forget her dreams of becoming a great singer.

"I went from one doctor to another. Worry and nervousness made me ill, and I kept losing weight," she told me. "But I could not give up—something within me told me, 'you must not lose courage. You must keep going.'

"In chance acquaintance advised me finally to see Dr. Mario Marafioti, famous voice teacher and throat specialist. If he would see me, he would cure my throat afflictions, I was told. I grasped at the straw of hope.

"But the great teacher was too busy to pay attention to an unknown. For three days I waited in his office. The world turned black and hopeless. At length, when Marafioti consented to see me for a few minutes, my knees were so weak from nervousness I had hardly to stand. And when I tried to sing for him, the tears streamed down my face.

"Your voice will come back," he assured me kindly. "When, I do not know, maybe in two months—perhaps not for two years. Meantime you must have absolute rest and silence.'

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GOODBYE FRECKLES

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For immediate consideration Send Poems to
Columbian Music Publishers
Dept. 138
Toronto, Can.
"I went away—but not home. I rested six months and my voice did come back—richer, clearer than it had ever been. I have never known quite what to think of that miracle—but it was destined that I should have an ordeal like that to test me before I could be permitted to go on."

Courage—Achievement! Clau\dette Colbert is another lovely dish of glamour and sex appeal who has exceptional fortitude. You should have seen her going on at the Pressman home the night she was carried home in an ambulance after being beamed on the head in an automobile crash. She had a concussion and maybe worse, and she insisted upon going back to work at the studio the next morning because Director Frank Lloyd had scheduled one of his biggest sequences in "Maid of Salem," and she didn’t want to let him down.

Arguments against the wisdom of such course didn’t prevail. Finally, Doctor Pressman (her husband) conceded, but stipulated that if she went she’d go too, by God, and keep his eye on her. He injected her with a pain-killing narcotic, bundled her into the car and took her to the studio in person the next day.

Everything went just dandy at the studio—despite Doctor Pressman’s forebodings. Claudette was so gay and so vivacious (the stimulus of her hypodermics) that she found it hard to get into the mood of the somber dramatic sequence. But she did. The day’s work was completed and she went home and was really sick.

How’d you like to go to work on a stretcher? Be carried a half mile up a steep mountain path daily? That’s the experience Gertrude Michael had when she reported back at her studio job in "Woman Trap" before she was completely recovered from injuries she suffered in that bad San Bernardino crash.

Gertrude will tell you frankly, however, that it wasn’t a great spirit of sacrifice for her studio which actuated her. She was broke and she wanted to get back and earn some money. The doctor said she couldn’t walk up a mountain trail. But somebody could carry her, couldn’t they?

The picture was on location in the Hooverhead mountains. The scene of shooting was several miles from the hotel, most of which could be covered in a car, the last half mile of which had to be hiked. When the cameras started to grind, she was helped to her feet. She finished the picture, collected her dough and says the experience was fine for her. You can always do things "you have to!"

Gail Patrick was enacting a hospital scene. She was clad as a nurse, and, in front of her on the operating table lay a little boy. David Holt was doing a good piece of acting and his face was resolute and blanched. The telephone on the set rang. It was long distance from San Francisco to Gail. She went to the ‘phone and asked, came back, and quietly continued her scene. Later it was revealed that she had received a message that her own mother was going on the operating table in an emergency operation. By one of those remarkable coincidences that no one in the studio knew about, her mother was being operated on in a scene her mother was facing in reality.

Thoroughbreds! Yes, of course, all of ‘em, as the philosophers tell you, achievement of any kind requires courage in a large measure.

SIMONE SIMON’S persistent transatlantic visitor arrived from Paris to make his semi-annual personal proposal. He is Francois Louis-Dreyfus, handsome 35-year-old publisher-editor. It looks as though the answer, as usual, will be “not yet.”

New! Non-Greasy Odorono Ice goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

The new Odorono Ice was created in answer to these complaints—on an entirely new principle. It vanishes completely! It can’t leave a messy film of grease to come off on your clothes.

And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy. It puts on easily—you don’t have to work at it.

And Odorono Ice never develops a musty odor of its own after it has been on a while. Its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates completely the minute it is on.

Really, Odorono Ice is the perfect cream deodorant at last! 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used. Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 6-R-7, 101 Hudson St., New York City In Canada, address P. O. Box 2250, Montreal

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State
congratulated about Margaret Tallichet. A brief six months ago Margaret was a publicity writer whom nobody noticed. It was Carole who became a latent star and gave the nobody real help. David Selznick is coaching Margaret for stardom! He broadcast her first important film part—and no one else ever had their screen test put on the air!

Fredric March laughs lustily. He's heard that RKO is mad over Smith, Kaylor, and Fredric gives Gary Cooper a nudge and explains that Smith looks just like Gary, only the new fellow can sing like a bird! Whereupon Loretta Young ensues over Joan Fontaine. Joan, nineteen and the prettiest new blonde in town, is Olivia de Havilland's younger sister. Loretta's interested because she has a younger sister.

When a new personality zooms to the fore this inner circle has predicted it. They see private previews of the new films in their homes, often months before the pictures are generally released. And then they get the gossip directly from the sets. They know the Warner woman's case. This responds to Lon Chaney's. Like Lon, Warner hung around for years before given an opportunity to etch an unforgettable character on the screen. Bradley Mann isn't letting success go to his head.

Who else is clacking at last? Why, Jean Arthur! This Jean is right smack into the top money, too. She's had a succession of fine roles. But the reason she hates interviewers is no mystery. It's merely because she has a terrific inferiority complex. Then there's the mystery of Hedy, only a few years ago by 20th Century-Fox. DorisLuckily was picked as a bet by Charles R. Rogers, and his judgment is even more respected now. Of course Deanna Thurman's triumph was predicted, whereas Shirley Temple couldn't get going until the public demanded her. Deanna's victory was foretold. The script for "Three Wise Girls" was revamped before shooting started, to make Deanna's part into a real one. With Stokowski furnishing the musical background for her next appearance, Deanna will captivate on the grand scale.

Harriet Hillard is set at RKO, and Gladys Faye is set at MGM. At Metro, Allan Jones, who's had to wait around as Nelson Eddy once did, is so magnificent in "Firstly," with Jeanette MacDonald, that he's going to be RKO's top star soon. A realization of his talent has more acting ability and warmth, a number of insiders think. Spencer Tracy is beyond worries since "Captains Courageous" has him on top of the most gripping drama so far this year, and Jimmy Stewart has positively arrived.

However, Robert Montgomery's radical switch to an absolutely serious personality has the insiders worried. They know Bob has pleaded for three years for a role like he's played in "Night Must Fall." They know he's gambling on the fans letting him mature, and they appreciate his desire to grow up. But honestly they don't know if he will allow his star to rise. How does a star climb into this exclusive

In the Know? By being taken up socially by the producers, or by marriage? Myrna Loy's husband is Artie Shaw, Paramount producer. Sally Eilers' husband is Harry Joe Brown, Warner producer. Joan and Constance Bennett have been married for a short while. William Goetz (the producer for 20th Century-Fox and is a son-in-law of Louis B. Mayer) and the Walter Winchell were married once. A little through such personal friendships that the intentions of the men at the helm are discovered. The all-powerful producers are fair in their search for true talent: they give excellent chances to whom they never see socially. Alice Faye, for example, never met Davi Zanuck until recently and yet he cast her in the best musicals. She's his faith in her, followed, in the forthcoming "Last Year's Kisses." But to whom do you let down your hair? To your intimate acquaintances. Producers are a lot like that, too.

Usually someone insists upon a little dancing and then the crowd prefers to run to town to the Club for a while. Then they go on back to whichever house they've gathered at for a post-midnight snack. Candles burn in tall silver candlesticks, silver plates gleam, and butter is served. They finally get around to Technicolor about that hour. They know it comes into glory in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938." Hawaiian faces were inclined to appear older; now that handicap is eliminated and you photograph fresher and younger. Because it's a style parade, there is a real fine focus and people take different roles in it. Helen Vinson captured the second lead—Joan Bennett's the heroine—and this means recognition at last for Helen. zeitgeist always law that you couldn't get a test for the comedy role! The Coronation is being recorded in Technicolor, and that's a major production everyone's keen

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To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, AVERTICAN in just a few minutes, get HUGO, the Hugo's formula, also equally as effective, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pains to your aching joints in five minutes or money back to Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy HUGO today on this guarantee.

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Resident, which they then as the and one was Sonja. She's cold. Their_an_s
'dimesick, I in the electrical ENGDEE.

The pictures most talked of right now

"Thin Ice," "Stella Dallas," and Garbo's Napoleonic story, Sonja Henie is pre-
paring Pavlova's Swan Dance on skates in
"Thin Ice," and this is far more breath-
ing than any number she gave in her
first film. In this picture we'll see exactly
Tyrone Power makes love to his real
pete. who is Sonja. Barbara Stan-
wick tops all her emotional scenes to date
"Stella Dallas," And Garbo! Many peo-
said Greta could quit after "Camille,"
she could never rise above her mar-
rous portrayal as the unfortunate coquette.

insiders know that Garbo is ex-
elling herself in this new film. How are
sure Because Charles Boyer is one
their own members and he's the great
ever hero!

Projections

Ginger Rogers
[Continued from page 35]

his lines and does all sorts of things that
nov the stars and more seasoned actors.
old tribal law that the new boy
new girl must be treated with suspicion
and contempt. But warm-hearted,
Ginger looks after all the badly
gotten little ewe lambs. A newcomer
says gets a break in a Rogers' picture.

Ever since "Follow the Fleet," Harriet
Ilardt swears by her. And Phil Huston
'll tell you, with a choke in his voice, how
he got off the plane in Glendale at five
lock one cold gray morning, lonely and
niesick, and wishing to high heaven he
d never come to Hollywood. when he
uld he find there at the gate to meet
her and give him a hearty welcome but
Ginger Rogers and her mother.

Virginia Katherine McMath (she who
tame Ginger Rogers) was born in
Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1911. They
ried her Virginia Katherine up until the
she went to school. Ginger's father
was an electrical engineer in Kansas City
dmet Lela Owens, who was 18 at the
t, at dancing school. Which is all sort
as it should be. But the young McMaths
in't very happily married and, after
quenting school, which should have
ng Virginia Katherine, ended up in
morce court with Lela being given com-
custody of the child.

When she was five, Ginger started to
ool at the sixth ward public school in
Kansas City, and loved reading and writ-
but hated arithmetic—and still does,
er a few months in Hollywood the ener-
ic Lela was sent to New York to man-
's then flourishing screen life of Baby
nie Osborne, little suspecting, as they
in the melodramas, that she had a pro-
mial movie star right there in her own
family. (Baby Marie is now Ginger Rogers'

Story of Charm

No longer need your perfume and bath
accessories have clashing odors. Evening
in Paris brings you keyed Scents...that
is, matching Evening in Paris Perfume,
Bath Powder and Eau de Cologne. Use
them together and the romantic fragrant
of Evening in Paris seems a living part of
your charm, like your hair or eyes. Here's
the way to use them:

You begin with your skin...after your
bath, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne
leaves you refreshed and delicately per-
fumed from head to toe. Follow with a
scent of Evening in Paris Bath Powder to
ve its fragrance through your clothing.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Silver Screen

79
stand-in at the RKO Studios.) But if she didn't suspect it, at least, Mr. Burton George, famous director of that day, did.

Ginger had joined her mother in New York and was living with her at the Bristol Hotel there. One afternoon Lela returned from a hard day's work at the Fox Studios to discover her baby missing! The nurse told her that Director George had taken the child over to the Pollock's to work in a George Walsh production. Lela was fit to be tied that night. When Director George brought Ginger home, and in no uncertain language told him that that was the beginning and ending of her baby's career.

The director insisted that the child be allowed to work one more day as they needed her the week she hadn't started that day. Otherwise it would cost the studio a lot of money. But Lela was adamant. Her child was not to go into the business, and she who had come to lose money, but that was the way it was going to be. And so, strangely enough, the first reels of Ginger Rogers soon landed on the cutting room floor.

When America went to war in 1917 Lela sent Ginger back to Kansas City to stay with her Grandmother Owens while she served as a clerk in the Headquarters of the Marines in Washington. The war over, Lela returned to Kansas City and there met and married John Rogers, an insurance broker, who took his new bride to Fort Worth, Texas. Ginger was very fond of her stepfather and took his name. "Ginger" was the nickname given her by a small cousin, Phyllis Fraser, who just couldn't manage Virginia Katherine. And so in Fort Worth, Texas, Virginia Katherine McMath became Ginger Rogers—and took the first step that eventually led to fame and fortune in Hollywood.

Ginger has never outgrown her voracious appetite for life and new experiences. It was only a few years ago that this lovely girl, who was still married to Lew Ayres, that she decided to become a painter—just what kind of a painter she wasn't sure—so she took the precaution to buy a bit of everything. She haunted art shops for days and bought canvases, all kinds of paper, oils, water colors, crayons, charcoal and pastels, and numerous volumes of books designed to put the young painter on the same path followed by Titian and Rubens. As is usually the case, Ginger felt that she should share her new enthusiasm with her personal friend so she called Janet Gaynor and suggested that graphic art was just the thing that Janet needed to fill in the overflowing afternoons and evenings. Her arguments were so convincing that Janet yielded, and discovered to her surprise that she had a great talent for painting. Janet continues to paint, but Ginger long ago put away her books on art and has had a dozen or more hobbies since then. She wasn't a fling, by any means. Only a few months ago a caricature she did of Katharine Hepburn appeared in Vogue magazine.

But to return to Fort Worth. It was the year of the Charleston craze. Lela had become both the dramatic and society editor of the Fort Worth Record, and as dramatic editor her stories naturally quite often took her backstage. While Lela dealt with theatrical news, long-legged Ginger with normal curiosity investigated the mysteries behind the footlights. She wanted to know what went on backstage. She made special friends of two vaudevillians, Santry and Seymour, and it was through their efforts, certainly not her mother's, that she was entered in the famous Charleston Contest. As nearly all knows, Ginger won that contest, and im-

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P-Go Rouge is very different from hard, chalky cake rouges. It is made without "binder" or "filler." Its pure, natural ingredients form a box-full of glowing color. A soft pat-pot of your puff puts P-Go's surprising loneliness on your cheeks—where it will stay for hours.

Any store can show you P-Go Rouge in stunning shades, styled in Paris. Spend only 55c—and give thanks to Paris for P-Go!

**P-Go Rouge**

55c

Shades include famous Brique (naturelle)—as well as Rouge (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.

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Everywhere. The smartest girls with the loveliest curls... use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. You can enhance your beauty, too, in this easy way. Whatever style of curl you like... whether a few large ones or many little close ones... make them simply, quickly, right at home, with "The Curlers used by the Stars... Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

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**Silver Screen**

[Image: Advertisement for Pocket Radio]

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Talent Scout magazine will publicize deserving newcomers who want to make a fortune in the radio. Here is a chance to have your photo and writing appear in the pages of Hollywood's producers, agents, managers, directors and publishers. Send 5c for one specimen. OR Box 1828, Madison Ave., New York.

**CHARM BRACELETS**

New... Fascinating! The charm bracelets, as jewelry! It's sweeping the country from Hollywood to Texas like the move stars... It's something that'll make your bracelet stand out. Imitated bracelet, gold finish, you have them in our chain, 2.00 postpaid anywhere in U.S. Even money orders only. Additional charge for postage, C.O.D. orders only. STUART-WILLIAMS P.O. Box 809, Chicago.
JENUST must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.
A CRITIC, when pointing out a fault, should tell from his superior mind how the error could have been avoided. It is easier to criticize than to do, Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, resented criticism from a ringside voice. Once he answered: "You set dere talkin', I'm in here fightin'." Another famous argument in this never ending dispute is: "I cannot lay an egg, but I know when one is bad."

This is leading up to you. Write letters of criticism of pictures and players to SILVER SCREEN's department "You're Telling Me." Anyone can praise--criticism makes better reading.

* * *

THERE is a movie house down at the harbor of a very small town of which we know not far from the little theatre ramshackle wharves and power boats now are where sail boats once were anchored. There are some dories pulled up and a few lobster pots. Even nights when they show a picture, the farmers come in their cars from six miles away and bring the family.

The picture very likely has a musical score by one of the greatest modern song writers. The sound record is possibly made by Stokowski. The leading lady in the drama may have come all the way from Vienna to Hollywood to play the part. Her talent is marvelous, her beauty unequalled. Perhaps John Barrymore is in the cast representing America's most famous stage family. A girl from Europe dances. An Italian directs. This little village is a center of culture for one night, and, to the harbor movie show, the greatest artists of the world have brought their talents.

And now morning comes and the film in the metal box has gone back to the Big City. The natives of the harbor plot to their primitive labors. The fishing boats back importantly as they put out on the tide and overhead a few seagulls carry on as seagulls have done for a few hundred years.

The film has gone, the songs are ended, but do not think that nothing remains in the little village. There is a young man there whose love of drama and story telling has been awakened to feverish energy. He lives in a cottage over on Third Cliff. Yonder rose red roses. A girl, perhaps, has suddenly resolved to become a dancer.

We can show you a canvas in a great art museum by a painter who was a boy in such a town.

That is the wonder of the films. The intangible appetite for beauty flows out from them and inspires many a youth to direct his life toward the glorious worlds of the Arts.

* * *

The next issue of this magazine will bring stories and articles about film people usually interviewed, although they also contribute to your evenings of pleasure. Be sure and read about Warner Oland, and about the genius, Pete Smith. You will also enjoy getting some side lights on the personality of Alice Faye and her exciting adventures and experiences.

The famous stars have their moments of relaxation and their hobbies are many and varied. Do you collect toy elephants? So does Madge Evans. The story of the collections made by the stars is surprising and amusing.

All these and more in SILVER SCREEN's department "You're Telling Me."
"It's a shame for any girl to risk Cosmetic Skin" says **MERLE OBERON**

**CREAMY** and smooth as magnolia petals is Merle Oberon's flawless skin. She tells you her way of keeping it lovely—a way any girl can follow. "I use rouge and powder all I like," she says. "But to guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—I've made Lux Toilet Soap my regular complexion care."

"The **active lather guards against choked pores,**" she tells you. "It removes stale cosmetics **thoroughly**—keeps skin smooth." That's because it goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.

**Romance comes to girls who keep skin lovely . . .**

Take Merle Oberon's tip. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed. **9 out of 10** screen stars use this soap!
Riding
is second-nature
to this daughter
of the Belmonds

Miss Joan Belmont, New York. It's enough
to say that Miss Belmont is the daughter of the
Morgan Belmonds. As a member of this famous
riding family, she has an inborn love for turf
and field. At four years of age, she was pre-
sented with a pony of her own; today, Miss
Belmont is one of the most accomplished horse-
women of the younger set. Like so many of her
debutante friends, she is a steady Camel smoker.

These distinguished women are among
those who prefer Camel's delicate flavor:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, Philadelphia
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNMAN III, Baltimore
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSALEER, New York

(Costlier)
Camels are made
from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...
Turkish and
Domestic...than
any other
popular brand

For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

\[\text{Enjoying Good Food at the Ritz in New York.}
Miss Joan Belmont enjoys a leisurely luncheon at the
Ritz-Carlton—with Camels between courses and after.
Smoking Camels is a positive aid to good digestion. Sets up
a generous flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity.
EXCITING? I'VE MET THE MAN. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL TO ME, AND JUST AS RICH AS HE IS SWEET.

SEE YOU TUESDAY, THEN EXCITING VACATION, ADA?

I'VE MET THE MAN. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL TO ME. AND JUST AS RICH AS HE IS SWEET.

HE'S ASKED ME OUT ON HIS YACHT FOR DINNER TUESDAY. HE REALLY SEEMS SERIOUS. OH I WISH.....

OF COURSE YOU DO. YOU OUGHT TO GET MARRIED ADA, YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER.

YOU'RE EVEN MORE ATTRACTIVE, TONIGHT. I NEVER MET A WOMAN I LIKED SO SUDDENLY... AND SO WELL.

IT WAS FATE; PERHAPS YOU CAPTURED MY IMAGINATION AS FEW MEN HAVE.

I COULD DANCE FOREVER WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY TO DRAG YOU HOME THIS EARLY, BUT MY HEAD IS SIMPLY SPLITTING. FORGIVE ME.

OF COURSE I DO, YOU POOR DEAR.

I TO REALLY LOVE A MAN AND LOSE HIM OVER SOME TRIFLING FAULT THAT ONE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT... WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME? WHY DIDN'T YOU?

HALITOSIS IS SUCH A DELICATE SUBJECT THAT EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL YOU. WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE REMEDY. WHY NOT TRY LISTERINE?

ADA TAKES A HINT

ADA HOW THRILLING. NOT YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND THAT WENT TO AUSTRALIA?

NO, BUT ONE MUCH NICER. HE'S BEEN RUSHING ME ALL YEAR, I REALLY THINK I'VE GOT YOU TO THANK-- FOR THAT HINT YOU GAVE ME.

THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW KEEP THEIR BREATH SWEET WITH LISTERINE

Beauty Experts say:

"NEVER TAKE A CHANCE"

You never know when you have halitosis, but others do and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is to use Listerine Antiseptic. A major cause of bad breath is the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has missed.

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic nightly and morning and between times before social and business engagements.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)
Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that dull, dingy, shadowed smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"
When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually firmer, sounder, healthier.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

LISTEN "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.

Remember a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA Tooth Paste
He introduced her first in “Escapade”. She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in “The Great Ziegfeld”. You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in “The Good Earth”, which is being hailed as “The Best Picture of 1937.”

You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since “Mata Hari” and directed by the man who made it!

William Powell • Luise Rainer

The Emperor’s Candlesticks

with Robert Young • Maureen O’Sullivan

Frank Morgan • Henry Stephenson

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by George Fitzmaurice • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
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Robert Montgomery

DEAR BOSS:

All Hollywood is buzzing just now about the strike. Myrna Loy docked to New York temporarily right along with the "enemy," the enemy in this case being Producer Arthur Hornblow, to whom she is married, so who can blame her? But just when the other glamour stars got to the point of worrying what they should wear when they came their turn to do picture duty (who, by the way, would glue on their false eye-lashes, what with the makeup men out on strike) the producers gave in to their demands.

This early settlement of the actors' end of the strike deprived the fans of quite a sight, because by this time Joan Crawford had gotten no less a personage than Greta Garbo to join the Guild and the Great Garbo would have been eligible for picture duty also. Imagine that! Marlene Dietrich joined the Guild at the last moment also, but alas! too late even for the thought of picture duty. And Richard Dix got so jubilant over the actors' final victory that he was requested to spend the night in the hoosegow. They do say that Robert Montgomery came off with top honors for his share of settling the strike and Walter Stander capped the booby prize for his manner of procedure.

The tourists are piling in to the film colony by the thousands. People thought to see a movie star, preferably Clark Gable.

And I hear the rubber-neck bus people are furious with Carole Lombard for leaving her house on Hollywood Boulevard and practically burying herself in a tiny farmhouse that can't even be seen from the road in the wilds of Bel Air. And you can be sure they don't mention Jean Harlow or Bill Powell in their prayers any more, for both Jean and Bill sold their palatial mansions that fairly shrieked Movie Star and were very accessible, and are living now in houses so inconspicuous that even the tourists guides snub them.

Fred MacMurray lives in an apartment and so does Joel McCrea, when he is in town. Garbo has a white fence around her house that's so high you couldn't possibly peek over it—and ditto Shirley Temple.

Ginger Rogers and Miriam Hopkins are on such high hills that buses rarely make the grade even in second. It is depressing, isn't it? You'd think that movie people would have more showmanship wouldn't you? Yes, I really believe that Good Taste is going to ruin this business yet. LIZA
WAY OUT WEST—Amusing. Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel are up to their full bag of tricks again in this, their latest opus. The plot is routine formula with a western locale. If you're a fan of this team's, you'll get your full quota of laughs. If not, better stay away.

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Fair. If you simply want to be amused, and like to laugh even if you're firmly convinced that the film you're watching has neither rhyme nor reason, why just choose this bit of whimsy about a school teacher who takes one last trip before settling down to marital unhappiness in a small town. (Sally Eilers—James Dunn.)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—Good. Still another story of the Great War and concerning, as so many of these war-time films do, a love triangle. The unhappy are Miriam Hopkins, her husband, Paul Muni, and the man she really loves, Louis Hayward. The denouement is extremely exciting.

Don't let your face become a desert!...prevent destructive "skin-thirst" with OUTDOOR GIRL face powder—contains Olive Oil for your protection

Sucked dry by relentless sun and wind! The parched Sahara sands show what happens when the vital moisture of nature is lost....

In this same way, nature's beauty-giving moisture is stolen from your skin. As early as 16, your face starts to dry—chasm of youth begins to fade.

Guard your precious complexion from dreaded "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder. By a special patented process each fine flake carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Six luscious shades of clinging loveliness, approved by beauty experts, at your nearest drug and department store, in the large size...50c

For perfect make-up color harmony use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!
"I DON'T like the article in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN about 'What's Happening to the American Girls,'" writes Martha Posey of Woodboro, Tex. "It insinuates that the foreign stars have more popularity and with us, the American movie-goers. It isn't true. We do not prefer the foreign stars. They are what the producers give us and we have to take them whether or not we prefer them."

"In the first place, their English is awful, in fact we don't understand all they are trying to say and they most certainly do not exceed our girls in beauty and talent. I'm referring particularly to Simone Simon with her neck stretching."

"However, the English girls are all right, we like them. But understand, we Americans do not prefer foreign stars. As I said, they are what the producers give us. What can we do? I'm asking you?"

"Seize it pleas!"

"I'm taking time out to offer sincere thanks to S. R. Mook for his marvelous understanding and much needed defense of Southern speech," writes Rubye M. Chapman of S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala. "In the April issue of SILVER SCREEN, Mr. Mook in his 'Pictures on the Fire' remarked that 'A lot of pig-headed Yankees could not understand that Southerners do not say you all to one person.'"

"A thousand thanks for expressing in print a fact concerning the much abused Southern speech?"

"That does away with Mason and Dixon's masterpiece."

"Sometimes I think this 'Glamour Business' in the movies goes just a little bit too far. I think it is making the actresses typ- ing them until they'll be so 'so' in their ways that they won't be able to act more than one part. Look what they did to Helen Hayes in 'What Every Woman Knows.' She was supposed to be playing the part of a homely woman and she wasn't in the least bit homely. She was lovely," writes Miriam Milton of Lee St., Tampa Fla. "The biggest thing in the whole show was ignored just because some people in Hollywood are so glamorous that it's downright pitiful."

"The glamour covers many an honest heart."

"I have just been reading some of the letters giving opinions for movies and would like to ask one question. Why do all the players in all pictures who take the part of southerners use the 'southern accent', as people call it; but to the South it's just plain negro talk. And if anyone has traveled any at all they should have brains enough to know that the educated people of the South speak beautifully. "Maytime" was wonderful to me until Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald started talking about coming from Virginia, using the 'southern accent.'" writes Mrs. Mayo (no address).

"All of the belles of the South in all pictures speak as negroes do. I was just wondering if they could make one picture and let them speak as they really should."

"We'll suggest it to the "Gone With the Wind" Company."

"Well might the May issue of SILVER SCREEN ask, 'What is happening to the American Girls?' And well may the answer be with the Americans themselves. The American public bows to the publicised greatness of the foreign actress."

"Ours is an inferiority complex. Our appetites and traditions are deeply rooted in Old World backgrounds. Our ancestors were emigrants from Europe and Asia. Marry into European nobility—worthy or not—and you can claim social prominence. Glamor to hear an unintelligible foreign lecturer, or a third-rate European musician, or to inspect an alien work of art, and you are appreciative of 'the higher things'; yet many far superior American artists are being neglected and starving. Study voice in Europe and you may return into the welcoming arms and receive the countless plaudits of the American audiences. Possess a Stradivarius violin, or a Louis XV bed, or a Chippendale suite, and society accepts your company."

"You ask, 'What is happening to the American Girls? Nothing! That's the rub.
The Dietrichs, Carrolls, Rainiers, and the like are 'press agents' as the real blades of Old World grandeur. Take this explanation or leave it,” writes Michael Hanseman of Omaha St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hams Across the Sea!

Gordon MacDonald of Los Angeles writes: “A caption in the May issue of Silver Screen reads, ‘What’s Happening to the American Girls’ and proceeds to explain how they are being overshadowed by European actresses. Though the statement was probably not meant to be taken seriously, I believe the feature was unfair to our American stars.

“As the best actresses, Garbo and Bergman were listed. No mention was made of Hepburn, Davis, Shearer, Hopkins, Sidney, Stansvyc, Loy and Sullivan.

“Garbo and Carroll were cited as being the most beautiful. What about Virginia Bruce and Anita Louise, not to mention Loretta Young, Ann Sothern and Frances Dee. And as for talent, don’t forget Eleanor Powell, Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, Jeannette MacDonald, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore, Frances Langford, Gertrude Nielsen, . . . Oh, I could go on and on!

“And if Claudette Colbert is the best loved actress, why is it that Joan Crawford year after year is voted the most popular. Maybe we Americans stuff the ballot box.

“A few more home-town girls who seem to be getting along all right are Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, Jean Arthur, Carole Lombard, Frances Farmer, Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, and we mustn’t forget the Misses Withers, Temple and Durbin.

“Not that we don’t love the European stars. In fact, we don’t even think of most of them as being anything but Americans. But I thank I have proven that our girls are more than holding their own.

“And let that be a lesson to you.”

Holding their own and a wee bit of Scotland, Hey, Laddie?

“Then the May issue there was an article entitled ‘They Met In Ketchup.” It was a swell story, but why does Liza definitely state that Claudette is just as tasty a dish on a pair of skis as she once was on Cleopatra’s barge, and will not need a double?’” asks Elsa Settequist of Williams St., Mallesh, Mass. “If I am not mistaken, Liza, Miss Colbert does have a double, and her name is Anne Faith Donaldson and she hails from Concord, Mass. She refused a salary of $200 a week to retain her amateur standing.”

The shot heard ’round the world.

**FINAL TITLES FOR THE NEW PICTURES**

"With Kind Regards" (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to . . .

"It Can’t Last Forever" (Otto Kruger) has been changed to . . .

"The Professional Juror" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to . . .

"The Man Behind the Law!" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to . . .

"Tomorrow’s Headlines" (Ray Francis) has been changed to . . .

"Behind the Headlines!" (Joe E. Brown) has been changed to . . .

"Riding On Air" (John Beal) has been changed to . . .

"Mexican Quarter" (Ray Francis) has been changed to . . .

"One Hour of Romance" (Ray Francis) has been changed to . . .

"Confession" (Rochelle Hudson) has been changed to . . .

"Armored Taxi" (Lee Tracy) has been changed to . . .

"Born Reckless!" (William Gargan) has been changed to . . .

"Reported Missing"
**This Rouge from Paris MAKES YOU LOVELIER**

**Y**ou'll never see yourself at your best until you use Po-Go—the imported, handmade French rouge. Once you try it, you'll know why it's preferred in Paris!

Po-Go is quite unlike hard, dry rouges. It is feathery-light in texture, and blends at a touch—for it's made by hand, without binder or heat. It stays on for hours because of its superb, lasting ingredients. It makes you lovelier because of its Paris-styled shades. Yet it costs only 55c, import duty and all, at any good toiletry counter. *Meet Po-Go today!*

---

**Po-Go Rouge**

55c

Shades include famous Brique (naturelle)—as well as Tromes (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.

---

**DRAW OUT ROOT AND ALL—this safe, gentle way**

1. When you pare a corn you only trim the surface—
   the most roots (embedded in your toe and the corn soon comes back bigger and uglier)—more painful than before.

But when you use the new double-action Blue-Jay method the corn is done for good. The tiny Blue-Jay medicated plaster, by removing pressure, at once relieves pain and in 5 short days the corn lifts out—Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Try this safe, easy Blue-Jay method today, 25c for 6—at all drugstores.

---

**LET'S HAVE A PICNIC**

**The lazy summer months are with us again. That means we will want to get out in the open as much as possible. Fresh air is the best of all appetizers. The simplest picnic or barbecue becomes a feast when cooked, served and eaten beneath blue skies and spreading trees. There are many types of picnics to choose from and menus and food depend largely on the kit you carry. The accomplished picnicker carries his own small but compact grill, with legs which rest firmly in the ground. Most popular of all is the—**

**ROADSIDE PICNIC**

You can amble along without any definite objective until hunger makes you unload the lunch and the children in some cool, convenient spot for a treat, such as:

- *Southern Fried Chicken*
- Whole Raw Tomato Olives
- Bread and Butter Sandwiches
- Carrot-Peanut Sandwiches
- Watermelon Sugar Cookies
- Hot Coffee
- Iced Ovaltine

Cut chicken for frying. Drizzle with flour and seasonings. Place in hot iron skillet with enough Crisco to prevent sticking. Cover and cook slowly until golden brown and well done. Drain on waxed paper until cool. (This really should be cooked at home, and packed when cool.)

Carrot-Peanut Sandwich

Put several raw, scraped carrots through meat grinder. Measure. Add equal portion ground salted peanuts. Mix with mayonnaise or a little salad dressing. Spread on buttered white bread.

Bread and butter sandwiches may be varied by adding to the creamed butter mustard, horseradish, chopped parsley, lemon juice, chives, curry powder or paste, or anchovy paste.

---

**HIKERS' PICNIC**

Since everything must be carried on your back, over long miles this lunch must neither be bulky, nor too heavy, and it must not be thirst-provoking.

- *Tasti-Sandwiches*
  - Spinach Sandwiches
  - Olives
  - Pickles
  - Fruit
  - Chocolate Bar
  - Iced Tea

Tasti-Sandwich

1 cup cooked ground beef or ham
1/3 cup C & B sweet mixed pickle
21/2 tablespoons C & B Meat Sauce

The above is a spread good for any kind of picnic. Sandwiches may be prepared at home or the spread packed in a jar and used for making on-the-spot sandwiches. For the latter, spread on lettuce leaf between slices of rye bread. A slice of tomato may be added if liked. Never put lettuce, cucumber or sliced tomato in sandwiches unless they are to be eaten at once. Carry ingredients separately, wrapped in a damp cloth or waxed paper, so that they will be fresh and crisp when eaten.

Spinach Sandwich

Allow 11/2 cups shredded raw spinach to 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine. Season with chopped celery and onion, salt and pepper. Mix to spreading consistency with Kraft’s Mayonnaise. Spread on buttered white or whole wheat bread.

**BARBECUE PICNIC**

A great favorite with the older members of the family or where a large group is gathered together. A place is chosen where pits or stone stoves are ready for the picnickers and most of the cooking done there.

*Barbecued Meat

Corn-on-cob, cooked in husks on top of
Cold hot half honey; tea-

Bread

1 Kick

Fruit pint

Lemonade

Kabobs

For people who do not like highly se-

Rhubarb and Strawberry Pie

1 cup sugar

Pinch of salt

2 tablespoons butter

Mix the sugar, flour and salt and sprinkle

a tablespoon curry, 1/8 cup water, 1/8 cup

vinegar, salt to taste. Beat into 1/4 pound

of butter to which has been added 1 tea-

spoon pepper. All ingredients must then be

 simmered 30 minutes before using. Keep

turning meat so it will brown evenly on all

sides.

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a tablespoon curry, 1/8 cup water, 1/8 cup

vinegar, salt to taste. Beat into 1/4 pound

of butter to which has been added 1 tea-

spoon pepper. All ingredients must then be

 simmered 30 minutes before using. Keep

turning meat so it will brown evenly on all

sides.

Kabobs

For people who do not like highly sea-

Rhubarb and Strawberry Pie

1 cup sugar

Pinch of salt

2 tablespoons butter

Mix the sugar, flour and salt and sprinkle

a tablespoon curry, 1/8 cup water, 1/8 cup

vinegar, salt to taste. Beat into 1/4 pound

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sides.
KEEP THAT SKIN ONE LOVES TO TOUCH!

If your legs are as slim and satin smooth as Ginger Rogers', you can wear shorts with equal confidence.

Greet The Hot Summer Sun Serenely—With All Your Beauty Aids Close At Hand.

By Mary Lee

SUMMER play-time should show you up at your best, the same way it does Ginger Rogers with her slim, trim figure and well-groomed beauty from the tips of her dancing toes to the top of her sunny hair. When you're admiring Ginger's striking loveliness and infectious buoyancy in RKO-Radio's "Shall We Dance," just make a resolution to take the best of care of your own good looks, come heat, come humidity!

And when you pack your bags for a carefree holiday, see to it that the necessary beauty aids travel right along with you. You'll have twice as much fun on your vacation or week-end jaunts if you can play wholeheartedly, secure in the knowledge that you're lovely to look at as well as a "good sport."

First on your list for Summer beauty should be your defense against sunburn. Whether you want to preserve a lily-white skin or a golden tan, you simply must avoid the ugly red-as-a-lobster stage and the peeling that follows.

There are excellent anti-sunburn creams and lotions that will protect your skin, so you can have your day in the sun without fear of losing your fairness.

Max Factor makes a perfectly grand Powder Foundation Cream in the Natural shade to protect your face from burning or freckling. It's the correct color background for Max Factor's famous Suzy Tan make-up, too. And his Make-up Blender in the Natural Shade will protect your arms, back, neck, etc., from the sun's ravages at the same time as it harmonizes their color with your face. Both the Foundation Cream and Make-up Blender are waterproof so they'll keep your beauty intact against the roughest waves.

If you want to "go tan," take it gradually. You'll find Norwich Sun Tan Oil a great help in getting a rich, even tan without the unflattering (and often painful) preliminary of sunburn. It contains a scientific sun screen that filters out part of the rays that burn, etc.

One of the most important rules for va-
few things it will do to beautify you: After your shower or bath, it helps close the pores and refine the skin texture, besides leaving a delightful fragrance that lingers. It’s a mild deodorant. It banishes fatigue and prevents muscle soreness after exercise. It has a cooling effect, as it induces more rapid evaporation of perspiration. And, if you rub it upon exposed parts before you go outdoors, mosquitoes and other insects won’t find you nearly as tempting. It relieves irritation from existing insect bites, too. Lavender fragrance, incidentally, is having a new wave of popularity that is completely divorced it from the “old lace” idea. Perhaps we can thank the Coronation for bringing this exquisite fragrance into the limelight.

Speaking of fragrance, we’re going to tell you a travel secret Kay Francis has discovered. She perfumes her luggage. Tiny pads of perfumed cotton in the lining of bags, hat boxes and trunks give her luggage the same aura of femininity that surrounds her more intimate possessions.

Most of the cosmetic manufacturers make attractive little travel kits that pack easily and keep your beauty aids in one place, so you won’t be wasting your precious vacation time hunting for this or that. We just saw one that’s a honey! Essentials for skin care and make-up are securely lidded in, yet there’s ample space for your toothbrush, comb and the like. This little brown or red leatherette kit takes up a minimum of room in your traveling case, but it’s smart enough to flatten any dress-able table. Its name is “Prelude to Beauty,” and it’s made by Germaine Monteil.

How would you like to take your reducing treatment right along with you? Won’t you bring back a legacy of extra inches when vacation time is over? You can do it with Trimmin, a figure-re-styling cream that comes in a tube. You work it into the too-fat parts of you with a simple method of finger manipulation that is illustrated on the instruction sheet.

One reason we’re especially glad we discovered Trimmin is that it reduces busts and large ankles, which should not be strenuously massaged. It’ll get a double chin back on a single track, too. It brings down those extra inches on “tummies,” thighs, calves, and upper arms as well as reducing “spare tires” above the waistline and back-of-the-neck humps.

Perhaps you’d like to bring some of that fresh vacation-land atmosphere back to town when you have to settle down to routine living again. Well, you can. We’re all agog over a Pine Air Purifier that freshens up a room like magic if it smells musty or has been smoked in. It makes the air seem as balmy as if you were walking through a real pine grove somewhere in the northern woods. It’s one of the Vienna Woods Pine products. They make delightful Pine Bath Crystals, too, and “Pine Spirit,” an after-the-bath body spray that’s as good for your skin as it is refreshing to use.

Safe NONSI

Pronounced “Non-spy”...Means “The Safe Deodorant”

Spare your clothes — and your nerves. Use Nonsi, the safe anti-perspirant and deodorant that is non-irritating to sensitive skin. No under-arm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. One application protects you for two to five days. Drug and department stores everywhere carry Nonsi. 35¢ and 60¢. Slightly more in Canada. Try it — today.

SAFELY ... QUICKLY by EXTERNAL METHOD!
Lose 12 pounds in 4 weeks or it costs nothing!
No drugs. No limited diet or exercise. Excess fat runs into your body and endurance builds up. Take a doctor’s advice and get rid of that superfluous fat the safe way that does not disturb the body functions. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife ... then friends begged for it.

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

"Have had wonderful results...lost 50 pounds." - Miss. O. R. S., Penna.
"Stimulated far greater results than I ever expected. Actually lost 30 pounds and feel and look 15 years younger." - F. E. New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ACT TODAY!

If you do not lose at least 12 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded as soon as possible. Write today for full half pound jar of Dr. Hahn’s Formula Massage Cream. Send Cash or Master Charge or send C.O.D. through
YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. SU-10
322 Seventh Avenue, New York City

GEORGE BURNS loves to tell the story about the time he and Gracie were in New York last Spring and Gracie decided she wanted to hear her adopted son Ronnie’s voice over long distance. Ronnie is quite a a little fellow and only knows a few words, and that day he just wasn’t in the mood. Gracie in New York trying to persuade Ronnie in Hollywood to say “Hello” must have been really something. Ronnie finally gave in and said “Hello” — but not until George had a hundred and ten dollar phone bill to pay.
WHAT THEY WHISPER
TO EACH OTHER THEY
MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these
real-life sweethearts
achieve their true great-
ness in the most impor-
tant story either one has
ever had . . . their fire
and power given full
scope for the first time!

A love supremely
courageous and
unashamed . . . that
shook the nation in
its highest places
. . . that was fated
to happen!

ROBERT  BARBARA
TAYLOR·STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

and

BRIAN DONLEVY  JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY  ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN  ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER  FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs . . . love songs . . . songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th Century-
Fox, maker of hits,
presents another of its
entertainment achieve-
ments . . . in the mood
of great romance . . .
with the thrill of
mighty drama!
Old Glory gets a break. Madge Evans shows her true colors.

THE Paramount lot hadn’t had a good feud since the old days when Mac West and Marlene Dietrich were snubbing each other, until recently Martha Raye and Shirley Ross worked up a good hate during the production of “Waikiki Wedding.” The picture ended but the feud lingered on. When you ask Martha why she doesn’t like Shirley she simply says, “I don’t like her mouth.” Miss Ross could doubtless say quite a few things about Miss Raye’s mouth too.

BETTY FURNESS has decided to wear hats like everybody else now—that hat publicity sort of got her pretty sore—but she must have something unusual so she has decided on unusual charm bracelets. Passing a hock shop window one day she saw a tray of fraternity pins so she bought the whole lot of them and made them into a bracelet. So, young man, maybe Betty Furness is wearing your fraternity pin!

THE favorite song of the month in Hollywood, according to the orchestra leaders, is “Moonlight and Shadows.” And the favorite book, according to the bookshops, is Noel Coward’s “Present Indicative.” Nearly every movie star in town has read that, and Somerset Maugham’s “Theatre.” Hollywood always casts books as they read them, and there’s a lot of casting going on for the actress in “Theatre.”

ALTHOUGH she has lived in Hollywood for six years now Barbara Stanwyck, the little city gal from Brooklyn, has never learned to drive a car. At the beach the other day when they were having a day off from “Stella Dallas” Barbara’s hairdresser and secretary decided that now was the time for Barbara to learn. She mastered the art of manipulating the clutch and the brake pretty well on the beach road and started to drive her instructors back to the studio. But the first excavation she saw—and try to find a street in Hollywood that isn’t being dug up right now—Barbara drove right smack into it. She has decided to keep her chauffeur.

WHEN the studio had to change the title of “The Old Soak” because the Hays Office didn’t approve of it, Uso Merkel suggested that they call it “After the Gin Man.”

SENTIMENT pops out in the strangest places. Who’d ever suspect Lupe Velez of having a grain of sentiment, but it seems she simply does with it. Workmen repairing the water main leading to the Weissmuller’s 70-foot swimming pool, accidentally chipped off a corner of the concrete retaining wall and there, to their astonishment, was a strong box, which, when opened, revealed a silk swimming suit. Lupe tearfully acknowledged that it was the suit worn by Johnson when he set so many of the world swimming records he now holds, and that she had put it there out of sentiment when having the corner stone of the new pool several years ago.

ORIGINAL sports belts intrigue Alice Faye, who has the newest yet seen in Hollywood. It is of bright red silk, embroidered in white musical notes taken from the opening bars of her new song hit, “There’s a Lull in My Life.”

LUISE RAINER continues to be the Problem Child of Hollywood. She just will drive her car at 45 in a 25 zone, which annoys the police; and she insists on driving around with the top down, in a bathing suit, which annoys the Glamour Department of her studio; and now she has started eating chocolate drops on the set of “The Emperor’s Candlesticks,” which annoys the designers as the gowns are forming and she can’t vary an inch. And furthermore she insists upon calling up hubby Clifford Odets eight times a day from the set, which annoys the company at work—and surely must annoy Clifford Odets.

LITTLE JANE WITHERS is now a member of the choir of the first Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. Every Sunday morning she puts on the traditional white-col- lared black choir robe and sings hymns in a sweet childish voice. And, by the by, now that we think of it, why wasn’t Jane given a birthday party by her studio? Her birthday was only a few days before that of Shirley Temple’s but the studio was too busy inviting hundreds of people to a Shirley Temple party to think of Jane, who, we understand, wasn’t even invited to Shirley’s party. Now is that fair?

BETTE DAVIS was so pleased with Director Eddie Goulding on “The Certain Woman” set the other day that she presented him with a hug and a kiss and ruined her make-up. It seems there was a scene in the script where a man dies in Bette’s apartment and of course that’s just a field day for the reporters who rush in, drinking and swearing, tear up the place, and push Bette around something awful. Goulding watched the rehearsal of the scene as it was written and said, “Oh, no, I never say anything like that.” So he sat himself down and re-wrote the scene so that the reporters acted like gentlemen. “I should know about reporters if anyone does,” said Bette with a grin (Bette had quite a session with them during her latest rebellion) “and I have yet to be pushed around or insulted by one. I’m awfully glad that Mr. Goulding is going to show them on the screen as they really are—for a change.”

THEY’LL tell you in Hollywood that there never was a publicity man like Lionel Stander plays in “A Star Is Born.” Well, somebody had to be the heavy in the picture and I guess Director William Wellman, who wrote the script, just doesn’t like publicity departments.

TYRONE POWER gave girl friend Sonja Henie a beaded purse for her birthday present. They do say that Loretta Young and Alice Faye and lots of girls would like to cut in on Sonja’s time.

GARBO’S pet kitten now knows what it feels like to be a visiting tourist or a member of the press, for she too was barred one day from the Garbo set. It seems that for one of the scenes in “Madame Walewska” they needed a dozen tame swallows, and tame swallows aren’t so easy to get in this part of the country, and the owners weren’t going to take a chance on a cat, not even the Garbo cat. Tis said that Kitty pouted for hours when ejected. We pouted for years.
I'm SURE I don't know why it is so soul-satisfying to have the Best of something. Life's like that, and there is nothing we can do about it at this late date. People are sitting down in factories, standing up in theatres (on bank nights only), and the Little White Father in Washington is about to start another Civil War with his stamp collection—everything is in some kind of a chaos—but Hollywood, dear Hollywood, goes blithely on living up to its reputation of being the most competitive town in the world.

Now, it isn't that we are a cold-blooded fish-like people (though some of the agents do look like dead mullet), on the contrary, we are as interested in international events as you are. It's just that human nature is human nature the world over, and don't blame me for that. Everybody wants a Best, whether she lives on the banks of the Nile or in a Garbo house in Beverly Hills. It's as natural as day following night.

The most exciting day of my life, and don't worry I'm not going to break into my memoirs, was when the class prophet of one of the cotton belt schools I attended voted me "the best all around sport" (and what did she mean by that). Anyway, it was just as important to me as being "the best actor of the year" was to Paul Muni last March when he received the Academy Award.

Now you've competed for your Bests I'm sure, and had an exciting time doing it. The only difference is that Hollywood competes in a more dazzling manner. Everything is relative. And I don't mean yours, but Susie.

So how's about the Tops in Hollywood where the best is pretty expensive? What with the country gone mad giving out awards for this and that every spring, I think it is now time for us to enter into the spirit of the thing and toss out a few awards ourselves. The fact that our awards are not as serious as those of Mr. Nobel need not distress us the least little bit. It takes all kinds of people to make a world.

The award for the Best Screen Face we will give to the girl from Sweden, Miss Greta Garbo. If you know anything about the goings-on on a studio set you know what a sad life the cameraman leads. Miss So-and-So, with a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of glamour a picture, has a peculiar bump on her nose and can only be photographed on her right side, but worse, Mr. Whoosit who plays opposite her has a drooping eyelid and can only be photographed on his right side too, and how the heck the two of them are going to get together on those luscious close-ups is going to require higher mathematics.

Garbo is queen of them all. Bing Crosby also is superior. That makes him King Crosby.

The story goes that in "Grand Hotel" John Barrymore, ever the gallant figure, politely bowed to Miss Garbo and asked her what profile she desired. "It does not matter," said Garbo. "Right or left, I don't care. Which do you prefer?" Being the exclusive owner of the most publicized perfect profile in the world Mr. Barrymore was a bit taken back.

The award for the Best Car in Hollywood goes right to Connie Bennett, whose Rolls Royce is quite the most flashing thing in the way of cars that Hollywood has seen since the early talkie days when Stepin Fetchit used to fall on the back seat of his while his liveried chauffeurs drove him through the village.

During the last days of the Mae West-Marlene Dietrich feud on the Paramount lot, both Mae and Marlene would vie with each other in getting the longest and swankiest town cars—but Miss Bennett put an end to all that by returning from Europe with a Rolls that's quite the last word in several things. If your life is utterly thwarted because you can't see the Bennett Rolls I can offer you a mint of consolation. Connie is not a bit averse
In The Picture Kingdom There Are Many Reigning Kings And Queens, And It's Time We Crowned Them.

By Liza

James Cagney, Clark Gable, Constance Bennett and Olivia de Havilland (standing). A Royal Quartette receiving the obeisance of the adoring fans.

Many princesses have been endowed lavishly by nature, but compared with Marlene Dietrich they haven't a leg to stand on.

It's good that there are enough titles to go around, for Bill Powell is a prince of good fellows. (Left) Luise Rainer, with but a few pictures to her credit, has risen to such heights that she deserves every honor.

to renting her car out to picture companies who require an ultra car for one of their "flash" scenes. In fact I hear that Connie, who is a smart business woman, has practically paid for the car in that manner. Do you recall the Rolls in "Go West, Young Man," in which Miss West relaxed between personal appearances? That was the Bennett bus, at so much a day. You've seen it many a time.

The Best Star Sapphire in Hollywood is owned by Jean Harlow—and to have a best among star sapphires, in a place like Hollywood, which is lousy with them, is really something. Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard have been conceded the best collection and the largest stones these last few years, but come last Christmastide and things happened. "I am bored," said Mr. William Powell, "with hearing about who has the largest star sapphire in Hollywood. My dear," he said to girl friend Jean Harlow, "you have it." With that he gave Jean a one hundred and fifty-two carat star sapphire which is so big and heavy that poor little Jeannie can hardly lift her. [Continued on page 65]
ONE autumn, some years ago, I set out on a party of friends in the northern Maine woods. My friends shot deer and caught fish in the lake, I caught cold and was a miserable wretch but a spruce partidge, whose meat was so redolent of pine-spills as to be uneatable. But that is irrelevant. The point I wish to make is that during the course of this expedition I discovered whole sections of former woodland which had been stripped naked of its most glittering beauty. I am sure I did tell you that the trees had been cut down to make wood-pulp for newspapers, magazines, and other publications printed for the enlightenment of our civilized modern world.

The other day in Los Angeles I picked up a daily newspaper, turned to the motion picture news and was enlightened by a paragraph which informed me that a certain star was considering making a revolutionary change in her life. She was entertaining seriously the possibility of changing the part in her hair from the left to the right side of her head, or vice versa. (Somehow I seem to have forgotten the exact details of that momentous experiment.) But, remembering those demurred hills of Maine, I did occur to me to wonder whether it was worth while to cut down good trees to make such paragraphs as the one I have mentioned.

Another paragraph in this same movie column contained the thrilling information that Jane Roe, sensational star of Love at Loew's State and Grauman's Chinese Theatres, had been caught sharing her filet mignon at the Brown Derby with John Doe, sensational star of Love at Pantages Hollywood and R-K-O Hill Street Theatres. The implication was that these two had been brought to the verge of romance by a mutual fondness for tenderloin steak with mushroom sauce. Also, reading on, I learned that Mary Whois, screen celebrity, had been seen dancing two nights in succession at the Tropicana with Manly Whatso, screen celebrity, thereby arousing all suspicions as to their possible marriage and raising my interest as a reader almost to zero. I just don't seem to care whether Mary and Manly ever occupy the same marriage couch, even with full benefit of clergy and the official blessing of the Hays office.

Nor do I care for those posters which at this writing still plaster the sign-boards of Hollywood and which subtly inform me in letters a foot high that: "Garbo Loves Roach," "Garbo Loves Quagmire," "Garbo Loves Camille." I went to see "Camille" because Miss Garbo is a great actress, not because she "loves Robert Taylor," which she does not. As for young Mr. Taylor, it seems to me that in his brief but meteoric career he has suffered an undue amount of punishment as a stalking horse for the romance-hunters of the public prints. He has been variously reported as in love with Miss Loretta Young (when he was working with her), with Miss Jean Harlow (when he was working with her) and with Miss Barbara Stanwyck (when he was appearing in a film with her). Perhaps these reported love affairs were mere happy coincidences. For all I know, romances, like marriages, are made in heaven. If so, I can only point out that the Celestial Department in charge of such romances has a nice sense of timing.

I have never met Mr. Taylor, but from what I hear of him he is a thoroughgoing young man of intelligence and probity, whose chief interest is a healthy desire to work at his job and increase his ability as an actor. Why, then, should he—and other bright stars of the movie firmament—be forced to carry such burdensome matters on their highly valuable young backs? Who is to blame, anyway, for the Niagara of drivel that daily pours out of Hollywood into the myriad channels of the nation's press?

Before attempting to answer that question, let's inquire a little further into the nature of said drivel. In general, of course, it includes any item of alleged news-interest which may be connected intimately or even remotely with the life of a film-player or picture personality. A sample tid-bit is the information, printed in divers great newspapers and no doubt flashed by wire to the four corners of a breathless world, that Gary Cooper will dispense one hundred kisses (countem) in the making of the "Goldwyn Follies." Another delicate item informs us that a certain British actor, now in Hollywood, cannot sleep unless the water faucets in his home are running. Another item, designed to catch the dog-lovers' vote, tells us that one female star so loved her Pekingese that she had a raincoat made for it to wear during the rainy season. This statement is important because it admits publicity that Los Angeles has a rainy season; otherwise it seems a waste of good wood-pulp.

The subject of diet is also one of the stand-bys of the movie-gossip columnist. The loss of a couple of pounds by any well-known star is a cause for nation-wide comment, while an inch off the hips of a lady luminary is made a matter of record for posterity. Every detail of a female star's wardrobe is similarly recorded, from her lingerie to the current color of her hair (which is altered so frequently that it may be included in her wardrobe) and should she appear at a night-club with a new diamond-and-ruby bracelet on her wrist, or a new star-sapphire on her finger, the excitement is nothing less than terrific. Terriër also in their soporific banality are the daily recorded facts that a famous director cannot talk without music to titivate his tympana; that the favorite dish of a rising young star is rumplp steak and fried potatoes; that So-and-So has bought a ranch in the San Fernando valley so that he may indulge his passion for growing English walnuts; that Belinda Blank, dramatic star of Love In A Coma, gave a combination cocktail, croquet and anagram party for the Maharajah of Myopia; that Alpha and Omega Nonesuch, Hollywood's happiest married couple, celebrated the first six months of their union by attending a prize-fight at the Olympic auditorium.
RAZZING

Hollywood BUNK

By Dana Burnet

Was Robert Taylor in love with Miss Young, Miss Garbo, Miss Harlow, Miss Stanwyck or Miss Gaynor?

and that George C. (for Colossal) Spelvin, renowned star of stage and screen, passed out a handful of cigars when his pet poodle had pups. In this case the gender of the animal was not mentioned, but I assume that it was feminine.

Which brings us back, by easy stages, to the subject of sex as a source of supply for the news-factories of Hollywood. In the daily competition for newspaper space, in the pages of those magazines which are devoted to conscious picture worship and unconscious picture pathology, sex leads the field by a wide, wide margin. It would be unfair, I admit, to maintain that Hollywood has a monopoly on the subject. Sex seems to be, as a matter of fact, the leading obsession of our advanced and cultured age. But since our text for today concerns the sweet uses of publicity in Hollywood, let's not expand our sermon to include the stupidities of the outer world. There isn't enough wood-pulp on the market even to list them.

Of course when I speak of sex in connection with motion picture publicity, I am not referring to its more serious biological implications. The Facts of Life are still taboo in Hollywood. The Hays office has looked into them and has found them highly censorable. So also have the censorship boards of the eight—I think. It's eight—states that still maintain censorship boards, as well as countless welfare clubs and social and religious organizations in our great land.

So when I say that sex as a topic leads the movie-gossip field, I mean sex in its most emasculated, most puerile and most irritatingly tiresome form. I grant you that there is an element of legitimate news-value in the actual romance, or marriage, or both, of any prominent person, whether he be a royal dux, an outstanding baseball player or a famous movie star. But to link together in wildly leering paragraphs the names of young actors and actresses, or even those not so young, for the obvious purpose of publicizing those names, is in my opinion both bad taste and bad advertising. It is bad taste because it is an intrusion upon the privacy of the persons involved, and it is bad advertising because it produces in the mind of the intelligent reader either an automatic skepticism or a profound indifference.

I have said that sex seems to be the leading obsession of our age, but actually I believe that people generally have begun to realize that it is not a recent discovery. Our contemporary preoccupation with sex has been due to two causes—first, the Puritanical censorship that existed till a couple of decades ago, which undertook to repress all mention of sex, and succeeded thereby in arousing an abnormal curiosity about it; and second, the popularization of the so-called New Psychology, whose various ramifications spring primarily from the psychoanalytical theory advanced by Dr. Freud of Vienna, who solemnly announced to a fascinated world that the "sex complex" was the basis of most human neuroses. This gave sex a great boost from a publicity standpoint and started a world-wide orgy of introspection among which millions of otherwise sensible people began to have their dreams "interpreted" and their thoughts "analyzed" to see whether by some horrible chance they were in love with their own grandmother.

Well, Puritanism is dead and has received appropriate burial. As for Dr. Freud (whose sincerity I do not question) and his theory, even the layman who knows nothing about the anatomy of the human nervous system is beginning to suspect that the "sex complex" is more of a clever invention than a scientific fact. This is, of course, the simple truth. No one, including Dr. Freud, has ever seen a complex under a microscope. On the other hand, doctors who have spent their lives studying the brain and the nervous system under a microscope will tell you that Nature herself has devoted a startlingly small amount of space and material to the sex function. There is a small area at the lower end of the spinal cord which controls the sexual reflexes. At the base of the brain are found other sexual centers. The sex organs have some specialized nerve-endings which are responsible for sexual sensations. And that is all. By far the greater part of the nervous system, including virtually all of the neocortex and new brain, is devoted to functions other than sex, such as speech, sight, feeling, smell, hearing, movement and the co-operative functions which are centered in the enormously developed frontal lobes of the human brain.

This brief excursion into neuro-anatomy may strike the reader as irrelevant to our subject, which concerns the romantic pap offered as publicity for the stars of Hollywood. As it is, it is quite irrelevant. The point I wish to make is that normal men and women, who make up the movie audiences and who read the movie news in daily papers and periodical magazines, are no more interested in sex as such than old Mother Nature intended them to be. Or let's say that while they may be interested, quite naturally and humanly, in some authentic romance between two fascinating film players, they are just as naturally annoyed by the constant repetition in print of phony romances which are naively offered to them as news. In short, the average brain is well equipped to distinguish between truth and fiction in this respect. The place for fiction on the picture screen is on the screen. It should have no more place in picture publicity than it has in other forms of advertising.

Hollywood has a product to sell to the public. That product is entertainment, and the first law in the record of the producers is that such entertainment must contain a large dose of love-interest. All right. But even so, that love-interest in these days must be presented with some degree of honesty and in some accordance with the facts of sex as the audience knows them. Let a star kiss a starlet too long or too [Continued on page 68]
Collectors Are Eternally In Pursuit Of The Elusive “Museum Pieces”

Hollywood is the “Collecting-est” town in the world. Practically nine out of ten of your favorite celebrities collect something or other. The only difference is that some go into the thing on a mountain-high scale and spend enough money on their hobby so that, in comparison, the national debt looks like a stack of pennies—while other stars invest wisely and well in collections that really mean something to them.

For years Hollywood’s unchallenged champion gadget collector, William Powell, at last has a dangerous rival. He is none other than James Stewart, who has an array of unusual mechanical devices which is claimed by his friends to be second to none on the Pacific Coast. Although he has centered his activities in one room, rather than having them throughout the house as does Powell, Stewart’s collection is nevertheless varied in scope, including anything from loud speakers to trick sliding doors and disappearing tables. In addition he has an unusual collection of model aeroplanes and electric trains. And to top it all, he collects animals, now boasting a zoo of 17 cats and 3 dogs and two red-eyed doves!

Clark Gable collects all the caricatures of himself that he can find, frames them and hangs them in his knotty-pine dressing room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He also collects something from each film he plays in.

He began this collection with a ship’s bell from “Mutiny On The Bounty.” Now he has a brick that “bounced off his bean” (as he says) during the earthquake sequence in “San Francisco,” the wooden shoes Joan Crawford wore in “Love on the Run,” and from his latest picture, “Parnell,” he selected the beautiful false beard, which he never wore, but which was made especially for him—probably because it symbolizes his hilarious victory over Director John M. Stahl, who favored the whiskers in a big way.

In the whirl of studio life Claudette Colbert still has time to prove her love for Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

There probably is not a collection of antique furniture the equal of that owned by John Boles. (Right) Gary Cooper’s hobby is firearms.

John Barrymore collects books and pamphlets on the life of Napoleon. He is tremendously interested in the character of the famed Frenchman, but says he has no particular desire to portray the man on the screen.

John also collects suits of armor! One of the finest of suits of armor was once built for him by an old armorer in New York while he was playing on the stage in “Resurrection,” and this started the strange but costly collection.

Louise Fazenda collects wildflowers—and thereby hangs a tale. Her collecting habit, as a matter of fact, resulted in one of the funniest yarns imaginable. It seems that Louise journied up North on a wild flower hunt and found some rare wild irises, for which she paid plenty, and then had shipped to her home in Hollywood. The servants, receiving the package, little thought they were rare bulbs. In fact, they thought them just common, ordinary onions! Home came Louise, looking for her precious bulbs.

“But we haven’t the package now,” exclaimed one of the servants.

“Haven’t it?” cried Louise. “Why, what did you do to my choice flowers?”

“Flowers?” they screamed. “Good Heavens, we thought they were onions and so we cooked and ate them all!”

“Ate my precious iris bulbs?” moaned her mistress. “Oh, my
Imagine hunting for snuff boxes! That's Wendy Barrie's avocation. (Lower left) Sylvia Sidney specializes in Oriental stamps and (below) Jack Oakie goes sentimental over valentines.

stars above! Oh, my!

The servants were none the worse for their experience, but that was the sad, sad fate of the rare wild iris bulbs of Louise's!

Shirley Temple collects autographs of practically everyone with whom she comes in contact. She has them of the great, the near-great and the not-great-at-all.

With Joan Crawford collecting sapphires and Anita Louise collecting white lingerie, along comes Fernand Gravet with one of the oddest hobbies of them all—collecting little tin soldiers! Gravet also makes these toys, having himself a fine time designing helmets and uniforms and such, which he gives to his friends. Since his days of service in the French army during the World War, he has collected over 15,000 French soldiers in tin and recently added 1,250 "Americans" to his collection, or, as he terms it, his "noble little (?) toy army band!"

Eric Linden collects bits of jade and china ornaments but, believe it or not, his collection never seems to get any larger—because he has the habit of giving away his choicest pieces to any of his friends who happen to admire them out loud!

Harold Lloyd collects (of all things!) wasps, beetles and spiders! He enjoys the study of microscopy, biology and bacteria and has a complete laboratory in the basement of his Beverly Hills home. How to train a wasp's appetite in six lessons is Harold's current brow-wrinkle! The wasps are buzzing in the bacteriological laboratory in which the spectacled comic never fails to find extreme between-picture diversion.

It seems that Lloyd has determined from first-hand observation that the particular species of wasp, which he is assiduously cultivating with toothsome morsels of whatever it is that wasps like to eat, are strong and voracious enough to lick any black widow spider willing to engage them in battle. So, the black widow menace to the nation's well-being may be ended—if Lloyd can persuade his fighting wasps to seek out and destroy the poisonous breed of spiders. It appears that the wasps so far prefer other less strenuous pastimes, and possibly more succulent tid-bits! However, Harold is going to go right on collecting them and experimenting.

Jeanette MacDonald, one of the film colony's most avid collectors, has a collection of little orchestras composed of tiny figures playing musical instruments.

Gary Cooper, as you possibly know, has one of the most complete collections of modern firearms in the world. Bet you ten dollars, though, you can't guess what Mickey Rooney, the kid star, collects? It's pipes! No, he doesn't smoke 'em—just collects them for fun, he says.

John Boles and Claudette Colbert are both "antique" fans. John owns probably the finest and most authentic collection of
Jack Benny, Public Comedian No. 1, Makes 100,000,000 People Laugh Every Sunday Night. He Also Is Brightening Up The Screen.

HEAD MAN
OF THE
AIR WAVES

By Laurence Morgan

There are few artists, as gifted as Jack Benny, who remain totally unconscious of their great talents. Jack just considers himself lucky.

If I is a mere question of time now until Mr. J. Edgar Hoover will be free to disband his force of G-Men and retire to the peaceful life of a country gentleman. You ask, "how come?"
Well, Monsieur et Mesdames, it's thisaway: In another month or so, maybe sooner, it is very doubtful whether there'll be enough enemies, either public or private, left for him to fool around with. And, if by any chance there are a few left itting around loose, they will either be in such a mutilated condition or in such a state of abject terror as to render them quite harmless. For the criminal has not yet been born who is tough enough not to blanche and quail at mere mention of that dread threat . . . BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN!

Robin Hood was a Girl Scout compared to this young man who has come thundering out of the West—if Waukegan, Illinois, can be properly termed the West—with a smoking six-gun in one hand and an equally smoking script in the other.

Billy the Kid, Jesse James, and Black Bart doubtlessly turn over in their graves with a shudder every Sunday night at eight-thirty Pacific Standard Time as Jack (Bucky, to his pals) Benny takes to the ether and stalks Cactus Pete to his lair.

But all gags aside, Jack Benny, the gentleman from Waukegan, has definitely proven himself to be one of the foremost, if not the foremost comedian gracing both the radio and pictures today.

Recently, here in Los Angeles, where actors and comics come, admittedly, a dime a dozen, a large downtown department store displayed in their window a life size cut-out of Jack Benny dressed in his regalia of Ol' Eagle Eye Buck, the Terror of the Plains. Now, there's nothing out of the ordinary about a life size cut-out—we've all seen dozens of them in front of theaters.

This particular one showed Jack in a ten-gallon Stetson, a very dapper sports jacket around which was buckled a business looking cartridge belt, a six-shooter dangling nonchalantly from one hand, a cigar clenching between his teeth and the famous Buck Benny leer in his cool gray eyes. Nothing at all for the uninitiated to become excited about. But from early morning until late at night that display window had a laughing, milling crowd in front of it. One of the store managers told me that this cardboard figure had created more attention and comment than any other window display they had ever before attempted. And the funny part of it was—they weren't advertising anything. That seems to prove something, doesn't it?

Anything of a biographical nature but the sketchiest of outlines would be superfluous here, Jack having kidded his earlier background so consistently on the radio. So, with Mr. Benny's kind indulgence, we'll just skip over the fact that he was born in Waukegan, Ill., having already mentioned it twice. Or how his days as a clerk in his father's department store were brought to an abrupt close when he realized that life held no further allure unless he became, as quickly as possible, a concert violinist. And we'll omit that part of his career when the smell of grease-paint came overwhelmingly strong, when the call of the theater was vibrant within him . . . when he became doorman of Waukegan's only showhouse. In like manner we'll pass quietly over that cross-section of his life that brought him nearer and nearer the ever beckoning rostrum . . . when he became the ticket taker, a property boy, and finally a violinist in the pit orchestra.

"Those were the days," Jack sighs, reminiscently. "That was the hey-day of the truly great violinists. Ah, I can see them now . . . Mischa Elman, Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz and yes . . . Jascha Benny."

Naturally, there may be some divergence of opinion as to whether Jack did the right thing by postering when he deserted the concert stage to become a comedian, but, as he says, the field was becoming cluttered up with second rate geniuses and he thought he'd better branch out into a medium which allowed for more expression of the soul.

"My sense of the aesthetic was so often offended," he explains,
The group that busts off the buttons of the radio audience.
(Left to right) Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Don Wilson, Tom Harrington (production man), Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Benny), and the Waukegan kid who hasn’t an enemy in the world.

"If what came out of that darning violin, Maybe it was the brand of resin I used. I don’t know. Anyway, I decided to become a comic instead.
So he did. His rise to the top of the heap of the vaudeville comedians was only a little short of meteoric. Followed long years of trudging from the root bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California, playing every town enroute that boasted anything with a stage, than which there is no tougher business in the world. Ask anybody who’s done it. Cold dressing rooms, unlocked for lay-offs. (Sure, even headliners have lay-offs) the loneliness that show people know, having thousands of acquaintances and few real friends. It takes all that to reach the top via the vaudeville circuit—all that and a little more. And it is that “little more” that Jack Benny possesses in large copious quantities.

It was while playing in Los Angeles a few years ago that he was spotted by some very important people from the Metro-Golden-Mayer Studio. “What did I tell you?” boasted one v.p. to the other v.p. “You’re right,” was the reply. “Where’s that contract?” And that’s how Jack happened to be signed to do a part in one of the first musicals to be produced in Hollywood, “The Hollywood Revue of 1929.” Following that he appeared in “Chasing Shadows,” and “The Medicine Man.”

But the stage, with its live audience, still beckoned and he returned to New York to accept one of the leading roles in Earl Carroll’s “Vanities.” After that show closed Jack was a little undecided whether to return to Hollywood or pictures or to accept a very enticing offer to play another vaudeville circuit. “You know how it is,” Jack explains, diffidently, “I’d done so much trudging I often wondered if my parents weren’t holding out on me and were really Gypsies, after all.” He pauses to light a cigar and then dreams quietly... a far away look in his eyes, “Sometimes,” he sighs, “I’m just a vagabond... a wild, untamed thing.”

However, he didn’t have to make a choice after all because, as it happened, a famous columnist invited him to appear on his radio program one night as a guest artist and Jack gladly obliged. Two weeks later the happily amazed Mr. Benny was handed a long term radio contract of his own, complete with microphones and sponsors. Today this overworked young man has two bosses... Paramount Studios and his original radio sponsors who, by the way, have just signed him to a new three year contract. To a great many people attempting both picture and radio work this has often caused a lot of trouble and hard feeling on both sides. But not so in Jack’s case. Fortunately, for all concerned, Paramount and NBC have worked out an arrangement whereby neither his picture nor radio engagements conflict, although, in so doing, he garners an occasional ticket for speeding from one studio to another, And so everybody is happy, especially Jack. And Mr. and Mrs. Public.

Any attempt to analyze whatever quality it is that makes Jack Benny’s style of comedy stand out from all others, like the proverbial sail on a submarine, would be well-nigh impossible. But stand out it does, and to such an extent that, in comparison, he makes the great majority of alleged comics appear about as funny as a Vassar Daisy Chain. There is an old saying among show people that straight comedy is the most difficult thing in the business.

“Straight” comedy means, in the parlance, not to employ any of the standard “props” of the comedian, such as bizarre facial make-up, misfit clothes, heavy dialects etc. But without these “props” about nine out of ten of the funny men drawing down tremendous salaries would find it necessary to go back to clerking in the corner cut-rate or to driving a bakery wagon. Which, by the way, doesn’t seem like a bad idea, now that I mention it.

Jack, though, has never had any use for make-up of any kind except, of course, the standard grease paint necessary for moving picture photography. And for clothes, instead of getting a laugh from some outlandish night suit, Jack is recognized on and off the stage as one of the best dressed men in Hollywood or New York. And when it comes to a dialect... well, old Buck Benny just naturally doesn’t use one. [Continued on page 62]
Three Lucky Girls In Pictures Are Ascending Toward The Glittering Life Of Stars. They Clicked!

TWENTY some odd years ago, three little baby girls were born in various parts of the world.

At the time, they were no different from any other baby girls, these particular three. They wept when they were hungry or had a tummy ache, frowned furiously when they were displeased and smiled and crowed when the world looked like a pretty nice place, after all.

One was born the first day of life in Tokyo, Japan, born of English parentage; a second started life in Seattle, Wash. and the third gladdened the hearts of a young couple in Springfield, Mass.

To keep their identities to ourselves no longer, these three little girls were named Olivia de Havilland, Frances Farmer and Eleanor Powell, respectively. But how could their fond parents look into the future about twenty years and see those names emblazoned across thousands of theatre marquees throughout the civilized world?

They had no way of knowing that their respective daughters would someday be vying with each other in the most glamorous and competitive basements on the face of the earth, that they would be contributing their share to the artistry of the motion picture screen, and that they would be hailed simultaneously as three of its most promising younger stars. All this was not revealed to these three sets of parents, as they gazed in awe and reverence at the tiny little bundles sleeping so peacefully in their satin-coated bassinets.

No trio of actresses on the screen today could more logically be compared, their lives and careers laid side by side for study, than the Misses de Havilland, Farmer and Powell. They "arrived" at about the same time, each as a star overnight and their futures shine with equal lustre and magnitude. Let's go back to the days when they were children...

Olivia came to the United States at the age of two and one-half years, settling with her mother and sister in San Francisco. Nothing of moment occurred during these formative years of her life. When the fog of San Francisco began to affect her lungs, the family moved down to Saratoga, some miles south of the city, out of the mist area.

Early in her life, though, she acquired a taste for Shakespeare. Her mother carried a comfortable income as a Shakespearean reader, and Olivia developed a love for the Bard's works. Before she was ten, she could recite long passages from a great number of his plays, and often acted out the action before a mirror in the secret confines of her bedroom.

In Seattle, Frances led much the same type of existence. She was a quiet child, and a studious one. She frequented libraries, however, by putting on "kid shows." Always, she would be the leading lady and directing genius of the productions.

On her part, Eleanor was shy, backward, tormentedly self-conscious. She found an overpowering inferiority complex which made her different from all the other neighborhood children. She never went outdoors to play and, instead, sought always the company and comfort of her mother.

Her only playmate was a small toy key which would unlock the child's mind to the world. Dancing seemed the obvious solution, and to the best teacher in Springfield, noted for his genius in training children, Mrs. Powell entrusted her daughter. It was not easy, sending Eleanor to this school, for Mrs. Powell had been widowed and forced to count every penny to provide for herself and her small daughter.

The wisdom of this move became apparent soon after Eleanor's entrance upon the course of her instructor fad down for her. She began to adapt herself, look forward to the hours of dancing, and the class. Professed companionship she no longer refused. At the same time, her whole existence was revolving around her dancing, and she looked forward to the day she could dance professionally.

We have here, then, three girls, all with a love for expression. Olivia, Shakespeare; Frances, dramatics in general; Eleanor, dancing. Even in their childhood were sown the seeds later to grow into an overwhelming passion.

Each of the girls attended public school and for a brief time Olivia went to the Notre Dame Convent at Belmont, Calif., before entering high school. Frances went to the University of Washing-
ton after completing her high school course, but Eleanor's education was completed when she graduated from high school in Springfield with high honors. All three of them participated in amateur theatricals all during their school years.

When Olivia undertook the role of Puck at an outdoor showing of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the summer after she had completed high school in Saratoga, she held no thoughts of a dramatic career. Granted she always had been fascinated with the theatre . . . but she intended, rather, to enter Mills College in the Autumn, a girls' institution to which she had won a scholarship.

So expertly did she handle the role of Puck, though, that two assistants of Max Reinhardt, who was preparing to present the spectacle on a grand scale in the Hollywood Bowl later in the summer, praised her highly. They had been invited by the Saratoga producer to attend. Delighted with their acclaim, Olivia asked if she might watch Reinhardt direct rehearsals if she could manage to get to Hollywood, and they laughingly consented.

To Hollywood, then, trekked the dainty Olivia and met Reinhardt and the members of the cast. Gloria Stuart was rehearsing the role of Hermia, and understudied by Jeanne Rol- verbal. Olivia met both these girls and immediately truck up a warm friendship with each, often helping Jeanne rehearse her lines so that she might go on in the event Gloria could not play the part when the time came. Working with Jeanne, naturally impressed the lines upon her own memory.

Through an unprecedented series of circumstances, the night "A Midsummer Night's Dream" opened saw Olivia portraying the role of Hermia. Both Gloria and Jeanne had been forced to step out of the cast due to picture parts which they could not afford to turn down, and the producer quite naturally had offered the role to the Saratoga miss, in whom he had the utmost confidence. Olivia was off!

It was but a step, then, to the studios. When Reinhardt produced the picture of the Shakespearean classic for Warner Bros., he insisted upon Olivia for the same role she portrayed on the stage. Her performance on the screen still is remembered with keen recollection.

Without even this slight professional stage experience, Frances earned her Paramount contract . . . but she had to travel 12,000 miles to make the 1200-mile journey from her home in Seattle to the film capital. It was this way . . .

While working her way through Washington University (Fran-
[Cont. on page 72]
the movie-makers accept the judgment of vaudeville audiences on talent. Zanuck is already coming around to this viewpoint. The Ritz Brothers have proved to the little Swiss genius of cel-
luloid that vaudeville audiences know their stuff. For two years, I tried to get anyone and everyone interested in the Ritz freres. The only times they worked were when I made my sallies into the alleys of vaudeville. They went through my act for possibly six weeks, and show after show they tied up the proceedings in a knot. Audiences yelled at their comedy, howled at their facial grimaces—I knew that would be the same reaction of any audience that would be exposed to their insanities, because audiences don’t vary a great deal if the comedy material is in good taste.

Ed Sullivan Tells FOOTLIGHT SECRETS

In addition to being a Broadway columnisit, a nightly routine which inevitably must teach you something about show busi-
ness if you are interested in learning about it, my theatrical education has been expanded by perhaps thirty weeks in the four-a-day school of vaudeville. I’ve had a chance to study performers and audiences at close range in New York, Detroit, Chi-
cago, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., and it is my conviction that the movie-makers of Holly-
wood might, with vast benefit to themselves and their stockholders, study vaudeville reaction if they want to listen in on the public pulse. The Marx Brothers, testing out the gags for their new picture in a tour of vaudeville houses, and using the four-a-day theatres as a laboratory, showed magnificent common sense and superlative showmanship. Vaudeville holds all the answers, and asks all the questions.

If Hollywood knew much about vaudeville, for instance, it
would not have taken FOUR YEARS for them to realize that Jack Haley was a great comedian. Vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy stages had accepted Haley as a great comedian in 1932. Then he went to the Coast, and not until 1937 did he bob up, doing the things he always did superlatively well, in “Wake Up and Live.” The industry, or that portion of it not familiar with the background of this expert comedian, hailed him as a “discovery” when “Wake Up and Live” was released, because it is more flattering to acclaim him a “find,” rather than admit they wasted his talents for four solid years on parts that apprentices could have filled.

This is not said in any back-seat driver spirit. In the February issue of Silver Screen, I wrote this: “I can indict the Coast for its stupid casting of Alice Brady. Instead of adding to her dramatic stature, instead of taking ad-
vantage of this fine talent, Hollywood reduced her to parts which made Broadway vixes wine with pain. Jack Haley, who was the No. 1 comic of Broadway musical shows in its heyday, had been dropped and never heard from. More intelligent analysis of him and a better treatment would have yielded pay dirt in Haley, because he is a great comedian with proper material.” I then pinned this prophecy to the paragraph: “‘Pigskin Parade’ indicates that they are finally waking up to Haley’s capabilities.” They awakened, but their four-year sleep rivaled the record slumber of Rip Van Winkle.

Darryl Zanuck, Dave Selznick, Pandro Berman and the rest of the Coast production colony, reading these things, will grumble and say: “Sure, sure—Sullivan criti-
cizes, but where’s his con-
structive criticism? What does he propose?”

My only proposal is that
I raved about little Ella Logan, the Scotch lass you already have seen and heard in "Top of the Town." Rufus LeMaire took her on my say-so and my say-so was predicated on what she did in vaudeville. She stopped every show and the vaudeville patrons are the greatest judges of all, so far as I'm concerned. Eleanor Powell was a vaudeville shop-topper in my Dunn Patrol revue. She simply had to click in pictures. There were no ifs or buts about it--because if performers can stop a show on the four-a-day circuit, they'll stop the show in a moving picture, if they are permitted the same time and equivalent material on celluloid.

Yesir, the old-timers may wait that there is no incubator left for talent, but the seven or eight weeks of vaudeville and presentation houses left in the country are carrying on in the ancient manner, and vaudeville audiences are better fitted now to judge talent than ever before. The talkies and the radio have smartened them up, and your vaudeville audience today has better taste and quicker perception than ever before in the history of the theatre.

In the old days of vaudeville, for instance, there were more "hams" per square foot of stage than you could calculate. The editor of this magazine interposes here to ask the definition of a "ham." Well, let's see. A "ham" is a performer who resists to contemptible tricks to win the applause that he is not entitled to. That is one phase of it. Think back to the old days of vaudeville and estimate how many performers used to call out their mother or wife or father from the wings and introduce them. One out of every five acts were guilty of that pardonable "hamminess," a plea for the audience's sympathy and pity. At Jolson's frequent and unnecessary references to his Ruby, Eddie Cantor's tiresome references to his family--these are throwbacks to the old school of acting, and to the old school of "ham." Jolson and Cantor should avoid such stale tricks, because they don't need them. It would be as senseless for Nino Martini to sing a brilliant aria, and then wave the American flag to insure his applause.

But this is only one of the cheap stratagems that mark the old-time hams of vaudeville. "Milking" an audience was clased among the fine arts. Performers apply this term to it, because when an act squeezed the last drop of applause out of an audience, it was considered that he had milked the patrons dry. In the old days of vaudeville, the "milkers" were on every bill. They'd finish their act, the curtains would close in and then open up again. As the curtains opened, the performer would be caught in the act of just leaving the stage, and the applause would start up again. That was one type of "milking." Another was the direct appeal: "Do you want me to sing another song?" or still another "milk" was the practice of the performer, as the applause died down, to stick his hand out from the curtain and wave it up and down. Others improved on this and stuck their heads around the curtain, so that the audience became conscious that the bill was still available if enough applause was recruited hurriedly.

It's a constant wonder to me that old-time vaudeville shows ever finished the same night they started. Two-a-day vaudeville was a necessity because in the old days, these prima "hams" couldn't be chased off the stage. Not long ago I saw a vaudeville bill at Loew's State, and one of these veterans was on the program. She did forty-five minutes, all by herself, which will give you a faint idea of what "hamming" means--to be distinguished by typical old-fashioned "hamming." Each performer thanked the orchestra leader and asked for a round of applause for him. But it remained for one act to out-dank all the others. He asked for applause for his partner, a pretty girl. When he asked the audience to applaud Ruby Zwerling, the bandleader, and then, so help me, he thanked the manager of the theatre and also the booking manager of the show. He was trying to set something like that exhibition, since the old days at the Palace Theatre.

It is true, of course, that the old Palace was the No. 1 house of American vaudeville, but it is also true that every great ham of the profession appeared there at one time or another. Back in the days these "hams" fought and bickered over dressing room locations, smelled and yelled about the size in which their names were printed on the advertising placards, protested that the orchestra mustn't have their introductions cut out of their acts, that they had to be seen in the center of the stage and that the height of the white beads must be raised to act as a background behind the performers, and that people generally were hounded out of the theatre by hurriedly entering, or one comedian trying to discredit the other by "catching flies" while the other comic was delivering his catch lines. "Catching flies" alluded to the practice of a "ham" in vaudeville reaching up in the air after some droll remark or some distraction from the other performer, on the same stage. Women performers achieved the same result by standing off in one corner of the stage and "accidently" turning a diamond ring back and forth so that it caught the spotlight rays.

From these various practices and usages of vaudeville, you will have gained by now a fairly complete understanding of what is meant by "ham." It is always assumed that "ham" is a thing of the past, and since a new generation of performers takes over the place of the old, the moderns describe these hammy characteristics of the Old Guard survivors as being "corney," implying "old-timers." A performer who would dare to come out on a rough stage today and say, "Your applause has gone to my heart--not to my head," would be classified immediately as "corney." Kenny Baker, of the Jack Benny radio program, ruined the fine impression he made in New York by responding to Loew's State applause in this way, "Gee, I'm thrilled to death." That is "corney" in the worst tradition, as is any similar form of insincerity or coyness or cuteness.

It appears to me that present-day vaudeville is tremendously improved over the old school of vaudeville on the premise that there are evidences of frightful taste. Much ridicule has been directed at Masters of Ceremonies, but the M.C. has done much to speed up the pace of vaudeville and he can take a bow on that. An expert Master of Ceremonies will present a show of six or seven acts in seventy minutes; in the old days, a similar show, with nobody as pace-setter and every act clinging grimly to the stage, would have had an encore from the audience, and for the full hour. May I say, is one of the poorest Masters of Ceremonies. His slow, deliberate method of introducing acts, and his homely asides to the audience, are maddening to me. But if an M.C. knows his business, and is not interrupted by the sound of his own voice (as masters do who indulge in long rhapsodies), he brings a staccato quality to vaudeville that is invigorating to the performers and to the audience.

In the logical course of events, all of these "hammy" tricks and distortions were brought to the screen. Players ‘steal’ pictures from each other just as they used to ‘steal’ scenes at the old Palace. Every comedian in Hollywood will tell you that Jack Oakie is the greatest scene-stripper in the Dailies. He learned his fly-catch tricks that he learned when he was an audience foil for Lulu McConnell. It was commonly believed that Baby Le Roy would steal the picture from W. C. Fields if they were brought together, Fields, a veteran of conflicts with the "hams," turned his knowledge to good account, running away with the picture and eventually getting the biggest laugh by booting Baby Le Roy in his pantomimes. Fields cut all the Hollywood "hams" to pieces, refusing to rehearse set lines and stealing scene after scene by dropping in lines that he had prepared, but to which the other comics had no ad-lib answers. [Continued on page 63]
H OW would you like to be private secretary to Jeanette MacDonald, Bob Taylor, Francis Lederer, Joan Bennett, Bing Crosby or Robert Montgomery—to mention just a few? To be trusted with their secrets, read and write their confidential letters, do their shopping, hire and fire their servants, accept or decline invitations for a party at the Tropicadero or the Coconut Grove or at some manorial estate in Beverly Hills?

How would you like to have a nice office of your own in the home of a glamorous movie star or at the studio where he or she works, with the world literally at your feet, pulling a lot of strings behind the scenes of the professional and social whirl, the kaleidoscopic puppet-show and Arabian Nights entertainment of this incredible town, yours and mine and Cecil B. DeMille's Hollywood?

Sylvia Grogg, secretary to Jeanette MacDonald, is practically her alter ego. "This job fell into my lap out of a clear sky. I had a girl friend who worked in the Paramount foreign publicity department. Miss MacDonald knew her, and offered her a position as her secretary. But she couldn't take it, and sent me out. I got the job. That was three years ago.

"I am a combination of business and social secretary. I come to my office at 9 in the morning, and usually leave at 5 in the afternoon. I have complete charge of Miss MacDonald's personal and household accounts, look after her insurance, check all bills. We have an auditor who checks our books. Everything goes first through this desk. All her business appointments are first referred to me. We buy everything on a charge basis, and it is my duty to see that they don't overcharge her because she happens to be a movie star. I meet callers whom Miss MacDonald is not able to see personally, answer the telephone, supervise the household help. We have a cook, a French personal maid who takes care of Miss MacDonald's wardrobe, a gardener, a chauffeur and butler. We engage extra help during special entertainments. All of them work under me.

"She likes to have her days planned out for her." She showed me Jeanette's daily date book. "Here is an average day when she is not working: Voice coach, 11 a.m. Wardrobe fitting, 1 p.m. Stromberg, 2:30 p.m. Hairdresser, 4 p.m. Interview for a fan magazine, 6 p.m. Dinner at the Biltmore, 9 p.m.

Miss Grogg has auburn hair, blue eyes, a cheerful disposition, and the manner of a capable business woman. She is a high school graduate and attended a finishing school in Los Angeles. She loves her present work, but her real ambition is to be a writer, which incidentally, is the real ambition of everybody in Hollywood, from the stars down.

Virginia Thompson has received more publicity than any other secretary in Hollywood. She works for Bob Taylor, has her office in his mother's house, and lives very much like a member of his family. Her work is a little different from Sylvia Grogg's. Bob has a business manager for financial matters, and Virginia's chief duty is to handle his fan mail, which is a tremendous task in itself. She has two assistants to help her.

"Every day I go to the studio to get Bob's mail," she said. "I open and read every letter, although I don't mean to say that I read every word. That would be physically impossible. About 70 per cent of his fan mail consists of requests for photographs, and we don't have to answer them, we just mail them photographs. But many require a personal reply, either from me or Bob, and that takes a lot of time. I have a special filing system I use. The mailing is handled through the studio, but we have to insert the letters and photographs in the envelopes and address them ourselves.

"Sometimes the publicity department of the studio calls me up to take some special guests of Bob's to lunch when he himself can't leave the set. I buy gifts for his friends and relatives whenever he asks me to.

She showed me a letter Bob had dictated, addressed to a girl who had wanted to know what training and personal traits are needed for being a successful secretary to a male star. According to the current romantic idol of these United States, personality is the most important qualification. Then come education, "at least high school education, with some business training," patience, tact and understanding, enthusiasm, accuracy and a good memory. "Patience is the most important, if you ask me," Virginia explained with a sad smile. "In this kind of work you must have the patience of Job, otherwise you'll give it up in a week. It gets terribly monotonous to read eight or nine thousand letters a week about 'Camille' for five or six weeks running."

Virginia is a high school graduate and attended the University of Southern California for three years, majoring in social sciences. She was a legal secretary, working in an attorney's office, before Bob asked her to work for him. I'll refrain from praising her beauty and personality, as I have done that in other articles.

Francis Lederer is the greatest employer of secretaries in Hollywood. He has a suite of seven offices in the Outpost Building, opposite the Egyptian Theatre, in the busiest section of Hollywood Boulevard. He employs no less than five secretaries, not only because the cause of world peace is so dear to his heart and he is constantly in demand to speak before college sororities, women's
Robert Taylor

MEMO: Buy wedding present

Joan Bennett

MEMO: Menu for dinner party

Robert Montgomery

MEMO: Don't forget tennis date tomorrow at 9 A.M.

Francis Lederer

MEMO: Please sign letters

THE STARS

vate secretary. She accompanied him on his recent personal appearance tour when he preached his doctrines for the brotherhood of man while entertaining audiences in New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Montreal, and other cities of the United States and Canada. Said Miss Alison: 

'Mr. Lederer's offices are open to everyone, everybody can come in, and all must be treated courteously. He is the only star who has his name in the Los Angeles Telephone Directory, so people call him up, want to talk to him. 'Hello, Francis,' women say in caressing tones, and are terribly disap-

pointed when I answer the telephone and tell them Mr. Lederer is busy at the studio. Fans send him home-made candy, preserves, books, pictures of themselves, original poems dedicated to him, and each gets a courteous note of thanks. He insists on reading and signing every letter himself, and no secretary is allowed to simulate his signature. His signature is now printed on his photographs, although he doesn't like it at all. He used to sign every photograph separately, until it became impossible to sign even one tenth of them. I have at least 300 letters that are waiting for his signature, I don't know when he will be able to sign them. One of them, by the way, is addressed to you, thanking you for an article you wrote about him. You will get it some time, with a postscript, in which he will apologize for the delay. He thinks you have already received that let-
ter, and will hit the ceiling when I tell him you haven't.'

Dorothy Watkins is Joan Bennett's secret-
ary, has been with her for eight years, and has an office in her palazzo in Beverly Hills. Two maids, a personal maid for Miss Bennett, a cook, a chauffer and two nurses in white uniforms work under her imme-
diate supervision. Her responsibilities are

[Continued on page 23]
BACK in 1934 and '35, those self-important little people who call themselves moxion picture critics, and who scurry about on preview nights exuding the Power of the Press and an occasional odor of gin (I ought to know, I'm one of them), were accustomed to sum up the contributions of Alice Faye to the cinema quite effectively. Said the critics in toto: "Also in the cast was Alice Faye." Now there is nothing more discouraging to an actress than to find herself "also in the cast." (It's equivalent to "also ran" in racetrack parlance.) And it was not unusual, where the critics happened to be women, for Alice to find her name omitted entirely.

Now Alice is a shy, sensitive girl, painfully so. Beside her Elsie Dinsmore is a flaming extravert. And when she reads her notices, or rather her lack of them, she decided that she must be transparent, that no one in Hollywood liked her, and that as soon as her contract was over she'd go back to New York where at least they knew how to spell her name. Pictures didn't like her, so she didn't like pictures, so there.

During her first year in Hollywood she made six trips to New York. These visits to her home town sort of gave her back her self-respect.

Then came "Sing, Baby, Sing"-"Stowaway," "On the Avenue," and "Wake Up and Live." The critics who had been so apathetic and negligent towards Alice suddenly did a complete right-about face—they dragged out their best well-worn adjectives and scattered them so profusely through their reviews that the day after "On the Avenue" was previewed six wives looked down from a good man. It was also the day after the preview "On the Avenue" that Twentieth Century-Fox realized what a valuable property they had in one Miss Faye, for when they checked over the preview cards (a quaint Hollywood custom of letting the public criticize pictures) practically each and every one of them urged, albeit demurred, that Alice Faye get Dick Powell.

Feeling ran so high on the subject that Darryl Zanuck, the Big Boss himself, contemplated a new ending for the picture with orange blossoms for Alice. Now I can take pictures in my stride I hope, being a nonchalant critic from way back, but I must admit that I too felt pretty badly about Madeleine Carroll taking Alice's man. If it happens again I shall ban Carroll pictures and write a letter to my senator.

At the preview of "Wake Up and Live" at the Grauman's Chinese Alice received such an enthusiastic ovation that Una Merkel in the Outpost nearly ran out into the street thinking it was an earthquake; and when Alice gave forth with "There's a Lull in My Life" in that low moaning voice of hers practically every male in the audience would have given his eyeteeth to have been able to do something about it. That preview Twentieth Century-Fox, they're no fools, presented Alice with a brand new contract with an up in salary, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, and Irving Berlin told the newspapers that they had rather have Alice plug their songs than anyone else on the screen, those six wives of the movie critics phonied a good lawyer, and someone suggested that Alice play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." Everybody who had been stand-offish and indifferent back in '34 and '35 was now busy being nice to Alice, that is, everybody except Loretta Young and Simone Signoret. Alice didn't seem to realize (or perhaps they didn't) that it was "Mad-for-Alice" year. Loretta put up the rubber mat in front of Alice's dressing room, and Simone snared her make-up man. Alice couldn't decide whether to be a lady and ignore the whole thing, or to be a lady and tell them both off in elementary English. She compromised by snapping back, "This rubber mat and locking up the make-up man, and playing some Russian music on the victrola.

The young lady about whom all this clamor is being made throughout the country and in Mr. Zanuck's fastidious dressing room building for discrediting movie stars, is, in her early twenties, has large blue-grey Irish eyes, and light brown hair with golden curls that were not purchased at the drugstore. She was a platinum blonde back in '34 and '35, as an accommodation to the studio who were toying with the idea of making her another Jean Harlow. But no one was happier than Alice when it was decided that she could be Alice Faye, and not Jean Harlow, and let her hair grow out its natural color.

Though quite amiable and submissive, at times Alice can also be very, very stubborn. When several of the publicity boys at the studio suggested to Alice that she could grab off a lot of space in the newspapers and fan magazines by wearing overalls and coming to work in a station wagon the way Katharine Hepburn did, Alice said no thanks. It should be said to her lasting credit that never once has she fallen for a cheap publicity gag. And I can't say that of many actresses. Off the screen, as well as on, she usually wears tailored suits with blue shirts open at the throat, and a blue ribbon in her hair. She has a wild desire to dress up as a star on the screen with trailing chiffon hostess gowns, exotic evening gowns decollete down to here, and ermine wraps that simply snore at the Revolution, and she will spend hours in the wardrobe department telling them what she wants to wear in her next picture. Comes the next picture, and she wears a suit.

She cannot stand high places, something in her throat just closes up, and so if you want her to sing for you don't ever put her on the piano, a la Helen Morgan. Her friends in New York nicknamed her Cuddly, and her family, a mother and two brothers, call her Sister. She cries when she gets mad, and it sufficiently aroused can give out with a magnificent temper. It's the Irish in her. A director once said to her in front of the entire company, "How can I make a decent picture when they give me a night club singer? I want an actress!" The script which she was reading at the time caught the director right on the backside of his nose. They do not speak as they pass by.

Alice was born not so many years ago on May 5th, amidst the hurly and the burly of New York's West Side, and was christened Alice Leppard. Skating, both roller and ice, was her passion as a kid and she used to win all the ice skating contests for girls held in Central Park. (Thank heavens, she didn't grow up to be Sonja Henie.) When she wasn't skating she was playing school with her dolls and whacking them over the head with a ruler because her brothers had told her that teachers did that. It was her ambition to be the principal of a school when she grew up, because she thought that
there was nothing to do about it but that all the guests should make a record for him. Alice, who had never suspected that she had any kind of a voice at all, though she did warble a bit occasionally, was finally persuaded under pressure to make a record, so she sang “Mimi” to the whirling wax disc. They played it later, and everybody laughed, except Rudy Vallee’s manager who happened to be present and who was certain he had discovered a Voice. Rudy was on the look-out for a girl to sing with his orchestra, the Connecticut Yankees, so when he heard the record Alice had made he signed her at once.

Alice sang with Rudy’s orchestra at the Club Hollywood on Broadway and in various theatres and clubs throughout the East. Rudy also wanted her to go on the air with him when he broadcast for Fleishman’s Yeast.

In a play suit or at a microphone, before a camera or singing blues in a night club, Alice is a personality aglow with youth, pep and talent.

but the Fleishman sponsors said nothing doing on Alice Faye. Rudy, determined, paid her salary out of his own pocket and the sponsors could like it or not. They liked it—and sweet revenge was later haded Alice on a silver tray, when, after an automobile accident kept her in bed for six months, she was invited back to the program by the Fleishman sponsors and this time for plenty of dough.

When Rudy came to Hollywood in 1934 to appear in “The George White Scandals of 1934” at Twentieth Century-Fox he had to do his weekly broadcast from Hollywood, so he brought his entire troupe with him, and among them Alice, who thought she was coming for a six weeks’ visit. But Lilian Harvey, the star of the picture, took one look at the script and the size of the Vallee part and did a famous walk-out. In the confusion that followed Alice suddenly found herself playing the lead. When the studio saw the “vasha” she was given a contract. She wired her family to join her and they took a house on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. Only a short while, said Alice cheerfully, because we’ll go back to New York in a few months when the contract is up. Alice is still here, as you well know, and I don’t think there’s a chance in the world of her getting away for years and years.

The happiest day in Alice’s life occurred during the winter of 1935 when she bought her first and only mink coat. Ever since she was a little kid [Continued on page 66]
SPRING is in the air, all right, but there's a
twist in my heart after I call the dif-
f erent studios to find what's shooting.
Production seems to be at its peak and I
know I'm in for a long hard day when
I start out to visit the studios.

"Come out for breakfast," Gene O'Brien
invites me. Gene is the gent who now hails
me around—

Warner Bros.

"I HAVE a piece of pie with that coffee," he
suggests as we straddle a stool
(apiece) in the commissary.

"You have me confused with Robert Mont-
gomery," I inform him blandly. "He's the one
who goes in for these New England break-
fasts."

"All right, then don't
have a piece of pie," Gene comes back affably.

"Have some hot cakes
and sausage or even
some fried chicken and
biscuits if you want to
be a professional South-
erner."

So I have tried chicken and
biscuits but they're
not like my old black
mammy used to make
or even like I can make
myself if I'm urged. But
they answer the pur-
pose.

And then we start
out on the grand
tour. As I glance at
the production sched-
ule, my heart sinks as
far as it can, which
isn't very far because it's spring and there's
quite a bit of chicken for it to get past on
their way down. There's "In the Deep South," Marion Davies in "Ever Since Eve," Bette
Davis and Ian Hunter in "That Certain
Woman" and Kay Francis in "Confession,"
to say nothing of Paul Muni in "The Story
of Emile Zola." Big pictures—all of them.
There are also "Lady Luck" with Barton
MacLane and "Devil's Saddle Legion" with
Dick Foran and Ann Nagle, the latter two
being on location. And there's "The Sing-
ing Marine," of which I've already told
you. So we get on with the new ones.

"In the Deep South" is Mervyn LeRoy's
second offering as a producer. It is adapted
from "Death in the Deep South" but they
don't like the word "Death" in titles so
they've dropped it. Not since Mervyn made
"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" has
Hollywood offered such a powerfully dar-
ing drama as this uncompromising indict-
ment of the legal and social system which
can railroad an innocent man
to death solely
on the strength

scornfully, "What did I have to be scared
about? I didn't have nothin' to hide."

"What happened then?" another boy
wants to know.

"Well," Cookie continues, "me and the
D.A. got to talk—pretty nice guy, the
D.A. is—when you get to know him—an' I
told him what I knew about the case—

"What'd you tell him, Joe?" the first boy
persists.

"Sorry, guys," Cookie returns patroniz-
ingly, "but that's strictly between me and
the D.A. himself."

"You're pretty famous, Joe," a third boy

poses up. "Gotcha
pitcher in the paper
an' everything.

"Well, you gotta
remember I'm a
key witness," Cookie
replies importantly.

"Give us the lowdown, Joe," the first boy
begins again. "Didja really have a date with
Mary?"

"Say," says Cookie, "I had a date with
Mary every day. She was nuts about me,
but she was.

He suddenly stops talking and looks
towards the entrance. His voice cracks as
they all turn in that direction.

"Was she?" Trevor Bardette asks softly.
He is one of the most villainous looking
beauties ever I saw. It's no wonder Cookie
is scared all over again. All his bravado is
lost in a jiffy.

"Hello, Shack," he says weakly.

"Was she?" Bardette insists with the same
intensity.

Cookie looks at him a moment, tries to
talk, then his emotion becomes too great.
He bursts into tears. Pitiously he turns to
Bardette, "I loved her, Shack. Honest I did!
When I heard she—why—"

"I believe you, Joe," Bardette concedes
slowly.

"Thanks, Shack. Thanks," Cookie mur-
murs gratefully.

"In the papers," Bardette continues, "I
read that you said you'd get that guy who
did it—whoever it was."

"Yeah," Cookie admits. "I said it."

"When the time comes," Bardette cau-
ts him, "remember that."

"I'll remember it," Cookie promises.

I say to Cookie, who made a terrific hit

in New York in "Ah, Wilderness."  
"It's funny to see you doing a small part like that after all the big things you've done in New York."

"I'm a type," he answers simply. "And, anyhow, it's nice out here and the money is nice, too. Gimme your phone number. I live down at Newport Beach and when I'm on a picture I have to stay in town and there's never anywhere to go."

I give him my phone and address rather apprehensively remembering the time he and Sue Carol barged into my apartment at five o'clock in the morning, demanding breakfast. They'd been out making whoopee all night and couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't be as wide awake as they were. Me, that goes to bed with the birds.

"Come on," says Gene O'Brien. "We can't spend the day here."

So we drag it over to the set of "Ever Since Eve" starring Marian Davies and Robert Montgomery.

"Marion never looked lovelier," I begin mockingly as we enter the stage. "You're all right," Gene laughs.

And when I see her I gasp. She has on a very badly fitted tweed suit, a most unbecoming bob and spectacles.

Marion is a secretary and she gets plenty fed up on the unwelcome advances made by her employers. Because she insists on being a good girl she just can't hold a job—and it serves her jolly well right, I think. She goes to Louise Hazenda, who publishes the books of Author Robert Montgomery. Montgomery's weakness is blondes, blondes and brunettes—but particularly blondes.

Louise decides if he had an unattractive secretary he might work more. I think she has something there. So she takes Marion to Bob's penthouse.

Louise gives the doorbell a vicious jab and turns to Marion. "Freddie Matthews is a clever boy—good writer," she announces tersely, "but he needs someone to keep him in order—make him work. That's your job."

"Sounds ticklish, Miss Belldon," Marion ventures. "Suppose he fires me?"

"He can't," Louise snaps. "I hired you."

And then the butler opens the door. "Ah, good morning, Miss Belldon," he begins.

"Good morning, Alonzo," she snaps, "and if Mr. Matthews told you to tell me he wasn't in (I should be running a school of English for Warner Brothers writers. It should be 'laid' in), don't bother him."

"Oh, no, Miss," Alonzo is quite shocked. "He's in, but he's concentrat-ing. Please enter."

"Concentrating," jeers Louise as they push through the door. "Well, that's something new."

And when they get into the living room, what do you suppose Bob is concentrating on? He's throwing darts!


"Freddie," says Louise severely, "this is your new secretary, Miss Winton. Mr. Matthews."

Marion recognizes Bob as the man she saw at a cocktail bar before she put on her glasses and ill-fitting clothes.

"Oh," she breathes involuntarily. "Why—it's you're—I."

"Oh!" Louise ejaculates. "Do you two know each other?"

"I don't think I've had the—pleasure." Bob gets out, swallowing hard.

Well, that's all there is to the scene. I congratulate Bob on his performance in "Night Must Fall"—and if you want to see a stark melodrama, highlighted by the most uniformly splendid acting of the year, don't miss it—and start to leave. Marion never remembers me from one meeting to the next so there's no use saying "hello" to her. We may laugh and sneer at the reviews of her pictures beginning "Marion never looked lovelier" but when she gets a director who won't let her put on boys' clothes or put on blackface or do imitations, she's one of the most deft comedians in the business. In addition to which she is one of the grandest people in Hollywood. And I don't work for any syndicates, either.

This set is something you should look at and remember. The living room is a combination of colonial and modernistic stuff. Bob Haas, the art director, has done himself proud. As I told you, it's a penthouse. For the skyline, they have what is called a "cyclorama." It is pictures of neighboring buildings painted on a back-drop. Actually, it is pictures of the real sky-line enlarged 752 times! The cyclorama measures 22 x 1460 feet!

"Come on," says the relentless O'Brien, before I can even be introduced to Marion again, and I've been introduced to her twice a year for eight years—up until now.

This year it will only be once because I missed this time.

"We'll go see your darling Kay Francis," Gene offers—and he isn't kidding. Kay is my darling—most of the time.

The picture is called "Confession" (formerly "One Hour of Romance"). The set is a very elegant cabaret (Gosh! How long it's been since I've heard that word. Everything nowadays is "Night Club—Intime." I think I'll sponsor Cabaret's comeback!) Kay is sitting at a table with Lane Chandler and Laura Hope Crewes and some other people I don't know.

All of a sudden the master of ceremonies announces a mazurka and everybody at the table but Kay, Lane and Miss Crewes get up and leave. Suddenly there is Basil Rathbone standing at Kay's elbow.

Michael Michaleff!" she breathes ecstatically.

"Ah, wcl," says Laura resignedly, "into each party some rain must fall."

"You left me after one mazurka," Basil begins flamboyantly, "We meet again to the tune of another."

"What!" says Kay. "A man who says things like that can't possibly have any talent. Who writes your music for you?"

"What I want to know," the pessimistic Laura cuts in, "is who writes his dialogue?" And that is why I say Miss Crewes is mis-cast in this picture. There isn't an ounce of pessimism in her whole hundred and sixty pounds. She just drips sweetness and light.

Take after take is made. Kay is up on a balcony where I can't get to her and she doesn't even know I'm on the set so she

[Continued on page 75]
COUPLET CONTEST

Write a Clever Couplet About A Player And Win A Prize. The Name Of A Star Must Be In The Couplet.

The world ain't funny and we've got no dough,
What does it matter, we've got Edmund Lowe.

She is the dream of every boy,
Cute and charming Myrna Loy.

Some wear mink and some wear sable,
I'm wearing my heart out for Clark Gable.

ANYONE can make a rhyme, but poets are so temperamental! Clever couplets are more than just rhymes. Show your knowledge of the players and enter this contest. The best couplets will win the prize. There are no restrictions. You can use the name of any player.

History has been kind to couplets. In fact, some seem destined to live forever. For example:
"Tom Tom the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run."

(Slightly ungrammatical but Mother Goose did as she pleased)

Every fan knows many things about the players and nothing could be better for your couplet than your opinion of an actor or actress, told in jingle, to take the sting out. Supposing you think that Franchot Tone ought to have "top billing," then you could write:
"He can carry a film alone
Make a star of Franchot Tone."

But how much better that would be if it were funny! The coupon is provided for your convenience. Be careful in filling it out, and remember neatness counts in the awarding. You can send as many coupons and couplets as you wish.

The decision of the judges is final and the prizes will be sent to the authors of the winning couplets as soon as possible after the contest closes.

Write a couplet, name a star;
Show them what a poet you are.

USE THIS COUPON TO SEND IN YOUR COUPLETS

Submitted by

Street

City  State

Send to Couplet Contest Editor

% Silver Screen, 43 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED FOR COUPLETS

First Prize
$10.00

Second Prize
$5.00

(5) Third Prizes
$1.00 each

CONDITIONS

1. Use the coupon and write plainly.
2. Neatness will be considered in awarding prizes.
3. Contest closes midnight July 12, 1937.
4. In the event of ties, the prize tied for will go to each tying contestant.
5. No correspondence concerning this contest will be entered into nor any titles returned.

The couplets on this page are just to show what is meant, but, of course, you can do better couplets than these samples. It is amusing to write jingles and if you develop your talents in this direction perhaps your verses will be in demand. The "Spotless Town" verses made one man famous. Make jingles about the stars, kid them along. Let your sense of humor triumph.
Many a runner, spent and breathless, sees others finish in front. No longer are the eyes of the grandstand upon him. No one cares for failures.

As a matter of fact, it was not Menjou's fault that the public once lost interest. He was cast in bad pictures and disaster was inevitable. The days of starring had passed for Adolphe. He had been a big shot, but soon was almost forgotten.

Then, one day, because one producer believed in his talent, he was offered an entirely different type of part in "Front Page" and he made such a success at that time, and since then, that this page is a tribute to his many fine performances. Adolphe Menjou wins our admiration, and deserves it.
Even The Wind Is Whistling The New Songs

The Musical Pictures Keep The Whole World In Tune.

Tomorrow Is Another Day

It's Raining Sunbeams

Music In My Dreams

Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and A Girl" sings these catchy songs first, then everybody joins in.
Joan Davis, Dixie Dunbar, Anthony Martin, Leah Ray and Allan Lane doing their gloom chasing in "Sing and Be Happy."

Sing And Be Happy

Shall We Dance

Night Over Shanghai

Your Broadway And My Broadway

Reproduced by permission of the copyright owner, Robbins Music Corp., N.Y. C.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire invite you to exercise your rhythm in "Shall We Dance."

The Proudest Ships Must Seek The Safe Harbor Of The Box Office.
YACHTS are always "sles" and the girls of picture-land carry out the idea. They are beautiful and seaworthy and they add an attractive quality to any picture or ocean. But let them glitter in the sunlight and gracefully bow before the wind as they may—they still must make good at the box office or their voyages will soon be over.
ROUND and 'round it goes with flags aflutter and calliope blaring, while the players strive to catch a role in a good picture, which, like a brass ring, will win them another chance. Soon the whirl of events, the publicity, the easy money and the flash of fame are over. The music ends, the excitement dies away, and forgotten are the players for whom Luck withheld her smile.

The established players below are no longer thrilled by the Hollywood whirligig nor do they fear the bitterness of failure.

Don Ameche  Henry Fonda  Wyn Cahoon  Jane Wyman  Wayne Morris  Burns and Allen

Charles Boyer  Merle Oberon  Cary Grant
The World Watches And Envies The Excitement Of Studio Life.

Michael Whalen  Patric Knowles  Gail Patrick  Virginia Bruce

Ronald Colman  Joan Crawford  Warner Baxter
Thar's Gold In Them Thar Hills

The "Forty-niners" grew rich from the fecund mountainside of California and now, nearly a hundred years later, in the shadow of the High Sierras a new generation has staked its claims. Talent is the priceless quantity today, and, compared with the fortunes the moving picture producers expect, the pioneers of last century were only pikers.
Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen in "Escape from Love."

William Powell and Luise Rainer in "The Emperor's Candelsticks."

Diana Gibson and Lee Tracy in "Tomorrow's Headlines."

Charles Ruggles, a model, and Marjorie Gateson in "Turn Off the Moon."

Terry Walker in "Mountain Music." Bob Burns and Martha Raye are co-starred.

Jed Prouty, Joyce Compton and Stuart Erwin in "Small Town Boy."
For July Screens

Sally Blane, Jane Withers and Robert Kent in "Angel's Holiday."

E. Allen Warren and Claude Rains in "In the Deep South."

Irene Hervey and Robert Armstrong in "The Girl Said No."

Kay Francis in "Confession." Ian Hunter plays opposite her.

Buddy Ebsen, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1937."

Ruth Coleman and Harvey Stephens in "A Night of Mystery."
Whether Under The Sun . . .
Or Under The Moon . . .
The Stars Of Hollywood Radiate
Equal Magnetism.

Gloria Stuart prefers strictly tailored sports clothes. Above she wears a heavy white linen crash slack suit, hand stitched in dark blue, with a beautifully cut Eton jacket. A crownless navy straw hat and navy gloves and purse go with this outfit. (Next) Marsha Hunt goes to town in a navy crepe splashed with yellow flowers in order to keep that exciting "luncheon date." A blue straw hat with gossamer veil, blue gloves and blue open-work sandals make this an ideal costume for city streets.

NINE SMART SUMMER GIRLS!

Black and white is always a striking combination. But this summer afternoon frock of Bette Davis' is made doubly so by reason of the crisp white organdy overdress worn over form-fitting black and white printed crepe. High puffed sleeves and cording lacing on the bodice lend a medieval touch. A large white straw picture hat and white linen pumps embroidered in black complete this distinctive ensemble.
This is the season of the year that should prove a boon to girls with small incomes. If you plan to spend much time at the seashore or in the country, you will practically live in play suits or swim suits, whichever you prefer, and all the shops have an endless variety of them to suit all purses, large and small. But, no matter how lovely a girl may look in her play togs, nor how comfortable she may feel, she will be glad to shed them in mid-afternoon and put on something delectably feminine and delectably cool in the way of an afternoon frock.

As for evenings, dancing under a summer moon, it should be joy indeed to become a mystery to man once again by covering up those sun-browned limbs with layers of chiffons, laces and other alluring fabrics.
Relaxed!

The movie camera takes 960 pictures a minute. One more doesn't matter to Janet Beecher or the hairdresser.

Ernst Lubitsch, Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall looking over some portraits. And are they disgusted?

Robert Montgomery holds the jewels and Rosalind Russell the warrant signed by King George V, making May Whitty Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, a title which outranks masculine knighthoods.

Madge Evans and her real brother, Tom Evans, visiting on the set of her next picture, "The Thirteenth Chair."

Freddie Bartholomew, now a photographer, posed his Aunt Myllicent. Perhaps he intends to put her in the movies. She certainly was good to Freddie.

Mary Maguire and Jane Bryan, who are in the cast of Francis' new picture. Mary should borrow Garbo's glasses.

Players Off-Stage With No Script To Guide Them.
Laura Hope Crews puts on the finishing touches to her make-up before appearing in a scene for "Confession."

Spencer Tracy's little autograph collector is in luck.

Lisa Landi and Thomas Beck discuss the next scene, but so respectfully!

Between scenes on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Don Ameche and Loretta Young—just strolling.

"WHY CAN'T I MAKE ANY TIME WITH BILL?"

I know Bill liked me down at the beach since we've been home—he's changed.

Think I know why—would you mind if I say something personal?

I'm glad Sally gave me that hint about perspiration odor from underthings. Me for Lux! It takes away odor, saves colors, Sally said.

Now Bill's devoted.

Sosh, Dot, can't you break it? A day's too long if I don't see you!

Avoid Offending...

SOME GIRLS are always losing out on friendships—especially with men. Though attractive generally, they offend others in that one unforgivable way—through perspiration odor in underthings.

Popular girls never risk offending. Luxing underthings after each wearing whisk's away every trace of perspiration odor.

Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps that may fade colors—wear things out. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.
Vacation

A canoe makes relaxation perfect. An ostage shot of Mar and John Beal.

Giving The Movie Cameras A Rest.

(Left) Betty Grable emerges from the pool, as beautiful as a goddess. (Above) James Stewart, nimble as a tax collector. (Right) Sally Eilers golfing at Pebble Beach Lodge, Del Monte, Calif. (Below, left) The gate swings open for Jane Wyman who enjoys the exhilaration of riding. The movie girl’s horse seems a bit camera shy. (Below, right) the beautiful proportioned chassis of Carole Lombard basks in the health-giving rays of California’s very special sun.
In Private Life He Is Interesting, Happily Married And Absent-minded.

A Short-Short Visit With Donald Woods

By Jack Holland

The rain beat a steady tattoo on the sloping roof. The chimes of the clock striking quarter of four woke me abruptly. Here I was in lounging robe and bedroom slippers, and I was to be at Donald Woods' home in Beverly Hills at four for an interview. A quick change followed, and then I jumped into the car, hoping it would ford the miniature lakes that were once streets and curbs.

Donald greeted me in his usual gracious manner, even though I was fifteen minutes late, for he is one of those naturally gifted hosts. He has a genial way of making even the remotest stranger feel as if he had been a life-long friend of the family. Once inside the warm house, I pulled out a cigarette and began to chat idly. It was a few minutes later when I noticed Donald looking at my feet, smiling mischievously. At first, I thought he was noticing how drenched I was, but then I began to wonder. I looked down at my shoes, and to my consternation I discovered I had my bedroom slippers on. So that was what I had forgotten!

“That just proves my point,” Donald said, chuckling.

“What point?”

“Ates absorbing-mindedness. As a matter of fact, I’m a firm believer in it. After all, the ability to concentrate is not to be sneezed at. The faculty of shutting off the mind to outside noises or movements has definite advantages. And the habit of forgetting little things here and there, in my family at least, causes much more merriment than grief. I have many bad marks of my own.”

It was miraculous how quickly Donald put me at ease. I began to feel that my stupid carelessness was nothing short of a supreme exhibition of the highest form of psychology—or something.

“Well,” I said, laughing, “this wasn’t exactly the way I intended to start this interview, but since you have stated your case—and I might also add ‘my case’—so aptly, it looks as though we’ll really get someplace this afternoon.”

Donald looked exceptionally domestic and comfortable in his spotty polo shirt and sport trousers. I thought how well he fitted into his clothes and unpretentious little home. But enough of this casual observing! I had better strike while the iron is hot:

“I’ve heard rumors that you’re accused of being absent-minded. Is that true or is it just over zealous publicity?”

“Well, Jo (Mrs. Woods) often wonders what I use for a head, but I defend myself by telling her I concentrate too intently. But in the literal sense of the term, I guess I am absent-minded—a little anyway. But, after all, aren’t we all?”

Donald grinned frankly, I knew what he meant. Those bedroom slippers.

“Show me the man or woman who has work to do,” continued Donald, “who doesn’t forget little things now and then, and I’ll show you a modern phenomenon.

“If I am studying or reading an interesting book, play, or script, Donald went on, his legs propped over the edge of the chair. My brain is almost necessary to drag my attention away from my reading. Results of that practise have sometimes been disastrous.”

Just then Donald entered, looking her usual gay and charming self. She had been on a unique shopping expedition and seemed to be in very happy spirits.

“Donald and I are having a most interesting chat on absent-mindedness,” I said.

“Well, I can tell you plenty about Donald on that score. You know, one day I asked him to buy me a new gas range. He went shopping. A few hours later, he returned—without the range. What do you suppose he had brought home with him instead?”

“I’ve got me there,” I answered.

“A fur coat,” she smiled at Donald.

“But,” quickly put in Donald, “I remembered the range, but I thought the fur coat would look better on you.”

Mr. and Mrs. “Thin Man” in private life!

“And another time, Donald went down town to buy some tires and came home with a new car. It’s a good thing he doesn’t buy a car every time he needs new tires.

“And, of course,” continued Donald, “he’s always forgetting shoes and ties for his wardrobe for each new picture. I always sit by the telephone the first day he takes his clothes to the studio for a new film. And every time he will call up and say, ‘Jo, will you look and see if my grey shoes are there? And is my new blue tie there too?’ They always are.

“But,” said Donald, on the defense, “getting a ward-robe together for a picture is no easy job. You’re bound to forget things.”

Anyone in pictures will bear Donald out in that statement. It is practically a human impossibility to remember every item. But Donald and I both knew that Jo was having a fine time giving away his little secrets.

“Did you ever happen to start for a party and find that you had forgotten your trousers?” I asked, more as a joke than anything else.

“Yes, believe it or not, I did. I was reading a script all day, forgetting about the time and forgetting that we were going out that night. As the time for our departure grew nearer and nearer, Jo kept prompting me to get dressed. I kept mumbling an indifferent, ‘O.K.’ Finally, I got dressed, and when she came out, ready to go, I felt a cool breeze whip itself around my legs. Jo gave me one look. I knew and felt something was wrong. As trite as this may sound, I actually happened to have forgotten my trousers.”

The romance of Jo and Donald is one of the sweetest stories in Hollywood. Their honeymoon was marked by good fun and by complete joy in the other’s companionship. And that was a rarity in their home. They are completely and exultantly happy. Yet absent-mindedness even played its part in their honeymoon.

But, in this case, Jo was as guilty as Donald.

Donald was playing “Chico” in a Long Beach stock production of “Seventh Heaven.” After one of the performances, the two ran off to Tia Juana and were married. The next evening, they were drinking a champagne toast to each other. Suddenly, out of clear sky, Jo said, “Donald, you’re really a very remarkable fellow.” Then came the flash! “Ye Gods!” exclaimed Donald; “Seventh Heaven!” Both of them had forgotten that he had a performance in Long Beach that night. It was seven-twenty and here they were in San Diego. Donald dashed up the coast and got him on the stage exactly twenty minutes to nine, just in time for his entrance.

But into this, who is a “mind forgetter” or a “pants forgetter?” As Donald says, to be absent-minded proves you are a concentrator.

Donald Woods’ right name is Ralph Zink. He is 28 years old, married and has one son. He has appeared in stock companies and on the New York stage. Now under contract to Warner Brothers, He played in the following pictures: “As the Earth Turns,” “Merry Wives of Reno,” “Fog Over Frisco,” “Sweet Adeline,” “The Florentine Dagger,” “The Case of the Curious Bride,” “Stranded,” “Frisco Kid,” “A Tale of Two Cities” (MG M), “Anthony Adverse,” “The Story of Louis Pasteur,” “Road Gang,” “Isle of Fury,” “White Angel” and “A Son Comes Home.”
PENNSYLVANIA had clothed her glorious hills in the heart-breaking loveliness of spring when Peter first met Sally. It was the eye that saw the world as a great tumbling ocean, its waves the fertile slopes, gold and green in the sunshine; purple and tender blue in the cloud shadows. There was new sap in the brittle barks of the sturdy buttonwoods; flaming new green in the spring frocks; urchins, swallows and fat, red robins along the red earth where Doc Watterson's Indian Wizard Oil troupe traveled behind a slow, fat horse.

On a soft, spring night Sally was singing and dancing on the portable stage of the medicine show when Peter first saw her.

'I'm ridin' high, wide 'n' handsome
A valier nose, above.
Why am I . . . ridin' high?
'Cause I'm ridin' to my love.

The glare of pine torches picked out the graceful figure in short, swaying skirts. It made red blobs of the faces of a crowd and cast a glow upon the chagrin of the men and the staring, half scandalized houses about the village square. Honest farmers of Western Pennsylvania didn't have much use for show women. The staring houses seemed to say, "This girl is a floaty piece, anybody can see!"

High, wide 'n' handsome.
'I'm ridin' wide 'n' high...

There was a lilt about the song that got into Peter's pulses. Unconsciously his foot began to beat time against the floor of the democrat wagon. Grandma Cortlandt, sitting beside him, nodded her bonnet to the jig time.

Peter Cortlandt was an affable yokel to be twirled around the pretty finger of a wandering show girl. There was stern stuff in his heart; his head was full of plans of his own to drill a well and extract the black rock oil that lay under those Pennsylvania hills. Peter was going to be a rich man and a great benefactor some day, when he made his oil well flow. But Peter's foot tapped out the time, Peter's voice joined the other voices in the chorus. There was something about Sally Watterson singing and fluttering her abbreviated skirts, there was some magic in her song and in the spring night that made great ambitions seem unimportant—that made everything unimportant except a wandering medicine show girl and her foolish song.

Why am I . . . ridin' high?
'Cause I'm ridin' to my love.

Peter, roaring the refrain with the others, thrilled to hear Sally's golden contralto riding clear above all the voices. He was riding high . . . with Sally . . . riding to his love.

While Sally danced and Peter's foot tapped out the beat, the stove inside the caravan wagon flared up. In a few minutes the Indian Wizard Oil show was a bonfire and Sally and Doc and Mac, who played the Indian chief, were homeless.

Grandma Cortlandt took pity on the show folks. She asked them to her farm to stay until Doc Watterson got a new wagon outfit built.

The Pennsylvania hills were an enchanted land of love to a wandering show girl, for it was on a hilltop of the farm that Peter sat beside Sally every day, resting from his field work and talking to her of all his great plans, his ambitions and his hopes. For all the years that remained to her Sally would love that one hill best of all the glorious hills.

When Doc and Mac were ready to set out again with the medicine show, Sally stayed behind to become the bride of Peter Cortlandt.

Peter took his wife to that hilltop on their wedding day.

"It's going to be right over there," he said, pointing.

"What's going to be right over there, Peter?"

"The house I'm building for you."

Sally cried his name, but she could say no more. The happiness in her heart was too deep for words. Peter had planned a house for her—he had staked it out ready to show her—a house on her own hill in the heart of a world that she loved!

Before her stretched the rolling land, tender in the spring sunshine. Behind them was the staid old Cortlandt farmhouse, stone and plaster, built to stand through the ages. There they could see the wedding guests, the gay colors of women's dresses spangling the lawn like a flower garden. Around the foot of the hill Oil Creek wound, and, beyond, the fenced fields of fertile earth that would give them food for winter.

In all that world Sally saw there was just one strange note, a black exclamation point against the bright picture. Along Oil Creek rose the derrick where Peter was drilling down to find the "rock oil." Men had not thought to drill for the ugly, black stuff before. There was no other derrick like this project of Peter's. It was Sally's eyes, alight with her happiness, noticed this one strange dot on a perfect world that day, it was merely to ignore it. No more than Peter Cortlandt or any man did she dream of the menacing tide bottled in the earth beneath that derrick.

That first drilled well on Oil Creek sponsored its black wealth on Peter's wedding day. Men had never seen the like before, black gold shooting from the ground in a geyser of prosperity—oil, the new fuel that would light the poor man's lamp and warm his home!

The roar of the viscous fountain startled the wedding guests and brought crowds running. Men's eyes brightened with a savage light for they understood then that there was wealth hidden under the hills, more riches than the most daring had dreamed of. They had only to drill holes through the rock and the sky would rain black gold down upon them! A new era—and a wild one—had begun.

Sally saw the miracle and her heart was glad because this was Peter's work and it had succeeded. But she saw also how the black oil poured in a growing tide across the green of new grass; how the spring bloom backened and died at its touch. She saw the ugliness of the derrick and visioned the landscape transformed with a forest of derricks, all spouting this black flood, obliterating the glory of the fertile earth and choking the gentler, kindlier growths in men's hearts.

On this happiest day of her life the shadow on Sally's heart was vague and fleeting: the vision swift and incomplete, but the portent was there—a premonition of disaster.

Summer came, but the fields of the Cortlandt farm parched, neglected. The farms

Brennan (Alan Hale) as Peter Cortlandt (Randolf Scott) argues, while Mel (Dorothy Lamour) watches.
all about were idle. There were few people left who cared to plant crops when, by drilling a hole or two, the earth could be made to spout black gold. The land swarmed with strangers racing about like ants to pick up an acre here and an acre there, wherever there was faint hope of striking oil.

Autumn came, but there was scant harvest, except the harvest of slimy, black oil.

The derricks were rising everywhere. The roads were to chaos under the wheels of trucks carrying heavy machinery. Neglected fields swarmed with investors, engineers, laborers, all mad with the madness of gambling for oil. Alien hordes poured in and on the heels of the

and more for leadership. All his neighbors who had drilled wells put their confidence in his advice. It was Peter who banded them together in an association for self-protection.

In her puzzlement and loneliness Sally thought much about this when she idled on the hilltop where she had been so happy. Men had clamored to buy that land, as they wanted everything that promised oil, but there Peter stood firm. He would not sell. That hill was Sally’s—it was where her house was to be.

Her house!

It was still as much a dream as it had been on her wedding day. There were the stakes Peter had driven into the earth to mark its foundations. And for a time a crew of men had come each day, ready to begin work. But Peter had been always too busy to give them the plan and now the men came no more.

"Y’got to be patient, Sally," said Grandma Cortlandt with a sigh. "I know how it is’cause his Grandpa was the same. It ain’t easy to be a wife to a busy husband . . . But then, it ain’t easy to be a wife to a man when he’s idle."

Sally’s smile was wistful as she shook her head. "Sounds like it ain’t . . . easy . . . to be a wife," she sighed.

In Philadelphia a group of shrewd capitalists had their eyes on the wealth Peter brought into being. Their leader was a fat man named Brennan, a man who laughed much, but never at himself and never kindly. Brennan controlled railroads, and the owners of oil wells had to depend on the railroads to get the crude oil to the refineries where it was made usable. Brennan’s plan to grab it all was the simple one of raising freight rates until the producers were ruined, then taking over the wells at a bargain.

As head of the Oil Men’s Association Peter was kept busier than ever, trying to reach a bargain with Brennan, who merely laughed much and predicted further rises in freight rates.

The morning of Peter’s birthday Sally made him promise solemnly to be home for supper on time. Her cheeks dimpled with a mysterious smile; her eyes shone with a happy secret.

She and Grandma Cortlandt put in a busy day, preparing the food Peter liked best. Sally baked the birthday cake herself, the first she had ever tried. It was a splendid success. Grandma said so and even Sally proudly admitted it. When the candles were fixed and the decorations arranged about it, that cake was a triumph.

The supper hour passed without Peter. The evening drew on. Grandma went to bed, Sally, still dressed in her best, dined in utter weariness. Peter had been detained at the last minute by a meeting of the Oil Men’s Association making plans to fight Brennan.

When he got home at last it was to find his wife asleep at the table and the birthday cake melting in a melancholy ruin. Peter mumbled his remorseful excuses and was forgiven, but before he could taste the holiday feast he had dozed oil.

Sally was sitting, her head pillowed in her arms, when she heard the startling murmur that a lawless mob makes when it is bent upon self-righteous cruelty. There was a faint pounding at the front door. She ran to answer it and Peter stumbled after her.

Self-appointed censors of public morals had RAIDED the shanty boats and were driving the gamblers and the painted women across the county line. One of them, a girl named Molly, who sang songs for drunken patrons, had escaped her captors and ran to the farm for sanctuary.

Sally’s arms welcomed the woman and Peter faced the infuriated mob.

The girl’s going to be taken into our house and nursed till she gets well," he declared. When Peter said a thing quietly with that hard look in his eye, men knew he meant it. He had his way and the mob left.

In the woman, Molly, Sally found a new interest. Molly was "show folks" like herself, Sally’s heart warmed to her. Sally’s experiences while wandering over the country gave her understanding.

When Molly’s health mended Sally talked to her of better work than a shanty boat job. There was Bowers Carnival, for instance.
An unposed shot of Jean Blondell and Pat O'Brien, between the scenes of their new picture, "Angle Shooter."

and Pop Bowers treated his talent like human beings. Molly began training the least fortunate woman in some new songs and a few dance steps.

Though Peter was repentant about the birthday party, she saw him no other. The fight with Brennan grew steadily hotter. Peter, confronted with railroad freight rates that would ruin the well owners, hit on the idea of laying pipe lines from the wells to the refinery and pumping the oil to market. The Association began buying right of way and Brennan began buying too, in order to block the pipe line.

A man named Varesi, owner of the Hunky Dory saloon, had title to a piece of land that was the key to the success of the pipe line. Brennan made him a good offer for the land and Varesi merely smiled and shook his head. Varesi was waiting for Peter Cortlandt to come along and make an offer.

Peter came and Varesi named his price. He all he wanted was that one hill on the Cortlandt farm. His engineers told him there was oil under that hill. He planned to drill wells there.

"You can't have that land," Peter gasped. "That hill means somethin' special to me. I've promised my wife we'd build our home there."


"Ask for something else," Peter begged. "Make it yes or no."

"Nothing in between."

While Peter argued vainly with Varesi his own wife was in the Hunky Dory saloon, separated from him only by a thin partition.

Sally had come there with Molly, looking for Pop Bowers, the carnival owner. Bowers could give Molly a job with his show, if only they could persuade her she was worth it. Bowers agreed to hear Molly's singing and the piano player in the bar-room struck up the chorus of Allegheny Al:

With a white diamond
A white diamond
A blinkin' on his throat
An' a sunflower
A-stinkin' up his coat
As a quick kisser
A slick kisser

The August issue of Silver Screen will bring to you articles and photographs of unusual interest and excellence.

Did you like Dora Burnet's article on page 18 of this issue of Silver Screen? He did! So, in the next issue (August) there will appear another article by this famous writer. He will describe, from an entirely new angle, the behind-the-scenes mysterious forces that the stars fear, and concerning which we have all been wondering.

The cover girl, Jean Blondell, is the pleasant theme of the "Projected" for August, by Elizabeth Wilson.

Read "Pictures On The Fire" and learn what the future holds for the fortunate movie fans. S. R. Mook makes a monthly survey of the studios in his delightful fashion.

There are personality articles and among them an interesting Rochelle Hudson interview.

Hollywood has a new "trend?" The demand for girls and boys in their teens has never been equalled. Now youth is in style.

Read Silver Screen for August.

He gets the ladies' vote
Don't you let your gal
Meet that steamboat dandy
Allegheny Al
Allegheny Al

Molly was scared. There was a quarrel in her voice because getting that job meant so much to her. Sally saw her fright and joined her voice to hearten her.

The loafers at the bar looked up from their drinks. Grins spread over their faces. They began to join the choruses. Sally had climbed on a table now and was leading them, giving all her vibrant personality to make a success for her protege.

It was thus that Peter found her, singing to the loafers in a cheap barroom, and the white rage in his face was a bad thing to see.

"You can't do things like that," Peter growled. "You ain't in a medicine show any more. Maybe you'd like to be back runnin' with the gypsies."

"Maybe I do like it," she answered. "Come to think of it, I was enjoyin' myself. It was the best fun I've had for a long time."

"Fun?"

"More fun than slickin' home doin' nothin', I'm not good at that. I want to be useful to somebody—even if it's only to a lot of strangers—singing 'em a song—tellin' 'em a joke—cheerin' people up! There's some excitement in that, anyway—"

Varesi interrupted the quarrel between husband and wife. He wanted Peter to step into his office and sign the contract for the sale of his hill top.

What—what hill is he talkin' about?

Sally gasped. "It isn't anything about our hill, is it?"

Peter's voice was husky. His eyes could not meet hers. "I—I got to let it go, Sally." The explanations and apologies came lamely. It was his duty. He had all those others to think of, their fortunes to save as much as his own.

Horrified, Sally saw him sign the contract to sell the hill.

"All right," she said, her voice dull with misery. "It doesn't mean anything to you! It doesn't mean anything to me then! Nothing does. Nothing matters! Nothing in the world!"

From the street outside came music of a circus band, swelling louder as the parade drew near. Bowers Carnival was on the march, moving on to the next town, and after it trailed all the ragtag, the loafers, the boys, the inevitable dogs.

Sally ran to the door to see the show pass. The familiar circus music made a frantic hunger in her. Pop Bowers wanted her. Pop had told her so. The people who went to carnivals wanted her also. She had seen the hungry look on the faces of the bar room loafers. These were her people—this was her world—the show world.

The circus wagons passed and turned a corner. The band music grew fainter with distance. Then Sally began to run, racing after Bowers Carnival, flying from a world that offered no love, returning to the haven of her own people.

Peter Cortlandt made no outcry. He said nothing of his empty home, not even to Grandma. And many times, till he saw her, said nothing to him.

He was busier than ever. The fight with Brennan grew hotter.

Brennan still laughed confidently. When Peter got Varesi's land and the pipe line was assured, Brennan hired an army of thugs who made surprise attacks night and day, tearing out and destroying the precious line.

[Continued on page 60]
Mr. and Mrs. Oland with their guide, a Chinese monk, on a visit to one of China's famous temples.

CHARLIE CHAN REVEALS

Mr. and Mrs. Oland


By Ruth Rankin

Warner Oland is the most authentic Hollywood enigma. He has lived and worked in Hollywood for fifteen years, and yet almost no one knows him. There is a serene, calm, majestic dignity about him which wards off the casual approach, so popular locally. He is suspected of being an artist and an intellectual, which indeed he sincerely is, and these known facts would seem to make him formidable and mysterious to persons who have little to say beyond "Hiya, Toots, how's tricks?"

Also, he is a man of contradictions, beginning with the fact that he was born in Sweden, is married to a daughter of one of Back Bay Boston's oldest families, has an enormous ranch in Mexico, counts the year out that he does not take a trip to the French provinces—and plays Oriental characters, notably Charlie Chan, with the utmost distinction and plausibility. He is truly international in scope. He can understand practically any language you care to spring on him, and can speak several of them.

You will never (meaning never) see him in a night-club, but he enjoys the smorgas-bord in a little Swedish restaurant, The Three Crowns, where he is the undefeated champion of seven courses. The rest of us go down to defeat after three.

Warner is a big man, tanned to a good rich leather shade, powerfully built and strong, who fills the atmosphere about him with a sense of well-being. He is fifty-six years old, but don't ever start on a stroll up the beach with him unless you're good for at least five miles.

Art galleries and bookstores in Hollywood, Santa Barbara, New York, Paris, and Cuernavaco (Mexico) know him as a familiar patron, for whose judgment they have profound respect. You never read anything of this in his publicity—in fact you seldom read any publicity at all about Warner because his own studio knows so little about him. He does not buy beautiful things in order to be exploited as a collector of an art patron; his culture is not part of a studio-created glamour.

The enjoyment of beautiful things is an essential part of his being, without which he would be incomplete. Diego Rivera is his good friend, and Warner has a collection of his works, purchased or presented to him by the artist. Alexander Archipenko is another friend, and his abstract in Mexican only, "The Friends"—one of the finest pieces ever created by this talented sculptor—is the pride and joy of the Oland household. Edith Oland has studied with Archipenko, but she is best known as a painter. Warner himself paints lovely and delicate landscapes about which he is far too modest.

But the art in which both Edith and Warner Oland excel is the art of living. They love most the beach place near Carpinteria, although they have homes in Beverly Hills, Mexico, and Boston. The house near Boston is a little gem of early New England architecture, originally built for Governor Bradford's daughter. It is surrounded by an orchard of magnificent apple trees. I have never seen it—only Edith's paintings of the place, a-blossom in spring, nestled under the snow in winter.

As one approaches Carpinteria (about ten miles south of Santa Barbara) there curves out into the ocean a beautiful tract of wooded land, on which a few houses are remotely visible from the highway. This is Rincon del Mar, and the three Oland cottages enclosed by a tall white fence are reached after a short drive down the lane, beneath the sycamores. Unlike most sandy beach places, one enters through a garden brilliant with flowers. Edith and Warner live in the center one of these three unpretentious and beautifully simple places.

Edith's mother, Mrs. Shearn, an exquisitely fragile and gallant little old lady, lives with her companion and servants in the first house; the third one is the studio. The "beach place" is a little isolated kingdom, an oasis where, after the pretentious exhibitionism of Hollywood, the last person one expects to find is a moving-picture actor. It is perhaps the only home of a motion-picture person where there is no shop-talk or off-stage performances. Warner does his acting in the studio. Neither is there a photograph of him anywhere in the house, nor signed photographs of other stars. This alone makes it unique.

If Warner is not at the gate to greet the guests, he will be found out front on the sun-deck, looking like a bronze Buddha in a pair of trunks, sun-glasses, and a little straw cooile-hat—his favorite costume. He will probably be holding one of the dogs—Ming or Chan or Wolf or Shags. They are Schnauzers and important members of the household. Shags, matron of the brood, has gone to Europe with them innumerable times. This breed is the most picturesque

[Continued on page 65]
TALKING HIS WAY TO FAME

By Helen Louise Walker

The Voice That Breathes O'er Eden (And A Couple Of Continents) Is Pete Smith's.

took them at once under his own personal wing and worked at supervising and editing them with an enthusiasm which was all out of proportion to their real importance. It wasn't quite like directing pictures, but it approached it.

Then, one day, a tragic thing happened. A writer named Joe Farnham had been engaged by the studio to write and be commentator for a series of short subjects which had been "sold" in advance to exhibitors. After he had made one or two and had partly finished another, Farnham became ill and died... suddenly. He left the series, of course, incomplete.

"He had been doing such a grand job," Pete told me. "At first everyone thought that he was irreplaceable. But the series had been promised—pledged. They tested everyone they could think of. There were plenty of actors who could talk amusingly. But they couldn't write their own lines. There were any number of writers who could invent amusing comments. But they couldn't "read" them. They had to find someone who could do both. And he had to know something of film editing, besides."

After weeks of frantic worry, it occurred to someone that Metro had, on its own lot, a man who was known as one of the wittiest after dinner speakers in the country. (His name was Pete Smith.) He certainly could write—and hadn't he been darn well neglecting his regular job to study the art of film editing? Well!!

"The first one they gave me to do was called 'Wild and Woolly,'" Pete recalls. "It certainly was a dandy, for it had to do with a rodeo. Rodeos are difficult to handle—partly because everyone in this sort of business has done a rodeo picture—and partly because the action is so fast. However, I tackled it."

...
REVIWES
OF
PICTURES

SHALL WE DANCE?
PERFECTLY GRAND ENTERTAINMENT—RKO

OTHER of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical movies which in retrospec-
tion, all seem just alike, and well they should as they all have the
same formula. But you aren’t removed by this depressing note
while looking at “Shall We Dance” for it.
like its predecessors, is gay and breezy and very entertaining, and also like its prede-
cessors is bound to be a hit. The Brothers Gershwin wrote the music and lyrics.
Fred plays a ballet star who falls in love with a night club tap dancer (Ginger, to be sure) and follows her to America with the usual complications that precede a happy ending. The most screamingly funny scene that has been on the screen for many
a year can be found in this picture, viz., when Eric Blore, a hotel manager, lands in the Susquehanna jail and tries to ex-
plain over the phone to Edward Everett Horton where he is. That is worth many times the price of admission.
Jerome Cowan and Ketti Gallian are ex-
cellent in small parts, Harriet Hrock ap-
ppears in a beautifully staged ballet number, which will thrill you if you like toe-danc-
ing. Fred and Ginger do a routine on skates, which of course explains very satisfactorily why Ginger wanted to give a skating party.

KID GALAHAD
A “Knockout” Prizefight Story—WB

There hasn’t been such a swell fight picture since Maxie Baer and Primo Carreno went to town in the prize ring for “The Prizefighter and the Lady”—in fact, if you will pardon the enthusiasm of a lady who loves fists, with gloves on them of course, this is decidedly the best fight picture to date.

Men will go crazy about the boxing se-
quences, and women will go mad about young Wayne Morris, a big blond guy with
definite sex appeal, who makes his screen debut in this picture. Wayne plays a two-
fisted bellhop who knocks out a beady drunken champion at a party and thereby wins the admiration and attention of Eddie Robinson, a prize ring manager.

Bette Davis, a night club singer and Eddie’s girl friend, dubs him Galahad be-
cause he doesn’t drink or smoke or play around with dames, and the name in time makes fight history, with Kid Galahad climbing right up to the title of champion. Of course the racketeers and gunmen start muddling in and a lot of trickery and hocus pocus goes on, with Humphrey Bogart playing another of his superb gangsters.

There are a whole slate of real fighters
thrown in for the ring scenes, including
the famous Bob Nestell, Jane Bryan plays the
little convent-bred girl with whom the Kid
falls madly in love, thereby breaking Bette’s
heart. Bette and Eddie give swell per-
formances with just enough flash. And as
for Wayne Morris—well maybe I won’t be
so true to Fernand Gravet after all.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU
DOMESTIC LIFE AT A NAVAL AIR BASE—U

WENDY BARRIE plays a Southern girl
who, on her twentieth birthday, falls
romantically in love with Ray Milland, a
handsome naval officer, and proceeds to
marry him the next day. Ray is stationed
in Honolulu where he is one of the most
promising of the young aviators, but the
strain of matrimonial adjustment pretty
nigh ruins his career. But ere all is lost
Wendy discovers she can be a natty wife and
be happy, too. Giving neat performances in
the picture are Kent Taylor as a rich ad-
mirer, William Gargan as Ray’s flying mate,
and Mary Philips as a young navy wife.
It’s a very pleasant picture and particularly interesting to the young folks.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR
If You Like Mysteries—See This—M-G-M

BAYARD VEILLER’S detective thriller
which has caused men to go pale and
women to shirk for nigh on to twenty
years, now reappears on the screen and is
promptly acclaimed the best murder mys-
tery of the month. If you like the who-
done-it sort of mystery this is your meat.

The creeps and chills are delightfully blood-
curdling.
Dame May Whitty, who was so elegant in “Night Must Fall,” plays Madame La Grange, the elderly medium of Calcutta, India, who by means of a seance snare the
murderer. The very charming English peo-
ple, all friends and relatives of the Gover-
nor, who are suspected of murdering a
young boondler, are Elissa Landi, Ralph Forbes, Henry Daniell, Janet Beecher, Heather Thatcher and Holmes Herbert.

Madge Evans is lovely as the chief sus-
pect and the fiancée of Thomas Beck, the
Governor’s son. Good old Lewis Stone repre-
ts Scotland Yard so you just know the
murderer will be caught.

WOMAN CHASES MAN
THIS WILL DRIVE THOSE BLUES AWAY—EA

IT’S DEZZY! It’s daffy! It’s de-nut! Which
happens to be the Goldwyn publicity on
their newest farce, and happens to be the
truth. A smart, semi-sophisticated comedy,
with a tendency to go slap-stick in the end, it
romps along at a right merry speed and
everybody has an awful lot of fun—it’s
especially good for those days when you
have Problems. The ring-leaders in this
scrappy bit of madness are Miriam Hopkins,
who can get the most out of a comic’s line,
and Joel McCrea who gets better and better
with every picture. They are aided and
abetted in their goofiness by that charm-
ing zany, Charlie Winninger, and a new
team of comics who ought to go places,
Elia Logan and Broderick Crawford.

Joel plays the sune (until he drinks) son
of a screwball father, who once was a mil-
lionaire. Miriam, an ambitious young archi-
tect, and Joel’s daffy dad hatch up a plot
whereby they can get a hundred thousand
dollars out of Joel with which to promote
a housing scheme—and how they go about getting it is something to laugh uproariously about. The Hopkins girl has a rare gift for comedy; she should do one more often.

A STAR IS BORN

YOU'LL RECOMMEND THIS TO EVERYBODY YOU MEET—ENNICK INTERNATIONAL

WELL, if you can't come to Hollywood this year don't fret and fume because Hollywood with all its exciting high spots is waiting for you at the nearest theatre, and in its natural color too. You can see the famous Santa Anita race-track, with the beautiful blue Sierra Mountains in the background; you can see the Academy banquet where the little gold statues are given for excellent performances every year, and the Central Casting Bureau, and the interior of a sound stage when you can see the famous Hollywood Bowl where movie stars listen to symphonies under the stars, and the Chinese Theatre on premiere night.

But that's nothing to what you will get out of the story—the best Hollywood story ever written. Janet Gaynor plays a little farm girl who comes to Hollywood, as thousands of little farm girls have done before, to find work in the movies. Through a chance meeting with Norman Maine, a popular star played by Fredric March, she gets an introduction to a big producer (Adolphe Menjou), is given a screen test, and gradually works her way right up to stardom.

She and Fredley fall in love and marry, but as she goes up, tempamental, drunk, conceited, comes down, which is the unwritten law of Hollywood. When she is ready to return it is too late. Janet, a new and worldly and glamorous Janet, has the screen role of her career. Fredley is perfect as the movie star on the way down, and hasn't been so charming in years. Grand bits are contributed by Andy Devine as an assistant director, May Robson as a determined grandmother, Lionel Stander as a spiteful press agent and Edgar Kennedy as a hotel manager. It's a picture you won't want to miss.

CAFÉ METROPOLE

A GAY LITTLE CONTINENTAL COMEDY—20TH CENTURY-Fox

LORETTA YOUNG and Tyrone Power are teamed together again in this little comedy about love and intrigue and rich Americans in Paris. Adolphe Menjou gives you with another of his snazzy comedy roles and this time plays the manager of the Café Metropole with quite a penchant for gambling In a casino he attaches a bad check written by a slightly miskicated Princeton boy, and offers the lad the alternative of going to jail or carrying off a bit of intrigue for him.

So Tyrone becomes a phony Russian Prince Alex, whose business it is to persuade Loretta, the rich American girl who loves celebrities, to fall in love with him. It all gets very complicated when the real Russian Prince Alex appears (none other than Gregory Ratoff) and Tyrone develops a conscience, and Charles Winninger, Loretta's wealthy father, becomes insane. But just as no suspected everything is straightened out beautifully, and boy gets girl. The best laughs go to Helen Wesley as a very smart old lady who goes in for gangster tales.

NIGHT MUST FALL

A SUPERB DRAMA—BUT PASS IT UP IF YOU PREFER CREAM-PUFF ENTERTAINMENT—M.G.M.

The biggest excitement of the month as far as the cinema is concerned is Robert Montgomery's break away from the whimsy- boy roles he has been playing, and becoming of all things, a murderer! Poor Bob has been begging his bosses for years to give him a chance at a real dramatic part, and at last he's got it, and what he does with it ought to get him the Academy Award next spring.

As the baby-faced page boy (Danny) who lives in his imagination to escape the horror of reality, Bob gives a brilliant performance that will be greatly admired by those who love good acting.

Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty are superb in their difficult roles and deserve almost as many raves as Montgomery's. Rosalind (in spectacles!) plays with restraint the frustrated Olivia who falls a prey to Danny's peculiar fascination. And Dame May Whitty's characterization of the testy old Mrs. Branson, destined to be Danny's second victim, drew tremendous applause from the preview audience. Kathleen Harrison and Mele Tottenham, as a couple of cockney maids, supply the few comedy moments. It's an adult picture, and not for the kiddies.

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

NO WONDER WE'RE PACIFISTS—M.G.M.

MOVING and tremendously interesting picture that shows what happens to a weakling when you give him a gun.

Uncle Sam gave Franchot Tone, a timid fifteen dollar a week bank clerk, a gun back in 1917 and told him to go out and kill Germans. Franchot faints from the horror of it. But, gradually, he discovered that a gun in the hand meant power, and at the end of the war he was given all kinds of medals for his wholesale slaughter of Germans.

But, back in New York after the Armistice, he wasn't content to be a bank clerk anymore, he wanted excitement and money and, most of all, he wanted the feeling of power that a gun in his hand gave him. So he became a gangster, and then Uncle Sam wasn't so pleased.

Playing with Franchot in this, the best part he has had to date on the screen, are Spencer Tracy and Gladys George. Spencer plays Franchot's pal in the army who makes a soldier of him and later steps aside so that Franchot is free to marry the woman they both love. Miss George, believing that Spencer is dead, promises to marry Franchot out of sympathy, and once again we have the triangle. This should have been a great drama—but exposure of what war does to the souls of men—but it isn't great. It is just interesting.

Which is too bad.
"I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances, use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.
the oil men had laid. Two forces came to blows. In vain the oil men petitioned the government for military protection. But they did not give up. They reeia the pipe. Brennan destroyed and pushed the line on and ever on toward the distant refinery.

The oil men’s contract with the refinery specified that crude oil be delivered by a certain day, or all their labor went for nothing. Now, only three days remained to finish the job and Brennan massed his forces on the Mere. Gray with fatigue, harassed by exhausted finances, by treachery in the ranks, by the utter hopelessness of his lost love. Peter stopped at the farm for a few hours rest. Still he said nothing concerning Sally. He was a proud man. And a stubborn one. It was Grandma who broke the silence.

"Mrs. Doctor Lippincott came back from Harrisburg today. She had news of Sally," Peter’s tired eyes flashed a look of breathless interest, but he kept the silence.

"Seems there was a show in Harrisburg called Bowers Carnival. Grandma went on. ‘An’ Sally was singin’ in it. Whole town was talkin’ bout her. They say she’s gonna be the most popular singer east and west of the Alleghenies."

Peter rose abruptly. „I’m goin’ t’ bed, Grandma."

"If I can help you, Peter, I’ll go after her before she gets used t’ doin’ without you," said Grandma steadily. "That is, she added, ‘if you really want her back.’"

Peter’s face twitched, but he only said stubbonly, "Goodnight, Grandma."

A hard man, Grandma thought with a sigh. Strong enough and stubborn enough that he is a true companion of his own kind, and find the wealth nature had hidden beneath. A hard man... like his own Grandpa!

A hard man, Sally thought while she slipped into her show dress and daubed rouge and powder on her face. Perhaps he had forgotten her... perhaps he never wanted her back!

She would have cried, but to cry was to ruin her makeup and the carnival show waited her appearance. She ran out to the stage to see the spotlight, singing to her rowdy, rollicking songs to a tent packed with strangers.

One of her hearders, a man with a leonine head and extravagantly rich clothing, sought her out. He was a Mr. Barmun who owned the great museum in New York and he wanted Sally to come with him to sing there. The contract was made. She was to go at once with the great Barmun.

Mr. Barmun was waiting. There was just time to catch the train when Molly found Sally in her dressing room. Molly had just learned that Peter was in danger. Brennan was going to attack with a small army and destroy the pipe line. There would be a battle, bloodshed, violent death.

Sally heard and thought no more about Baranum and the wonderful contract he offered her. She must help Peter.

A great hill stood between the oil men and the refinery. To lay the pipe line around it would take three days and their contract called for delivery of oil by morning. Peter knew that the company could be hoisted up the cliff and laid directly across the hill. The frantic little army was driving at it by twilight, when Brennan’s hired thugs attacked.

Brennan’s men were armed with long blacksnake whips. They drove on into a compact body, the whips lashing out before them, holding off the oil men who fought with fists and whips. The whips were winning the battle and Brennan, watching the fray from his carriage, laughed with increasing gusto at the humor of it.

Then into the bloody fray came charging something Brennan never dreamed of. Bowers Carnival show, horses, wagons, elephants and men who had learned how to fight hard in the bloodied school in the world, the circus.

Sally had rallied them. Show folks had to stick together, she cried. If show folks and her husband and happiness were at stake. After that plea Bowers Carnival rolled on to the fray shouting the classic circus fighting cry, "Huzzah!"

Into Brennan’s massed thugs with the deadly whips, Bowers’ elephant charged, and, rallied around the elephant, came acrobats, canvas men, tramps, clowns, dwarfs, snake charmers, contortionists—all the strength of Bowers Carnival.

It was then that Brennan ceased to laugh. He saw his nemesis before that charge. He saw its utter ruin. And he saw the oil men return to their labor of laying pipe. With the dawn he saw the pipe line pouring oil Creek oil into the receiving tanks at the refinery.

In the early morning Bowers Carnival lined out its wagons. Whips cracked. Razzle-dazzle and smiles. The ballman proded his charge and the great gray beast trumpeted jovously with uplifting trunk. The show was on the march again, hurryng to play a new town.

Sally stood watching it and Peter stood beside her, hungering for her, but silent because he could find no words to tell it. Suddenly she cried at him the anguish that was in her heart. "You stand there and y’ don’t say whether y’ want me to go or stay!"

Still Peter was dumb. "I guess y’ don’t want me to stay—" she said forlornly. He was silent still.

"Peter, say something!"

Slowly Peter held out his arms to her. "No," Sally cried, "don’t try to say anything! Don’t climb off your high horse. Peter. I’d stay whether you wanted me to or not!"

Peter found his voice at last. "I want you to, honey! I want you to!"

So they stood close together in the morning. Peter’s arms holding her fast while the circus folks and their wagons vanished in a rolling cloud of dust that turned to gold with the rising sun.

Fictionization of "High, Wide and Handsome." Produced by Arthur Hornblow and directed by Robert Mamoulian. Original story and screen play by Oscar Hammerstein II. Additional dialogue by George O’Neil.

THE CAST

Sally Waterson Irene Dunne
Peter Cortlandt Randolph Scott
Molly Dorothy Lamour
Doe Waterson Raymond Walburn
Red Smith Charles Bickford
Grandma Cortlandt Elizabeth Patterson
Mac William Frawley
Veres Akim Tamiroff
Samuel Ben Blue
Bowers’ line Halle
Zeke Smith Stanley Andrews
Gabby Johnson Frank Sully
Boy Tommy Bupp
Mrs. Lippincott Helen Lowell
Mr. Lippincott Lucien Littlefield
Mr. Stark Irving Pickel

Silver Screen

60
Talking His Way To Fame

[Continued from page 50]

and Pete's voice said, "Hui-o!" the audience roared, You and you and I knew that Pete wasn't in Switzerland when that head-popping-out episode occurred.

"How can you think those things?" I wanted to know.

"It's really quite simple. The film is shot first with a script, of sorts, and a director. Usually there are about five thousand teet and I cut them to about nine hundred. I try to select the high lights. When I have it "down to length, I have it run in the projection room and I watch it, with a stop watch in my hand. I never look at the film again. I sit at my desk, write my comments, read them aloud (still with the stop watch, of course). Then I make a sound track of my voice with my comments. It's simple!"

Well, if that is Pete's idea of something simple, then I'd hate to hear his notions of something complicated. But just here he threw me completely out of balance.

"I never could have done it at all," he assured me, "if I hadn't learned to be a trap drummer when I was a kid at a boys' camp. That was when taught me timing. No one knows timing as well as a real trap drummer. My first 'traps,' I might add, were a couple of kettles I swiped from the camp cook..."

Pete's favorite pictures (of his own) I learned, were the ones about animals. Suddenly I recalled that years ago while he was still a press agent, he lured me into a projection room at the studio to look at a picture. "The leading man is going to be one of our biggest romantic box-office attractions, I betcha," quoted Pete. "Besides," he said, pleadingly, "there are some swell shots of horses running!"

I recall that I enjoyed the shots of the horses running but that I was a trifle lukewarm for the coming, romantic box-office attraction. His name was Clark Gable, and that just shows you how much more Pete Smith knew about actors and the show business than I did. Clark had not begun to show the car-charm, the finesse, the pose which characterize him today. But Pete could see his possibilities.

You see, Pete spent so many years seeing the possibilities of other people and selling them to the public, that there is something ironic in his position just now. I saw a letter which he received from a girl in a convent in Switzerland.

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**WOMAN HATER?**

**THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT — BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...**

**WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR—**

**HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND**

**WOMAN-HATER, NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!**

**GUY TAKES THE HINT**

**YES, GUY, TESTS PROVE THAT 75% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...**

---

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth...emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives you brilliance to your smile!"

**SEVERAL WEEKS LATER**

**JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!**

**AND TO COLGATE!**

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

**...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

---

**COLGATE**

**RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**
**Figure-control**

by

**JANTZEN**

- They do marvels for your figure—these exciting new Jantzens, acclaimed by Young Moderns for their thrilling beauty—perfect fit—fashion-rightness. Richly textured Kava Knit fabrics of luxurious quick-drying wool streamline your figure in sleek silhouette through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Distinctly new are the sun-tempting back lines—and the accented bra lines with youthful uplift. New, too, is a tailored-in elastic Brä-Lift that molds the bust in sculptured lines. In the water and out of the water, Jantzens fit with trim perfection. Permanently, too, through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

*The Uplifter (illustrated) .................. $5.95
Other Jantzen Creations ................. $4.50 to $10.95*

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**LYNN BARI**

20th Century-Fox Player in “Cafe Metropole”

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*Dear Mr. Smith:* it said, “Do help me win my wager with my schoolmates! I have said that I knew you looked just like James Cagney. . . .”

Pete sent her autographed photograph with an apology, “So sorry you do not win your wager. . . .” Pete doesn’t look a bit like James Cagney. But he has something . . . perhaps something more important than the Cagney face. Pete has a voice which registers with no face to go with it all—the Voice behind those pictures, and the brain to plan them. The enthusiasm which helped to sell Leo and numbers of potential actors to a bored Press lends him power now to make pictures of trained seals or tired baseball players seem important to us all.

For the people who must upon knowing what Pete looks like—here goes. He looks like a slightly younger, rather smaller edition of Victor Moore. When you first meet him, you think: “Here is a mild, intelligent man.”

Well, you are half wrong there. Intelligent certainly he is. But—mild? That apparently colorless, soft-spoken gentleman can toss velvet, barbed darts in an after dinner speech which will make most of the customers roar and one or two of them squirm—most excruciatingly.

Aside from that, he has been happily married for a long time. He has an almost grown son who is named for Douglas Fairbanks, senior. (The reasons for that go back into film history. But, so does Pete.)" He likes golf and can generally give Old Man Par a licking, even in contests which include our local luminaries, Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby. Pete has a trophy room in his house with lots of trophies in it.

But—his tastes in private life are simple. His selections of his subjects for motion pictures are simple, as is his treatment of them. Maybe that is why we all like them—and perhaps it is why he is phenomenally successful with them, where other men have failed!

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**Head Man of the Air Waves**

(Continued from page 23)

unless you can call almost perfect diction a dialect.

No, Jack relies on nothing but his master-of-fact, conversational tone of delivery to get his laughs. That and a marvelous sense of timing. The definition of “timing” is a subject that has been discussed and argued pro and con probably more than any other one point of comedy technique. However, all definitions boil down to the same thing. It is the manner of delivery by which a master of “timing” can produce a belly-laugh instead of a mild chuckle out of a very ordinary gag. That about sums it up. Naturally, all comedians who are worth their salt must have a certain sense of timing, but only one in a hundred possesses it to such a finely marked degree as Jack Benny. That’s why Jack can take the most mediocre line and make it sound excruciatingly funny. It’s like the timing of a boxer’s punch, only instead of hitting you on the jaw-bone, Senior Benny smites you on your funny-bone.

Take the matter of Jack’s voice, his stock in trade, one might say. Where so many comedians have to resort to synthetic foreign dialects or some other form of vocal affectation (especially those who kill themselves with their own gags), Jack’s chief charm lies in the quiet, unassuming manner in which he puts over his best punch lines. He seldom, if ever, raises his voice. And it comes as a very definite relief after hearing the laugh-getting tactics employed by some
of our very best (?) gags. You’ve heard them, those priceless wits who have a violent case of hysteries before, during, and after the telling of their own jokes.

And so, in a nutshell, has been the rise of Jack Benny, Public Comedian Number One. His has been no sudden overnight rise to fame and popularity but rather a long, gradual climb which, after all, is the surest way to achieve anything worth while.

He lives quietly in Beverly Hills with his wife, Mary Livingston, who, by the way, is a comedienne of no mean ability herself, and between pictures makes sporadic forays on New York for a few radio programs. He shuns all forms of violent exercise like the plague, his favorite sport being to watch the mugs run themselves into a lather out at Santa Anita, where his unerring ability to judge horseflesh sometimes nets him the staggering sum of four or five dollars clear profit. He staunchly denies being superstitious but always whips out his own cigar lighter when anyone offers him the third light from a match. “You know how those things are,” he says, “why take foolhardy risks?”

And if you should happen to find Jack Benny and he’s in New York at the time, you can most likely find him at the Friars Club placidly devouring a large plate of cold asparagus. Or, if he’s in Hollywood, first take a peek into the studio cafeteria where, in all probability, you can also find him placidly devouring a large plate of cold asparagus.

Footlight Secrets

[Continued from page 27]

“Mugging” is a legitimate device of expression that has been turned to illegitimate use. It is the act of screwing-up the features into an expression, usually comical, to draw a laugh. Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown, Edward G. Robinson, Bert Lahr, Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, Ned Sparks—all of these are legitimate “muggers,” and so also is Ed Wynn. But when a Simone Simon, in real reel, turns up with a pout, then “mugging” has been compromised, and the performer injured by it. Eleanor Powell’s recent habit of dancing with her mouth open, while not “mugging,” is a facial liability that movie fans are commenting upon, more and more unfavorably. If she were in vaudeville, the unfavorable reaction would be carried backstage to her immediately. As it is, she probably is not even conscious that she’s doing anything wrong, from the standpoint of performance.

“Over-playing” is purely in the eye of the beholder. Personally, I think that Luise Rainer overacts, almost to the point of “hamminess,” but audiences approve of it. Paul Muni, to me, frequently is guilty of over-playing; Dick Powell, at times, to me is sickeningly “cute”—but if the audiences approve, what is one still negative in the wildness of approval?

This article, in which I’ve gotten a lot of things off my chest which have been congesting there for some years, is a study of vaudeville, from the two-a-day of the Palace to the four-and-five-a-day of its successors. It will perhaps clarify in your mind some of the things which you have read but not completely understood. Certainly it should give you a much broader knowledge of performers and the things they do, and it should add to your appreciation of pictures and players. The next time you see the heroine twist her leading man out of position, so that you see only his back and her face staring directly into the camera, you’ll understand that in her own sweet, feminine way she is an old Virginia “ham,” and if you’ll ransom her professional background, it’s 10 to 1 that she learned it in
In spite of her daily bath
she's an
UNDERARM VICTIM!
EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 5 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry—if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an underarm victim! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellant underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO
Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

two-day vaudeville, where the smell of uncurled ham never left the premises.

Vaudeville today, I think, is brisker and faster than ever before, and just as satisfying. Certainly it is capable of serving as a talent index for Hollywood producers, because, as I've said over and over again, an act that ticks in vaudeville in the stock manner will click in pictures. The Marx brothers, testing out the jokes they will use in their next picture by touring in vaudeville to get an immediate judgment, will reap rich dividends. In the first place, there is no clinic like vaudeville in which to get the true "timing" of a joke or a bit of business. There are lots of ways in which to tell a joke, but unless the punch-line of the joke is "timed" right, the joke loses effect. In picture-making, the "timing" of a gag is of terrific importance because they have to guess at the extent of the laughter in the audience. If they guess wrong, and the laugh is bigger than they expected, it will obscure the following lines of dialogue.

There was only one way in which to find out the Marx brothers, graduates of vaudeville, went back for 140 performances in six cities to try out the jokes for "A Day at the Races." Things that they thought were funny didn't even get a snicker from vaudeville patrons; jokes which seemed average were responsible for yells of laughter. In at least ten jokes, they learned that the substitution of one word for another did the trick. And before they had concluded the vaudeville experiment, they knew exactly what to expect from every joke and every situation. The "timing" had been reduced to almost a mathematical certainty.

So I say to the rest of Hollywood: go there and do likewise, because the verdict of vaudeville outweighs any other verdict, and you can go to sleep on it, once it has been rendered.

That Passion for Things
[Continued from page 91] of them—dictionaries, thesauruses, and volumes of wit and humor.

Jean Harlow and Eleanor Powell collect old phonograph records as a hobby. Jean, also, goes in strong for botany and her knowledge of flowers and the like is pretty thorough. Her collection of cacti is complete.

Robert Taylor has just begun collecting cacti, too. In his garden he has planted more than a score of different species he himself gathered on a recent trip to the desert.

Madge Evans is busily collecting elephantias! But do not be alarmed—they are only toy ones. She has more than 200 to date, ranging from "baby" size to "he-man" proportions.

Rita and John Hall collects old Spanish furniture, while Clyde Cook collects old shoes worn by different stars in different productions. Doris Lloyd is another "elephantia fan," but she collects only ivory ones with the trunk up because, according to an old Chinese superstition, they bring good luck. Fay Holden confesses that she is probably the only feminine player in Hollywood who collects models of ships.

All three of the Marx Brothers collect scripts of the pictures they star in. Why? Well, here's what they say, anyway:

Groucho: "I always like to read the script carefully afterwards, just to see what the plot was!"

Chico: "I have to prove to my wife where I was every day for the past six weeks!"

And Harpo: "Some day if I ever have any idle hours, I want to have something so I can prove to them that their dear old
Daddy appeared in a lot of pictures without ever having said a word!" May Robson is an ardent collector of poetry. Also of wild flowers, and she has nearly every variety growing in her garden.

Charles Grapewin collects wood! He has a room in his home inlaid in wood by himself as a hobby. It contains 20,000 pieces, and 100 different kinds of wood!

But Chester Morris's collection is about as odd as they come—he collects fingerprints! He already has prints of most of his friends and acquaintances in Hollywood which will be used to start a unique frieze around the wall of his playroom.

Then, of course, there are the stamp collectors! Possibly the least publicized, yet most prevalent hobby among Hollywood's stars is that of philately. Almost all of screendom's great collect, for themselves or for their children, or for friends, stamps from the envelopes on the fan mail which they receive from all over the world.

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich is one of the most avid of the collectors. She is saving the stamps in an extensive collection for her daughter, Maria.

Bing Crosby and his two brothers, Everett and Larry, who work in his Paramount studio office, all collect stamps for their respective offspring. Bing's mail, which scales around 500 letters daily, comes from every port of the world. In a single day's collection were letters from England, Ireland, China, Amuralia, New Zealand, Malta, Straights Settlements, Spain, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, France, Italy, Hungary and a dozen other foreign countries.

George Burns and Gracie Allen have just started a collection for their little adopted daughter, Sandra Jean. Both are astonished at the foreign mail they receive, which indicates that Gracie's insane chatter is as popular abroad as it is in this country.

Toby Wing boasts an extensive collection of South American stamps of various denominations from the numerous countries there. Toby is rated one of the screen's most popular players in the southern republics, the fans of which are continually addressing impromptu letters to her.

Sylvia Sidney specializes in Oriental stamps. She is Japan's favorite star, and receives innumerable letters from Japan, China, Siam and other Asiatic countries.

All the stars receive requests from various fans of theirs for foreign stamps, but usually they have so many requests from studio workers that they are unable to fill the "orders."

But Jack Oakie probably has the most romantic collection of all—he collects valentines from old sweethearts, friends and palsie-walbies!

Coronation of Movie Majesties

[Continued from page 17]

hand when she wears it. It is rumored that when he gave it to her he also added, "I trust it is vulgar enough." And it is also rumored that six holidays later Carole Lombard (the ex-Mrs. William Powell) announced that she was selling out her star sapphire collection as star sapphires were becoming passé.

But on with the Bests. "The Best Mixer" goes definitely to Clark Gable, who is a well person and without any of those chichi affectations that cinema idols invariably acquire with popularity. Clark is considered a good sport by the newspaper fraternity, who are always on his side when any controversy arises. He is just as popular with the publicity people in his studio (most actors think it smart to snub the publicity department as soon as they've had

That south sea island smile

Island belle with the famed beauty of the South Seas—how much of her charm lies in the gleaming perfection of her smile? Her teeth are kept beautifully sound and white by healthful exercise on rough, primitive fare. The foods of civilization are softer, more refined—they furnish teeth and gums with too little exercise.

WE CIVILIZED FOLK NEED DENTYNE!
It works in Nature's own way to help keep teeth sound and white. Dentyne's specially firm consistency invites vigorous, healthful chewing-exercise. It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth-tissues—polishes cleanses. Helps keep your mouth healthy—teeth white.

ITS FLAVOR'S A TREAT! Spicy yet smooth—taste it and you'll know at once why it's so popular! Notice the fashionably flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—just right to carry in pocket or handbag.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM
Don't be a Wash-out!

Says

Jane Heath

Never again should you come out of the surf looking less than lovely! Lashint Liquid Mascara is the secret of summer sirens! There'll be no more weakly chiseled face, waxed, sun-bleached lashes—this mascara is really water-proof! It never cracks or flakes, and looks completely soft and natural. Comes in black, brown, blue or green. $1.

and then

The girl with an eye to conquest understands the allure of a subtle touch of eye shadow to give her eyes depth and color under a strong, white sun...or to put glittering highlights on her eyelids at night. Shadette comes in ten subtle daytime shades to match your gay vacation clothes, and in gold and silver for evening. 75c.

and never forget

That the basic secret of all beautiful eyes is a frame of glorious curling lashes. Just slip your lashes into Kurlash, the handy little beauty necessity that curls them in only 30 seconds, without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1.

Other Kurlash products are:

Tweezette—the automatic tweezers for painlessly removing face hair
Lashpad—a purse-size lipstick mascara with built-in brush
Lashint Mascara—a cased in metal compact with a patented spring arrangement that assures perfect application at all times
Kurlene—to promote luxurious lashes and brows
Twissops—the ingenious tweezers with rubber-handled

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: Jane Heath, Dept. G-7
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The Kurash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 5

Please send me free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

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City_________State

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Bing Crosby should step right up and get the award for having the best radio personality. As casual an old piece of calico Bing goes on week after week and people never seem to get the least bit bored with him or his programs. Of course Jack Benny’s time rates higher according to those of Jack or whatever that thing is that Radio people are always fussing over, but even though Jack has made a few pictures he is still considered one of the radio gang and one of the movie folk—so Bing gets it.

The Best Art Collection goes to those rowdy G-Men (ex-gangsters), the Messieurs Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney who have the tender souls of artists even though they have the fins of bold bad men. Eddie and Jimmy go for art in a big way—they even buy it.

The prettiest of the Hollywood stars I should say is Olivia de Havilland, who has such lovely even features that it is a pleasure to look at her. Hers is the beauty of youth, freshness, and perfect lines. But it is (and this may knock you out of your seats) Luise Rainer who gets the award for being the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Luise, with straggly hair, and wild young eyes, no make-up and certainly no false lashes. Luise has a peculiar quality in her face (surely you noticed this in “The Good Earth”) which reflects a fine mind. There is nothing mobile about the Rainer mind, and she definitely shows it in her face. Now, of course, we could spend hours quibbling over beauty awards, and I have other things to do, such as catching a train, so let just call Luise Rainer the best “mental beauty” in Hollywood and let it go at that. Now can I go home?

Projections—Alice Faye

(Continued from page 31)

dancing away for twenty-five dollars a week in a night club, Alice had wanted a mink coat. The prima donna of the show always wore a mink coat and to Alice that was a sign of success—just to swish about in a mink coat, ah, that was indeed heaven. So a few flop pictures and Alice bought her mink coat (you'd be surprised how many movie stars buy their own mink coats) and left for New York as quickly as possible to show it off to Broadway.

The most embarrassing day of her life was the day she fell flat on her face right in front of Darryl Zanuck. Mr. Zanuck is Alice's boss and Alice was all for making a good impression when she saw him and a party of his friends come on to the set where she was doing a dance number for "The King of Burlesque." But of course her slipper would come unlaced just at that critical moment, and she stepped on the
face and went into a complete sprawl. Zanuck has been on Alice’s sets four times since she came to Twentieth Century, and Alice has taken four beautiful falls since she came to Twentieth Century, which strangely enough coincided with Mr. Zanuck’s visits. Maybe, with all her pride and I-don’t-careness she has a definite boss-complex. “After the fourth time,” said Alice, “he stopped coming. I guess he was afraid I’d break my leg.”

The Faye-Zanuck feud of a year ago was quite exciting while it lasted. Alice asked for a vacation, and Mr. Zanuck through a mouth-piece said No. So Alice got her dander up and wrote Mr. Zanuck a letter in which she told him just what she thought of him and of his pictures and who did he think he was anyway. A week later she met him at a party and he smiled sweetly, “Didn’t you get my letter?” snapped Alice still feeling very Irish and belligerent. “Yes,” said Mr. Zanuck, “I made a short out of it.” Well, that broke Alice up, she burst out laughing and has been laughing ever since. Months and months afterwards she received a letter from Mr. Zanuck. It was after the preview of “On the Avenue” and he wanted to tell her how good he thought she was.

Alice changed her name to Faye when she first started dancing in the night clubs of New York. Frank Faye was making quite a name for himself then at the Palace and Alice thought Faye would be a lucky name for her. It certainly was. She has never had a voice lesson in her life. She can’t even read music but she’s got rhythm and whatever it takes to put a song over. The songwriters at the studio describe her voice as a “natural, low contralto voice,” and adobe working with her because she isn’t the least bit fussy, and can always put more into a song than they realized was there.

When she first came to Hollywood she dodged newspaper reporters and fan writers because all they ever asked was about her “love life” with Rudy Vallee. When she said it was only friendship, they said Bah, and so she just wouldn’t see them. (P.S. It seems it was only friendship after all.) Alice likes young men, lots of them, and has been seen at the Tuschadero with one of the eligible young actor in Hollywood, including Tyrone Power, Mike Whalen and Tony Martin. “When I’m fifteen,” said Alice, “I didn’t want to go to bed at night because I was afraid I would miss something. But now, I’m only too glad to go to bed at ten o’clock, just like everybody else who works in pictures.”

Now that she feels that Hollywood likes her, and the public wants her, Alice has decided on a Career. She is improving herself by watching the performances of other stars. Instead of going to the Troc every night she now goes to a neighborhood playhouse, and sees both features; she is probably the only person in Hollywood who approves of the double bill. She doesn’t mind if you criticise her, but you must do it privately. She can’t stand being bawled out in front of people. She either cries or pouts for hours. When she gets very mad she throws things—as a certain director can testify. But unless she is being “nagged at” she is the gayest person on the set. She is the pride and joy of the Ritz Brothers, and probably the only actress, except Carole Lombard, who can hold her own with them. She has a charming mother who never mixes in Alice’s studio life— in fact Mrs. Faye is the most self-effacing of the Hollywood mothers, but you have a feeling just the same that she is keeping check on Alice. Mrs. Power, Tyrone’s mother, is one of Alice’s best friends in Hollywood, and when asked for a short description of Alice Faye she said, “Alice is so definitely what she is.” Which is one of the greatest compliments you can pay a Hollywood celebrity.

Janet Gaynor as she appears in “A Star is Born”

“It Could Happen to YOU!”

The very heart and soul of Hollywood is spoken in these few words . . . words that have brought a thousand Cinderellas to Hollywood and made stars of them. Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick’s reveling story of “A Star is Born” to dramatize truly the transformation of grey starlet Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

Most Importantly . . .

So successful have the stars found the new Elizabeth Arden Technicolor make-up for the screen that they have taken it up in private life, creating a vogue for the subtle coloring offered only by Elizabeth Arden.

Every star . . . every movie fan . . . every woman who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden . . . that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

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And a complete group of theatrical preparations designed by Elizabeth Arden—sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden retail distributors everywhere. The booklet “Professional Information” $1, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Make-Up Laboratories: 533 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Screen and Stage Make-Up

by

Elizabeth Arden

SILVER SCREEN 67
Razzing Hollywood Bunk

(Continued from page 19)

ardently on the screen and the audience will laugh? Why? Because too much emphasis on love makes it ridiculous; a fact which modern movie-goers recognize instantly and automatically.

How much more ridiculous, then, are the sugary reports originating in Hollywood and published all over the country, that Mr. Star and Miss Starlet have been seen holding hands and splitting a bottle of Worcester sauce in the Brown Derby, the Vendome or at Levy's Tavern? The report may run from a paragraph to a couple of sticks of type in length, but it always ends approximately as follows:—(Quote)

"Miss Starlet, the report true that you are planning to elope to Yuma with Mr. Star in the near future?"

"Oh, not Mr. Star and I are very much interested in each other, but we are just good friends, that's all," laughingly replied Miss Starlet." (End quote).

I don't know. I guess it's the laughing reply that gets me down and makes me want to crawl into a deep, dark cave. I like Southern California, even though its climate doesn't always live up to its advance notices, and I am genuinely interested in the picture business; but there are some things about Hollywood that lay me low. The "laughing reply," combined with the "just good friends" gag, tacked onto an account of the gastronomical intercourse of a couple of astronomical movie innocents is one of those things; and I'll bet money (but not much) that there are millions of other readers of the movie columns who feel as I do.

We asked earlier in this paper who was to blame for the type of buncombe turned out under the heading of picture publicity? Your first guess, if you attempted to answer that question, probably would be: "The publicity directors of the Hollywood studios." But you would be wrong. It happened to know a number of the ladies and gentlemen who direct the publicity for the major studios, and a more honest, intelligent and bankless lot of individuals I never have met. Your second guess would be: "The newspaper reporters who print the items about Hollywood celebrities." Again you would be wrong.

The hard-working men and women of the press are not to blame for the deluge of drivel that pours out of this City of The Angels. Then who is at fault in this na-

I am, my friends. And you are. We who read the papers and the magazines, we who form the audiences that crowd the movie theatres of the world, we, who are most interested in the Hollywood product and in Hollywood personalities, are the ones who are most to blame for the absurdities and the downright falsehoods that are handed to us daily because the Hollywood authorities think that such absurdities and falsehoods are what we want.

The moment, the instant that the great American movie-going public rises up and says to Hollywood: "Stop this childish drivel and give us the truth about the stars we have made rich and successful and famous!"—that instant, Hollywood will do what America asks, do it gladly and with a sigh of relief that the day of hokum is over.

I suggest to the readers of this magazine that they be the first to protest directly against the saccharine tripe that is now handed to them as motion picture publicity. I know that the Editor of Silver Screen would welcome such a protest. That's one reason I am writing articles for him; because he has invited me to speak my mind about the particular kind of bunk that exists in Hollywood, as distinguished from the bunk that exists everywhere.

Frequently in the past I have been asked by friends who never have visited the Movie Capital: "Aren't those picture stars a sort of queer bunch of people?" My answer has been that they are no queerer, generally speaking, than bankers, artists, iron-workers, house-painters or flagpole-sitters. Still, I am aware that this impression of Hollywood "queerness" persists. Why does it? Isn't it due partly, at least, to the type of reading matter that is offered to the public as intimate data about the stars?

If groups of stone masons or motor-car executives were similarly reported in the papers they, too, would be thought queer. Suppose that you, the reader, picked up your morning paper and saw listed on the society page items informing you that the President of your Bank had been observed romantically buying a hamburger for the President of your Women's Club at the Chamber of Commerce. Suppose that the Manager of your local Insurance Company was sending a daily cursive of petunias to his favorite Girl Scout; that the head of your leading Department Store loved to visit his office (when there were no ladies present) with his pants off; that the Secretary of the Junior League had decided to let her hair grow out and was learning to play "Home, Sweet Home" or...
a musical saw; that your grocer was sending a daily bunch of carrots to the blond waitress in the Busy Bee Lunch Room; that the Chief of your Fire Department was wearing a rose in his buttonhole to match his helmet; that your butcher was a secret vegetarian; that your plumber gave his wife a silver monkey-wrench for her birthday and that Mrs. Smith Jones, President of the Garden Club, had laughingly stated that her interest in the iceman was not love, but admiration for his art.

You would conclude that your community had gone mildly mad, and doubtless you would begin to question your own sanity. Yet if you will turn to the movie-gossip columns in your own daily paper you will find items just as silly and just as unintentionally laughable as those I have paraphrased above.

The stars of Hollywood, with a few in-eritable exceptions, are neither fools nor angels. I am thinking, as I write this, of the actors and actresses whom I see frequently or occasionally on the courts and in the lounge of the tennis club of which I happen to be a member.

These representative picture players include Freddie March, Michael Barlett, Errol Flynn, Lily Damita, Virginia Bruce, Claudette Colbert, Wendy Barrie, Cesar Romero, Simone Simon, Marian Marsh, George Murphy, Edmund Lowe, Roland Gilbert, Melvyn Douglas, Heather Angel, Inez Courtney, Johnny Weissmuller, Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Alexander D'Arcy, Weldon Hayburn, Frank Shields, Paulette Goddard, Constance Bennett and others who are at the top or approaching the top of the road to movie success. Some of these men and women I know well, some I know only slightly, some I know not at all; but I have had an opportunity to observe them all. I don't pretend to watch a person playing tennis, or to play tennis with or against that person, is a profound method of approach to his or her character. But I will say that I have yet to notice any difference in human quality, between these Hollywood celebrities and any other group of people observed under like circumstances; except that the former are handier, and on the whole seem healthier and happier than most of their contemporaries.

None of them wears a halo (at least when playing tennis) and none of them deserves to wear a foolcap. Why, then, should they be subjected to the sort of advertising that praises them as divinities and then proceeds to make dunces of them out of them?

Maybe I'm wrong, but I believe that America is tired of this abortive glorification of its screen entertainers, which results actually in their belittlement. I think the time has come to put an end to the bunk that comes to us disguised as news from Hollywood.

What do you think, ladies and gentlemen?

Charlie Chan Reveals

[Continued from page 55]

and devoted of animals, as I can testify personally, having been presented with two of Shag's children. We take them up with us and the whole family has a delicious romp on the beach as a prelude to luncheon. Warner throws stones far out in the water, and they dash out in full cry after them. Edith can throw a stone farther and straighter than any woman you ever saw. Both the Olands have their dip every morning, no matter what the weather.

On Sundays, we listen to the broadcast of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. The household, including Matilda, the Swedish cook; Milton, the amiable chauff-

---

**New Non-Greasy Cream Vanishes Instantly and Checks Perspiration!**

Now, at last, there is a cream deodorant that is absolutely non-greasy. And checks perspiration instantaneously!

Just apply Odo-Ro-No Ice with your finger tips, night or morning. In no time, it is completely absorbed, leaving no greasy trail on your under-arm or your clothes messy.

A single application keeps your under-arm odorless and perfectly dry for 1 to 3 days! And Odo-Ro-No Ice leaves no odor of its own to betray you to other people. Its own clean, fresh odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Odo-Ro-No Ice is made on a totally new principle. Its light, melting texture is entirely different—refreshing and cooling on your skin. And unlike ordinary creams, it frees you not only from odor, but from all dampness.

This means you need never again worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odo-Ro-No Ice is so easy and pleasant to use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow, 35¢ at all, Toilet-Goods Departments.

**SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR**

**Odo-Ro-No Ice**

Non-Greasy


**SILVER SCREEN** 69
The DAILY BEAUTY RULE of Smart Women

SECRET OF A LOVELY BODY

1—CLEANSE... lather gently but thoroughly.  
2—STIMULATE... with soft-textured towel.  
3—SOFTEN and PROTECT... with generous powdering of MAVIS, the beauty talcum.

NEW BEAUTY IN 10 DAYS

Do this every day for ten days. You will be thrilled with the difference in your skin! MAVIS keeps skin soft, youthful, alluring.

FINER THAN MOST FACE POWDERS


FREE Generous size trial package of MAVIS TALCUM. Write to Viva- 
dou, Dept. 50, Long Island City, N. Y. This offer not good after July 25, 1937. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

feur: Belle, the Scotch maid; Miss Ryan, the secretary, and the two Mexican gar- 
ders, are all devoted to music, and it is not unusual for the Olands to take the 
group, en masse, to a concert in town. 

If the orchestra happens to play any of 
Warner's favorite Bach, he is in a transport 
of delight. He loves the majestic swell of 
the music mingled with the crash and 
and thunder of the waves on the beach. If he 
is wakeful at night, he plays symphonies 
night-lunch problem neatly, too. It is 
not an early-to-bed household, and not wishing 
שעה among during his late forages, 
Warner cleared out a shelf in his ward- 
robe, stocked it with tins of Swedish delicacies—and there you are: the moon 
high over the ocean, a Bach fugue on the 
phonograph, and Warner out on the deck 
in his pyjamas with a tin of Swedish sar- 
dines in hand—perfect bliss.

The detachment which characterizes War- 
er on first impression, the feeling that he 
is far away surveying the world, gradually 
diminishes and then is obliterated by 
his genuine sweetness and warmth. He is 
a very simple man, with a wealth of inner 
resources and reserve which makes point- 
less activity unnecessary. He does not 
suffer himself over a multitude of quick, fleet- 
ing friendships, but prefers a few, a very 
few good companions—and always his best 
companion, Edith. After thirty years of 
marrige, they still prefer each other.

Edith is the most vital and alive per- 
sontality who over maintained an individual 
point of view after brushing up with an- 
other as dominent as Warner's for so many 
years. She is a tiny, graceful little woman, 
electricity and sparkle, a fine blend of 
warm emotion and keen intellect. She was 
built to be a dashing vine, but her dynamic 
mind won't let her. She is terrific. You 
would have to explore many libraries to 
find something she hadn't read, some phil- 
osophy she has not studied, some subject 
which she is not well informed. Intel- 
lectual ability appears to run in her family; 
her brother is Clarence J. Shearn, formerly 
chief justice of the New York Supreme 
Court, now president of the New York 
State Bar Association. But Edith's chief in- 
terest are in art and music and travel, and 
of these she likes best to talk, fluently and 
charmingly, her opinions based on solid 
knowledge. She doesn't play bridge and she 
doesn't know a word of the latest Holly- 
wood gossip. (Neither do I, so we're even 
there at least.)

The Olands are unpublicized friends to 
many an impoverished young artist; and if 
I told you any more about that, they 
wouldn't like it one bit. 

Warner's first name is Johann, and Edith 
calls him "Jack." When they first met, 
Edith was a young art student, fresh from 
the studios and salons of Paris, filled with 
the fire of creation. Warner was playing 
ten in a Boston theatre—a gay young 
blade in a straw hat with a bright band. 
Edith says she looked just like something 
out of Manet's famous Afternoon in the 
Lake. After their marriage they started right 
out to translate and produce the plays of 
Strindberg, Edith learning Swedish in order 
to collaborate. When they went on to New 
York, their studio there became the ren-
devous for all the talented young artists, 
writers, and actors of the day—youngsters 
who are now Names. And this accen on 
youth the Olands have never lost: there is 
an adaptability and freshness, an enthu-
siasm for ideas that are young and new, 
which draws young people to them. Nectar 
always, of a Sunday afternoon, several col-
legians home for the weekend on the ad-
joining estates will drop in to call. Warner 
has infinite patience with even very small 
children, and will hunt shells endlessly on 
the beach with our six-year-old daughter, 
and also sing to her the Chinese lullaby, 
"Princess Ming Toy," which he sang in 
one of the Chan pictures. Or dress up in 
a ceremonial robe and do a samurai dance, 
chanting in a sing-song voice, flashing table-
spoons for swords.

Children accept Warner as a contempo-
rary—a compliment which he appreciates. 
While "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" 
was being filmed, the company was on lo-
cation and had several scenes to shoot with-
out Warner, who promptly disappeared. 
Presently an intermittent popping and 
and cracking somewhere in the distance began 
raining sound-tracks—and the sound-engi-
neer's temper. Investigation disclosed War-
ner and Keye Luke, with a collection of 
children mysteriously assembled, out in 
bak of the grandstand shooting off fire-
ackers. They had raided the laundry-
track full of fireworks, which you will 
remember in the picture, and were giving 
the kids—and themselves—a swell Fourth of 
July even if the date was wrong.

Warner has been typed as an Oriental in

Marie Wilson, fully recovered from her accident, makes her first appearance in public accompanied by Nick Grinde. Their engagement is rumored.
recent years—unfortunate in a way, since the man is so versatile. A few seasons ago his friend Hamilton MacFadden, the director, was casting a picture with a part in it which Warner tugged to play. He finally talked the studio into it—and gave the most exquisite performance of a philosophical and sophisticated and thoroughly delightful French boulevardier. He was so good, in fact, that no one recognized him or made comparisons with Charlie Chan, or realized what a transition had been made. He would enjoy playing more varied roles, but Chan keeps him pretty busy. It is remarkable that he can give each performance of this character a new freshness, as if he had never played him before, which is a tribute to his genuine artistry.

Warner loves to speak in epigrams—there is in fact an epigrammatical flavor to all he says. This habit of expression is natural to his mind, but it is more than anything else identifies Warner Oland with Charlie Chan. Warner has read his Confucius well—as he has the Bible, the Koran, Yogi philosophy, Theosophy, Buddhism, Spinoza, Nietzsche—all of which associate comfortably in the bookcase by his bed, and are pleasingly mingled in his rich mind. One of his favorite quotations is: “Life is a circle that looks like a straight line.”

Charlie Chan, the great detective, does not play the part off-screen, however, even though he always looks exactly the same since he uses no make-up, and many a person will tell you positivelly he was born in China! As a matter of fact his first trip to the Orient was made last spring—and he was given a rousing and ceremonious welcome not only by the Chinese, but by the Japanese as well. His account of the pilgrimage—for it amounted to that—is certainly the most absorbing travelogue ever heard; Burton Holmes has nothing on Warner. Between himself and Edith, there couldn’t have been anything worth having left in the shops over there, and their friends were deluged with cigarette cases, jade rings, fans, and limonos.

But it was Charlie Chan, the man, who interested the people of the Orient. Warner has conveyed so flawlessly an impression of the appearance, philosophy, humor, and unhurried deliberation of the true Oriental that the Mayor of Shanghai, with whom Warner was having ceremonial high tea, confessed he was utterly baffled. How, he asked, could any Occidental possibly understand the Chinese character as Warner does? And all of the Chinese they met, Edith tells me, almost did him justice (in a nice polite way) trying to arrive at the foundation of his complete oneness with them.

The great detective angle remains in the studio, too, and there are moments when life’s little perplexities defeat Chan’s creator as the deepest mystery would never baffle Chan. When the ship docked in Honolulu on the voyage to China, all the Hawaiian dignitaries were assembled at the dock to greet the distinguished visitor. Edith left the stateroom first and went up on deck and time marched on and no Warner appeared. The pause became embarrassing. Edith ran down to the stateroom to find out what on earth was delaying him. The place was in a splendid upheaval. Warner stood unhappily in the midst of the wreck.

“Are you waiting?” Edith cried. “Come up!”

“Why can I come up?” Warner waited despairingly. “I can’t find my suspenders!” Of course he couldn’t. They were hanging down his back.

WELFORD BEATON of Holly-
wood says that the aspirant for the Academy Award of this year will have to beat Bob Montgomery’s characterization in “Night Must Fall.”

WHAT AN AMAZING Improvement

Maybelline DOES MAKE!

Both the same person—you’d hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the natural appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline—and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

Try Maybelline’s exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids—to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline’s smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of the world’s largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness—in insist on Maybelline!
The page contains several segments of text. Here is a structured representation:

**How It's Done**

[Continued from page 25]

The girl must know, was a girl who tells you quite frankly that she has always had to work for a living, even doing many odd chores to make her high school education possible, she ushered in a motion picture theatre at night, and served as a waitress in a restaurant early in the morning before her classes began.

It sounds like a pretty long day, doesn't it? But in between times Frances also found time to model for fashion shows, to write a few radio scripts for advertising firms, and to compete in a newspaper essay contest that offered as prize—a trip to Moscow, no less.

And, by gum, her essay won the prize and off she went to Moscow. It was this trip that opened up the way for Frances' screen career. For it was on the ship, during her return journey to America, that she met a man to whom she enthusiastically confided her great joy while attending performances at the Moscow Art Theatre. This man happened to be well connected at Paramount, and, thinking she was a good screen bet, he arranged with Oscar Scalin to have a screen test made of her. Result...the officials were so pleased with it that Frances, hardly three months after she had won the essay prize contest, was entraining for Hollywood with a film contract tucked lovingly away in her pocketbook.

Quite of a different order was Eleanor's debut in acting. Following her completion of high school, she and her mother went to New York and there awaited fame.

Not idly awaited, however, was her chance to make good on the stage. Daily, Eleanor would rehearse her dancing, and usually as many as eight or nine hours were spent in working out new and novel tap steps, with her mother constantly watching and offering helpful suggestions. During those months of waiting to be "discovered" Eleanor and her mother found their bank account growing slimmer and slimmer. Her agent turned down many a small role in plays, warning her that what she needed was instant recognition or she would find herself buried in small parts which might keep her inconspicuous for years.

However, the wolf had to be kept from the door some way and Eleanor eventually found herself dancing in the stage revue of the Capitol Theatre (as a solo dancer, however, never in the chorus) and she toured around with vaudeville acts such as Ed Sullivan's when the opportunity presented itself. In between these vaudeville engagements, Eleanor and her mother found dozens of short cuts to economy. They walked long distances to save carfare, did their own laundry, and brought their food supplies cautiously and sparingly.

Patience, however, finally was rewarded...and with what a prize, Eleanor was awarded the leading role in "Follow Thru!" "Follow Thru" ran for a year and a half, and Eleanor's fame increased through the months. When it closed she had a dozen offers to choose from, and next appeared "Keep Close, and Dandy"; then, Ziegfeld's "Hot Chas," "The Varieties," "George White's Scandals," and in the road show of "Crazy Quilt."

While she was on tour, George White went to Hollywood to produce his "Scandals" for Fox, and he wired his former dancing star a job. Even though the part was small, she accepted, and turned her eyes and steps Hollywoodward.

Those who recall this picture will undoubtedly remember Eleanor's dancing. She was the hit of the show. Despite this, however, she was on the point of returning to New York—Hollywood seemed to hold nothing for her talents—when Louis B Mayer saw a test of her while attempting to cast the leading feminine role in "Broadway Melody of 1929," and instantly gave her the coveted spot.

So, our three little girls finally are gathered in Hollywood, at three different studios. And, in type, utterly dissimilar.

Olive is the gentle maiden, whose loveliness pinnacles her to heights of rare effect.

Frances is deeply dramatic, at her ease in parts of heavy import.

Eleanor is the gay, vital, engaging soul whose freshness appeals to every picture-goer.

But, a bond shared in common, all are beautiful and talented.

Ann Harding returns from England and introduces to Hollywood her new husband, Composer Werner Janssen.

**Easy way to remove hair from arms and legs—without shaving**

**Rinse Off Unwanted Hair**

_avoid briskly re-growth_

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, sure, dependable! NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10c stores.

**WANTED**

**ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS**

For Immediate Consideration
Send Poems to
Columbian Music Publishers
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**CAN EYES HYPNOTIZE?**

Every clever girl knows the power of lovely, sparking eyes. Keep them that way—eloquent, fascinating! Use _Ibath_ to soothe away redness...to bring back youthful, magnetic, starry luster! A physician's formula—_Ibath_ is safe. At good drug stores, 50c.

McKesson & Robbins

**Ibath**

**Silver Screen**

**Ann Harding returns from England and introduces to Hollywood her new husband, Composer Werner Janssen.**
silhouette

Girls into goddesses... every graceful curve enhanced and controlled, in the Swim Suits of B.V.D.

BEAUTIFUL...be glamorous... be lovely! Sculpture your figure in these Swim Suits by B.V.D.—designed to mould you, hold you, reveal the most glamorous "you"! There's sorcery in their "evening gown" backs, contour witchery in their seamless-side maillots, magic in their jewelled colors. Be beautiful—in a Swim Suit by B.V.D! The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Bldg., N. Y. C.

B.V.D.

Swim Suits

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

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SECRETARIES OF THE STARS

[Continued from page 29]

great, and would overwhelm nine out of every ten women. Everything in a Bennett home must be just so, and Joan lives like a queen. Frankly, the deep, soft rugs, the heaps of chaise silver in the dining-room, the silver vases and articles in the other rooms, the uniformed nurse (the lovely Joan, as you know, is the mother of two children) and the quiet, hushed atmosphere of this luxurious residence made me feel a little uncomfortable, and I am not exactly a diffident reporter.

"I met Mrs. Markey when she first came out here," Dorothy said. She always calls Joan Bennett Mrs. Markey. "I was working as an extra, and we got acquainted on the set. She was new out here, and so young. I started as a companion, and, as she grew up in pictures, worked into a full time secretarial position. My hours are from 8-9 to 5. I have Saturday afternoon off, and I don't work on Sundays, unless she gives a big party or something exceptional comes up requiring my attention." Like medicine and journalism, this business of being secretary to a movie star is really a 24 hours a day job. Dorothy is the wife of a young engineer, has a four year old boy, and no

Sculpture

your figure in a B.V.D.

Swim Suit... designed to flatter and control your loveliest curves!

Sea Tweed

Accent on beauty lines! White pique braid outlines the square neck and ties in an adjustable shoulder bow. And the knit? Superlative "Sea Tweed"! Maillot, $5.95. Skirted, $4.95.

A lovely line to reveal, lady—a dangerous curve to control? Then capture and hold a glamorous sea-going silhouette in a Swim Suit by B.V.D. Their flattering "evening gown" backs—their seamless perfection—their jeweled colors to complement sun-tanned skins—are the way to the figure glamorous, the body beautiful. The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire State Building, N. Y. C.

B.V.D.

Swim Suits

GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

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Silver Screen

73
ALL SET TO GO PLACES

If you find it difficult to
keep your hair just as you
want it, use Superset - the
easily applied fast-drying wave
lotion fastidious women prefer.
Nestle Superset sets your
hair so you can go places
...keeps it soft and silvery...holds it in place in a lovely,
natural way.

Superset is made by Nestle,
who originated the permanent
wave. It is non-greasy, does not become "tacky,
and will not streak. It leaves
no fussy deposit. The yellow
and-black Nestle label is your
guarantee of hair loveliness.

movie ambitions whatsoever.

"The salaries secretaries to movie stars
get is nothing to brag about, but there are
other compensations," remarked Dorothy.
"Mrs. Markey gave me the car I am using,
she gave me this lovely star sapphire ring.
She always remembers birthdays, and is one
of those people who like to give, rather
than receive." Before Dorothy's baby was
born, she went on many interesting trips
with Joan. "Stenographic experience is not
as important as the ability to understand
the person you are working for, her likes
and dislikes, idiosyncrasies and point of
view. Mrs. Markey knows that her problems
are my problems. I have no social ambi-
tions, and try to keep our relationship
strictly on a business basis.

Bing Crosby, Inc. Ltd. reads the sign
on an office door at Paramount. The secretarial
duties of this corporation and of its croon-
ing president are performed by Miss Pat
Clarke, a slender brown-haired, brown-eyed
girl, coolly efficient, but a little shy. She is
an expert stenographer, takes dictation en-
tirely by stenotype. She is quite a pianist
too, and went to the University of Oregon
for a year.

"I came to Hollywood two years ago," she
said, "I have been working for Mr.
Crosby for the past ten months. I was with
Fanchon & Marco before that. I have more
social work to do, but otherwise my duties
are very much the same as those of a busi-
ness secretary. I come in at 9 o'clock in the
morning and leave at 5. I think getting
a job like hers is largely a matter of
luck. Of course, one must have the technical
qualifications. "A girl friend of mine
who worked at Paramount told me Mr.
Crosby was looking for a secretary. I
applied for it, and here I am. Mr. Crosby isn't
hard to meet and hard to talk to. He is a
regular fellow, with a great sense of humor.
And very considerate."

Mrs. Beatrice Halstead is private secre-
tary to Robert Montgomery. You'll always
find her in his dressing-room, for that's
where she works. If and if the Metro
moguls loan him out to another studio, she
and her office go with him. She is tall, dark,
brown-eyed, wears glasses, and is the mother
of a 3 year old boy. She studied languages
and literature in the University of Minne-
sota and at U. C. L. A., but didn't graduate.
After finishing high school and before en-
tering college she took a secretarial course.
I wanted to know how she got her job.
She laughed. "That's what everybody asks
me! I was working for an automobile con-
cern in Hollywood when I learned through a
friend that Mr. Montgomery needed a
secretary. He was just getting started in
pictures. He had bought a car from us and
we had his name and address in our files.
So I knew where he lived. Having lived in
Hollywood long enough, I knew that the
best time to find him at home would be
about 11 o'clock Sunday morning. So one
Sunday morning at that hour I went to his
house and offered him my candidacy
for the position he had open, and next
Tuesday I started working.

"In my work every day is different. It's
not like being secretary to a business ex-
cutive. I have no rigid rules to follow, no
definite set of duties, not even regular
hours, although usually I go to the studio
at 9 o'clock in the morning and leave
at 4. I try to make myself generally use-
ful. He may ask me to go to his house
and do something for Mrs. Montgomery,
I make his appointments and see to it
that he doesn't forget them. Every year I have
at least three months' vacation with pay.
What more could a secretary ask? Of course,
when he goes to his farm in the East or
takes a trip to Europe, as he did recently,
I still have a few things to do.

"I meet a lot of interesting people. Every-
body of any consequence in Hollywood
eventually goes through his dressing-room.
Stars, directors, producers, writers, promi-
nent visitors. These are valuable contacts,
but I don't believe in mixing business with
pleasure, and never follow them up. But I
suppose if I were to lose my job these con-
tacts would be very useful for getting an-
other.

"In my opinion, the most important
qualification for success in this kind of
work, far more important than mere steno-
graphic competence, is the ability to get
along with people—which means that a
star's secretary has to be a student of hu-
man psychology in general, and of its Holly-
wood varieties in particular."

All of you who have been dreaming of
being secretaries to movie stars will find
the answers to most of your questions in
this article, which is the result of consider-
able intimate knowledge and reportorial
digging. I have tried to give you the real
down on the secretarial situation in
Hollywood by telling you of a few represen-
tative cases, without any exaggeration or
romantic baloney. I know you want facts,
and I have given you nothing but facts.
“What has happened to us, Dear? Why are we Drifting Apart?”

How could he answer frankly? How could he tell her that one serious neglect—a lack of proper attention to feminine cleanliness—had made her almost repulsive to him?

I unhappy couples would consult doctors, instead of divorce-lawyers, many a wife would be surprised to learn why her husband’s love had cooled. Often it is due simply to ignorance about the proper precautions to insure intimate personal daintiness.

A wholesome method of feminine hygiene is important not only for your own sense of personal cleanliness and comfort. It is often still more important for the sensibilities of your husband. For no man’s love can long survive neglect of this obligation that marriage brings to every woman. Many doctors recommend “Lysol” disinfectant as a cleanly aid in feminine hygiene, as a means of assuring freshness and daintiness.

The fact that “Lysol” disinfectant is used by many doctors, nurses and hospitals—for many exacting antisepic needs—is your assurance that “Lysol,” in the correct solutions, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. There are many other valuable household uses for “Lysol”.

The 6 Special Features of “Lysol”
1. Non-caustic... “Lysol,” in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... “Lysol” is active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Penetration... “Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4. Economy... “Lysol”, because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. Odor... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.
6. Stability... “Lysol” keeps its full, dependable strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lysol Disinfectant

Silver Screen

Copyright 1927 by Lysol & Fix Products Corp.
They walk together to the door. "You'll write—Mrs. Brown," Welden asks.

"No," Welden shakes his head. "But I'll remember." What a scene! There is something so simple—so touching in that "But I'll remember" that my throat is suddenly constricted and I don't need Gene to coax me from the set this time. He only wish I could say to dozens of people I knew when they first came out here, before success had brushed them with its wings. "I remember." They were so swell then.

The last set on this lot is "That Certain Woman" starring Bette Davis. There is one, thank God, who hasn't changed.

The picture is just starting so I can't tell you what it's about. But Bette is sitting at a desk when the door to the office opens and Ian Hunter, followed by a couple of other men enters.

"I'll meet you in the coffee room," Hunter says.

"At the club?" one of the men asks.

"At the club, my boy," Hunter promises. "We're still in the air," the other man observes, picking up his brief case. "Does anyone know what we finally decided?"

"The very excellent Miss Donnell here has taken down everything we've said or done," Hunter exclaims, gesturing towards Bette. "She will have a record on your respective desks by five. You will peruse it—sleep on it—and, in the morning, let your conscience be your guide."

"Oh, you've got one of those, too, have you?" the first man laughs, indicating a ditaphone. "You might have told us."

"I think," Hunter retorts, "when you look at Miss Donnell, you will agree that we are adequately equipped here.

"Good day," says Gene pointedly, interrupting my reverie.

"Good day," I return pleasantly, missing his sarcasm. "I gotta beat it over to Universal."

"What was that you said about running a school of English for Warner's writers?" Gene queries, "Gotta," he adds scornfully.

There's no answer to that one except, later, I think I could have said, "Gotta" is a matter of diction and not English. But, by the time I think of that I'm at——

United Artists

Here Barbara Stanwyck is working in Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Stella Dallas," I arrive just as they're going into a scene.

John Boles and his family have lost all their money so he goes to a small town (a mining town, I believe) to make a fresh start. Barbara is a cheap little dance hall girl but she's shrewd enough to know that Boles is something different from anyone she's ever known, and she realizes he's going to get ahead. He breaks his engagement to the girl he loves (one of his own sort) because there seems little likelihood he'll ever be able to support her as she's accustomed to living. Barbara sets her cap for him and snares him. But woe is me, Hardy are they matched! He realizes his dreadful mistake. Being a good sport he sets about making her over. As he begins to get ahead people begin asking them out. He has just taken Barbara to the country club for the first time. But they're home early. He opens the door of the house and stands aside for her to enter. She doesn't get the drift at first, so he stands farther aside and pushes the door farther open. And then she tumbles.

"Thank you," she says in a sweetly sarcastic tone. She goes on through the hall and into the bedroom. Boles closes the door and then the colored maid comes out of another room where she has been sitting watching with her big brown eyes. "She's still 'sleep, Mr. Dallas," the maid tells him.

"Thank you, Alice," he replies. As the maid disappears through still another door he drops his forced smile and starts pacing up and down as though he was trying to figure something out.

"If you're so tired why don't you go to bed?" Barbara demands with angry contempt, as she returns without her wrap and picks up her bag. "I don't see why you went in the first place if you wanted to come home as soon as we got there." There is a pause but his silence only good's her on. "If you had your way we'd never go out at all—we'd just stick home."

"That might be better," Boles replies in a still sort of way. "What do I do this time?" she queries, a sarcastic smile of understanding breaking over her face. "I'll take my usual lecture—pretending to learn from teachers."

"Go ahead, Begin." John stops pacing and turns to look at her. "Stella," he begins, his voice weary and pleading, "I asked you not to wear those earrings—that cheap imitation necklace. You..."
Barbara has a guilty moment, then she takes refuge in aggressiveness. "Now, Stephen, I'm willing to let you tell me how to talk—an how to act—but please—don't think you can give me pointers on how to dress. Allow me, at least, to know about one thing than you do!" She gives her haircompliant little pats but there are angry glints in her eyes. "After all," she continues, "I've always been known to have stacks of style."

"Curt!" orders the director. Barbara promptly disappears.

I follow her and track her down in her dressing room. She is a sight to behold. She is tall, she has dyed her hair blonde—her own hair, mind you—and her dress, specially done up by Mrs. Omar Kiam, has everything on it but the kitchen stove. "You look swell, baby," I begin enthusiastically, meaning swell for the part.

Barbara smiles wryly. "You know, Dick," he says earnestly, "after almost everyone of my previews people come up and say, 'This is a good little picture, Barbara, it's going to do all right. And you were all right, too. You have nothing to worry about.' I wish just once they could honestly ed—say, 'This is terrific—one of the great pictures of the year—and you were just as good as the picture.' Oh, I hope this will be it."

"I do, too." I echo and I mean it from the bottom of my heart because if ever it was a regular girl in Hollywood it's Barbara Stanwyck.

As I come out of Barbara's dressing room, John Boles and his manager, Ira Uhr, are standing there. "Hi, Dick," they chorus. It, Boles reminding me again this month.

"Hi, gentlemen." I reply and keep going

"What's the hurry?" Ira wants to know.

"Never mind," John pipes up. He just saw everything on that set—seemed interested in it and he looks meaningly towards Barbara's dressing room.

"Well, gee whiz," I blurt out, "can I help if I can't help pursuing the ignis fatuus of a hopeless love?"

That stops them. Between ourselves, it lifts me, too, mentally, but physically I proceed in the direction of—

Paramount

"VO pictures going here—'Mountain Music' with Bob Burns and Martha Scott and 'Angel' with Dietrich and Herbert Marshall.

Mr. Marshall always seems to me to be a masculine Ruth Chatterton—very expert and very uninteresting. And if everyone felt so I do about Miss Dietrich her pictures couldn't bring ten cents a dozen instead of the two hundred and fifty thousand she's supposed to get for them. But, apparently, nobody else feels as I do about her because they go right on making pictures after pictures.

Miss Dietrich, I am compelled in all honesty to state, has never looked lovelier or has she ever acted better than in this one. But, of course, she has the great and truly Erst Lubitsch directing her and well is that he is back directing again there.

Of dozens of producers in Hollywood who can make good pictures but there is only one man who can direct like Lubitsch.

Miss Dietrich is asleep her husband, fashions comes in and wakes her. She's two women Boles but she's clever about it and tells him all about a dream she had.

At the end she tells him he threw a vase on her and then kissed her and carried her pairs.

"And then?" Marshall persists eagerly.

There was a knock at the door and I came in.
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rainin' to Go... and you'll have two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not form it doesn'tlickr. It just decays in the bowels, gas boils up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, rank and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and out". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. See.

Next we have "Mountain Music." This has the most implausible plot I have almost ever listened to but I'm telling you the picture should be one long, loud how! You never expect plausibility when comedians have the leads in an opus but the situations sound riotous.

Bob Burns has two incurable afflictions: one is a desire to work, which, at times, is uncontrollable (he owns a diamond mine so I can't blame him—except I imagine they are Hot Springs diamonds) and the other is a condition of the head which causes amnesia (loss of memory) every time he drinks.

He's supposed to marry Terry Walker (a Sheppardson) to settle a feud between the Sheppardsons and Burnsides (he's a Burnside) but he knows Terry is in love with John Howard so he runs out on her at the church. A Sheppardson shoots him and knocks his hat into the river.

The hat is found but Bob isn't so they arrest Howard (who comes up just then) on the charge that he murdered Bob. Then Bob bumps his head, forgets who he is and can't dream Howard. He (Bob) steals a big sedan thinking, in his amnesiac state, that it is his.

As he is driving along he hears Martha Raye singing. Because he isn't responsible he also thinks she is beautiful and they become engaged to be married.

I forget just how he gets into the courtroom where Howard is being tried, but there he is—knowing who he is. Martha is trying to throw some water in his face but the Tipstaff (how'd ya like that for a title?) catches her and puts her out.

Presently, during the trial when all attention is focused on the judge and attorneys, an old, old lady creeps in, clutching something to her breast. It's Martha—DISGUISED! And the "something" is the nozzle of a fire hose!

She turns it on but when the gate swings to her the hose sprays the floor and shuts off the water. But there is only a leaky dribble. Just then someone else comes through the gate and as soon as it is pushed open it releases the hose. Martha, naturally, looks around to see what's the matter with the hose and she isn't looking where she's aiming the nozzle. A terrific stream of water sprays up the nozzle, wetting the judge, the attorneys, the police attendants, the jury and everyone else. But some of it finally hits Bob and he comes to.

"Arrest that woman," the judge yells furiously.

"You can't arrest her," Bob cries. "She's my fiancee.

"Who are you?" the judge demands.

"Robert Burnside," he yaps.

"You see?" Martha screams triumphantly.

"He just told you who he is.

"That's my loss," said Pappy Burnside.

"He hasn't recognized Bob before on account of his store clothes. "When he gets hit in the head he all fergods who he is.

"An' it takes water to bring him to."

Ma Burnside amends.

"A clear case of amnesia," John Howard puts in helpfully. And well he might be helpful. Isn't he facing a murder charge.

"You keep out of this," the judge admonishes him. "You don't count.

"Don't count!" Well, I must say they release the scene once and then they get ready for the take.

"Hi, pal," Martha screams at me when the scene is fine. "Why didn't you show up at my party when I was hostess at the Grove last week?"

"The girl friend," I announce, indicating Kathleen Coghlan, "walked out on me. She said she had to go to a Paramount preview and I couldn't bear to see you with someone else and me with no one.

"Never mind," Martha consoles me. "I'll throw another brawl!"
I sold him. Helen's a very good person, and she tells me about this book. She says it's about a young woman who discovers her true identity through a series of adventures in a foreign land. She's written a story that is full of passion and adventure, and I think it could be very exciting for young readers.

Helen is also a very good painter. She tells me that she has been working on a new series of paintings that are inspired by the story. She wants to create a series of works that will capture the essence of the story and bring it to life through visual art. I think it's a wonderful idea, and I'm looking forward to seeing the finished paintings.

I've been thinking a lot lately about the power of imagination and how it can help us overcome obstacles and achieve our goals. Helen's story is a great example of this, and I'm grateful to have had the chance to work with her on this project. I believe that her story has the potential to inspire and motivate others to pursue their dreams and overcome any challenges that they may face.

I hope you enjoy reading Helen's story, and I encourage you to support her as she continues to develop her creative talents. Thank you for taking the time to read about Helen's work and for considering supporting her artistic endeavors.
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ASTROLOGY

READING NOW ONLY 10¢

In order to show how important astrology is to modern American philosophy, I have given my week's reading for the period ending Sunday, May 6th, 10¢. This reading is based upon your birthday, your sex, and your birthplace. It conveys the same information in relation to occupation, health, recreation, relationships, business, and romance, just as it does by astrology. Send 10¢ in coin or checks (no stamps, money orders, or personal checks) for your interesting reading. Also include your full name and address. Address your check to: The National Academy of Astrology, 518 W. 51st St., Chicago

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SILVER SCREEN

Columbia

WHERE Fanmag Fanya will furnish some laughs—unless he can find a gag for his. "Surprise!" says the Mad Hatter brightly as I come in. "Guess what?"

"Richard Dix is starting a new picture," I say, not knowing what to lose.

"Oh, you're so smart," says Fanya disgustedly. "You've been reading the papers."

I thank her for assuming I can read and we start. Then, "Once a Hero." In it Mr. Dix is Hollywood's biggest western star. (If only he were I wouldn't have to cover his sets. Now, mind you, I have to write his story, but after seeing him for about eighteen years on the screen you can hardly blame me if that same anticipatory thrill that characterized my attendance at his movies when I was in grade school is now lacking.)

Mr. Dix is making a personal appearance tour of the country. Overlooking no bets he visits a children's hospital, his nurse (Helen Brown) approaches him. "A little boy we're taking the surgery begged so
hard to see you doctors delayed for a moment," she explains.

"I've known folks to wait meals for me," Mr. Dix replies modestly, "but this is the first time anybody ever put me ahead of an operation."

So Helen takes him to the surgery wagon where Billy Burrid is lying. Billy looks at him in worshipful admiration.

"What's your name, sonny?" Dix asks, not caring a whit.

"B-billy, the kid." Billy stammers joyously.

And that about takes care of Mr. Dix for this month.

"He's building an eighteen room house in Beverly," Fannam whispers impressively at them, "with no guest room."

"What do I care?" I demand scornfully.

"I'd never be asked out there anyway."

"Of all the writers who ever graced and disgraced the Fair and the Foul," Fannam says, "Tanya explodes, you are without any doubt the mostest, mostest, ornest, most—"

But by that time we're on the set of "It Can't Last Forever" and the assistant director is yelling for quiet so Fannam can't finish telling me what she thinks of me.

Ralph Bellamy hands the cast of this one.

Also there are Betty Furness, Robert Arm-
strong, Raymond Massey, Winston Hall and Wade Boteler. It has to do with a fake psychic (Walburn) who has a swell radio voice. Bellamy and Armstrong (two agents) discover him and put him under contract. They only stipulate he has to stay sober. Then they hire a burglar to steal the famous and valuable Sultana pearl from a safe in his house. But the safe is under a rug. When the police are baffled, they intend to lift Walburn upon him and he will tell them where the pearl is hidden. But when the time comes, Walburn is drunk so Bellamy does his roles and Armstrong introduces him to the chief of police as "The Master Mind." In the presence of newspapermen Bellamy tells the chief to call the Belmont house, have some one look under a rug in the library and the pearl will be found. The pearl does it, the pearl is there, and the chief and newspapermen are confounded.

Betty Furness is one of the newspapermen and you will probably be confounded, too, when I tell you that, of all things—she got is the smartest one I've seen this spring. However, this is only one scene and there's no telling what she'll break out with in other scenes.

At M-G-M

Out here, heaven help me, there are still two pictures shooting. They are "Countess Walavaska" starring Garbo, and "The Emperor's Candlesticks (or Fiddelsticks)" starring William Powell and Luise Rainer.

Garbo isn't working today so they generously offer to take me on the set but what's a Garbo picture without Garbo, I ask you.

But it's getting late so I turn my weary footsteps to the last set on this lot. It's "The Emperor's Candlesticks." This is a Russian picture in the time of the Tsar. I don't know the plot. I don't care. I'm tired. All I know is that Bill Powell is in a great, heavy overcoat and in his stocking feet. He picks up Rainer, carries her softly out through a huge door, sets her down, puts on his coat, picks her up again and carries her across the street. And all without a word of dialogue.

Don't you want to say 'hello' to Bill?" Hall Roarke asks me when the scene is finished.

"No," I answer grumpily. "I like him on the screen but we're not chatting terms personally and I've never met Rainer.

And so, until next month—if you survive this span-toodle-oo!
ONE'S faith in the ancient tenets of Art now and then experiences a surge of fresh enthusiasm. Again we feel how wonderful is the treasure that we all have inherited from the artists of other years. It was the memory of a Turner painting that helped us realize the beauty of some of the scenes in the new picture, "Captains Courageous." It is a fine motion picture—great, unquestionably. Freddie Bartholomew lives the part of the rich boy and Spencer Tracy's performance as Manuel could not be equalled by any other actor. The audience on the opening night was held entranced.

But neither dramatic nor emotional moments won the sincere accolade that was so spontaneously given to the sheer beauty of one scene showing the cloud-racked sky, the setting sun and the trim fishing schooner at the end of the day, alone on the restless sea. Kipling wrote the story, but Victor Fleming gave it grandeur and beauty.

* * *

A picture worth seeing is named "Make Way For Tomorrow," the plot does not go beyond the narrow limits of ordinary lives. Victor Moore and Beatrice Bondi play the pitiful figures of a father and mother, grown old, are not wanted by their children. It is marvelous to see Beatrice Bondi achieve an artistic triumph by giving meaning to the inexpressible facts of existence. The train that carries away her old husband (Victor Moore) gathers speed. The windows of the cars rapidly pass and she is left alone on the platform. Life is empty, gray, and she is forlorn. There are no symbolic crumpled roses nor distant bells. Just an empty train shed and an unhappy woman, the tender conception of an artist, Mr. Leo McCarey in fact.

* * *

THE movie people of Hollywood, who have plenty, could not bear the thought that any youngster should go hungry to school. Now the Children's Breakfast Club is attending to getting food for boys and girls who need it. Mrs. Jack Warner, Mrs. Joe Schindlaur, Mrs. Bill Dietzler, Mrs. Abe Lehr, Mrs. O. Ronald Burton, Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs and others, have started the drive in the movie colony. Ten dollars will provide breakfasts for one child for a year. O. Ronald Burton provides the office and clerical expense, and Jack Warner provides the printed matter. All money donated goes for food alone. People with hearts of fire do not make pictures.
LET A STAR SHOW YOU HOW TO HAVE

TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

"I find Calox very satisfactory for keeping teeth in 'camera condition'—white, clear and sparkling."

JOAN BENNETT, co-starring with Warner Baxter in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Watch for this picture—the screen's first fun-and-fashion comedy in Technicolor—and see Joan's brilliant smile.

Brush your teeth as the movie stars do—Change to Calox!

A star's teeth are precious as jewels. Only a superb dentifrice gets the job of protecting and polishing them.

Many Hollywood stars—following the advice of dentists—have chosen powder for brushing their teeth. But not just any powder. The Hollywood choice is the safer, softer powder—Calox.

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JOAN BENNETT
- refreshing mildness
- better taste

all the way

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The Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too. On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

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To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved. Only 7.5c each at all 5¢ & 10¢ Stores.
How Rosalie found a fascinating new world

WHY DON'T YOU APPLY, SIS? IT MIGHT LEAD TO FORTUNE. YOUR OLD RIVAL CLAIRE CURTIS HAS APPLIED.

I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST CLAIRE—SHE'S STUNNING.

BALONEY—GET SOME SPUNK. YOU SIMPLY SAT BY AND LET HER TAKE JOE AWAY FROM YOU.

I'LL DO IT. WE NEED MONEY SO BADLY.

IT'S BETWEEN YOU TWO. WHOEVER HAS THE BEST SMILE AND PRETTIEST TEETH GETS THE JOB. MR. EATON IS VERY PESSY.

NOT THE MOVIE STAR—I ADMIRE HIM.

YES, HIS POSING FOR THESE SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. ALL RIGHT GIRLS, SMILE.

YOU GET THE JOB, MISS ROSALIE... $75 A WEEK, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LOVELY TEETH.

IT'S UNJUST! IT'S UNFAIR!

I'M NOT POSING OR ACTING NOW, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST GIRL I EVER HEARD AND I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME.

DO AS NEW YORK MODELS DO, USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Without perfect teeth, not one model in ten has a chance of success before the camera. No wonder famous New York models choose Listerine Tooth Paste. Its ingredients are super-fine in character, amazingly gentle in action; yet give marvalous cleanliness and brilliant lustre.

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I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS BECAUSE IT IS SO GENTLE IN ACTION

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢

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SILVER SCREEN
BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

SO BIG IT TOPS THEM ALL

SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!

The mammoth M-G-M musical that picks up where "Great Ziegfeld" and "Born to Dance" left off! . . . Scores of stars! Gigantic spectacle! Gorgeous girls! Thrilling romance! Swingy tunes! . . . It's M-G-M's gayest, star-jammed entertainment!

BIG SONG HITS
"Yours and Mine"
"I'm Feelin' Like a Million"
"Sun Showers"
"Your Broadway and My Broadway"
"Got a New Pair of Shoes"
"Everybody Sings" and others

Also in the Big Cast:
Binnie Barnes
Charles Igor Gorin
Raymond Walburn
Robert Benchley
Willie Howard
Charley Grapewin
Robert Wildhack
and hundreds more

Directed by
Roy Del Ruth
Produced by
Jack Cummings

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Songs by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed

BOB EBSEN, and a corps of cuties!
He's a scream!

SOPHIE TUCKER, the last of the red hot mommas singing her famous songs!

JUDY GARLAND, the sensational little hot-singing discovery!

GEORGE MURPHY, Eleanor's new dancing partner!
A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

If people must move, and I do think it is a good thing occasionally when mice and men and termites go stark mad on the welcome mat, I heartily recommend Jean Muir as a landlord. Just this week I took over a sub-lease on Jean's Hollywood studio apartment (Jean's off for a season of stock in the East) and for the first time in my life I found moving a positive pleasure. Jean said that the Venetian blinds would work, and so they did, she said I would crush a lender and snog off part of the fence trying to get my hands of the garage, and so I did. Truthfulness is something rarely found in landlords and press agents.

Perhaps it is the tropical summer sun, or perhaps it's the beach-comber coming out in me, but I must admit that my sole exertion this month, outside of moving, has been a mild dash every Sunday over to the Dick Powells for one of their Sunday breakfast-luncheon parties. Dick takes on the athletically inclined for a snappy game of badminton—no one can beat Dick at this feathered sport except Regis Tooney—while his little bride (Jean Blondell to you) dines with the guests who are too lazy to do anything more strenuous than lift a beer.

About three o'clock the most marvelous food appears in the golden, fried, and roasted cases, the table is set, and time to listen to W. C. Fields (the W. C.) carry on his feud with Charlie McCarthy. No one in Hollywood misses the Fields broadcast. It's the consensus of opinion among the movie stars that he's the best.

My other exertion of the month was to put my car in first the other night and coax it to climb one of the highest hills back of Beverly Hills, whereon dwells Miriam Hopkins in the amazing house that once belonged to the Screen's Great Lover. John Gilbert. Miriam recently bought the house, redecorated it, and it is really a dream of a place. She threw a combination house-warming and birthday party for Anatol Litvak (Tola to his friends), and as he is Russian in the most charming manner it turned out to be a Russian party. Everything was Russian, the vodka and the caviar, my my, my my, the Volga Boatman rowing madly across the birthday cake, the Russian string orchestra, the champagne toasts, and the most delightfully insane Russians right out of "Tovarich"—none of whom I knew before, except Mischa Auer, but oh boy, do I know them now. Vodka does it.

LIZA
Here's How I Felt
by Jean Arthur

I was riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...
I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?"
I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

I GET A TOWN CAR
But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man
who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to... me, Mary Smith...

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn’t enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it’s all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like “No,” he’s invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I’ve just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen...and now I’m told I’m worth a million dollars.

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven’t even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith...

But Mary’s told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You’ll find the answer in Paramount’s “Easy Living,” the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swelliest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.

Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.
always ardent color:
never lipstick parching

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty “Sub-Deb.” It contains a special softening ingredient, “Theobroma.” Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades, New! “Air Spun” Rouge—50¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

Jeanne Madden has that “certain look” which precedes a proposal in this scene with Donald Woods from “Talent Scout.”

AFRICAN HOLIDAY—Fairly interesting. A journey into the jungle by the wealthy sportsman, Harry C. Pearson, and his wife, is responsible for this film which, although amateurishly constructed, provides some illuminating moments, especially when it reveals a tribe whose members average seven feet in height.

ARMORED CAR—Fair melodrama. A number of robbers, urged by the armored car company’s assistant, go in for organ playing, and Cesar Romero. The young love interest is played by Judith Barrett and a newcomer, Robert Wilcox, who does well by his role of undercover man.

BANK ALARM—Fair. As the title indicates this concerns a gang of bank robbers who plan their calling with pretty excellent results; until they are rounded up by department of justice agent, Conrad Nitzel, and his trusty 1-man police, Frederick Humes. This Mr. Francis provides adequate romantic interest.

CALL IT A DAY—Good. A tender comedy of English family life, taking one full day and everything that happens to each member of the charming Hilton family for its narrative. Of course, it is spring, and so love is in the ascendant all day long. Comedienne cast includes Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter, Roland Young, Anita Louise, etc.

GO-GETTER, THE—Good. Remember Peter B. Kyne’s famous Cappy Ricks’ stories? Well, meet the lovable old captain again in this film in the person of the equally lovable Charles Winninger. George Brent is the go-getter who attracts the sympathies of Cappy Ricks, and Anita Louise furnishes the romantic lure.

GUN LORDS OF STIRRUP BASIN—Good. A load over the building of a dam in the west furnishes the plot for this exciting action film starring Bob Steele, who is in love with his enemy’s daughter, Louise Stanley.

HOTEL HAYWIRE—Good. An amusing farce concerning the domestic upheaval in the life of Spring Byington and Lynn Overman when Spring takes up astrology in a big way. Leo Carrillo is excellent in the role of the fake astrologer. It should not be taken seriously, but can be relied upon for sure-fire laughs.

IT HAPPENED OUT WEST—Fair. All fans who have a yen for the wide open spaces should see this film based on one of Harold Bell Wright’s stories. It concerns a big business man who goes west to secure control of a dairy ranch that is not making money, and after the usual complications marry the owner of the farm. (Paul Kelly-Judith Allen.)

KID GALLAHAD—Excellent. This is a “smashing” story of the prize ring, with a perfectly swell newcomer, Wayne Morris, cast as the champ. Ed. G. Robinson as Wayne’s manager, and Bette Davis, as Robinson’s girl friend, contribute ace-high performances. Also in the cast, and good, too, are Humphrey Bogart and Jane Bryan.

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW — Fine. Adapted from Josephine Lawrence’s novel, “The Years Are Too Long,” this is a poignant story of an elderly couple, without financial security, who have to depend upon their married children for sustenance. See it and weep. It is one of the most moving stories of its kind yet filmed. (Victor Moore-Beatriz Bonadi.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY — So-So. A new edition of Van Dine’s famous “The Green Slumber Case,” which was done much more effectively when tallies first made their bow. It concerns a rich but very unpleasant family, most of the members of which are killed off (fortunately) before the film ends. (Roscoe Karns-Gran Richards.)

SILVER SCREEN
LET THEM LIVE—Interesting. John Howard is the crusading young intern who fights against the corrupt political situation in his town because he thinks it is the cause of so many unnecessary living conditions. The cast includes Edward Ellis and Robert Wilcox.

PICK A STAR—Fine. A lively burlesque of Hollywood is attempted here with laugh-provoking results. It takes the combined comedy personalities of silica Avenue, Paty Kelly, speed and Hardy and Jack Haley to launch Rosina Lawrence, a beauty contest winner, into pictures, but you'll have a grand time following her progress.

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Excellent. One of the most charming of Mark Twain's fables (concerning the son of King Henry the 6th and a little beggar lad) affords material for an equally charming film featuring the clever March twins, Harry and Bobby, particularly timely is the coronation of little King Edward the 6th, coming as it does just now. (JWMUO Love-Eriat Flynn).

RIDING ON AIR—Amusing. The latest Joe E. Brown film has this wide-mouthed comedian back in his old roles and master of none. He's found to get plenty of laughs when he exhibits his aptitude for aviation, even going so far as to invent a new gadget. Supporting cast includes Guy Kibbee and Florence Rice.

SHALL WE DANCE—Grand entertainment. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire go through their regular bag of tricks in this latest opus, and all we can say is "what fun!" They dance, they skate, they sing, they quarrel—all in the gayest possible mood. And Eric Blore and Ed Everett Horton are incomparable in suave comedy roles.

SLAVE SHIP—Interesting. In the middle nineteenth century the trade of shipping slaves from the West Coast of Africa to the United States flourished. Just how sound this practice became is depicted graphically in this sonorous film starring Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Allen.

SLIM—Excellent. A comedy melodrama centering around two construction job leeners—Pat O'Brien and Henry Fonda—who are both in love with a nurse who tries to induce them to give up their dangerous employment. There is plenty of tragedy before these two work out their destinies.

SMOKE TREE RANGE—Good. One of Buck Jones' best films. A western, of course, with plenty of fast riding and melodramatic plot. Maried Evans is the girl who gets Buck in the happy fadeout.

SPEED TO SPARE—Good. Auto racing is the nucleus of the fast-moving action plot of this film featuring two brothers, separated when children, who both have a yen for this sport. Charles Quigley and Eddie Nugent have the principal roles, with Dorothy Wilson supplying the romantic interest.

TALENT SCOUT—Fine. A really entertaining story lending the Hollywood studios. Donald Woods is the ex-talent scout who makes a real discovery, while hitch-hiking, in the acquisition of Jeanie Madden, Jeanne, singer, who in her first test but is hailed as a great star when Donald puts her over as a "foreign find".

TALK OF THE DEVIL—Good. A British murder mystery with some excellent work done by the three principals in the cast—Sally Eilers, Ricardo Cortez, and an English actor, Basil Sydney, whose performance is outstanding.

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—Fine. After seeing what happens to French Tene, a young pacifist who was drafted into the late war and who returned to private life a full-fledged gangster, no wonder we all shout "no more wars." (Spencer Tracy—Gayle George).

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Fine. We go back to the days of the famous French cardinal, Richelieu, for this swashbuckling tale of a gentleman soldier of fortune who falls in love with the cardinal's niece. The excellent cast includes Annabella, Raymond Massey, Conrad Veidt and Lorne Greene.

WHAT PRICE VENGEANCE—Poor. This is such an old-fashioned melodrama that it begins analysis. However, it is good for a laugh—if you are in the mood. The actors who are more to be pitied than scorned are Wendy Barrie and Lyle Talbot, etc.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Good. When Wendy Barrie eloped with Ray Milland, a lieutenant at the navy air base in Hawaii, she didn't reckon on the fact that the U. S. Navy is a strict taskmaster and that it would demand more of her husband's time than she might. How the problem of this romantic couple is worked out affords material for pleasant entertainment.

WOMAN CLACES MAN—Swell fun. One of those daily, daffy films that the doctor orders to drive those blues away. The plot (what there is of it) consists of Lily Kardash and Robert Wilcox, a young architect, who plans to get a hundred thousand dollars out of tight-fisted Joel McCrea in order to promote a housing scheme of his goody dad, Charles Winninger.

LADY, be beautiful When you go down to the sea and the sands sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B. V. D. For in their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side maillots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.
Seven Ways for Seven Days

Family Meals While On Vacation

By Ruth Corbin

All Recipes Have Been Pre-Tested

Dixie Dunbar finds it easy to prepare the old reliable—bacon and eggs—in a well equipped trailer kitchenette.

August is the month when vacation fever becomes most acute. The majority of people must consider the family in their going away plans, and in this article I have planned meals serving four, for seven days. You will find also a list of the necessary supplies which need not cost more than $15.00.

Supplies

Two boxes Heinz Rice Flakes, 1 jar Lucerne Mayonnaise, 1 pound Chives and Sanborn Coffee, 1 quart milk, 9 tall cans Borden's milk, 6 cans Crosse and Blackwell soup—3 cans Beef Broth and 3 cans Cream of Celery soup, 2 cans Date and Nut Bread, 1 package Saltines, 1/4 pound Premier tea, 1 package White Rose rice, 2 dozen eggs, 1 box strawberry jello, 2 boxes Kellogg Corn Flakes, 1 pound Smith's bacon, and 1 pound lard, 2 pounds butter, jar Kraut's cheese spread, 1 bottle pickles, 2 bottles olives, 1/2 pound potato chips, 2 quarts Hoffman's Gingerale, 1 can apple sauce, 3 cans Kensps Sun Rayed Tomato Juice, box Junket, small box Bisquick, 2 1/2 cans tomatoes, 1 package Caruso spaghetti, 2 boxes Royal Chocolate Pudding, 1 can S & W tiny peas, 1 can R & R Boxed Chicken, 5 pounds sugar and 1 package cream cheese. Two pineapples, 2 pounds peaches, 2 dozen each of oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, 1 box blackberries, 5 pounds seedless grapes, 5 pounds oyxheart cherries and 4 cantaloupes. One pound cold cuts, 1 can Mortell's Spiced Meat, 11/2 pounds chopped round steak, 4 pork chops, 4 minute steaks, 1 can Gorton's Fish Cakes and 1/4 pound dried beef. Three bunches beets, 2 stalks celery, 1 bunch radish, 1 bunch endive, 1 chicory, 2 heads lettuce, 3 cucumbers, 2 bunches carrots, 2 pounds fresh tomatoes, 3 pounds cabbage, 4 cans corn, 3 pounds spinach, 5 pounds potatoes, 2 bunches radishes, 1 green pepper, 1 pound onions, 2 pounds green beans. A pint jar Hellman's Mayonnaise and small amount of seasonings.

A simple breakfast for the early riser or the stay-a-bed, with which to start off the vacation, consists of Rice Flakes with berries, buttered toast, marmalade and coffee. At noon you can prepare in ten minutes a satisfying lunch of beef broth, satines, fresh pineapples, iced tea and dessert cookies, which have been made at home and brought along with the other supplies.

SILVER SCREEN
open a can of pork and beans, make cole
slaw and finish with cookies and iced ginerale.

DINNER
Breaded Pork Chops
Parsley Potatoes
Spinach
Apple Sauce
*Blackberry Roll
Coffee

GOLDENROD EGGS
Into a plain cream sauce cut finely three
hard-cooked egg, Mix, pour on buttered
toast, sprinkle with paprika and serve.

BLACKBERRY ROLL
Spread in bottom of a long deep pan a
pastry which has been rolled to a thickness
of \( \frac{3}{4} \) of an inch and a width all around
of about 12 inches. Pour on blackberries.
Sprinkle with sugar, dot generously with
butter, Fold over, fastening by pressing
edges firmly together. Puncture with air
holes and bake until done in moderate
oven 350° F. Bake occasionally with mixture
which escapes from roll.

Thursday—and now for a breakfast of
tomato juice, scrambled eggs, toast, mar-
malade and coffee. Then a morning hike
and more sunburn, returning for luncheon
of vegetable chowder, hot Bisquick biscuits,
fruit bowl, iced coffee or milk. Serve—

DINNER ON THE LAWN
Minute Steaks
French Fried Potatoes
Whole pickled beets stuffed with
cucumbers and celery
Junket
Coffee

VEGETABLE CHOWDER
To all left over vegetables add a can of
corn, 1 chopped onion and a whole can
of evaporated milk. A little fried chopped
cucumber is also nice.

Friday—for breakfast you'll have cata-
looupe, Spanish omelette, buttered toast and
coffee. Spread your lunch under a tree.
Make it *italian eggs, radishes, olives, fruit,
cookies and iced tea.

DINNER
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Fish cakes
Corn-on-cob
Buttered asparagus
Sliced tomatoes
Chocolate Pudding
Hot or Iced tea

ITALIAN EGGS
2 tbsp. olive oil
1 finely chopped onion
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup diced celery
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
4 hard-cooked eggs
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup milk
1 tbsp. flour
\( \frac{1}{2} \) tsp. salt
1 package spaghetti
\( \frac{1}{2} \) tsp. pepper
Heat oil in frying pan, add onions, celery,
green pepper and cook slowly for 5 min-
utes. Sprinkle with flour, add milk and
seasonings, stir until it thickens. Pile freshly
cooked spaghetti on a platter, garnish with
sliced eggs and pour sauce over all.
Saturday calls for a quick breakfast slice of
diced peaches on the remaining cereal with
buttered toast and coffee. Luncheon, too,
must do away with left over foods so sand-
wiches are made from cold cuts and cheese
spread, the few cookies remaining and
lemonade. This makes the simple but tasty
evening meal all the more welcome.

DINNER
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast Squares
Peas and carrots
Cole Slaw with Tomato Slices
Ice cream (from General Store)
Coffee
Sunday breakfast is discarded. At noon
you have a healthy Branch of orange juice,
creamed, pancakes with bacon and eggs and
coffee. Then you pile into the car and head
for home.

LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic

TUNE IN
Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Downe,
NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

SAVE COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Silver Screen 11
Guard Your Beauty In The Summer Time!

With A Little Care Every Woman Can Look Enticing.

By Mary Lee

If your back and arms were as smooth and lovely as Pat Patterson's, you could pose this way with equal confidence.

It's no lucky accident that won Pat Patterson the reputation of having the most beautiful back in Hollywood! She takes care of her body beauty just as minutely as the face that made her famous.

We're going to devote this month's advice to beauty below the chin. The skin on your body is simply a continuation of your complexion, or the other way round, and you can't afford to neglect either if you want to be truly lovely.

Every bit of your skin that shows, whether you're wearing a bathing suit, sport clothes or evening decolletage, should present an unbroken line of satiny smoothness. And, even more than that, you have to take care of the hidden skin to insure the beauty of that which is visible.

Your body beauty treatment should begin with the bath, every bath or shower you take. Be careful not to have the water too hot and not to soak in it too long. If you've ever washed clothes, you know how your hands get red and puckered, unless you've used one of those "soak em clean" preparations that makes it unnecessary to keep them under water long.

Too much heat, prolonged soaking, hard water and harsh soap are the chief causes of dry skin, and that leads to chapping, "itchiness" and eventual wrinkles. Another cause is not getting yourself thoroughly dry after you emerge from your ablutions.

There are excellent water softeners, some of them delicately perfumed, that will counteract drying effects.

And certainly body beauty is worth the time and effort required to get yourself good and dry. Use a thick Turkish towel, not the sleepy kind that is soaking wet before you've finished half the job. Be sure you don't neglect your back, just because it's hard to reach. Get a good grip on opposite corners of that towel and draw it diagonally across your back, first one side, then the other. The harder the better. Backs don't get much exercise and they need stimulation.

Be just as careful in the choice of soap for your body as you are for your face. It should be mild. Strong soap doesn't get you one bit cleaner and it's likely to dry out your skin if it's alkaline.

An important part of your body beauty treatment (if you can take it), is a quick rinse with cold water—either a shower or a dousing with cold water if you have your ablutions in a tub. The cold water does the same thing for your body as an astringent does for your face. It closes the pores and refines the texture. Besides that, it brings up a healthy circulation which every skin needs.

To make that after-the-bath freshness stay with you through a strenuous day or evening, give yourself a liberal dusting with bath powder. Whether it goes by the name of talcum, dusting powder or body satchet, it contributes much to beauty. In the first place, it takes away any lingering trace of moisture you didn't get off with your towel. Then it helps to keep you dry and cool by absorbing perspiration. And the fragrance that comes from your body and sits through your clothes has a delicacy that makes you feel completely, though mildly perfumed.

So much for making your bath count for body beauty, whatever the type and condition of your skin. Now I am going to tell you how to remedy some of the faults that are most often responsible for clouding skin beauty.

Does your back break out in embarrassing...
sploches just at the time you want to look
your loveliest in a bathing suit or evening
gown? Perhaps you're eating too much rich,
greasy food, candy or pastry. Cut down on
them. One of the best remedies I know for
clearing up blemish skin from the inside is
yeast. Take three cakes a day, and in a
short time you will see a very definite
improvement in your skin. Drink plenty of
water, too, a dozen glasses a day or more.
And drink milk.

Get into the habit of using a body brush
every time you take a bath or shower. Use
plenty of lather, and scrub hard. The fric-
tion brings up healthy circulation and puts
lax pores back to work, so they'll throw
impurities instead of letting them ac-
culate in blackheads or little lumps under
the skin that are likely to break out in ugly
spots at the most inopportune times. Pre-
UpInside-tic makes a dandy bath brush, with a
detachable handle, curved to make it easy
for you to get at the part of your back
that's usually hard to reach.

Here's a bedtime treatment that's just as
effective in clearing up broken out blemishes
as it is in improving bad complexion:
simply moisten the skin with hot water,
then apply a little Kleerplex Pore Wash.
Let it stay on a minute or two, then re-
move it with hot water and follow with
cold. It corrects excessive oiliness, helps re-
move blackheads and refines enlarged pores,
bringing your skin back to a healthy con-
dition with clean, fine texture and good
color. Hardy, normal skins may use it every
day, but for sensitive skins it's recom-
mended three times a week. Kleerplex Wash
has a fresh fragrance that makes it pleasant
to use. Incidentally, it's grand to make a
dark or fur-stained neck "come clean" so
it'll do justice to your carefully made-up
face!

If your skin is extra-dry, so it chap's easily
and gets rough or even "itchy," you need
an all-over lubricating treatment at least
times a week. A grand preparation for this
is Albolene Solid. It's a cream form of the
very same pure oil that doctors and nurses
advise to keep a new-born baby's skin in
the pink of condition.

Keep your arms smooth and satiny when
they're out in the open. Carry the same
lotion you use to beautify your hands up
to your shoulders, especially if you're
preparing for a gala evening. Pay special
attention to your elbows, as they're so likely
to mar the beauty of your arms if they're
rough or dark. When you massage your
elbow, bend the arm, then cup the oppo-
site hand and work the lotion in with a
rotary movement. We're enthusiastic about
Frottilla lotion for hands and arms. It's
absorbed into the skin with a minimum of
rubbing, leaving it instantly velvety and
lovely to touch. It has a delightful, soft
fragrance. Frottilla makes a grand finishing
touch for a pedicure, too, as it softens up
those rough spots on feet and adds a lot to
their good looks.

NEW TITLES FOR THE
NEW PICTURES

"A Gentleman After Midnight" (Leslie
Howard) has been changed to

"It's Love I'm After"

"Escape from Love" (Michael Whalen)
has been changed to

"The Lady Escapes"

"The Deep South" (Claude Rains) has
been changed to

"They Won't Forget"

"The Sound of her Voice" (Grace
Moore) has been changed to

"I'll Take Romance"

"Thanks for Nothing" (Francis Leder-
er) has been changed to

"Thanks for Everything"

WHEN FINGERS AND TOES
MUST LOOK THEIR BEST...

wear

GLAZO'S "Misty" Tints

The newest, loveliest
colors...in perfect
"skin-tone" harmony

Beware, young women! Unscrupu-
ous flatterers of any hand are
Glazo's beguiling modern "Misty"
shades. Old Rose, Thistle, Rust and Rus-
set, Suntan, Dahlia, Imperial Red
...these Complimentary Colors
have a way with them...a way of
adding new beauty to your mani-
cure—and your pedicure.

But flattery from Glazo means honest
admiration from beaus and escorts. So
why resist its blandishments? You'll
never suspect how fascinating your fin-
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shades persuade you. That's why smart
girls everywhere are losing their hearts
and pledging their hands to Glazo.

A smooth article, all right, is Glazo—
satin-smooth on the nail, for several extra
days of wear. But for all that, a "sun-fest"
friend, whose charm doesn't fade,
whose flattery doesn't grow a bit
"thick" with lingering in the bot-
tle. And one that, at 25 cents, has
care for your pocketbook.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure
MUTINY!... Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats... defying the gallows... doomed unless they smash a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Walter BAXTER
Wallace BEERY

SLAVESHIP

with

Elizabeth ALLAN
Mickey ROONEY

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
Silver Screen

Vacation days lure Ida Lupino to the wildwood. Her next picture is "Artists and Models."

WHEN Joan Crawford likes a book very much she buys a whole slue of copies. Then when she discovers that one of her guests hasn't read her favorite book she dashes into the library, gets a copy, and presents it to the guest. Right now the book that Joan is terribly enthusiastic about and is giving away like mad is John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men."

AT THE dinner at the Trocadero given recently to honor Weber and Fields, George Jessel, the master of ceremonies, introduced as the next speaker "an old English actor who tramped along with Sir Beborlhn Tree - Freddie Bartholomey." Freddie's opening remark was, "After all that build-up I didn't expect myself." Freddie has become the most agile impromptu speaker in Hollywood, and with his ready wit and repartee certainly places the old-timers to shame.

A NEW and flourishing romance is that of Olivia de Havilland and John Arledge. Their favorite fun is to take their bikes down to the beach and bicycle along the ocean.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, who has never shown the slightest fear of anything in her short career as a screen star, has suddenly developed a terrific elephant phobia. Every time she sees the elephants in "Heidi," her new picture, she screams and yells like a frightened kid.

SINCE the "I Met Him in Paris" location trip to Sun Valley last February, Claudette Colbert has become an enthusiastic skier and if you don't know what a christiana or a slalom is you might just as well pass up a conversation with La Colbert. Quite by accident while she was out skiing on her own, Claudette found herself in the midst of a men's slalom race one week-end last month (there is snow on the California Sierras even in the middle of summer) and much to her surprise, and the gentlemen's shame, won the race! But, inasmuch as it was a man's race she did not get the silver cup, but they did present her with a milk bottle. Big-hearted, eh? Now Claudette is so agog with her prowess as a skier she is planning to tackle those Swiss Alps if she can get time off from picture-making next winter.

SIMONE SIMON who used to be a little Alice-sit-by-the-fire is now the gay girl of Hollywood. In the course of one week-end she attended Andrea Leeds' cocktail party at the Trocadero with Director William Wyler, the tennis matches at the Westside Tennis Club with Jon Hall (who they say will be the next male sensation in Hollywood after "Hurricane"), and the Los Angeles opening of "Idiot's Delight" with Felix Riebe. It is quite fitting that one of Simone Simon's most constant companions is Arthur Arthur, a writer. Oh, those double talk people.

ONE of those sad sights in Hollywood: A "For Sale" sign on the not quite completed gorgeous new Holmby Hills home of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey.

A STEWARDESS on one of the important airlines was interviewed the other day as to the peculiarities of the glamorous girls who travel the air ways. And this was revealed: Ann Sothman likes her coffee almost cold, Mary Brian likes her sandwiches with the crusts cut off, Irene Dunne likes cold chicken with plenty butter on the side. Joan Bennett cries home at every stop and doesn't like lemon water, Kay Francis likes to sleep as much as possible and Sylvia Sidney likes to travel in slacks without a hat.

THE best feud going on in Hollywood now are those of Alice Faye and Gypsy Rose Lee, and of Mary Livingstone and Shirley Ross. Alice Faye and Gypsy Rose Lee are working together in the same picture, "You Can't Have Everything," and it seems that Alice is a frank, honest, down-to-earth girl who can get her Irish temper up at the drop of an eyelash. On the other hand Gypsy Rose Lee, who made the strip tease famous, now wishes to forget Gypsy Rose Lee and the strip-tease and become Louise Hovick, artiste. So far it is only a polite feud. But the feud of Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) and Shirley Ross is not so polite. Shirley, it seems, made a few cracks about Mary Livingstone in the wardrobe department of the studio and Mary, on the other side of the thin partition, heard them. When the two girls met on the set of "This Way Please" there were heated words and, when the fray was over, Shirley was taken out of the picture.

WHEN a little old lady smiled as she passed him on the Goldwyn lot one day Joel McCrea politely tipped his hat. Great was his surprise when he passed her again about a half an hour later and heard her mutter under her breath, "It certainly is funny what a few good reviews will do to these stuck up actors." Thoroughly intrigued by now he decided to follow her, saw Charles Boyer politely tip his hat to her too, and hadn't the least idea who she was until she pushed open the stage door on the "Stella Dallas" set. It was Barbara Stanwyck, of course, in her old age make-up for poor dear old Stella, and when Barbara "ages" on the screen, unlike most of the glamour girls, she does it perfectly, as both Mr. Boyer and Mr. McCrea.
Scintillating, Dazzling, Temperamental Stars Become Mere Humans When The Fish Are Biting.

The stars are providing unanimously that you can hang onto sex-appeal and still go fishing. The fine points created by the present craze are really something. Hollywood not only is learning patience, and how cunning you have to be to lure what you want to your pole, wives have to decide whether to be fish widows or to join their husbands. A bunch of the boys at Metro have formed themselves a jolly club. But Wally B cerca, whose pre-eminence suits him for the presidency, climbs into his private plane and flies to distant mountain lakes because he wants to be a Garbo when he fishes. The town's parties are even affected. Abroad the more elegant stellar yachts you have to pull in so many pounds before the host will give you a cocktail.

To catch a star, catch a fish! The bigger your story of how you did it, the better your chance of becoming a confidential buddy of the movie player you like best. This is not tip if you are coming to Hollywood this month; Be prepared to get in on the current hobby, in with the clique that's leading the fun. You won't reach first base until you mention your latest fishing exploit. Then a star wakes up and begins to bubble over with enthusiasm.

The studio lots are starting to buzz tall tales of the various stars' exploits. At 20th Century-Fox the Café de Paris served the Ameche Special free for two days. Don went forth with Lumm and Almer and they caught so much yellowtail he had to be generous in blanket fashion.

Catalina Island, twenty miles off shore from Los Angeles, is the headquarters for the sea-going fishermen. There the famous Tuna Club makes big game fishing a truly superb sport. But to become a member you have to be a gentleman angler who's taken a tuna or swordfish of specified size—the size depending upon whether you are using heavy or light tackle. And you have to do it according to the club's rules. When you're a member and begin making notable catches you're awarded buttons. Charlie Chaplin is in this society of sportsmen and has a button for the giant tuna he landed. When his reel started to cry and his rod to shake the battle was on. Charlie didn't have to be told he had a great strike. It was a memorable battle.

Deep-sea fishing is a battle, in case you hadn't realized it. It not only combines fishing with the fun of the sea, but its pits you against wary under-water game fish that have to be tem ple most skillfully. The bluefin tuna are running best off Catalina now. Evelyn Knapp holds the record for Hollywood fisherwomen. She caught a hundred-and-ninety-five-pound marlin swordfish from the deck of her yacht Celito.

Hollywood, particularly Reginald Owen, has gone nuts over surf fishing. At Malibu, Ann Sothern gayly parks her pole in the sand while she dashes through a few refreshing breakers. Shortly she returns to what's the rage again. Hollywood—particularly June Withers—ostentatiously stands on ocean piers by the hour, regular radio reports having advised just where the mackerel and tuna are most apt to be. Hollywood trolls from live-bait boats and off-shore barges. Its patronage keeps swanky trout farms on handy tap. Whenever there is time to get away for awhile it's deep-sea fishing or it's discovering a new, glorious mountain stream.

The game fish of the Pacific are aquiver since Gary Cooper taught George Raft several tricks about them. Bette Davis is daffy over the High Sierra. Bill Powell not only has high income taxes to worry over; now he has the more devilish problem of salmon on a sit-down strike. Glamour queens vie for a different kind of haul; they don't bother about sapphires since the joy of becoming Miss Izaak Walton's has come into their
Relief From Glamour
By Ben Maddox

the next express and henceforth dominated his dining-room wall. Now, naturally, Jeanette doesn't quite fancy the memento in the formal dining-room of the honeymoon house. A trifle too topi- cial! So she has thought of a special room—"For all the prizes you'll be capturing, darling." But, too, she's found out that a bride has to be more than clever. Separation is unbearable.

My latest word from the Gene Raymonds confides that she accompanies Gene whenever he rents a tiny boat to bring in barracuda. Don't let Louis B. Mayer hear this or he'll die of heart failure. Once Jeanette was sitting at the stern, teasing a shark, when the wind changed. The boom started to swing violently. She didn't see it coming. It would have knocked her out or overboard if Gene hadn't made a leap and with superhuman effort heaved it the other way.

The kind of fishing a star prefers determines the skill and cash required. Fortunately, there is every variety available. The gamut can be run. Patric Knowles lives beside Toluca Lake so he can stroll within walking distance of home for enough bass for supper. There is excellent trout fishing at the farms close to Hollywood which have artificial pools. Noah Beery owns one of the most popular of these. Within two hours one reaches the Sespe stream near Santa Barbara, for real trout maneuvers. The beach is only half an hour away.

"There is nothing like the High Sierras," declares Bette Davis emphatically. When she and husband Ham Nelson escape from duties they pile into their car and forget all the Hollywood [Continued on page 62]

(Continued on page 62)

lives. A screen actress, indeed, no longer thinks of that stunning little number in Magnin's window when she plots to hook a whopper. Of course, in Jeanette MacDonald's case, the dilemma has been cleverly solved without a doubt. Jeanette knew she was marrying an ardent sportsman when she starred in her glamorous wedding this June. But she didn't realize immediately how far love can sweep one. Gene used to take his brother on fishing jaunts to Florida. When he landed a hundred-and-seventy-five pound swordfish there he wired Jeanette all the details. She met him at the station with a crowd of stars, a German brass band, and a teasing welcome banner. But where was his prize? Gene exclaimed that he had left it in Florida to be mounted. He was hounded for months to produce his fish. He couldn't think why it didn't come until he at last remembered that he had never sent the taxidermist a check. When he did it was in

(Center) The charm of the forest stream is enhanced by Myrna Loy's beauty. The fish probably come from miles around. (Above) Shirley Temple and the fish she caught, herself, in person. (Right) They're off to the fishing grounds in Preston Foster's yacht, Preston (left), Betty Grable and Erik Rhodes.
Once I sat on the terrace of a café across the Bay of Naples from Mount Vesuvius and watched that classic volcano in mild eruption. A pink glow stained the sky, clouds of volcanic ash billowed darkly above the smouldering crater and it seemed to me that I could detect a faint rumbling sound, though that may have been merely the voice of my waiter, asking whether I would have plain water or soda in my highball. At any rate, it was my first acquaintance with a volcano; and despite the fascination of the spectacle provided on that occasion, I decided then and there that I would not care to live in any such explosive locality. Volcanoes as a place of residence are too impulsive for a man of my peace-loving temperament.

But you never know your fate. Today I find myself living in the witching town of Hollywood, which is definitely volcanic in character if not in fact. Nor am I speaking of the possibility of earthquakes when I say that Hollywood is volcanic. What I mean is that this sacred City of the Cinemas has an atmosphere, an aura of latent fatality that is both exciting and ominous. In Hollywood things happen suddenly or not at all. Reputations are made overnight. Other reputations are unmade as quickly. Success and failure are constantly suspended in a sensitive scale, which may be tipped one way or the other by a breath, a whisper, a burst of laughter, a package of fan letters, the weight of a rumor or the vibrations from the dull thud of some unfortunate flop. Yet these extremes of fortune are not the phenomena of a gigantic gamble, which they are often said to be. They are more like the effects of contending forces of nature, which though capricious are not without a certain logic in their functioning.

For instance, a few weeks before this writing, Hollywood suddenly woke up to the fact that there was in town a young man named George Murphy who was, to put it mildly, quite a dancer. Young Mr. Murphy had been around the studios for some time, had appeared last Spring in a frothy opera called “Top o’ the Town,” in which he kicked up his heels all too briefly. But the word got around via the Hollywood “grapevine,” that young Mr. Murphy was on his way to lucky places. At this present writing, George has just completed his work in “Broadway Melody of 1929,” with Eleanor Powell, and already I hear that he is destined for top honors among the dancing stars.

But it was no blind accident that caused George Murphy to click. That clicking was literally the result of his own educated foot. George was a well-known dancer in New York for some years (his partner then was his lovely wife, Julie) before he ever came to Hollywood. Of course, there is always an element of chance in any success-story. Maybe young Mr. Murphy was lucky to have landed a part in an Eleanor Powell picture. But if he hadn’t been good, Lady Luck in person could not have saved him from failure. Success in his case is logical because it is based on hard work, experience, natural ability, a pleasing personality and hard work. Incidentally I hope that one of these days some producer will be smart enough to cast George in a part which will enable him simply to play himself. He is, personally, one of the most naturally charming, naturally entertaining people I happen to know.

The case of Janet Gaynor is an excellent example of Hollywood’s volcanic potentialities. Miss Gaynor, as all the world knows, was formerly one of the picture industry’s fixed stars. After the original “Seventh Heaven” she became, the world’s Number One box-office attraction, I remember very well Miss Gaynor’s popularity during those fat years. With Charles Farrell she once appeared in a picture based on a story of mine, called “High Society Blues.” When the picture opened at the Roxy theatre in New York, I decided to go and see it. Arrived at the

Wayne Morris is a new player who is accepted by the public. (Right) Dorothy Lamour, beautiful and on the up-wave.

(Upper—left) Dellia Lind. (left) Jean Fontaine and (above) Sigrid Gurie.

Volcanic Hollywood

By Dana Burnet
The Day Breaks:


theatre, I found a line of prospective ticket-buyers that stretched for two blocks east of the box-office. Appalled at the thought of spending an hour or so in this cinematic chain-gang, I approached the lordly attendant in uniform who guarded the theatre lobby and spoke to him as follows:

"Look," I said, "here's some money. Would you do me a great favor and buy my ticket for me? I wrote the story for this picture and I'm especially anxious to see it."

The lordly attendant, who was slightly bowed with the weight of gold braid upon him, straightened up and gazed at me like an admiral gazing at a water-bug.

"You're about the tenth person," he said crushingly, "who has claimed to be the author of this picture tonight. You'll have to take your place in line with the rest or you won't get in at all."

I took my place in line. After all, I reflected, there probably had been ten authors working for Miss Gaynor on that picture. She rated the best of everything at that time, and what are ten authors when it comes to fitting a story to a star? Ten dressmakers would be none too many to fashion a wardrobe for a queen, and Miss Gaynor was far more popular—and far more valuable—than any queen who ever lived. At that time.

Then followed a long period when Janet Gaynor was doomed to homespun dresses, cotton stockings and a diet of "wholesome" stories that somehow produced in her public the same reaction that would have resulted from an over-indulgence in sweets. This reaction, duly reported over the Hollywood grapevine, gave rise to that most terrifying of all comments in Movietown—"I guess she's through."

But, in this case, Hollywood had another guess coming. Suddenly one day in 1927 a pair of joyous rumors flew about the City of Sighs and Tears. The first rumor said that the winter rains were over—that turned out to be a lie. The second, and by far the more important, said that Selznick-International Pictures had performed an operation to remove Miss Gaynor's cotton stockings and that the operation had been successful.

Within twenty-four hours of the first hint of this miracle, crowds were flocking to the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood to see Miss Gaynor and Fredric March in the Selznick technicolor production, "A Star Is Born." David O. Selznick, aided and abetted by Director William Wellman, had snatched Janet Gaynor from comparative obscurity to dazzling new fame with a suddenness more striking than that of the story chosen for her triumphant rise on the screen. Gone—and I believe gone forever—was the girl in homespun, the small-town girl, the naïve sweetheart of a simper, softer, sillier generation. In her place was a young woman authentically vested with glamour, which is the most overworked word in Hollywood but which occasionally, as in the case of the new Janet Gaynor, is justified. Today Miss Gaynor, who yesterday was a Cinderella sitting beside the cold ashes of her career, is being hailed as one of the most glamorous of Hollywood's female stars.

In fact, I have on my desk at this moment a list of the ten best-dressed actresses in Hollywood—compiled by one of those gentlemen who spend their lives compiling things in groups of ten—and lo, Janet Gaynor's name heads all the rest.

In this instance the Hollywood volcano labored, and out of it a star was not only born but re-born. As for Fredric March, who co-starred in the Selznick picture, I must report that Hollywood buzzed no less with admiration for Fredric's performance and his courage in playing the role of Norman Maine in "A Star Is Born" than it did with wonder for Miss Gaynor's transformation.

Speaking of transformations, the metamorphosis of Robert Montgomery from a romantic juvenile to the poetic ego-maniac of "Night Must Fall" provided another one of Hollywood's volcanic upheavals. Here again the public's conception of a favorite star was changed overnight. Mr. Montgomery, hitherto known as a handsome young man who smiled his way through one sentimental comedy after another, was abruptly projected by his excellent performance in "Night Must Fall" as a different sort of young man altogether. He was still handsome and he still smiled. But now his handsomeness covered the soul of a killer and his smile was the expression of a criminal's euphemistic humor. Without going into the question of the picture's artistic worth or entertainment value—that depends on... (Continued on page 75)
The Courage Of Some Of The Stars, Their Gentle Hearts And Their Tough Breaks Are All Publicized, But Here Are Players Who Think Themselves In Soft And Darned Lucky!

their hearts to us, hands and hearts from drab surroundings, perhaps, hands and hearts hoping to break off a bit of the glamour with which our lives are draped and cradled and caressed.

"I love everything I do, the scripts I read, the recordings I make, the singing and French lessons I take, the photographic sittings, the interviews. Because every single thing I do, every single thing we all do, is contributing something to our own personal beauty or charm or distinction or fame, or all four. I feel important and cherished and adored. And there isn't a woman alive who doesn't long to feel cherished and adored. I wouldn't give it up—no, not even for marriage. It's beautiful and exciting and rare to be loved by the man you love. It's also beautiful and exciting and sacred to feel that millions of men and women and children love you, too. I love it, all of it. It's delightful," laughed Jeanette delightfully, "it's delicious, it's delovely . . .

They do love it, the lovely ladies of Hollywood . . . they dance to it as to the music of the spheres, those who complain, or pretend to complain, were born by a Waiting Wall and should remain there, and they are few . . . Merle Oberon told me once "I love to give huge, gorny parties and to have dates and to go dancing and dancing, and to entertain and to be entertained. I love to invite everyone from a prop boy up to Mr. Goldwyn to my parties. I love to sling 'em caviar and pigeons' eggs and the Golden Apples of the Hesperides as lavishly as, if I were not in Hollywood, I might sling them sunny-sides up or hamburgers."

"I love to have champagne flowing, as it were, out of fourteen karat gold spigots—I love to go out and buy myself

Grace Moore says, "I have had some of the fame. But Hollywood gave me the rich lace trimmings, the royal robes, the furs, the jewels, the international celebrity." (Right) Miriam Hopkins finds in the picture colony the people she likes to entertain.

GLAMOUR rests over Hollywood, lightly, brightly, like a veil. It is a veil crusted with jewels, the emeralds and diamonds of Merle, the rubies and emeralds of Grace Moore . . . the star sapphires of Carole and Joan . . . gardensias and orchids powder it, and the feathered golden rain of acacia . . . it is blown against by perfumed winds and perfumed whisps and gives back the faint, fragile echoes of champagne glasses, soft whisper of chiffon velvet, the sighs-sighs of whispering satins, thick rich breaths of furs, sharp singing click of the French heels of Ginger, Loretta, Rochelle, Jeanette, film stars filmy and fun-having, at the Troc, at the La Made, at Bali, at the Tropics . . .

It is Arcady, it is Nirvana, it is the Elysian fields. It is a Paradise regained and not to be relinquished . . . and there are lovely ladies, not lost, who say so . . .

The grind of the cameras, of competition, the ardours of the make-up boxes, sound stages, cutting rooms, conferences . . . even these are layered with loveliness and gilt-edged with glamour to the lovely ladies who do not lie when they confess that they love to roll around in Rolls, float like languorous lilies in the blue, warmed waters of private pools, swaddle themselves in great swatches of silver box and mink and sable and chiffon, bedeck-, beglamour, begain themselves with diamond bracelets to their slender elbows, diamond rings weighting down their scarlet-tipped hands . . . laughing Dianas of every man-hunt, with all the young men a'sighing . . .

For a Garbo who "tanks she go home" (but doesn't go there) are the Joan Crawfords, Marlene Dietrichs, Jeanette MacDonals, Alice Faye's, Merle Oberons, aglow and a plenty, who tell you that they "would give all other bliss and all their worldly worth for this, to lose their whole lives in one kiss"—before the cameras of Hollywood.

Out of her bridal blissfulness Jeanette MacDonald spoke and said: "I love it all. I love Hollywood, I love the work I do, I love it even when I am tired to the bone. Because it is never the tiredness of discouragement or despair. It's the tiredness of having accomplished something that the whole world will see and hear— and pay for. I love being mobbed by fans, I love to think that there are thousands of people who reach out their hands and

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great gobs of silver fox capes and mink coats and sable throws. And I do. I love to buy sets of emeralds and diamonds. And I do. I luxuriate in luxury and I admit it. And where else in the world would I find it except here in Hollywood in the movies? Nowhere. I adore admiration and men waiting in stag lines to dance with me. I know it's not because I'm a dark girl with dark eyes and dancing in my feet. No, it's because I'm 'Merle Oberon,' a screen star, a trade mark, a 'celeb.' So that young men can say, offhand and careless-like, 'I was out dancing with the Oberon last night.' "What of it? It's still thrilling and flattering. There wouldn't be that feeling unless the name of Merle Oberon meant something. I don't disparage that kind of attention. I love it. I love having the phone ring constantly and hearing nice, eager, masculine voices asking me for dates. I love to go out with David Niven, Brian Aherne and others. I'd eat Hollywood, if I could. I'm mad for it, all of it."

Yes, some love it... Olivia de Havilland says she has learned more about life here in Hollywood than she ever could have learned in college... Joan Fontaine says that she would have to go to school for the rest of her life to learn what she is learning in Hollywood. and the cinema curriculum, so to speak... "for I am learning music, dancing, French, with private tutors, and how to walk, how to dress, how to speak... it gives you everything. Hollywood, and pays you magnificently into the bargain. A scatty side? I haven't discovered it. Wendy Barrie is so grateful to Hollywood that she is taking out American citizenship papers... Barbara Stanwyck says that the grandest man in all the world asked her to give up her career and marry him, she refused... "I'd rather have any kind of heartbreak," said Barbara, "than the heartbreak of leaving Hollywood."... Gail Patrick enters the Troc and, instantly and always, the band begins to play for her. "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody"... Gail says "Hollywood makes you feel, constantly, as you feel when the man you love proposes to you... all thrilled and stimulated and flattered and immensely grateful to life." Betty Furness told me "I'm Hollywood-crazy. Hard work? I wouldn't know. Who cares, anyway, when the "work" is with the Jimmy Stewarts and Bob Taylors and Bob Montgomerys and Clark Gables... I may be naive but I still don't put that down to work..."

Joan Crawford told me, with the customary Crawford honesty of speech, "I love to be a star. A moon pitcher star. That's good enough and great enough for me. I love clothes. I didn't have any when I was a younger and so I have always felt, and still feel that I must have hit Aladdin's Lamp by mistake somewhere along the way and that the treasures of all the kingdoms of the earth are cascading over my head. The work I've done, the movie I've worked, the pangs I've felt are covered with all the flowers of fun and forgetfulness and faces and jewels of life."

"I like to be treated like a star. I love flowers in my dressing room the day I start a picture (Joan always has more flowers than any other star in the business when opening day—because her friends and fans know how she feels about it). I love to give formal dinners, the men in white ties and tails, the girls in exquisite fashions. I love flattery and being besieged for autographs. I adore knowing that when I enter a cafe, a theatre, a shop, people are nudging and whispering 'There goes Joan Crawford.' I can't weep into my pillow or work up a very prolonged attack of the blues because I can 'do over' my house every year, from cellar to garret, because we can have a private theatre at home, Franchot and I, because we can drive in specially built cars, if we want to, buy all the books we can read, study the music we love, have entrance to the world of music and art and literature... I'm a ravenous person, as you know, I'm ravenous for life, great slices and wedges of life, all kinds of life, and Hollywood [Continued on page 78]
I LIKED the picture "A Star Is Born," liked it immensely, but I'm afraid that starry-eyed young ladies, believing what they see on the screen, will be tempted to rush to Hollywood and attempt to emulate the rush to stardom of Vicki Lester. Are stars born that easily? One picture opposite a matinee idol, and then a hop, skip and jump to stardom? Fortunately or unfortunately, it's not that easy. There are labor pains that enter into the birth of a screen star, for it takes a heap of learning, a heap of heartaches, a heap of experience, a heap of one-night stands through the tank towns of the country to produce the polished professional product, because there is no royal road to stardom.

These stagers must learn their trade the hard way, serving an apprenticeship in front of audiences, and more often than not, the audiences are hard-boiled or indifferent, and it is from contact with all manner of audiences and all sorts of rebuffs that a performer learns his business, and acquires the courage that will carry him on for years, while he or she awaits the one big chance that will catapult him or her from dingy theatres to the one big role that will certify his or her right to an equity in the bright lights of Broadway.

How are stars born? You might ask Victor Moore, who, at 61, is being hailed as an overnight discovery. Or you might go to the 20th Century-Fox lot and ask Jack Haley, who shot to importance because of his grand comedy make-believing in "Wake Up and Live." These are recent instances, but you could ask Frances Farmer, or Patsy Kelly, or Gladys George or even put the question to Joan Crawford. Ask Martha Raye if her success came overnight? Get the Ritz brothers to tell you the years they struggled before they clicked.

But in this story, because of the limitations of space, we will take the case histories of Victor Moore, 61-year-old product of Hammonton, N. J., and 56-year-old Jack Haley, of Boston, Massachusetts. We will concentrate on them, because they are the most recent "overnight" hits of the moving pictures, and perhaps in studying their careers we'll learn how stars are born—and I'm afraid that we'll learn they were born the hard way.

Certainly that is true of 61-year-old Victor Moore. Five years before Haley was born, in 1901, Victor Moore was already on the stage. Of his sun total of 61 years on this mortal coil, Moore has spent at least forty years in show business. Now even you youngsters know that a year is not composed of sunshine. Heartaches

After many years on the stage, Victor Moore found himself in front of a movie camera. He is an "original" and most amusing.
Can you imagine with what feelings Charlie and his studio are awaiting the verdicts of the critics and the public on this picture? Can you imagine their interest in preview reactions, and in the reception given it at its first showings?

The actor gambles his chances of a career, his prospects of future work, on these experiments. The producer stakes hard, cold cash.

Just now RKO is dickering for the services of Ruby Keeler, planning to make her Fred Astaire’s dancing partner in the first picture he will make without Ginger Rogers. (Unless you count “Dancing Lady,” which was years ago and in which you only glimpsed Astaire in passing.) The Astaire-Rogers team has been so spectacularly successful . . . no one knows how the public will take them if they are separated. Everyone is anxious . . . not only Fred and Ginger and Ruby . . . but the studio and lots of onlookers and co-workers. It’s an experiment which hasn’t really begun yet. But which is causing a deal of concern, just the same.

Sam Goldwyn is one of the most energetic, successful and light-hearted experimenters in Hollywood. He gambles with people, with stories, with technical gadgets. He stakes his reputation and his bank roll on these gambles. He lost, he said, nearly a million dollars when he tried to build Anna Sten into an important Goldwyn star. He made it all back when he went on, with equal enthusiasm, to experiment with Merle Oberon. Years ago Sam stunned the entire industry by sinking hundreds of thousands of dollars in the picture, “Whoopie,” the first important, all-color musical picture to be made. “Whoopie” paid him back many times and is still earning royalties.

Now Sam announces that his “Goldwyn Follies,” which is shooting, will be all in color, and that he expects to make all his pictures in color as soon as the necessary equipment is available. He will spend a million dollars, perhaps, on his experiment and the other producers will wait to see how he comes out with it.

Color really hangs in the balance with Sam’s experiments. Meanwhile he is in the midst of new and exciting experiments with a personality. Usually when Sam signs a new actor or actress, he tinkers. He makes her over, new hair, new figure, new teeth, new voice. Just now he has little Sigrid Gurie, the Norwegian girl whom he signed some months ago, in his laboratory.

At first he thought that he would change her name. Then he decided that he wouldn’t allow anything at all about her to be changed. This is pretty difficult in Hollywood. But Sam thought that he could preserve her, as she was. She is tucked away in a hillside house, high above Hollywood, as carefully guarded as though she were some rare jewel. She may not visit a night club or a popular lunchbox spot or meet any picture people, “who might give her ideas.” She may not go to beauty shops or visit a studio. She is to be wrapped in this elaborate cotton wool until Mr. Goldwyn is ready to call her for work, opposite Gary Cooper, in “The Adventures of Marco Polo.”

Oh . . . I almost forgot. She must NOT take any lessons in diction or voice culture. “She must not be made voice-conscious,” says Mr. Goldwyn.

I wonder how little Sigrid feels about it all, don’t you? She seems to be serving a sort of novitiate . . . and probably is wondering why she is here at all, if she is to see no one, learn nothing of what is expected of her. When she is finally called for work in “Marco Polo,” when her

Karloff takes a chance and already his success is certain. (Right) Jon Hall is taking all on his performance in “Hurricane.”

young personality is put through the test tubes, preserved on film and emerges for final judgment at the box office . . . what will the verdict be?

Can you imagine how she is feeling while she waits to be called for work?

But . . . more and more of the pictures in which she has appeared have been so successful that Sam is now faced with the problem of how to make still more of them.

Harriet Hilliard, for instance, plays the lead and she has had a part in just one other picture. The male lead is one Bill Brady . . . and I’ll bet a nickel you never heard of him before. You may know Milton Berle, the master of ceremonies, on the radio, but this is the first picture he has made. Joe Penner has had two unimportant parts in pictures, but he will have a chance to show his stuff here.

All the specialty acts are unknown to pictures and they include a family of Mexican children and a team of tap dancers which includes a giant and a midget. One important role is taken by a girl recruited from the chorus of an Astaire-Rogers picture, and another by a shy young thing who was discovered in an amateur theater in Washington.

What I am getting at is that the studio is spending as much money, lavishing as much production, on this picture as if it were simply studded with names of important stars. Will it pay? Will the public—you and I—select two or four or six of these hopeful people to crash fame and fortune? It is a sort of glorified and expensive “test.”

What will come of the efforts of these earnest folk whose fates are hanging in the balance in this film? [Continued on page 74]
Pictures Are Becoming Less Osculatory And More And More Successful.

THIS season marks a crucial point in movie history. The good old love interest is making a bid to regain its command of the movies and restore the faded art of the clinch to its former glory.

But Hollywood is hesitant about defying the far-reaching influence of "It Happened One Night." That was a fine romance—with no clinches. Not once, from credits to fadeout, did Clark and Gable really get together before the camera and go to town.

The absence of a kiss didn't exactly ruin "It Happened One Night" at the box-office; and so from that time the art of the clinch has gone into a decline. Heroes and heroines have taken to swapping insults instead of kisses.

If Bing Crosby had to depend on clinches for his romantic appeal, this nonchalant comedian wouldn't get very far. He exercises his heroines with his voice, morns for a lost love by swooping for the low notes and, rising again with that sure-fire tremble in his bubbling baritone, and swings the tune happily out of shape when he's lucky in love.

The most youthful and joyous and ardent of all movie love scenes are clinchless. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers can say more with a few dance steps than most of us love Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo with a dozen clinches.

The kiss must be the climax of a movie love affair. Here the actor must stop—but the dancer can go right ahead, to say symbolically what no actor would dare to express literally. Could any mere kiss show the depth of emotion that was implied in Astaire's and Rogers' number called "Let's Face the Music and Dance" in "Follow the Fleet," or during some of their exquisite numbers in "Swing Time."

With camera poetry, as with the dancer's magic, the movies can escape the conventional. The first Christian and the native girl he loved kissed in "Mutiny on the Bounty," the creators of the film wanted to give us more than the hackneyed shot of two lovers coming together. They wanted to show us more than how it looked—they wanted to show us how it felt. So, as the lovers stepped into each other's arms, the flash across the screen, with a surge of music, the picture of a breaking wave. And we felt ourselves lifted with Christian and the girl on a crest of ecstasy.

There was about the love story of "Mutiny on the Bounty" a sweet dignity for which Sylvia Sidney can reveal the emotions of a loving heart without benefit of kisses. (Right) Clark Gable's first great scene, with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." He introduced the "h e a v y clinch."

"Mutiny on the Bounty"—or it may win our hearts with an enthusiastic lack of subtlety, Jean Harlow was queen of the comic clinch. Long after we have forgotten the sentimental interpolations between William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Libeled Lady," we will remember the marathon clinch in the wedding scene between Harlow, the bride, and Spencer Tracy, the best man.

Harlow's love scenes were funny because of her straightforward, up-and-at-'em approach. Robert Taylor was no match for her. In fact, when pitched against her amorous gusto, even Clark Gable, with his formidable reputation, seemed abashed. It was a sad come-down for a fellow who was once master of the lost art of the heavy clinch.

Technically speaking, a heavy clinch is not just an extra passionate one. The party to a heavy clinch are an unwilling heroine and a determined villain. In the early days of the movies it was customary to cut back and forth between the heavy clinch and our hero galloping to the rescue.

In one of Clark Gable's first films, before he reformed, he and Norma Shearer furnished a beautiful example of this type of clinch.

Gable lounges. Shearer ducks. The kiss lands on her left ear. He repeats the maneuver. This time it's her right ear. Then he gets the situation well in hand and plants one firmly on her lips. Shearer breaks away, sprints across the room and turns at bay, scrubbing her mouth vigorously with the back of her hand and shrieking, "I hate you, I tell you! I hate you! I never want to see you again!"

And that, my children, was the late lamented heavy clinch in all its glory. Gable himself was partly responsible for its doom—because he was too good at it. He was so good that feminine moviegoers wondered why the heroine struggled.

Yet the heavy clinch received its death blow during Hollywood's drive to put the love interest in its proper place.
When Humphrey Bogart in "Bullets or Ballots" made advances to Joan Blondell and got his face soundly slapped, he retired gracefully, unlike the more persistent villains of yesterday. It isn't that today's villains are sissies. But heavies and heroes alike are putting business before pleasure, stepping to the swift pace of melodrama, they simply haven't time to daily with romance.

The best adventure yarns have always observed this rule, from "Lost Patrol" and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" to "Captains Courageous" and "The Prince and the Pauper." If the love interest appears at all, it is merely a casual interlude, upon no real bearing on the strictly masculine affairs of the plot.

The little melodrama, "15 Maiden Lane," tried amusingly to make a compromise with the rule. Its plot was all unraveled; the villain bit the dust; the missing jewels were recovered—and then the scenario writers suddenly remembered. "Good heavens! We've forgotten the love interest!" So they cast around for the handsomest male in the picture, who happened to be Lloyd Nolan, and tacked on a scene wherein he asked Claire Trevor out to lunch. That was supposed to take care of the romantic angle.

If it's the feminine movie-goer they're worrying about, they needn't go to such awkward lengths. Even without the sacred love interest, there are seldom any complaints from us when we are permitted to look upon the eye-soothing spectacle of Ronald Colman or Franchot Tone or Gary Cooper occupied in giving a routine good performance.

Strangely enough, pictures that have dared to dispense with romance or keep it subordinated have done the love interest a great service. For when the love interest is dragged in or over-emphasized, like the unnecessary and colorless juvenile-leads in "The Informer" and the awkward scenes between Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in "The Plough and the Stars," love is simply made to look ridiculous.

That's a pity, because—in spite of all the highbrow critics' sners—love is a pretty important subject. It deserves more vital expression than the toothy smile and flapping eyelashes of the average movie heroine. It needn't be sentimentalized into a grudgingly remote emotion, far beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. There was genuine feeling in the little scene where Gary Cooper in "My Man Godfrey" declared his devotion to the lady of his heart—then dashed ecstatically away and fell over a trash can.

Very few film stars can boast of a special talent for love scenes. First among those who can is Sylvia Sidney. Her scenes with Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once," beginning with the pathetic eagerness of their reunion, were ardent and real, in spite of the extravagances of the plot.

In her first joyous rendezvous with Alan Baxter in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," against a background of sunlight water glittering through leaves shaken by the wind, there was an emotion far stronger than the mournful and thinly spiritual thing the movies usually call love.

But, when we heard the warm voice of Margo in "Winter and" and "Lost Horizon," and watched her young face and expressive dancer's body, it looked as if Sidney might be due for a little competition.

Leslie Howard also has played some of his love scenes with singular grace and feeling. The beauty of his scenes with Norma Shearer in "Platonic and Juliet" will survive for a long while.

But the actor who consistently brings the deepest emotion to the rare sentimental moments his films allow him is very far from the traditional picture of the great lover. In Lily Pons' "That Girl from Paris," on the roof-top overlooking the city, the gentle sincerity in Jack Oakie's voice as he sang to Lily, who was starry-eyed over Gene Raymond and not Jack, made you forget his reputation as a clown. And in "The Texas Rangers" he quietly pleaded Fred MacMurray's case to Joan Parker with more moving force than the stalwart MacMurray has put into all his film love scenes combined.

These few players have managed to rise above the material given them. For, in spite of Hollywood's reputed enslavement to the love interest, the movies haven't done the sentiment justice. They have been afraid to take love seriously. Only in a small group of films—"Dodsworth" and "Of Human Bondage," "Craig's Wife" and "Wrecked Woman" come first to mind—have they attempted to treat the relationship between man and woman as the complex emotion it is.

We love the great films that look into a man's inmost character to discover why he commits murder, as in "Love from a Stranger" and "Night Must Fall." Perhaps, some day, we may see moviemakers also devote an equal amount of artistry to showing us why he loves. Then and perhaps only then, will the clinch return, in a more modified form, to be sure.

(Above, left) Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle in "Double or Nothing." Bing is an artist who tells of the tones of his wonderful voice. (Left) How pleasant it is to watch Fred Astaire woo the lovely Ginger Rogers with caressing dance steps. (Right) Leslie Howard plays love scenes with restraint and feeling.
THOUGH completely disillusioned by a number of things, including the Press and the Public, Joan Blondell continues to gaze upon life with an expression of utmost surprise. She has a perpetual watch-the-birdie look about her, or are all of you exhausted, young to recall the early stages of photography. Joan can't help it. The very day she was born, a very hot August day in 1909, her eyes popped wide open, which is most unusual in a baby I am told. " Doesn't she look surprised?" said the doctor to Miss Blondell, who had hastily run down the curtain on his act at the Palace to be in to his first off-spring's premiere. "And," says Joan with a sigh, "I have looked surprised ever since, though really I'm not the least bit surprised."

She lost faith in the printed word several years ago, when, in one of her endeavors to Get Away From It All, she and her younger sister Gloria dumped a lot of canned goods and unpacked camping equipment in the back of the car and dashed off for a lovely stretch of beach miles away from anywhere. They pitched tent, warmed up beans, bathed in the Pacific and in no time at all the pride and joy of the Warners lot looked anything but alluring. She was letting her hair grow natural at the time, and there's really nothing so un-glamorous as that; she was the color of a sunset in Technicolor, and the salt water had been death on the Westmore wave. Her slacks had ripped in definite places, her sweat shirt smelled of fish that had long ago departed this life, and she had forgotten her sandals, much to the delight of the sand fleas. A pretty sight indeed. And on the third day that she should walk into her Hyrum-by-the-sea, of all people, of all god-awful people, a reporter!

"Well," said Miss Blondell who had always taught to put her beset foot forward for the Press, "this is the end. But the show must go on even on a lonely beach putting out into the Pacific, so after denying that she was Joan Blondell the movie star for fully fifteen minutes she opened another can of beans, broke a fingernail on the can opener, swore violently, and gave an interview. As she watched the squint-faced young man waving dizzily through the sand to his parked car, our little Joanie became quite philosophical. She thought of those first six months in Hollywood when she had been divine in silver lame and golden glint and no interview had come within miles of her, and now—stark mad in bluejeans and no make-up—that's life for you," said Miss Blondell.

She spent a sleepless night wondering if the reporter would quote what she said when she broke her nail, and if the Hays office would banish her from Hollywood forever for saying damn, and how much it would cost to buy up the entire edition of the newspaper—and then forgot all about it as Joan is not one to worry long over anything. A few weeks later the young man himself sent her a marked copy of the interview, and Joan read: "Recently had the pleasure of interviewing the lovely movie star Joan Blondell at her charming beach house. (I shall give you only excerpts from this pleasant bit of whimsy) ..." "As gracious as she is beautiful Miss Blondell received me wearing an enchanting hostess gown of organza printed with gay field flowers" ... "You were sweet to come so far to see me," she said, pouring me a cup of tea from the most fragile of Wedgewood china" ... "Oh dear, I think I have broken a nail. How dreadful! I looked but could see no blemish on those gracefully slender hands that have thrilled you so often on the screen" ... "She is vibrant and delicate, modern and demure" ... "A tantalizing petite" ... "She astounded me by talking for hours on a variety of subjects in beautiful, vivid English, showing an extensive vocabulary and the deepest of thought" ... etc., etc., Joan, this time really surprised, collapsed in a chair. "You certainly can't believe a thing you read," she said.

She said a mouthful.

She lost faith in her Public about a year ago when, with several friends, one of them being Dick Powell, she was leaving the Holly- wood Theatre after seeing one of her pictures and was lamenting the fact that she couldn't get her eyes at half mast the way Garbo did when she went into her clutches. "Miss Blondell," piped up a little boy who should have been home in bed, "please, may I have your autograph?" Joan delighted to find a fan who said "please"—most of them say, "Hey, sign this"—obligingly scrawled her name across an empty page in his book, not even muttering when his pen leaked on her new gloves, and returned it to him with her best smile, the toothsome one.

"Thank you," said the little boy, really impressed, and then feeling that the occasion called for further conversation he nervously added, "I'm like all the other men. Miss Blondell, I'm..."
just crazy about you." Out of fairness to the little boy may it be said that he didn't know what he had said. And to Joan's lasting credit may it be said that as soon as he was at a safe distance she laughed longer and louder than anybody. But it was unfortunate that Mr. Powell had to be along. For everytime now that Joan brings the theatre into her home and tries to work herself up to a big emotional scene where she renounces life and love and Warner Brothers, Dick will break her up completely by saying, "My little tomato, like all morons I am crazy about you." Then they both die laughing, and raid the icobox.

Although Joan is one of the sanest people I know, and can always be counted on in a crisis, there are times when she is so impractical that the kindest thing her friends can say about her is that she is nuts! No doubt it's the actress in her. Phone messages mean nothing to her, less than nothing, she may remember to deliver the message, but if she does remember to deliver the message she has completely forgotten the message. After he had arrived at Warner Brothers in make-up, when he should have been at Twentieth Century without make-up several times, thanks to his Little Bride, Dick Powell employed a secretary to sit near the phone.

If she's indifferent to messages it is nothing compared with what she is to checks. A check to Joanie is merely a nice little piece of paper on which she has only to write her name and then she can buy something. The little matter of having money in the bank to cover it rarely occurs to her. She just can't understand why bank clerks should get so excited over such silly things. At times like these Joan makes a better Gracie Allen than Gracie does herself.

When the Powells moved into their new home in Beverly Hills, shortly after their honeymoon, Joan decided to be very business-like about everything and save Dick, who was working, a lot of worry. She ordered the telephone immediately and was perfectly aghast when the phone company told her it would take three days, "Three days," exclaimed Miss B., highly incensed at such inefficiency, "why that's utterly ridiculous. How could it take three days to install a phone? You send a phone over here right away by one of your boys and I'll install it myself." Signing sales slips in department stores is a lot of nonsense to our heroine and very annoying when she is in a hurry, "It's funny to me," she will say to the salesgirl, "I've had a charge account here for years and still I have to sign papers. The company is making both of us waste a lot of time."

The movie star to whom the routine details of business will always remain a mystery was born in an apartment house on the corner of Central Park West and 90th [Continued on page 67]
THE financial moguls of the movie colony have learned that the boys and girls who belong to the "terrible 'teen" age are among the biggest of all Hollywood attractions at the box-office. Now the Junior High School striplings have at long last come into their own and are accepted into filmdom's royalty.

For the moment fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin wears the brightest crown of all. However, fifteen-year-old Betty Jaynes and Olympe Bradna come in for rather glittering ones. Besides these three stars there are a number of bright starlets just emerging into the 'teens. There's Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, June Carlson, and Edith Fellows—all hovering around the so-called unlucky number, Freddie Bartholomew graduated into the "terrible 'teen" age in March, and the Match twins just recently crossed the "line." Mickey Rooney and Jockey Frankie Darro—two outstanding lads—are in the class of sixteen year olds, while the venerable, blonde Jackie Cooper reckons his past with fourteen years.

As a result of starry-eyed, golden-voiced Deanna Durbin's unprecedented success in "Three Smart Girls" all the studio doors are now wide open to pretty lasses with good singing voices. Somehow, in that picture, Deanna pulled at the heart strings as few veteran stars have ever done. Consequently, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, realizing its great mistake in not featuring the beauteous Deanna when she was under a short-term contract there, has brought to light two other young prima donnas whom it hopes to raise to stellar heights in some what the same manner as Universal did with young Miss Durbin. These two song-birds are—Suzanne, an eleven-year-old Minneapolises sensation who is to be featured in "B Above High C," with the young player singing the theme song; and Betty Jaynes, a Chicago high school girl who created more than a mild sensation upon her debut as Mimi in "La Boheme" last fall, with the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

A little over a year ago Deanna was just another Los Angeles Junior High School girl. Today her beautiful voice is heard by way of the screen and ether waves in all parts of the world, and singing specialists proclaim her to be a real phenomenon. She is reputed to have a fully developed throat despite her youth, which may be a result of the early training that she received from her father. As a boy he had a fine soprano voice and sang in the Congregational choir at Newton Heath, England. But at fourteen years of age he was forced to go to work, becoming an apprentice in an iron works factory. Later, however, he became a blacksmith and worked for the Canadian Pacific Railroad. When his second daughter whom he called Edna Mae (now Deanna) was one year old, she began to show signs of musical ability. This made the father so happy and he moved, with his family, to Los Angeles where for years he made untiring efforts to give his charming daughter a musical education.

Finally his dreams came true when Deanna was discovered and made famous by National Broadcasting artists. Just how great a loss might have been sustained had this little girl never had these timely opportunities is difficult to know, but one thing is known and this is that Deanna's influence is widely felt at this time. She has helped give the world a new trend for screen entertainment—a demand for the heretofore unwanted adolescent.

But Deanna has not pioneered alone in the field of song, for there's also little Judy Garland who slips over notes with ease. Starmom is just around the corner for Judy. This is evident from the fact that recently her studio purchased "Blue Blood" with her in mind.

Not all of the stars of the adolescent group are confined to the singing and dancing category, for Bonita Granville, whose dramatic aptitude deserves stellar attention, and twelve-year-old Marchace Mae Jones, both did some neat emoting in the film "These Three."

Over at the Columbia Studio is jolly little Edith Fellows who's certainly going places in a big way. Edith is not only a veteran of the drama, with more than one hundred pictures to her credit, but she also sings in five different languages. Her repertoire includes operatic arias, jazz numbers and blue melodies. She plays the piano and ukulele and is preparing herself for a grand opera career. If you could see and chat with this dainty miss you'd know why her studio has such ambitious plans for her. Edith is the type of youngster who possesses a combination of attributes: outstanding beauty, versatility, intelligence, a sweet-girl smile, lots of humor, heaps of vitality, personality plus, and a great deal of talent. Those who saw her in "Pennies from Heaven," with Bing Crosby, will remember her as the lovable little orphan. Rumor has it that she is even more charming in her current film, "Little Lulu." But Edith is not the only one to watch, for Buddy Kaye is one of the most promising talents of the year. The other twin boys, Billy and Bobby Mauch, have been before the cameras for a long time. Mickey has played in approximately forty pictures within the last eighteen months and is currently seen in "Captains Courageous," with Freddie Bartholomew. He has been in and out of pic-
By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

The Drama Of Youth Is The New Idea In Pictures. For The First Time Youngsters Are In Demand.

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

nurs since he was four years of age, though it remained for him to reach the "awkward age" before he achieved fame in a big way. At present Jackie is attending classes at the Beverly Hills High School and it is said that he is almost a model student, excelling in many of his studies. His last outstanding role was in "That Devil Is A Sissy." As for Freddie, his initial success in David Copperfield has been reached again, if not surpassed in "Captains Courageous."

What of Billy and Bobby Maunch, the twins who became thirteen years of age on July sixth? It is predicted that these two boys will climb to very great screen heights since the release of the Prince and the Pauper. They were the two youngsters who played most of the children's parts on the "March of Time" radio programs before their advent to Hollywood. In "Anthony Adverse" Billy enacted the young hero while Bobby served as his stand-in and, for the most part, served as looker-on. Billy is left-handed and is dramatically inclined while Bobby is right-handed and loves comedy. Only in these two particulars are studio officials able to discern whether or not the right boy is emoting before the cameras, so identical are they in every respect. During the filming of the Prince and the Pauper" directors thought there would be no difficulty in telling the youngsters apart, in view of the fact that the players were dressed so differently (each playing a title part) but when it came time for the Prince to become the Pauper, and vice versa, authorities learned otherwise. When those two boys set out to have some fun and fool people, believe you me, it's fun!

On the Paramount lot is dainty, little Olympe Brada, dancing sensation from the Paris Berge. Born in a Parisian theater, Olympe spent most of her life in a circus tent before coming to Hollywood. Now she is being featured with George Raft and Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea." Director Frank Lloyd proclaims Olympe to be the most gifted player on the Paramount lot and boasts her chances for stardom are greater than any other young player under contract to that studio.

The picture above, snapped at the gala preview of "Captains Courageous," besides showing some of the important present-day stars in their teens, shows some of the successful juveniles of another decade who, although they made quite a name for themselves as child stars, weren't quite as fortunate as some of the youngsters of today. Johnny Downs, for instance, was a prominent member of the original "Our Gang" comedies but his shadow self was missing from the screen during those awkward growing years. However, since he has reached the less awkward twenties, he is very much in the running again. In fact, since his excellent performance in "Turn Off the Moon" Paramount has signed him to a long-term contract. Mickey Daniels was also a member of the original "Our Gang" and his subsequent career about paralleled Johnny's. Wesley Barry was still playing in pictures when he turned into his early teens, but soon he became too tall and gangling and his career as a child actor was suddenly halted. It is only recently (having, like Johnny and Mickey, achieved the more suave twenties) that he has been seen here and there again in a number of films.Baby Peggy Montgomery is remembered by practically everybody in their twenties—of over—for she was the Shirley Temple of her day—a day that goes back to the Nineteen twenties, I believe. But her screen career died before she even approached the 'teens. Since growing up she has tried to make a comeback several times, but with scant success. Which is too bad. She was such an adorable youngster. As for the little lady above named Joyce Godd, although she is on the screen, she was not a juvenile player. She must be Johnny Downs' latest "crush," if we can judge by the proprietary manner in which he hangs on to her hand.

Bonita Granville is richly talented and experienced in success. The future could not be brighter.
A Personally Conducted Visit To The Busy Studios Where Pictures Are Brightly Shining.

By
S. R. Mook

If things have been fairly quiet at the studios for the past couple of months, I certainly pay in blood this month for my vacation. I've seldom seen as many pictures in production at one time. First there's—

United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn has three pictures shooting here, which is almost a new high for him. There is "Stella Dallas," which I have already reported; "Dead End," which I'll tell you about next month because none of the principals are working today, and "Hurricane," adapted from the best seller of the same name.

The latter is by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" and the two girls who played the wives of Franchot Tone and Clark Gable in the last named picture are also in this one. Also, there are Jon Hall, Reri (remember her in "Tabu") and Dorothy Lamour, who has been borrowed from Paramount for the lead.

This is one of the most interesting sets ever built in Hollywood. It covers over two acres and shows the shore line of the island in the South Seas where the action takes place. The schooner they are using, the Lina Kai, is down at Los Angeles harbor. They couldn't reproduce a South Sea Island there so they've done it at the studio. The long shots of the steamer and the close-ups aboard the steamer are all being filmed at the harbor but the close-ups of the action on the shore are being made at the studio. And they have also reproduced the front end of the schooner. What you see of the boat in the still picture is all there is of it at the studio. There's no stern. This scene I watch being made is where the ship returns from Tahiti. Dorothy Lamour is down at the pier to meet Jon Hall and all the natives are there in full regalia to greet the incoming ship. There is no dialogue. But it is interesting to watch the play of emotions across Dorothy's face as she sees the men coming ashore and no Jon.

Most of the "natives" in this picture are either full-blooded or half-caste Polynesians.

They have two scenes for one month. This is the last day of the first one. The Polynesians are so realistic that Jon Hall is really afraid of them. Our scene is being filmed over and over again, and when a take is satisfactory, Jon looks over the edge of the stage and into the picture. He is always asking questions about the Polynesians.

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Columbia

This is to be my swan-song," Fanny!--Fanny greets me. "I'm leaving next week on a tour around the world. When I'm down with smallpox in Shanghai, will you think of me?"

"Ah!" I exclaim dramatically, "No nice girl ever made enough at a job like this to go on a trip around the world. Who's going with you?"

"I'm going on a freighter," she informs me, "and I have so many applications for companionship I'm going to have to take a trailer along. It just goes to show you," she finishes stubbornly, "a girl can do without sex and liquor."

"But why?" I begin.

"Listen, darling," Fanny explains earnestly, "there are only two nice things about my job—and you're both of them!"

Which is a pretty nice compliment, and I thank you, ma'am—but it seems, even so, there isn't room for me on the trip—not even on the trailer.

Still—or mulling—my disappointment as best I can, I scan the "Call Sheet." There is, praise be, only one picture shooting—and it's not a Richard Dix film. It's titled "The Man Behind the Law." We sail out to the set and here's what happens. Otto Kruger is a brilliant, but unscrupulous, attorney who earns huge fees by freeing gangsters who have been caught in the toils of the law. Stanley Fields (a gangster, naturally) consults Kruger, tells him he's killed a man in self-defense and asks Kruger if he can get him an acquittal. Kruger says, "Oh, sure" or words to that effect.

So Fields then goes out and kills his man. He just wanted to make sure first that Kruger would be able to get him off. Kruger, thinking the deed had already been committed when Fields consulted him, assigns his adopted son, Douglass Montgomery to the case. Doug gets Fields acquitted and they're holding a testimonial banquet for him. But Doug, in the meantime, has found out what the score is and he's sore as a boil.

When they call on him for a speech, he rises, "Mr. Toastmaster," he begins, "and gentlemen—for argument's sake—I appreciate your applause—the more so because I realize that before I

Preston Foster is exposed to the siren lure of Kay Francis in "First Lady."
in making himself heard but he proceeds:
"Mr. Mellon's consideration for his young assistant knew no bounds. And when he felt that knowing the truth would conflict with my foolish scruples, he went out of his way to keep the truth from me." Turning to Kruger, "A rare kindness from a rare man!"

"Brother," Fields interjects devotey, "then's woids!"

"Of course," Doug resumes, "I realize you haven't the slightest idea what I'm talking about but Smiling Bill is your smart lawyer (Smiling Bill is frowning now) and he'll understand me perfectly when I say that in his defense of Public Rat Number One, this high-priced disgrace to the legal profession whom you are honoring tonight, has deceived and made a sucker out of me and not only me," continuing grimly, "but of every decent citizen in this community?"

You may well imagine what a hubbub this creates.

When the director calls "Cut!" I shake hands with Mr. Montgomery and inquire after the welfare of a play he wrote a year ago. "They want me to come east to try it out in Connecticut this summer," he says, "but I've been away so long I'd like to stay out here awhile."

"Gee!" I enthuse. "If anyone ever even suggested trying out one of my plays I'd be heading east so fast it would make your head swim."

"So would I," Doug rejoins with amazing candor, "but as I look back on it I'm afraid it's an actor's play more than an audience's. I mean, there's a swell part for an actor in it but I'm afraid the play itself is not so hot."

I thought I'd heard everything, but that stops me. I merely bow with profound respect, salute his honesty, bid Fanya "bon voyage" and proceed to—

R-K-O

THERE are three pictures going here—Take the Heir with Guy Kibbee and Cora Witherspoon (which is on location), "New Faces of 1937" and "Super Sleuth" featuring Jack Oakie and Ann Sothern. It's a tentative title and the plot is "cops and robbers." Mr. Oakie is the screen's greatest detective. He admits it himself (although Mr. William Powell may have something to say about that) and when the police can't solve the mystery of a lot of poison pen letters Oakie modestly states he may have to take a day off and solve it himself. His interview infuriates the cops.

Ann is head of the publicity department at the studio where Jack works. The head of the studio tells her she'll either have to muzzle Jack or lose her job... (as though anyone could muzzle Jack).

She persuades Jack to give a party for Police Lieutenant Garrison (Edgar Kennedy) and a few of his aides, and assures them the interview was just a gag. At the party Ann interrupts his speech and tells him the studio wants Kennedy and his aides to play police roles in a chase sequence of a picture next day. As she starts to walk away, Kennedy stops her.

"Miss Strand," he begins hesitantly, "I don't want to talk to you a minute. For the—department, I'd like to look my best." He pauses and bows his head. "What can we do about this?" indicating his bald pate.

That's easy," Ann smiles. "We'll get you a little toupee."

"Trumper!" Ed repeats in vague alarm. "Don't you think that's going a little too far?"

"No-o-o," says Ann slowly, scanning the extent of his baldness. "I don't think so."

"Well," he concedes, "for the sake of the department I'll do it."

I wish I could describe to you Kennedy's telephone call to the company that the company didn't break up a perfectly good take laughing at him. "Get off my set!" Ann screams, catching sight of me.

"What now?" I begin.

"You jinxed me. Last month when you were here I sneaked you onto my set, which was closed to visitors, and what happened. As soon as you left I slipped and sprained my ankle."

"Then I didn't jinx you," I protest. "You were jinxed for letting me get away."

"Maybe you're right," she agrees. "See that you stick around today, then."

I'd like to. I'm telling you, Ann is something to look at in this figured black net dress with the skirt made in tiers and ruffles. I often wonder if Roger Pryor knows how lucky he is. And even oftener I wonder how all these dames out here let me slip through their fingers.

"Ain't just have to take her chances of living through the day without your beneficent influence," my guide informs me.

"We have another picture shooting here that you haven't covered yet. Come on."

And I have to leave Ann.

so we drift over to the set of "New Faces." This set is just a bare stage where they're trying out talent for a new show. Bill Brady (RKO's new juvenile), Parkavankrus, Joe Penner (Yep! That man's here again), and Lorraine Kruger are in a huddle. Parky is managing Lorraine and Joe and just when he thinks he has a job for Joe and none for Lorraine, Brady (who has been an insurance salesman and who was hired to stage the show because he doesn't know anything about the show business and hence will not be using old acts because they have big reputations) comes up and fires Joe and hires Lorraine. "Just a minute," Parky exostulates, "you can't talk to us that way. He quit And, anyhow, if you want to talk business, you got to talk to me. I'm his manager." "All right," Brady agrees indifferently, "he's fired."

"That's different," it's Parky's turn to

[Continued on page 77]
Rochelle Hudson Has Had Another Birthday. Now Girlhood Is Finished and Her Real Career Has Begun.

A BUOYANT grey-eyed girl wended her way perilously between closely-wedged tables, scurrying waitresses bearing overloaded trays and friends who constantly popped up in her path to greet her affectionately, and finally reached our table in a far corner of the Fox studio Cafe de Paris.

"Look me over, dollink," she chirruped... "you see before you a woman, no longer a maiden fair."

"Where?" I demanded, glancing about me.

"Right in front of you, silly," she returned, sliding in beside me. "I am the woman... a new woman. Today's my birthday. I am just twenty-one, this day, and I expect to be treated with respect."

"So the little gal's grown up," I murmured.

"Y'damn tootin'," proclaimed Rochelle, elegantly. "How do you like me, now that I've arrived at my new station in life?" I did. Rochelle was wearing a light blue satin blouse and severely-tailored gray jacket with odd skirt, and the most utterly ridiculous chapeau topped her lustrous chestnut-colored hair. Had I not already been an enthusiastic admirer, I would have been her object fan beginning that moment.

As I gazed at this dainty young person, so full of life and vitality yet never obtrusive, my mind flashed back to that day six years before when, newly-arrived under contract on the RKO-Radio lot, she had sat beside me at another noonday table. "This little girl is going places," a friend introduced her to me, in the Hollywood vernacular. "She's got what it takes."

Rochelle, I remember, said nothing. She smiled, just as she was smiling now in her announcement of having reached her majority. But in that quiet way of hers—she wasn't quite fifteen—one could discern assurance.

"I can't eat very much, this noon," she confided now to the waitress, ordering a broiled lobster with drawn butter, Frenchfried sweet potatoes and a dish of China tea... "you see. I'm singing right after lunch."

"Good thing you have to keep in training," I ventured.

"Oh, that," passing off her order with a flourish of a bun, "you should see me when I'm hungry."

"Just a hot-house plant," I said.

"I am not," hotly came back this slight vision beside me. "I'm an outdoor type and I'm a sportswoman. You should have seen me in Canada, when we were up at Callander on location for 'Reunion,' with the Quints."

"I suppose you walked to work every day," interposing, just a tinge of sarcasm in my voice. "It was only ten miles, I have heard. The idea of this Dresden-like creature, trying to talk old-man-me into believing she was athletic."

"Well, I didn't walk quite that distance, but I did hike several miles every day, and went horseback riding and fishing, and played Badminton after the company set up a temporary court."

A new expression crept into her lovely eyes.

"Those Quints... I get excited every time I even think of them. I couldn't play with them half as much as I would have liked, but they were the darlings of bundles of sweetness I've ever seen."

"At first, they weren't so certain that they liked us. I don't suppose they could remember Jean Hersholt—they were so young, you know, when he was up there on their first picture—but it didn't take long for them to win them over, and then they were climbing all over him, just as they do Dr. Daloe. The resemblance between Jean and the doctor is striking."

"Before long, too, I was accepted into the fold, and whenever I made my appearance they'd come toddling over to me, each with some toy in her hand."

Then, of course, I'd have to play with each one, and with her particular toy. "Annette was my favorite, possibly because she seemed to pay me more attention than did the others. I can't say, but this I do know... I have never gotten such a thrill out of a baby putting its arms around my [Continued on page 70]
We Point With Pride

To That Great Actor—

SPENCER TRACY

A unpretentious fellow, Spencer has become honored and respected in Hollywood. No one in the movies works more diligently or toward a perfect ideal than he. Characters are believable and no other actor has done more to end the legend that movie actors are stars.

(Left) With Freddie Bartholomew in one of the early scenes in "Captains Courageous." (Above) In "San Francisco," with Jeanette MacDonald, Spencer won new honors.
The Enchanted Shore

This picture includes several well-formed and graceful beach maidens. It is just a work of imagination. If there was such a place where famous fair ones gathered, the public would be there in thousands. Actually, screen girls do not swim in batches. The competition is too personal. A beautiful player who is known from the Arctic circle to South Sudbury, Mass., is accustomed to certain admiration, and within her own circle of friends receives sincere affection. In return she loves them all without reservation. The stars cannot all be the most beautiful, and so this particular shore exists only where the Never-Never-Land touches the Ocean of Dreams.
Where The Restless Sea Spreads Garlands
Of Foam At The Feet Of Beauty.

Joan Crawford at left. The swimmers are Dick Powell and [above] Anne Shirley and Phil Huston. (Right) Diza Dunbar, Barbara Reed and Simone Simon as carefree as the tumbling surf.
THE producers are always trying to assign the roles in their pictures to the player best qualified to play the part. Their eyes study the contract players in rival studios, and frequently an actor or actress leaps into greater fame when he or she is borrowed by a competing producer. When Claudette Colbert was borrowed by Columbia from Paramount for "It Happened One Night," she developed into a greater star and her real success dates from that picture.

Charles Boyer, who has been borrowed for Garbo's new picture, "Madame Walewska," Irene Dunne has been chosen for many fine parts at many studios. The day Clark Gable was borrowed by Columbia, Fortune smiled on him. Hollywood discovered a comedienne in Carole Lombard, but not on her home lot. Will the work Franchot Tone did at RKO help his career?
The Good Roles Constantly Seek The Players Who Are Ready For Great Opportunities.

Edward Arnold is in constant demand. Madeleine Carroll has been borrowed for the lead opposite Francis Lederer in "Thanks for Everything." Melvyn Douglas will next perform with Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance." Warner Brothers have spoken for Claudette Colbert. Frances Farmer was borrowed by United Artists and found there her lucky part.
COMING ALONG THE SOUND TRACK

IN THOUSANDS of homes the magic of the radio entertains the family. But though all voices are rich in musical qualities, the headline singers never would have become the popular performers that they now are if we did not already know their faces. To us, the movie stars are old friends and their voices give us a thrill of happiness.

They are hard worked, richly paid artists who will be coming along the sound tracks of new pictures for many years and there will be a hearty welcome for each of them.

The leader in more ways than one is Bing Crosby. Next comes Deanna Durbin, who sang her way in. Then Dick Powell, a real sound track discovery. Lily Pons has qualified in pictures and the sound engineers should be very proud of her. The marvelous voice of Jeanette MacDonald makes any scene important.
Laah Ray and Tony Martin are well worth listening to. The star who first gave us grand opera was Grace Moore. She raised the microphone to an importance equal to the camera.

Many Of Our Favorite Players Would Never Have Reached The Screen Had They Not Been Able To Qualify At The Microphone.
Greatest Show

(Top) The No. 1 movie actor for 1936, Paul Muni, in "The Life of Emile Zola," with Gloria Holden. The most photographed girls in America. These New York models are now in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."

(Top) Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Famous play and famous pair.

The screen's most romantic team, Tyrone Power and Loretta Young.

(Top) The most remarkable boy actor on the screen, Freddie Bartholomew. The biggest box-office baby, Shirley Temple.

(Top) The most remarkable baby on the screen, Shirley Temple. The biggest box-office star.
Mr. Barnum Gathered Together Many Of The Greatest And Most Wonderful Things, But He Had Nothing To Compare With The Mammoth Marvels Of The Movies.
“More Lovely Than Pandora”

The mid-season can boast few more distinctive sports costumes (front and back) than the one worn, right-above, by Diana Gibson. The short-sleeved jacket and peasant skirt are of gay roman striped silk and heavy white silk fashions the tailored blouse.

Sheer dusty-pink wool, finely tucked, is favored by Anita Louise for this interesting country-club ensemble. The classic white Toya hat is banded with brown to match her gloves and belt.

(In circles) No travelling wardrobe is complete without a good sports hat. Barbara Read's is black and white checked taffeta, held in place by a black grosgrain ribbon band to which a couple of red silk pompons are coyly attached. Marion Davies' is a white felt with navy band. (Right) Tyrol inspired Jean Parker's costume of heavy white silk with gored skirt and bodice of gray wool, heavily embroidered.

changing her sandals to his heeled pumps, Jean can turn into an all-occasion daytime fro
When You Pack Your Boxes For That Vacation Trip See That They Contain Casual Clothes That Gently Waft An Air Of True Sophistication.

A three evening gowns displayed here try out the season's most enticing feature matching jackets that make an evening nap unnecessary. (Above-left) Sea-green taffeta embroidered in an all-over design of a paper hue is Olivia de Havilland's pièce de résistance. Black velvet bows adorn the V-cut dite and "period jacket." (Above-top) Inch blue chiffon, with tucked bodice and Nero, tends to make Madge Evans look cool and glamorous, while Elizabeth Russell (Above-right) looks svelte and ultra-sophisticated in white paper taffeta flecked with gold threads and horizontal chenille ends. Her unique bolero is not detachable.

NOW that the mid-season is upon us we are already fairly tired of the unpretentious cottons that enriched our imagination and our wardrobe during those first warm days and nights of May and June. For, after the 4th of July with its traditional airy costumes has come and gone, we feel like expanding with the cooler breezes and can do so with assurance when clad in the more fortifying silks and opulent wool crepes considered smart at this time. The illustrations on these two pages will give you a fair idea of what the stars in Hollywood wear during those periods when play-clothes and swim suits are not permissible. As you see, they lack the studied informality called for earlier in the summer.
New Pictures For

Raymond Walburn, Sonia Henie and George Givot in "Thin Ice."

Arthur Treacher, Don Ameche and Alice Faye in "You Can't Have Everything."

Lew Ayres and Gilbert Roland in "Last Train From Madrid."

John Beal and Armida in "Border Cafe."

Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."

Loretta Young and Frances Drake in "Love Under Fire."
Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond in "There Goes My Girl."

Cecil Cunningham, Jack Benny and Gail Patrick in "Artists and Models."

Betty Furness and Ralph Bellamy in "It Can't Last Forever."

Esther Dale and Edward Everett Horton in "Wild Money."

Kent Taylor and Nan Grey in "Love in a Bungalow."

Pauline Moore, Robert Kent and Harry Carey in "Born Reckless."

CANDIDLY

Jane Withers and her faithful watch dog, "Puggy," calling on Don Ameche on the "You Can't Have Everything" set.

Joe Penner and Harriet Hilliard have a spot of tea or something between scenes of "New Faces of 1937."

MARION DAVIES GIVES A PARTY


The four circus party pictures show (above) Robert Montgomery, who is getting stronger, and Marion. (Right-above) Dolores Del Rio with Cedric Gibbons, her husband. (Right-below) An unposed, intimate family group—Leslie Howard, his son and Mrs. Howard. (Right-center) Cowgirl Carole Lombard and Cowboy Clark Gable.
Caught at a Coconut Grove Party—Dorothy Lamour and Walter Bullock, song writer. (Right) Larry Crabbe, Terry Walker and John Howard enjoy a game of cards while on location for "Mountain Music."

Jed Prouty, Joyce Compton, Stu Erwin and Dorothy Appleby speeding back to work for Grand National. (Below) Anna Sten, with her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, and (left) Victor Schertzinger. Anna is returning to the screen in "Two Who Dared."
Picture Stealers

They Hold Your Interest—They Fascinate Your Eye—They Remain In Your Memory When All Else Is Forgotten.

Many an actor or actress, who, by training or talent, seems actually to become another person on the screen, is rewarded by numerous jobs and handsome checks. But, strange enough, they do not know they do it, and if they stop to think about it they will soon lose their mantle of mystery.
He Can Do Anything—

Even Make A Hit In Character Work. That's Brennan.

By Jeanne de Kotly

YEAR, 1929. Scene, a chicken yard on the back lot at the old Universal Studio. Lucille Webster Gleason is feeding a flock of chickens. Jimmy, her husky spouse both in the picture and in real life, looks on. This is their first screen appearance, "The Shamhorns of Broadway," from their stage success of the same title.

The cameras are grinding and everyone is acting according to script—I know, I'm script girl—except the one rooster in the pen. The rooster is a ham. He won't crow.

From behind the hen house, a sudden uproar bursts forth. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! It must be the biggest rooster in all Hollywood. The recalcitrant cock in the pen, recognizing competition, starts strutting his stuff. With a husts crow, he walks directly in front of the turning cameras. A perfect shot!

The scene finished and "in the can," I strutter around behind the hen house, where the lively rooster is still crowing away for all he's worth. There, on the ground, comfortably leaning against the hen house, sits Walter Brennan, crowing like mad. His imitation is so perfect, he has even the chickens fooled!

Walter is general handy man on the production. Originally he was hired to play two roles—a young vaudeville announcer and an ancient Civil War veteran, crony of Slim Summerville, who is portraying the village drunk. Now they've put Walter to work playing a rooster. Probably before the picture is completed he'll be double for the ingame. Although he is only an obscure bit player, Walter can do almost anything. Those who watch him cannot fail to recognize his genius.

Let us skip eight long years and visit the Biltmore Bowl, 1937. The Bowl is crowded with the 1200 most important personalities in Hollywood. Jean Harlow, Bill Powell, Jean Crawford, Franchot Tone, Clark Gable—name any of the greatest stars, they are all here tonight. This is the biggest event of the season, the awarding of the Motion Picture Academy's trophies for the year's greatest performances.

Toward the rear of the room sits a quiet, self-effacing young man. He is seated next to Paul Muni and Louise Rainer. All eyes are focused on them. The young stranger is ignored. Awards are announced—Miss Rainer and Mr. Muni for the greatest starring performances, Gable, Bogart for the best feminine supporting roles. A pause, and the winner for the best male support is announced—Walter Brennan, the "swan" of "Come and Get It."

The crowd applauds generously; but when the man next to Miss Rainer rises in the glare of the spotlight and starts the long march toward the platform, they think there is some mistake. They don't recognize Walter Brennan. They expect someone who looks like Jimmy, tall, thin and hearty.

There is no mistake. Brennan is young, much younger in looks and behavior than in years. There is no trace of gray in his hair, no diminishing of the youthful sparkle in his eyes. If you know him, he'd admit to being past the thirty-five with which his publicity men accredit him; but he certainly doesn't look it. He is the spirit of youth. No wonder he has remained unrecognized among all the great stars surrounding him at the Academy banquet!

For ten long years, Walter has struggled for recognition. He has known great hopes and bitter disappointments. The first big break came in "Barbary Coast." He made the part of "Old Atrocity," a comparatively minor bit, stand out as one of the highlights of the picture. Followed, "Swan" to "Come and Get It," and Academy recognition, the highest honor that can be paid to any motion picture player.

Today, Walter is going places in a big way. Last time I saw him, he had nine parts awaiting him. Directors and studios were fighting for his services. But it didn't seem to affect him much. He still has his old ideals, the old way of living, the same old friends. He tells me about "movie boners" he has left behind on "The Shamhorns." The prop boys, grips, juicers, have always been his buddies. They are borrowing ten spots from him today just as they did when I first met him. Occasionally he runs short and borrows from them. They go to his house for dinner, ride his horses, borrow his clothes.

The obscure, middle-aged cowboy who was his closest friend when we worked in "The Shamhorns of Broadway" is his closest friend today. Walter never makes a picture without arranging for his buddy to have a bit. They joke together, ride together, work together.

For years, Walter begged the various agents' or agents, trying to get one to represent him at the studios. They ignored him. He wasn't important. Finally, five years ago [Continued on Page 72]
EMERGENCY LOVE!

It Makes A Man True To His Inner Self—It Explains Every Yearning—
It Is The Secret Of Happiness.

Copyright 1927 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. The cast and credits will be found at the end of this story.

Allen (Franchot Tone) drinks a toast to Claire (Maureen O'Sullivan). (Below) His friend (Charlie Grapewin) realizes that Allen has come to the crossroads. (Oval) Virginia Bruce as Patricia Sloane. She has everything, including love.

In ITS nunnery-like brick and stone exterior General Hospital looked anything but a battlefront. Not did the casual visitor get that impression from its well ordered interior—general office and small reception rooms, information desk and telephone switchboards, long corridors hospital-clean and white clad women nurses who spoke, when they talked at all, quietly, calmly, with that brisk, impersonal interest in humanity that marks the well trained nurse and doctor. The hospital gave overpoweringly the impression of strength and peace and smooth running machinery. No emergency could surprise it, for it was built to cope with emergencies and nothing else.

Yet General was the first line trenches in the never ending war science wages to end human suffering. Twenty-four hours a day and year in and year out the war raged behind its calm walls and, as in all wars, some men and women were of the stuff of heroes and others the slackers and deserters.

In the Emergency Watch Room, Interne Dr. Allen Meighan slumped in a folding chair, his feet on a small table, a copy of "Billroth’s Surgery" on his knees.

Interne Dr. Barili stretched on a cot, taking a well earned twenty winks.

Interne Dr. Toni Woolcot had just come down from the operating room where he had tended an emergency case. "The kid didn’t come out of the anaesthetic," he reported triumphantly, pouring himself a stiff drink from the flask he kept hidden in his bag. His voice swelled with complacence. "But that was an operation! Boys, it would have been an education to both of you, no kidding. Tonight I was terrific."

Suddenly aware of the shocked silence and the pointed way they were ignoring him, Woolcot looked up from his drink.

"What’s the matter, don’t you think I should have operated? Aw, you guys have no nerve!"

The interns made no comment. Claire Donohue, surgical nurse on duty, was silent, avoiding his eyes. Only Sally, the emergency switch board girl, was willing to share a drink with Woolcot. The son of a rich father, Woolcot had one ruling passion, his desire to operate whenever an excuse offered. Every nurse there who was not old and withered, might have added even less pleasant descriptions of him.

A light flashed in the switchboard. Sally pressed the button that rang a bell in the garage below. The roar of an ambulance motor warning up came through the floor.

Allen Meighan looked up with a grin. "Get going, Woolcot, it’s your turn."
Woolcot’s face expressed chagrin. “I'm tired!” His expression brightened. “I’ll toss you who goes, And if you lose, I’ll pay you ten bucks bonus.” He flipped a coin and picked it up in triumph. “You lose! Here’s your ten. On your way, doctor!” That wasn’t the first time one of his yellow internes had done Woolcot’s work, glad to earn the ten dollar bills he could afford to throw around. But this particular night cost Woolcot a great deal more than ten dollars.

Meighan rode with the ambulance and did an emergency operation on the engineer of a hoisting crane who had been crushed in his cab. His brilliant work won the praise of the superintendent, and the last vacancy in resident physicians was filled by Allen Meighan. Woolcot, who had covered the post, cursed his bad luck and drowned his sorrows with a round of whiskies. And Claire Donohue, the surgical nurse, felt such a warming glow in her heart because of Meighan’s promotion that for the time all her other troubles were forgotten.

The percentage of beautiful women among nurses is no higher than it runs through other walks of life, but Claire was beautiful. She was beautiful in that truly lovely way that is built as much by character as it is by accidents of feature and coloring. In private life she was Mrs. Tom Donohue. Not many people knew that, for Claire talked little of a home that was none too happy. Allen Meighan was one of the few who knew and understood Claire’s long struggle to find happiness with a man she felt sorry for. Meighan loved and respected her for her courage. And, secretly, Claire loved Meighan.

Into General one night came an emergency case, discovered by the police. A young woman had collapsed suddenly while driving her car. Allen Meighan pronounced it a ruptured appendix. Meighan operated again that night with Claire, now head surgical nurse, assisting him. Once more he did a brilliant and thorough bit of emergency work and the patient was saved. Next day the astonished hospital learned that the emergency patient was Patricia Sloan, daughter of a millionaire soap manufacturer.

Patricia was beautiful. More radiantly lovely than Claire Donohue, beautiful in that heart-breaking way that some women possess without deserving it. It seemed to Allen Meighan that he had not lived at all until his first glimpse of her and that forever after life would be devoted to worshipping her. Claire saw that worshipping light in his eyes and tried to feel whole-heartedly that she was glad for his sake.

The beautiful patient smiled into the grave face of her young doctor. She was in her newest and prettiest negligee. Her maid had just finished doing things to her hair and face that heightened even her loveliness. She looked her best and she knew it. She wanted to look her best.

For eighteen days Allen Meighan had ruled her life. Each day she slept, she waked when he ordered. He was the god of her hospital world and that world bowed before him. Even Patricia, used to ruling as the goddess of her own world, bowed also. This was a new experience for her, and she loved novelty.

“You'd make a good husband,” she said audaciously. “Why haven't you ever married?”

Meighan’s voice was serious. “Young doctors don’t make enough money to get married. I’ve seen plenty of them. The wives subordinate everything to their husband’s profession. No certainty of hours. Few comforts. It’s no life for a woman.”

But when Patricia’s lovely arms closed about his neck, drawing his lips down to hers, he was lost. She was holding him close when Claire came into the room.

Patricia’s voice reached her, vibrant with jubilation: “This isn’t as shocking as it looks . . . we’re engaged. We’re very happy that you’re the first to know.”

Through stiff lips Claire murmured her congratulations and left them together. Patricia’s heart was torn with grief, not because Allen Meighan had found a woman to love, Claire was above such jealousy. But she had seen other doctors marry rich, imperious, spoiled women like Patricia Sloan. She had seen what misery came of such ill-advised matches. Fear lest Meighan suffer made her miserable.

Allen Meighan earned fifty dollars a week as a resident surgeon. Patricia’s father had earned almost as many millions. But they were in love and love, they thought hopefully, can level any difference.

When they were married they lived in the modest little suburban house Meighan could afford, but it was furnished with the luxuries Patricia was used to, brought from Patricia’s home. Patricia’s gay friends were always on hand to help her waste her time and Meighan was not, for his career was an inexorable master and when the calls came, he had to answer them. It was inevitable that after a time Patricia would find other men who would give her all the time to bear her to parties. It was inevitable, too, that Meighan would find sympathetic understanding from Claire. Claire shared his work and knew his problems well. Claire had her own bitter marriage problem in Tom Donohue, charming when he was sober, but he was so seldom sober any more!

An emergency case arrived one night when Toni Woolcot was on duty and in charge. The patient had been struck by a car while staggering drunkenly against the traffic barrier. He was badly fractured and Woolcot, after one look, declared it was a case for amputation.

Toni had had more than his usual few drinks. He was feeling powerful and daring.

The patient was speeded to the room where Claire Donohue as head surgical nurse was in charge. The still form on a wheeled stretcher, face covered with a sheet, was just one more job to be handled the best way they could . . . or so it was until she picked up the chart sent up on the stretcher beside that still figure. [Continued on next page]
Thomas Donohue!

The words leaped up at her. Her husband—Lorel!

Woolcot was preparing gleefully for another amputation. He, boy, was going to show them some great form this time! Claire's hysterical parent and the news at her husband lay on the stretcher did not sober Woolcot. Claire's husband—or somebody else—that didn't matter.

Claire had but one hope, to get Allen Meighan, Woolcot's superior.

The call reached Meighan at the Hotel Metropole where he had been dancing with Patricia. It wrenched him from her arms and left a furious, bitter wife.

Meighan was barely in time to snatch the case from Woolcot, but not in time to save Tom Donohue's life. When he left for home at last, it was like a beaten man. He felt that he had failed his job. He had failed Claire, who was his best friend. And when he reached home at last it was to find Patricia, drunk and bursting with bitterness.

Toni Woolcot was dismissed from the staff and forbidden to practise medicine again, as a result of his drunken blundering. Patricia, with vitriolic comment that Meighan had engineered his disgrace as a petty revenge. Soon Patricia discovered that Toni was a most amusing person to be with at parties and Toni always had time to devote to her—he had no profession now to call him from her.

On a day when Meighan's unexpected return home drove Patricia to bidding her lover in another room, she burst out at him. "What about you and your Florence Nightingale? I've always known what was going on between you—"

"I've told you not to make insinuations about Mrs. Donohue," he retorted angrily. But she was past all reason, past all sense of decency, for knowledge of her own guilt drove her on. "You may be good enough for those glorified chambermaids—but to me you're nothing but a cheap, little quack trying to dress up as a gentleman!"

Aching with shame and humiliation Meighan went from the rooms of his home and returned back to the hospital. That was the one place left for him to go.

Claire, leaving after work, met him on the steps. She did not need any explanations to know that this man was weaker with suffering, that he was in the depths.

Claire took him in charge and with him in his car drove about in the dusk, saying nothing, asking nothing, content just to be with him and give him the soothing companionship he needed. She turned on the radio in his car and they drifted on again.

In the full swing of a number the music of the orchestra faded abruptly from the air. An announcer's voice cut in:

"We interrupt our program to make an important announcement. Attention all physicians and nurses. Because of a railroad disaster the General Hospital is calling all internes, residents and physicians on the staff stunt! Disaster call! Disaster call!"

Meighan's tired head came up. The old light of battle flashed in his eyes as they met the startled eyes of his companion.

"That's us, Claire!"

She smiled at him as she swerved the car about and stepped hard on the gas. An overland train had gone off a trestle. Fire was raging through the twisted, broken coaches. Men and women were screaming for help, their voices drowned in the hiss of escaping steam.

Two stretchers came up to the surgery on the overworked elevator. One of them carried Meighan's eye. Together he and Claire stared in horror as the man was Toni Woolcot, his legs shattered beyond all hope, it appeared. When Woolcot's eyes opened they showed that he knew how badly hurt he was.

His lips moved as he stared into Meighan's face. "Both legs!" he whispered.

Meighan's voice gave out as the answer.

The injured doctor roused again, humming in his struggle to keep his voice clear, "Patricia . . . is she badly hurt?"

"Patricia? Why, she was . . . on . . . that . . . train," Woolcot mumbled before he lapsed into coma.

Patricia had been on the train, sharing a Pullman compartment with Toni Woolcot. They were eloping.

Meighan found her, the woman he had once loved, in another operating room, in charge of a skin specialist. She had been burned by live steam. Meighan could do nothing there except pray for her. Then he turned to the task of the almost impossible job of patching up Woolcot's shattered legs.

That night's work done by Meighan, a grim, patient, miracle of a job that lasted well into the dawn of a new day, accomplished what the staff at General had thought impossible. Toni Woolcot was saved the late of a legless cripple.

He came to Meighan for their last goodbye. The delinquent playboy doctor was neither whimsical nor intolerantly selfish now. Only Toni now desired that he had wronged Meighan and how much he owed to the skilled and humane resident surgeon. They had little to say to each other, only an awkward shake of hands.

Modern science and surgery has achieved such miracles that in less than six months' time Patricia was practically well again, her former beauty entirely recovered.

But Patricia soon realized that no matter what she had once meant to her husband, he now put his work before his interest in her. Her beauty . . . her money . . . even her repudiated love for him were of no avail. When he left her that day, she knew that he was lost to her forever.

But one woman's loss is generally another woman's gain. And one night, a few months later, Allen cornered Claire in a corridor of General Hospital.

"Claire—I've waited so long—to tell you so many things—and now that I'm free to tell them I can't find the words . . . "

And Claire answered simply: "When you've waited so long to hear them and have rehearsed them so often in your heart, they don't have to be said. . . . because even you couldn't say them as beautifully as I've listened to them in my dreams."


**ANNOUNCEMENT**

**LAST year you voted Robert
Taylor the Most Popular Star
in Hollywood. Who will win the
medal this year? See our September
issue so you can vote.

Stars receive funny gifts—and
beautiful roses—according to
Gordon Silver.

Would you like a movie star
husband? What woman wouldn't?
A lovely dream answer to this
poser has been written by Ruth E.
Failey.

As the projection machine, in a
movie palace, throws upon the
screen sharply and clearly the
characters of the play, so Eliz-
abeth Wilson in her "Projection"
story describes Marlene Dietrich
clearly and dramatically—a true
projection on the pages of SILVER
SCREEN of one of the most inter-
esting players in the movies today.

Many other features and articles
will make SILVER SCREEN for Sep-
tember entertaining and amusing.
At all newsstands on August 12th.

In the new Columbia picture, "Thanks for Everything," Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer play principal char-
acters. "Everything!" seems to have quite overcome our hero.

THE CAST

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A SHORT-SHORT VISIT

By

Frederick Russell

Jeanette MacDonald
and, at right, her director, W. S. Van Dyke.

The Director Who Never Overlooks The Beauty Of Women When Filming A Story.

S. VAN DYKE, Hollywood's veteran director of such outstanding pictures as "Trader Horn," "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie," "The Thin Man," "The Devil Is a Sissy" and "San Francisco," among so many other hits that he can't remember them himself, seldom goes to the movies!

"I don't like pictures!" he admitted astonishingly, "and I seldom go to see them. Once in a great while, when people recommended to me, I'll have his picture run off in the projection room to watch his work. That is all."

"I haven't an artistic bone in my body," he confessed further, "and I'm not concerned with the artistic merits of the pictures I direct. I direct to make money. I take stories they give me and don't squabble about them. Occasionally I have to fight for the stars I want. Naturally I hope each picture I make will be a success. If it isn't, I'm out."

This amazing man, who has been in pictures for twenty years and has made so many he doesn't remember the number, is one person around Hollywood who isn't afraid to say what he thinks.

"I'm sometimes wrong," he remarks, "and willing to admit it when I am. But I have to show my color..."

"I'm a director," he continued, "because they wouldn't have me on the other side of the cameras. I was an actor. I've been in Broadway plays. When I went out to Hollywood, I was still an actor, but they were inclined to disagree with me, so I turned to directing. There was nothing else for me to do."

In fact "Van," as most of his friends and associates call him, began acting when he was seven months old. Born in San Diego, he was carried upon a San Francisco stage to appear in a play produced by Fred Butler and Charles Nichols. His father was a Superior Court judge and his mother Laura Winston, a well-known actress in her day. He has been a miner, lumberman, newspaper reporter and screen writer and has traveled practically all over the world.

"Van" wrote "Silis of the Parents" and "Madonna of the North." He was playing on the stage in 1915 when he became D. W. Griffith's assistant director for "Intolerance." He is Hollywood's most noted director for film expeditions. He made "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "The Pagan" in the South Seas; "Trader Horn" in Africa and " Eskimo" in the Arctic. His latest picture is "They Gave Him a Gun" with Spencer Tracy, Gladys George and Franchot Tone. He has no idea what he will do next, and doesn't care. He can direct Freddie Bartholomew in one picture and Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy with equal success in the next. Needless to say, he has the reputation for producing more box-office triumphs than any director in the business—and in less time.

Van learned to direct by directing—and practically grew up with and in the industry. He prefers comedy to serious drama.

"Because I prefer people coming from one of my pictures feeling happy," he explained, "rather than feeling life is much worse than I thought. I think people go to the movies to be entertained. Problems as bad or worse than their own are seldom entertaining. They probably have enough of their own before they go in to forget them."

When I met him in New York, he had just come from a conference with the President of the United States. He sends all his films to The White House as soon as they are completed. That is, all the good ones. Occasionally he cringes and tries to forget a picture he hasn't liked.

He refused to make "The Good Earth." "It was that picture which caused Irving Thalberg's death," he said. "I knew what a headache it would be when it was submitted to me two years ago. The work, worry and research for two years was too much to kill anybody! Besides, I don't like to make pictures like that unless I can make them on native soil."

"Censorship and the chance of offending somebody is one of the chief worries of making pictures," he said. "Strangely enough, the thing I expected to cause the most trouble in any of my pictures was the earthquake in 'San Francisco.' I knew that the scenes were authentic. They were reproductions of actual photographs taken after the earthquake. There were no objections to them at all. I happened to be in Frisco, myself, before and after. One old man, who was in the earthquake, said that those scenes were so real that he had to leave the theatre. It recalled everything so vividly that he was reliving the tragedy..."

Among his many varied interests, Van is an ardent fight fan. He once directed Jack Dempsey in a serial. He also directed Max Baer's picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

"Just as we had finished Baer's picture, I was giving a party to celebrate the completion and opening of my swimming pool. Somebody tipped me off that he had been waiting for weeks for the big night, planning to push me into it. So I was ready and waiting. I saw him coming along, dressed to 'kill.' He was going in for being a 'sturdy,' a sort of Beau Brummel. I hid behind a tree. When he went up to the edge to inspect the pool, probably wondering just how he would get me into it. I sneaked up behind him and gave him a push! He was the first to initiate it!"

"Of course he later caught me off guard. And the funny thing is that the party was that by the end of the evening, I had no clothes left in the house. Everybody at some time or other had been pushed into the pool and had to borrow dry clothes!"

Van is one of the most popular hosts in Hollywood. He has been married to the present "Mrs. Van" only three years, but there was a former wife, from whom he was divorced. He is the proud father of two, a daughter, Barbara, now twenty-two months old, whom he affectionately calls "Mug"—and hopes she won't grow up to be a movie actress! His ten-month-old son he has labelled "Orangoutang."

"The first time I saw his, he relates, "I had to fight my way through a circle of women friends muttering and gushing 'What a beautiful baby!' I couldn't find anything beautiful or even cute about him. He was the homeliest little miss! I've ever seen! I asked my wife if she was sure his father wasn't Mahatma Gandhi!"

Just as Hollywood's leading director of record-breaking hits seldom sees pictures, he also never reads a book. He hasn't time, for one thing, and is more interested in life than fiction, for another.

"I do read all the newspapers," he explained, "particularly the foreign news and current events."

He is honorary member of three French societies, but speaks no foreign languages. He is also a member of the International Adventurers' Club and the Explorers' Club. He would still rather act than direct, in spite of his success. His home is a museum of trophies from far places of the world, and for all his exploration and adventures, he is afraid of heights.

"I only fly when absolutely necessary to save time," he confides, "and then my heart is in my mouth! When the moment the plane leaves the ground, I can't climb a ladder without fear of jumping and I panic in a hotel room above the second floor. I don't dare look out of the window!"
A DAY AT THE RACES
To Drive Dull Care Away—M-G-M
Those nutty zanies, the Marx Brothers, are at it again, and in their latest comedy go screamingly mad in a big way. Laugh? I'm telling you, you'll split your sides.

The story has to do with a fashionable but heavily mortgaged sanitarium, owned by Maureen O'Sullivan, and situated in Florida near a famous racetrack. To please a rich patient, a slightly unbalanced society woman, poor little Maureen puts a mysterious Dr. Hackenbush in charge of the hospital, and Dr. Hackenbush turns out to be both Groucho and a horse doctor. From then on anything can happen—and does.

The highlights of the picture are when Groucho postpones his investigations by taking a telephone conversation, his idiotic examination of Harpo, and the scene where Chico sells him a racing tip, not to mention the scene where the boss break up Groucho's love affair with the devastating Esther Muir.

Chico, of course, plays the piano again and Harpo the harp and both bring down the house. The love interest is looked after by Maureen and Allen Jones, who sings at a night club by night and grooms his one horse, High Hat by day. High Hat finally wins the big race, and quite the maddest race that has ever been screened. Margaret Dumont is perfect as the rich woman in love with Groucho. And Vivien Fay is lovely as a toe dancer in a spectacular musical interlude. Allen Jones sings "Blue Venetian Waters" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day."

MOUNTAIN MUSIC
The Height of Fun—Par.
Bob Burns and Martha Raye make their debut as Hollywood's newest star team in this hilarious hill billy farce that will have you in stitches from start to finish. Martha Raye plays a country gal who can sing and dance but can't get a beat on account of she ain't pretty, and Bob plays a hill billy who does such radical things as shave and work, too. He has a low comedy romance with Martha that's a hoot.

Included in the cast are a troupe of hill billy singers, led by Rufe Davis, who are nothing short of a riot. Rufe's "My Ma Don't Low No Singin' in Here," will have you in the aisles. And then Martha will bowl you over with "Good Morning" and "If I Put My Heart in My Song." A gay little farce that will certainly get you in the right mood.

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE
In Which Cupid and Politics Stage a Merry Battle—RKO
Preston Foster plays an attorney, in this gay bit of nonsense, who just can't resist a dare. So when Joan Fontaine is out soliciting votes for her father, who is running for mayor, she runs across the amazing spectacle of a swarve young man in a top hat and evening clothes digging a ditch, accompanied of course by his valet, our Mr. Herbert Mundin. He and Joan fall in love at once but naturally they have to hurl a lot of expletives at each other first, and, the next thing he knows, playboy Preston has accepted another dare and has proclaimed himself a rival candidate for mayor.

There's quite a flurry of good old American politics, never taken too seriously, with plenty of matching of wits. It's Foster's best chance at acting in a long time and he is swell. So is Barbara Pepper in a Mae West role which will have you in stitches. Harold Huber and Paul Guilfoyle make excellent gangsters, William Brisbane is an editor, and Bertin Churchill a grafting police chief. It's right metty.

ESCAPE FROM LOVE
Matrimony on the Skids—20th Century-Fox
The rather silly saga of two young married people who are madly in love with each other—so they battle continuously with the bridegroom. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen play these young things who love each other so much they can't resist trying to brain each other, Gloria rushes off to Europe with a French playwright, played by George Sanders, and Mike chases her, of course, and they decide to begin all over again. In the cast for excellent bits are Cora Witherspoon, Franklin Pangborn and Gerald Oliver Smith.

THE GREAT GAMBINI
A Perfectly Grand Mystery—Par.
One of the better who-done its which you mystery lovers (and count me in) can hug to your little murder loving hearts. On the eve of his marriage to Marian Marsh, Roland Drew is told by a magician, in a night club, known as the Great Gambini, that there will be no wedding. Sure enough, Roland is found murdered the next day and a lot of people are suspected. John Trent is the chief suspect because he loves Marian and had been heard to hurl the death threats at Drew. Just as the dumb detectives are about to drag Trent off to jail the Great Gambini enters and takes charge.

The picture is unusually well cast for a mystery and a good time is had by all except the corpse. Reginald Denny plays Marian's father and Genevieve Tobin her step-mother. Edward Brophy and William Demarest once again are dicks. Akim Tamiroff, whose parts get bigger and bigger, is elegant as the Great Gambini.

PARNELL
A Rather Ponderous Film Based on the Life of the Great Irish Patriot—M-G-M
Here is the dramatic and human story of the last few hectic years in the life of Charles Stewart Parnell, he who laboriously paved the way for Irish Home Rule and who once was called the "uncrowned king of Ireland" and worshipped as a god. Meticulously and ponderously produced and directed by John M. Stahl this picture should not bring forth any caustic comments from the historians who shudder every time Hollywood delves into history. I suppose I will be branded as a nincompoop (which undoubtedly I am) for saying so but I think a little less accuracy on Mr. Stahl's part and more color would have

In "The Great Gambini," Marian Marsh and John Trent mix love and mystery.

Michael Whalen
Gloria Stuart does let marriage interf
Pictures

made things a lot more fun.

Edna May Oliver, as sarcastic Aunt Ben, and Billie Burke as the flirty, inquisitive Clara look after the luggages, and look after them well, you may be sure. There are many stand-out parts, but chiefly among them are Alan Marshall as the ambitious, cunning Captain O’Shea, Moulagb Love as the menacing Gladstone, Edmund Gwenn as a jealous secretary, and Donald Crisp as a grim Irishman.

The love scenes between Cable and Myrna are beautifully done and you’ll enjoy every second of them, but the Parliament scenes you’ll have to take as best you can. It is definitely a picture for adults.

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

DELVING INTO MELODRAMA DURING PRESIDENT McKinley’s ADMINISTRATION—20th Century-Fox

AFTER years of ginghams and percales, our Barbara Stanwyck blossoms out in a careload of aigrettes and feathers in this picture and out-Marlene Marlene. Yes, indeed, Barbara has a chance to look lovely and she certainly makes the most of it. Co-starred with Barbara is handsome Robert Taylor, and my, my, won’t you fans enjoy seeing those two together, as their romance is still quite the hottest in Hollywood.

The picture is based on an actual fact, and in this case, actual fact is far from being dull. It seems that during the McKinley Administration there were a gang of bank robbers in the middle west who were getting away with murder, not to mention a lot of loot. To find out who the “high-ups” were in this gang President McKinley has Taylor discharged from the U.S. Navy and sent incognito on this secret mission.

In a cabaret in St. Paul Bob meets Barbara, who is the leading entertainer and sort of mistress of ceremonies, and he soon discovers that her brother and her unwanted suitor, the Messieurs Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen, are members of the gang. Plenty of action and intrigue follow, culminating in the assassination of McKinley and the near-hanging of Bob as a bandit.

It’s one of the best of the detective melodramas and you’re bound to like it. Barbara has glamour and as mentioned before looks elegant in her 1901 costumes. She sings several songs of the period in a low voice which is most pleasing. Bob gives his best performance to date. With Barbara to inspire him, why not?

I MET HIM IN PARIS

A MID-SUMMER MANSION THAT YOU MUSTN’T MISS—Par.

BY FAR the gayest and most charming comedy of the season, and what fun for these hot days and nights is Claudette’s tooping over Sun Valley, Idaho, up to her ears in skis and skates and snow, with her two suitors, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.

Mildly spicy at times, but always gay, the film tells the story of a young and beautiful New York fashion designer who has saved her money for that big spree in Paris that every girl dreams of. In Paris she meets two Americans, a playwright and a novelist, who fall in love with her and give her the time of her life.

The novelist persuades her to go on a trip with him to one of the winter resorts, assuring her of course that everything will be perfectly proper and all quite, quite innocent. His pal, the playwright, decides to become an ex-officio chaperon, so he glumly trails along, never missing a chance to tell Claudette that a trip to a winter resort with a young man cannot be innocent and proper.

They ski and they skate and they quarrel—until the novelist’s wife suddenly appears! Claudette bolts for Paris, with the two men in hot pursuit. Claudette is at her comedy best in this tongue-in-check bit of nonsence, and Melvyn Douglas and Bob Young, as the playwright and novelist respectively, have never been so much fun before. And in case you are a doubting Thomas it’s Claudette herself in person on those skates.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA

FOR THE TENDER-HEARTED—Par.

THIS rather sentimental drama of mother love serves to introduce two interesting newcomers to the screen, both of whom have a swell chance of becoming top-notchers. First of all there is little four-year-old Kitty Clancy, the newest of the child wonders in Hollywood, who looks exactly as Shirley Temple did at the age of four, and who might become another Shirley Temple. And then there is Mady Correll, a young woman with definite beauty, a pleasing personality and charming voice.

The story deals with a narrow-minded old judge, Robert Ellis, who, abiding by the letter of the law, awards cute little Kitty to her stepfather of a father who is only interested in her legacy. Coming to the rescue of the mother, Miss Correll, is Warren Williams, a night club owner and gambler, who kidnaps the judge and forces him to go on a tour of the underworld where he sees the criminals whose testimony he has believed. Irene Franklin as a hostess in one of the dives stands out.

BORDER CAFE

PLENTY OF ACTION AND EXCITEMENT HERE—RKO

HERE’S an entertaining western with a cheering mixture of comedy and romance. John Beal plays the weakling son of a rich old Boston family whose one idea seems to be to drink up all the liquor in a border cafe. In this same cafe the pretty little Armida sings and dances and flirts with the customers, and, of course, after the traditional quarrelling and quibbling she and John fall in love.

John strikes up a partnership with a kindly old cattle rancher, played by Harry Carey, who proceeds to straighten the boy out, establish him on a ranch, and make a number one cowboy out of him. Of course the wild western gangsters under the leadership of J. Carroll Naish muscle in, kidnap Armida, and stir things up generally. John shoots it out with the bad men and proves he’s no softie.

Mady Correll and Warren Williams in an underworld, mother love story, "Midnight Madonna."
They Enjoy It

(Continued from page 21)

gives me this. I'm grateful and I'm glad." Grace Moore has always, she told me, wanted something from Santa Donna. She wanted and she has--a life lived with opulence, with grandeur, with magnificence. Life dressed in a "robe de style" and wearing a wedding tiara and a lover's letter. Life in de luxe houses and cars and servants and clothes and jewels, with champagne and milk and perfumed baths, with" the sounds of symphonic music, with love and lights and lavishness bedding her down...She has a penchant for rubies and mink and and own vast jewelry cases crammed with them. Molyneux makes her gowns.

She gives swank and sumptuous parties for the LaSelles, Lilian Gish, Elisabeth, Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, Lily Pons...and others...Gloria Swanson, Gary Grant, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman. She owns a villa at Cannes, the Casa Laurenza, a shooting box in Scotland, another villa in Italy. She is building a palatial home here in Hollywood, in Beverly Hills.

She has sung for almost every crowned head in Europe, was asked to sing at the Coronation this year and couldn't. She knows Royalty, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the King of the Belgians, and loves it, exults in it, gets a great lift and bit out of it. She always travels in the most de luxe fashion, by rail, by boat, by plane. She carries an entourage with her, chauffeur, chef, secretary, personal maid..."I am and the train to La Moire, "I have some of the fame. But Hollywood gave me the rich lace trimmings, the royal robes, the furs, the jewels, the international celebrity, Hollywood took me to Japan, to China, to Greece, to the outposts of the world, to all the places where I have lived. I know how, in shadow, have been. In no other place in the world do I love to sing as I love to sing in Hollywood...I sing under the blue sky and the bright and mellow warm, kissing stars; I sing in the white gold blaze of the sun, under the palms and orange trees and purple jacarandas, riding, walking, on the streets of spicy, where battalions of trained people do my bidding and bid me, I am released in Hollywood and free in the magnificent place which is somehow akin to theytatric spirit in me...

Alice Faye told me "I love luxuries, what girl doesn't? I have always been luxury-conscious but Hollywood gave me my incentive for luxury...I remember when I worked in the chorus of George White's Scandals and how I would see the principals coming into the theatre in their lovely fur coats and I felt that if the day ever dawned when I could own a mink coat I would have arrived. Nearly three years ago I bought my first mink coat and I didn't have the reaction other girls say they've had...I didn't disparage the thrill once I had it, I wrote out my own check for it and I was so proud that I'd earned the money myself that I positively paraded it in. I'm grateful to Hollywood for my mink coat and the dress and the dinner gowns and the galak I've bought since.

"I'm grateful to Hollywood for the home with a studio in my home and the studio check enabled me to pay for...I'm grateful to Hollywood because I can now provide so nicely for my mother. I love flowers. I never get tired of looking at them, I must be an artist; and for a florist' and order orchids for mother and myself. I'm grateful to Hollywood and to my fans for my perfume shelf...it isn't only the glamour, either." Alice said, her blue eyes warm and misty. "It isn't only glamour Hollywood gives us...it's bread and meat and shelter. The substantial things. It's self-confidence and hope and a chance to show the whole world what we can do...it's dreams come true...that's Hollywood...

"It's the doors that Hollywood opens to us," Rochelle Hudson told me. "The doors we could never open without the magic key of the movies. I went to Honolulu recently. On the way I wondered whether anyone would know me, whether I would have any fun. I needn't have worried. We were met at the airport by a dignitary on the island, military officers, naval officers, diplomats, the Press. We were taken everywhere and saw everything. I was dined and wined and fed. I met all sorts of people, had all kinds of dates. Hollywood is the open sesame to every sort of experience and adventure. I had fun, I could never have had if I had gone there as just Rochelle Hudson. But because I went as Rochelle Hudson, Hollywood star, every door, secret and otherwise, was wide opened to me. In no other business in the world could I, at my age, have written out my own check for my own house--for mother and me. Any girl would love this life here, if she would tell the truth."

Yes, they love it...they do love it for they never leave it. Even when, Time passing, they lag a little behind the passing picture parade, they stretch out eager hands and clutch at the hem of Hollywood's drifting gown. On any set you may behold the glamorous stars of Yesterday, Betty Blythe playing small parts; the Greta Astors, the Jean Ackers and others playing bits or extras, loving it too well to leave even the back shops, knowing that no spot on earth can offer the allurements, the enticements of Hollywood, where miracles and miracles are made...

Even those who "tank they go home" remain...Garbo, on the set, with a private orchestra, provided by the studio to play for her between scenes, to her alone. Great Lindsay are specially built to that perfect privacy may enclose Garbo; mute her music for her cars alone...coffee is brought to her, specially brewed, at ten in the morning, at three in the afternoon. When she wishes butter milk a fresh supply is kept on hand, in ice-boxes on the set. Certain popular magazines, the latest mystery stories are kept handy for her, should she be in the mood. Special Swedish foods are specially prepared and brought to her dressing room on trays...silence and seclusion are laid, like royal red velvet carpets, over the sets and stages where Garbo walks...

Stars of Today, stars of Yesterday, Stars of Tomorrow? Rhyme the happiness, the plethora which is Hollywood...Miriam Hopkins presented Anatol Litvak, on his birthday, with a trailer, a very de luxe trailer and also with a very de luxe party in her Harold Greive-covered, erstwhile John Gilbert home crouched luxuriously in the hills looking down on Hollywood. Miriam buys Golwin tapeties and Old Masters and first editions. Miriam loves and lives in a world of smart people, champagne cocktails, fur, gowns, town houses, country houses, jewels and laughter. Miriam adores going to parties and adores giving them. Miriam has met and talked with Hemingway, Michael Aten, Walter Duranty, aristocrats of art and letters and science the world over. Miriam has lunched with the Duchess of Kent, has met and te'd the former Wallis Warfield and the Duke of Windsor. Miriam has flown over the earth in the de luxe liners. Miriam loves all of life and thanks Hollywood for giving her most of it. She flaps one small expressive paw and says "Where else? Where else and how else would it be possible?"

Lilli Deste, recently come to this country, to Columbia Studios, has bought a 170 acre ranch in the San Fernando Valley...there she will raise, commercially, the flowers she loves and understands. Hollywood not only gives her her career but gives her, also, the land she loves, land such as she was raised
"My Beauty Bath leaves me marvelously refreshed—"

Hollywood’s Beauty Bath protects daintiness...

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin sweet. It’s only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin thoroughly clean.

You’ll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
They Franchot said, "...and the hand is given the pleasure..."

Ginger Rogers gives a kick out of building a new home, a one story frame and field, stone structure, high in the Hollywood hills. There will be thirty rooms, a ballroom in the "stylized farmhouse," as Ginger calls it...an enormous "rumpus" room beneath the living room and in this room will be gathered everyone for entertainment—projection machinery, ping pong tables, billiard tables, games, a real soda fountain where Ginger can, and will, dish you your favorite sundae or pop. In the patio is a huge open fireplace and grill for "steak parties," behind the house a mammoth swimming pool and tennis courts. "The whole object of the house," Ginger told me, "is for fun—games and fun. That's how I take Hollywood—work incessantly...It's a pronoun. One balances the other so that there can be no complaint. I've had time and opportunity to indulge all of my hobbies, from petti point to diving. My idea of happiness, I think is...I have myself a time swimming bath crystals into the water with...prosligal hands, lathering myself with...lipstick or...or something...I have myself a time lathering on tankards of...of course I don't really do any of these things, but...to...in the air...it's here...it's Hollywood, if you get my meaning?" Carole Lombard said, "It gives us everything we want. that's the theme song of Hollywood...If you say, well, you can't hustle with Santa Claus, or can you? If I want to play tennis at night I have an electric lighted court to play on. I have myself a time swimming bath crystals into the water with wanton...prosligal hands, lathering myself with...lipstick or...or something...I have myself a time lathering on tankards of...of course I don't really do any of these things, but...to...in the air...it's here...it's Hollywood, if you get my meaning?" 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Imagine that! Everybody knows Sonja Henie as the world's champion ice skater since she collected a total of thirty-two skating championships during her young life. But she has also earned eleven major skiinjng competitions throughout Europe.
DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN
- IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it invigorates their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

_Every night_, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

_Every morning_ (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond’s, Dept. 788-CH, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing. Name ____________________________

Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."

Silver Screen 61
trimmings. They drive to the high lakes South of the Tahoe country and pitch camp. Bette does the light housekeeping with a neatness and dispatch that's remarkable. Haim runs her out at dawn and they catch their breakfast. They'll have no radios along. It's a brief imitation of their beloved vacation jaunts when they have only a day or two off and trapse to a lake in the foothills.

Clark Gable has an entirely new poise these days because he has regained faith in human nature as a result of his fishing expeditions to the Jackson Hole country. He has invested almost four thousand dollars in equipment for the jaunts, but already the dividends are obvious. Up in those forests there is release from all the hectic doings of everyday life. There Clark breathes in the pine air and the tang fills him with renewed confidence in himself. He thinks over his problems—and he has them even as you and I—with a clear-sightedness he never used to know. Each sunrise inspires him with the majesty of nature's free gifts to man. He prepares for these evasions of artificiality with all the rest of a Boy Scout. And when he strikes out of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel he looks like one. His station wagon is filled with every kind of camping device. He stops at the humble home of one of the studio electricians or wardrobe men and picks up a companion and they are off! When he is wading in a magnificent mountain stream, practically hip-deep in rubber boots, he is completely at peace. Incidentally, he can cast a fly sixty feet and land it within ten inches of his mark.

There is something about mountain fishing that demands solitude. Wallace Berry is Hollywood's ace fisherman along this line and he hates to be disturbed when once he is under way in his shrewd maneuvering with his lures. Wally chooses lakes rather than streams, and he puts out in an outboard motor boat or pushes himself out on a raft. He owns an island in June Lake, a retreat eight thousand feet high in the Sierras, and there are plenty of bass because he personally sees that the lake is stocked. But since his lodge burned down he hasn't been flying up there so frequently. He has bought a twenty-two foot bus which he loads to the top with fishing paraphernalia.

Then he selects a party of congenial men and when they reach camp-site there is every luxury you can dream of for such a spot. However, Wally has certain peculiarities he invariably follows. He arises at two a.m. and cooks breakfast. By two-thirty he is away in the darkness, out on the lake absolutely by himself, wrapped in a fleece-lined mackintosh. He does a bit. But as light begins to wake up the forests to a new day, as there is that mysterious but potent stirring in the shadowy underbrush trimming the lake, Wally will come to with a jolt. Ever methodical, he examines the scale he has with him. Then he picks among the lures he has.

"A good old angle worm will catch the most fish," he admits with a grin. But he's continually buying every new bait that comes on the market. And he has invented a lure which is exceptionally effective. Wally has a splendid tackle room in his home in Beverly Hills with a broad work table on which he can spread out his equipment. He took a broom handle, put it in his lathe, beveled it, painted it, and it emerged such a temptation to black bass that he's been besieged with offers to put it on the market. But he will never com-

SKINNY? Thousands Gain Normal Attractive Curves With New IRONIZED YEAST

WHY should thousands of people today remain skinny and friendless when this new discovery is giving other thousands such, normally attractive bodies—sizes of 10 to 25 pounds—in just a few weeks?

People who never could slim an ounce before have not only put on all the weight they wanted, but also report naturally every slim and good-looking color, wonderful new pep and energy that bring loads of new friends, new popularity and good times.

Why it builds so quick

Doctors now know that thousands of people are thin and rickety for the simple reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is English ale yeast. If a new process the finest imported English ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 2 kinds of iron, patented whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "ironized" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch the diet develop and skintiny turns round out to natural attractiveness. See better color come. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rickety you may be from lack ofmedicines Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't do in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefit of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only one pack of genuine Ironized Yeast tablets. Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't let anyone sell you sublimates. Look for the letters "IV" stamped on each genuine Ironized Yeast tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box, and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 226, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Ruth Davis, mother of Bette Davis, drops in at the studio where Mr. Goulding (center) is directing "That Certain Woman."
"When I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn't easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—'Do you remember your little playmate Helen?'

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn't long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me... I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

The snapshots you'll want tomorrow— you must take today.

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances... use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.
mercize on his love for fishing. “Anyway,” says Wally, “you can’t guarantee any sort of bait, you know.” He believes that a fish will always bite eventually, if you continue experimenting long enough with your lures.

He isn’t beyond cutting off a piece of cloth from his clothes and sewing on a piece of bacon and trying that on the sophisticated fish! He takes ice boxes in his bus so he can preserve a big share of his catch for acquaintances back in the city.

Robert Taylor stayed at a certain farm-house when he went fishing recently in a certain part of Utah. But for his sake I’ll not be more specific! Fred Stone, a most ambitious trout man with rod and reel, still reminisces about his Alaskan trip with Bro. Bruch, his brother-in-law. But there’s nothing quite so convenient as a trout stream on your estate, though. Robert Montgomery has this regal touch as the piece-de-resistance of his upstate New York farm. His butler hauls over and collects the morning’s mess and Bob and his guests go off horseback riding. When they come in for lunch the trout are baking on the best china. Walter Huxton has a trout pond at his Arrowhead estate, and, of course, Cecil B. DeMille would have an elaborate ever-running trout stream on his ranch in Paradise Valley.

The trout farms around Hollywood finally got Jack Benny. ‘I’ll bet you ten dollars you can’t catch ten fish in one day,” said Mary Livingston to him. “Ah, now Mary, that’s too many!” protested Jack. “All right, then, nine,” she conceded. She went out and let him to lose the lot. She should have hung around. I happen to know that he bought nine fish for one dollar and a half as a trophy at Ensenada for the best fishing wife!

Other Hollywood players who enjoy the trout farms are Binnie Barnes, Louis Hayward, Judith Barrett, Cesar Romero and Myrna Loy.

But while the mountains are unquestionably a fisherman’s heaven, the rivers that flow into the sea have their appeal too. Shirley Temple hasn’t recovered from the strike she got up in Vancouver. The temples leisurely drove to Canada and then determined to capture some salmon. Shirley sat still in a chair for three whole hours, her pole hopefully extended over the water. At last it strained. It became the most stupendous arc. Shirley’s eyes popped. Her dad gave minute advice. She reeled in an eleven-pound salmon. If Bill Funnell is informed of this he’ll lose his imperturbability. He got practically nothing on his recent trip to British Columbia for salmon. It’s had enough of salmon. His fishing case shows up the older performers, but if she’s going to be better with fish too—!

Samuel Goldwyn offered a large silver cup as a trophy at Ensenada for the best fishing actress we have. Among those competing were Madge Evans, Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames, and Ann Sothern. Ann won by producing thirty-seven of the desired yellowtail in two days, Gloria Stuart let Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles county, that she could catch more than he could last week-end at Ensenada. She did, and, being determined to beat Robert Montgomery, she entered the tournament. She knows football games. Gloria likely has the most novel fish charm bracelet, also, a tiny golden creel dangles from her wrist. Open the top of the creel and inside is a small golden trout with jeweled eyes.

Lee Tracy, Preston Foster, Eric Rhodes, and Lewis Stone are the colony’s foremost fishing yachtsmen. They make a party up almost every one of these warm week-ends. Betty Grable often gets invited along with this group and Preston are informal cronies, who can wield light tackle and revel in wearing the oldest of attire. It’s color boys they be. The Stone yacht, a beautiful, square-rigged, 40-foot, is the perfect fishing vessel. You dine in the salon, rather than having a fish-fry on deck.

The waters of Lower California are virgin fishing grounds, teeming with valued game. But elaborate equipment is required to cruise down along the sparsely settled Mexican coastline. Guaymas, reached by train, is headquarters for that region. Douglass Montgomery caught fifty sea bass there on his first trip. He was thrilled at their size, for they average almost fifty pounds. But he says none of the natives looked twice because that is common. One day he was stranded on some rocks and when his gear was finally changed at midnight, Gary Cooper is going down to Guaymas this month all by himself. I hope he doesn’t commune with himself on the same rocks!

A Hollywood lad takes a Hollywood girl on a fishing bender these Sundays. Craig Reynolds hired a boat for himself and Gertrude Niesen. They were valiantly barraca bound, young moderns being modish. Gertrude, determined to give a Dietrich dash to herself, used an extra-long French dressing bottle instead of a pole. She knew what it was—but whatever bit didn’t. With a whish she was dragged overboard and when her boys rescued her she didn’t resemble Dietrich by any stretch of the imagination.

Groucho Marx is an obstinate holdout. But he insists that when he once sings in an Atlantic City cafe he had a room right on the ocean. The management caught its own fish for the employees, in a net forever swishing directly outside his very window. Be that as it may, I believe Jane Withers pulled the fastest one yesterday when she overheard a fisherman name Summerville telling a story and knew that he couldn’t stay on the lot any longer. "What’s the matter?", asked Jane, suddenly a picture of absolute innocence, "Do you have to fish at a certain time?"
The Hard Way

[Continued from page 25]

36 years old, and his “overnight” success covers perhaps eighteen years in the theatre. He started out as a song-and-dance man in vaudeville, playing the part of a soda jerker in a big girl act. It was in the hard school of vaudeville that Haley learned how to sing a song, and dance and time the delivery of his jokes. But it took years for him to win the big shot at big time show-business. He was playing the Orpheum, in San Francisco, when the wire arrived from New York. “Schwab and Mandel want you to report to New York immediately for rehearsals of the Chicago company of Good News.”

Haley and the rest of the company had been playing practical jokes on each other all the way to the Coast, so when the magic wire arrived, he laughed, crumpled it up and heaved it into the wastepaper basket. He decided not to let the jokester know that the wire had arrived, figuring that eventually some one would make guarded inquiries and then he’d have the last laugh. But nobody asked any questions, and finally Haley blurted: “All right, I got the wire. Which one of you sent it?” The rest of the vaudeville troupe looked at him in amazement. Haley says that for one stunned instant, it was though a bolt of lightning had hit him directly between the eyes. “My God,” he screamed, “it’s true, it’s true.”

He dashed to his dressing room, dug the crumpled wire out of the wastepaper basket, the rest of the crowd in hot pursuit. Haley read the wire out loud, and the rest of them went off into yells of delight. Later, all of them or some of them might go back to their own dressing rooms and wonder why it was that this great chance had fallen into Haley’s hands, instead of their own, but this was no time for post-mortems. They called the stage doorman, sent out for beer and they had themselves a party. This was a great event, the greatest event in show business. “You’ll knock those critics right in the aisle, Jack,” they told him, and others kidded him, and asked if they could have his autograph when he was a Broadway star. And he laughed at the idea, too, because in his mind’s eye, he could see the bright lights on a Broadway theatre spelling out his name, and suddenly, he felt a
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GLOVERS

Wendy Barrie actually writes songs when not in front of the camera. Marc Lachmann is putting on the Universal touch.

"A Star Is Born" was not in the slightly cockeyed portrait of the girl, but rather because of the honesty of Fredric March as the falling star. Here was no starry-eyed portrait, but a cruelly accurate picture of what can and does happen in Hollywood. The picture owed its strength to the character portrayed by Fredric March, because this was flesh-and-blood and heartache. Vicki Lester was stardust and mignonette and the scent of lilacs, but it wasn't earthy or on the level. The case histories of Victor Moore and Jack Haley and Patcy Kelly prove that something closer to a Cesarian operation is demanded when a star is born, because it takes a heap of heartaches and a heap of courage, and the performer needs must have what the fighters describe as "Moxie," or heart, to stand the gaff. For the process is slow and tortuous, and many are called and most are rejected—and those who go on and up will tell you that they left part of their youth or all of it on the journey to the peaks.

Tommy Kelly will play Tom Sawyer. David O. Selznick picked him from 25,000 entries.
Projections

[Continued from page 29]

Street, New York City, and her mother had barely gotten her theatre make-up off before Joan put in her surprised appearance. Ed Blondell was one of the famous comedians of his day and when he married Mrs. Blondell, a beautiful chorus girl, he made her a part of the act, and later on Joan joined the act too.

Joan sort of upset the usual success story by getting herself born into the lap of luxury (but don’t worry, poverty caught up with her later and made up for lost time), for vaudeville was in its heyday during the gay decade that preceded the war, and no comedian was more popular or more highly paid than Ed Blondell. There were de luxe baby carriages for little Joan, German toys that talked and walked, ermine lined booties, and more little frills and laces. With those big blue eyes and friendly smile she very muchly resembled a rosebud. Her adoring mother called her that one day and the name stuck right up until Joan went into the movies. The Brooklyn kids shortened it to Bud.

Soon after she was born the Blondells set forth on a highly successful European tour which was done in the grand manner, with nurses and maids and Louis Quatorze suites in Grand hotels. Her first birthday was celebrated in Germany, and for seven years after that she spent the gala day of August 30th in a different country.

Back in the United States again, Mr. Blondell (Joan calls him Johnny) took his act on tour through the East and Middle West for a number of years, playing a week in each city, sometimes two if business was good. He had secured a certificate from a state official which permitted Joan and Ed Jr., to attend the public schools in every town in which they played—and what a picnic that turned out to be for Joan. An unusually precocious child, and very elegant in her taffeta and bows, Joan soon discovered that the "new girl" got all the attention in a school, and as she was constantly being a new girl she simply thrived on attention.

Along about eleven every Monday morning she would let it casually be known that she could recite and dance and sing, and so the teacher (who probably was as eager for professional entertainment as the pupils) would call Joan to the rostrum and she would recite "Little Orphan Annie" and sing and dance as long as the teacher would allow her. Sometimes she stalled on the arithmetic hour for weeks at a time. At recess she would entertain the kids with tall tales of how she had been chased across China by bandits with knives in their mouths, how she had been kidnapped by natives in India, and tortured by Arabs in Arabia.

What with her marvelous imagination (which she still has) and her ability to go backstage unmolested at the local theatre, Joan was looked on with awe by her more mundane classmates. Sometimes," said Joan, "I overdid the stories and my audience would get a little suspicious. But before they could check up on me I had gone to another city and was busy being the new girl again.

And when I think of what a dull education I had!

By the spring of 1914 Mr. Blondell and his family had arrived on the West Coast—San Diego to be exact—and the sunshine was so lovely and the palm trees so beautiful and the Pacific so blue that he completely lost his heart and decided that this was the ideal spot where he should settle down and bring up his children as children should be brought up. There was a real
estate boom on at the time and Mr. Blondell was just the man that a couple of high-pressure salesmen were looking for. He put thousands of dollars, the entire bank account, in San Diego real estate and was confident that it would triple in value in a year's time. He was right! he left for Australia with the act.

Back again in America the Blondells soon wandered back to San Diego to collect their tremendous fortune and build a home. In the meantime the United States had gone to war with Germany, the boom days of San Diego were over and the bottom had dropped out of California real estate. Mr. Blondell also made the startling discovery that two thirds of his property was under the beautiful Blue Pacific. The Blondells were broke. After several vague ventures in business, Mr. and Mrs. Blondell decided to open a tea room in Santa Monica. They lived on a half hour's drive from Hollywood.

In the mornings Joan went to the Santa Monica school and in the afternoons and evenings she was supposed to make the salads (and you haven't lived until you have tasted Joan's salad dressings) and wait on table. I wish I had the time and the ability to describe the saga of the Blondell tea room as Joan gave it to me. Briefly: “For two days no one came at all,” said Joan, “then one day a little odd lady ventured in and the five Blondells fairly swooped down on her. We gave her vast tureens of soup, several steaks, sell of potatoes in a big bowl, and a smile. I think the poor little thing died of overeating, just to make us happy, but before she died she must have told people about us for from then on we had a good business.”

“However, we never could make expenses because Gloria’s and Junior’s, not to mention my own, friends dropped in every afternoon after school and took all the profits. The highlight of my life as a waitress was the night that John Gilbert came in with a washed-out bill. I put on my prettiest organdy apron and stuck a ribbon in my hair and smiled and served about very much as Joan Crawford did in ‘A Star Is Born.' But I think Gilbert never once took his eyes off of the pesty faced blonde. But he left me a dollar for tip and I pasted it in my memory book with the date and the occasion and a poem. (Miss Blondell, it seems, was always impractical.)

“The maddest I ever got was the after- noon my Santa Monica school came staking in and asked very severely to see my mother. Gloria and Junior and I listened at the very door and while I was still able to bring up a careful account of how I had skipped school that morning and she had seen me down on the beach playing leap-frog with one of the boys. ‘Leap frog must stop,’ she said, and I guess mother promised her that it would because she came back into the kitchen a few minutes later and the three of us served the soup. So and so with a large bowl of our best soup. We, Gloria, Junior and I, decided to spill the soup right over her, but we weakened and went to our dear teacher with my most grateful smile.”

With the tea room bankrupt, Johnny invested sixty dollars in a second hand car, got a few bookings for the act in the cowtowns of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and the merry Blondells were on their way to Hollywood. Johnny had no luck and the last time I heard from him was on Mrs. Blondell’s lap and pumping up tires. There were one night stands galore, but never enough money to buy gas and oil and gravelly driving at Johnny’s sister’s house in Orange, Texas, one night the engine literally fell right out of the car. Joan’s aunt insisted that she buy business books and she bought them a store in a little Louisiana swamp town—“More cows walked into our store than customers,” said Joan—and following that store were more stores in the South, until finally they had a fairly successful shop in Denton, Texas, where Joan sold dresses and novelties to the college girls in the afternoons and attended classes in the mornings.

One week-end while she was in Dallas buying dresses for the shop from a wholesale house Joan met a very pleasant girl at the hotel and this meeting led to one of the most hilarious times of her life. The girl was there to enter the Dallas Bathing Beauty Contest—the winner gets the title of Miss Dallas and be sent to the finals at Atlantic City, all expenses paid, and besides would receive two thousand dollars. “Two thousand dollars,” exclaimed Joan. “In cash?”

To make a long story short, though I wish I didn’t have to as it is simply killing our Miss Blondell created herself a white bathing suit, tinted it pink, put a blue ribbon in her hair, and was one of the five girls chosen for the final eliminations. “Girls,” said one of the fifteen judges, “you are all too beautiful. We’ve decided to pick the girl who has the most pleasing personality.” So Joan readily admits that the other four girls were much prettier than herself, but when it became a matter of personality it was simply in the bag for her. She hadn’t been in the theatre all those years for nothing. Amid much fun and gaiety and how do you do Joan became Miss Dallas and almost faintly when the personality-loving judges presented her with two thousand dollars in cold cash. As soon as she was revived she called her mother over the phone. “Mom,” she said, “I’m in Atlantic City.”

On the famous Atlantic City Boardwalk Miss Dallas was a panic. With all the other contestants and hundreds of curious, beautiful in form-fitting bathing suits, Joan wore a cowboy costume in the parade and tore through with the rest of the hysterical delight of some pals from Brooklyn and tossed ropes in the air and shot off guns. She was boxed out of first place by a girl who had only a dollar and a half. With five hundred dollars of her contest money she sent for Johnny and Gloria to join her mother and herself in New York, where they would buy new clothes and books, the act again.

But alas, success had gone to Joan’s head. She was a big shot. She was in the money. While her mother was out one day getting a finger wave Joan planked off fifteen hundred dollars on Dempsey to win the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Tunney won. The Blondells were broke again, didn’t make no nothing. Easy come, easy go. Joan. But it taught her a severe lesson—Joan has never

---

**Silver Screen**

Since Tom Mix rode the range, **Universal** has produced a round-up of cowboys talent. Now it’s Bob Baker, who rides, ropes and is regular.
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"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

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FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there’s nothing quite so effective as Mum — and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

She’s 21

[Continued from page 54]
who towers over Rochelle by a good thirteen inches, had her go up on the stage of the auditorium set.

The scene was a meeting of the Shelley Society in an eastern hotel. Rochelle was playing a wise-cracking gal who lives by her wits, but apparently those wits never completely worked on all six because she was continually hungry. Neither she nor Jack Haley, her partner in crime, in most of the amusing exploits of this production, ever had their hunger entirely appeased.

In this particular sequence, Rochelle and Jack had crashed the meeting, knowing that a buffet luncheon was to be served. Rochelle claimed to be a member of the Alabama group, visiting the city, and was welcomed as such. After another had rendered, literally, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," the chairman called upon her to offer something appropriate for the occasion. Knowing no Shelley, Rochelle, on the spot, made the best of the situation.

"Here's something we always sing at our meetings down in Alabama," she drawled, and proceeded to shock, then delight, the members present with "When a Girl from Alabama Meets a Boy from Tennessee."

When you hear Rochelle sing this in the picture, you'll find a real treat awaiting you. The girl can sing with the best of them, and the manner in which she puts over both this song and "Livin' On the Town," another vocal number, is a revelation. Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, was so intrigued with Rochelle's singing when he heard her tests that already he is searching for a suitable musical vehicle for her in which to be starred.

"Didn't tell you I can sing," Rochelle asked, simply and without conceit, joining me after several "takes" of the number. That Rochelle made such a statement is no reflection upon her, any more than the average man's assertion that he can drive a car. It is a simple statement of fact.

The wonder of this, however, lies in the fact that her voice has not been discovered ere the present. It is a cultivated, melodious voice that is certain to please even the most critical. Rochelle's wish to change her type, to get away from the sweet-young-thing that she has so constantly interpreted, doubtless will be granted now. She is too talented an actress to languish forever in roles which do not carry a full appreciation on the part of the public.

A small group of visitors approached, held in check by a studio guide, and I could see several young men gaping at Rochelle.

"And why," I asked, suddenly recalling that Rochelle is continually being the center of masculine attentions, "why don't you go out with picture men any more. Actors, especially?"

"I haven't time for romance, these days," she replied, "I'm far too busy, and much too interested in my work."

"As for picture dates ... Tom Brown was the only actor I ever really went out with. And that was a long time ago. Since then, for no particular reason except that I seem to get along better with them, I have gone out mostly with men outside the profession."

"Army men interest me, especially those in the aviation end. They lead more exciting lives, and aren't forever talking shop, as actors are inclined to do. Besides, they don't take so possessive an attitude, and when you turn them down, whenever you'd rather spend an evening at home, they aren't offended."

Rochelle seldom is found in the popular night spots of the picture colony. Many an evening, she'll slip into some small movie house with Jack Young, son of a Los Angeles food merchant, and afterwards either go directly home or take a short ride to the beach. Occasionally, she likes to visit the Trocadero, but for the most part this young actress leads a quiet life.

Not, however, because Hollywood willed it so. Were our little hamlet of lights and shadows, and its lively denizens, to have their way, she would be constantly in the limelight, romantically.

It's difficult to believe such a grand little trouper has reached only this first milestone of womanhood. Mentally, she is many years older. And her past, professionally speaking, is one of which any actress in her thirties might well be proud.
For Your Wife

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A social event in Hollywood finds Ella Logan, John King, Rosalind Russell, Bonnie Barnes and Mischa Auer carrying on the gay spirit of the studios.

He Can Do Anything

[Continued from page 51]

Earl MacQuearie met Walter and offered to handle him. The association that began then has never been broken. Every few years some big shot agent approaches Walter and wants to know what he's doing now. Handling him now. His answer is invariably the same: "The same guy who had me when I was on my fiery high. Big shots don't impress Walter today one bit more than he impressed them ten years ago.

Because he doesn't mingle much with the stars whom his new fame has enabled him to meet, Walter is becoming known as "high hat." High hat! Hokey! "He's plenty nice to me," says Schnitty, the truck driver; and Joe, the sound mixer, says "He's the most democratic man in Hollywood. He has no false sense of values. He refuses to recognize class distinctions."

If loyalty be considered a fault, then Walter is wrong. But, right or wrong, he is still slow to make friendships and is doggedly loyal to those he does make.

He is happy and grateful for his success, but not one bit surprised. He has plowed along, year after year, in the face of discouragement and disappointment, always knowing that some day the break would come. He has tremendous faith in himself. Perhaps his dogged determination can be traced to his New England ancestry. His story is that of the plowboy, who refused to give up under any conditions.

He has the rock-bound New Englander's austere tastes. His recently completed home in the San Fernando Valley is the culmination of a life-long dream. A simple Mexican farm house set in the midst of walnut trees, roses, horsed barns, halls. There Walter lives with his wife and three children. They have one servant, a model of efficiency.

They have two horses. Pancho and Chico; three cows, a German shepherd dog and a cat. Walter raises roses. He and the kids, Mike (christened Wells), Andy (named Walter Andrew after his dad) and Ruth, spend spare moments planting the barns and enlarging the corals.

If you happened out to the ranch of a Sunday, you'd find Walter puttering around down by the corral in moccasins, ancient cowboy pants, an old shirt and a big black Stetson hat. He goes in for comfort on all occasions.

While he is working on a picture, Walter never takes unnecessary chances off the set. He loves riding, but rides only between films, because he is in the habit of riding spirited cayuses that throw him every so often.

Driving past a vacant field out in San Fernando Valley one Sunday, I saw a group of kids staring at a man who sat on the ground, gingerly feeling the seat of his pants. Apparently, he was trying to discover any broken bones that might lurk there. At a little distance stood a huge, shining horse, eying the group with disdain. Something familiar about the man caused me to take a second look. Sure enough, it was Walt Brennan, his kids, and Pancho, Pancho, as usual, had won an argument. Walter was busy exploring for results!

Pancho has Walter completely buffaloaded. Whenever the actor wants to ride, he asks Mike to saddle Pancho and "take some of the kinks out" for him. Mike is pretty disgusted about it all. "Gosh," he says, "I don't see why I have to get thrown by a darn horse every few days just because dad likes to ride!"

The Brennans are a close-knit family. Walter and his wife were kids together back in Massachusetts. Long before they were born, their parents were school mates. Seventeen years ago, Walter informed his childhood playmate that he was ready to marry and settle down. They have been both married and settled ever since.

Every member of the family is an amateur movie enthusiast. They shoot everything from colored films of California's wild flowers to deep-dyed Western melodramas with the villain riding across the fields on Pancho in pursuit of the screeching heroine, usually seated on Chico. They like to get up early Sunday mornings and drive out to the desert to cook breakfast over a camp fire in the sand. Those breakfasts are heart affairs, with plenty of eggs and griddle cakes and huge slabs of ham.

Walter is a high-spirited type, continually under a nervous tension. He never sits still for a moment. Always making odd noises, shuffling his feet, doing things with his
hands. He has learned to imitate auto
horns, wasps, bees, birds, cows, dogs, cats. 
There's no limit to the queer sound ef-
fects Walter can produce. He's as delight-
as a child with a new toy when he perfections
a new one. So dance step can stump him. 
He has always been so active that his feet
are as nimble as Fred Astaire's. He has a
habit of drumming with his fingers in a
peculiar manner when tired or nervous.
That served him well in "Banjo on My
Knee." Called upon to play a number of
string instruments, he found that his fingers
were extremely nimble. All of these traits
are a result of his inability to relax.

When he talks about himself (which isn't
often) he says he's "scruffy." He says he
"makes gory sounds and does crazy things
just like a high-school kid, simply for the
hell of it." Thinks he just never outgrew
his adolescence.

He makes friends with all sorts of people.
Everyone he meets gives him ideas for
characterizations. He has learned much by
visiting with street sweepers, garbage col-
gesters, postmen. He never passes a tramp
without passing to say "howdy." Chances
are ten to one that, after a visit with
Walter Brennan, you are likely to see your-
self on the screen in a few months—your
little individual habits and gestures. Every-
one, to him, is material for study.

Like all New Englanders, he is slow to
anger and unless one knows him very well
it is difficult to tell when he is angry. But
he gets just a bit riled over some of the
stories circulated about his struggle to fame.
"I've never spent a hungry day in my life,"
he says. "Neither has any member of my
family. I worked for $3.50 a day for a short
time, but never for less. For several years
before I got my break with Sam Goldwyn.
I was making from $25.00 to $100.00 a day.
Does that sound like starvation?"

Great sorrows, great joys and an excep-
tionally happy family life have given
Walter a human quality and a deep under-
standing of people that are evident in all
his portrayals.

One of his greatest griefs was the pass-
ing away of his father, during the produc-
tion of "Come and Get It." The role of
"Swan" turned out to be a perfect repro-
duction of his father. So striking was the
resemblance that Walter's wife was almost
afraid to take the elder Mrs. Brennan to
see the completed picture. When the family
did see it, she could hardly believe that
the man on the screen was her son, not
her beloved husband.

Nobody ever recognizes the buoyant, slim
New Englander without makeup. After the
press pre-view of "Barbary Coast," Howard
Hawks, director of the film, was standing
in the lobby. He had never seen Brennan
except in makeup. Brennan approached
Mr. Hawks, congratulated him and re-
marked: "You know, Mr. Hawks, I think
the picture was swell; but 'Old Atrocity'
could have been brushed up a little."

Hawks gave a disgusted grunt and turned
away. Someone asked if he knew the man
who had just spoken to him.

"Oh, he's just some fanatical son-of-a-
gun," grunted Hawks, angrily. You could
have knocked him over with a battle-ship
when he was told that the "fanatic" who
had dared to criticize his beloved "Atrocity"
was the Atrocity in person!

Ever since I first saw him doubling for
the rooster in "Shannons of Broadway," I
have admired Walter Brennan tremen-
dously. You would, too, if you happened
to know him. He is so human, so real, so
utterly devoid of the affectations and at-
ttempts to be glamorous that seem to be an
affliction of most movie stars.

If you don't know Brennan you would
probably, upon meeting him, be like How-
ard Hawks and the crowd at the Motion
Picture Academy's last banquet. You would
think he's two other fellows!

Don't let Summer-Drought get You!

Fields that were fresh and green in the
springtime become parched and dry as sum-
mer sun burns up their life-giving moisture.

In this same way, the tender skin


Olive Oil is a "Fountain of
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Just as thirsty plants welcome drops of rain, your
complexion craves the protecting touch of olive oil.
Guard against destructive "Skin-thirst" with Outdoor
Girl Face Powder — each fine flake carries a tiny
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the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin.

OUTDOOR GIRL

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Six luscious shades of clinging love-
liness, approved by beauty experts, at
your nearest drug and depart-
ment store, in the large size...50c
For perfect make-up color harmony
use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge.

Generous purse sizes at 10c stores.

Give yourself the Outdoor Girl Beauty Treatment today!
Their Fates Hang in the Balance

(Continued from page 25)

After Luise Rainer's spectacular success in the star role of "Olan" in "The Good Earth," how will the public take her in a role which can only be described as hot-chip? After all, you couldn't expect the vibrant Luise to go on and on being stark! But... is this transition too abrupt? Everyone seems worried about it except Mrs. Rainer. "I liked the sad role of Olan," she will tell you, "Then they told me I must be... what you say?... hoopa... huza. Oh, well, I have a gay role in the 'Empress of China.' I do not mind being gay for juss' now. I must make fun some times."

Apparently everyone is worried about this particular experiment except the person most concerned. Possibly she doesn't care whether her fate hangs in the balance or not. (But, between you and me, I think she cares tremendously.)

The Wise Ones shook their heads, you remember, when Walt Disney planned to make "The Three Little Pigs." "It won't do," they told him solemnly. "You'll lose your shirt!"

Well, the Wise Ones must be dizzy from head-shaking, at this point, over Walt's experiment in the feature-length, all-color production of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." He has spent two years and $518,822.42 on that experiment, to date, and don't what Walt squandered that extra forty-two cents for, but I do know that the picture is not yet finished to his complete satisfaction. I know, too, that the Wise Ones are still shaking their heads, and I wonder what the outcome of all this time and thought and money will be.

Barbara Stanwyck, who has always played glamorous ladies, staked a good deal when she consented to play the role of "Stella Dallas." Everyone remembers Belle Bennett in that role... and comparisons are odious. It isn't a very pretty role, either. But Barbara is a fine actress.

Well, we shall have to wait and see. Meanwhile, there is a deal of anxiety on everyone's part. If Barbara makes good in the role, she may go on to play more and more dramatic roles. She can always go back to being lovely and glamorous...

The young man, Jon Hall, who finds himself entrusted with the leading role in the million dollar production, "Hurricane," is just plain scared stiff. Someone has to remind him about once every half hour that a man named Errol Flynn was entrusted with a similar role about two years ago... and he's doing well, now.

And Boris Karloff wonders whether the public meant it when it seemed to like him in the almost-straight role in "Night Key." "Shall I try a really straight role?" Boris ponders. "If you think they'll let me change, and like me just as well?"

Just when everyone seems to have gone crazy over mad comedies, someone screen writers are beginning to look over the all-star cast and... but this story could go on forever. And, with every new experiment, talented, exciting, interested people must tell themselves, "My fate hangs in the balance!"

As you probably know, or where have you been lately, there was a strike going on in Hollywood, not a big strike but a strike. All the studios and theatres were being picketed and at the premiere of "Captains Courageous" at the Carthay Circle some of the pickets went in for a bit of boating and hissing as the movie stars got out of their limousines. It is interesting to note that every movie star was boomed (and the dress opening brought out most of the best) except Barbara Stanwyck who arrived with Robert Taylor. One of the press agents got curious and asked a picketer why Stanwyck was not hissed along with the others. "We like Barbara and Bob," he said, "they're swell folks."

George Brent, his bride whose screen name is Constance Worth, and George O'Brien. The Brons eloped, but immediately afterwards Constance had to report for her part in "Windjammer."
Volcanic Hollywood

[Continued from page 19]

your interest in dementia praecox, as a subject for drama—the fact remains that a cataclysmic change has occurred in Robert Montgomery's career. I happen to know that he deliberately chose this part of Danny in "Night Must Fall," and persuaded his studio to let him play it, in order to prove to his bosses and the public that he was an actor and not just a charming salesman. I think he proved that point, at any rate: and I hope with the rest of Hollywood that he will be given roles in the future that will make use of these talents which were revealed in his daring excursion into picture pathology.

I have said that I thought I heard a low-rumbling sound while watching the activity of Mt. Vesuvius, that time when I was having a drink in Naples. I may be mistaken about it—it was a number of years ago—but I am certain that a low-rumbling sound precedes every eruption of the Hollywood volcano. This preliminary rumble is not static; it is the murmur of gossip running from studio to studio, from executive office to studio, from night club to night club and from smart beauty parlors to the bootleg stands that are permanent institutions on almost every movie lot. Nor is this current of gossip a mere retiring of the personal foibles of the celebrities whose names it mentions. Unlike the gossip of small towns—or of large towns, for that matter—it is not primarily critical, destructive.

For this is the Hollywood grapevine, which I have referred to previously, and its function is chiefly to convey information about coming events and coming players. Exactly how any particular item of information gets started on its course over the grapevine I cannot say. But I do know that such items are amazingly accurate. And amazingly comprehensive. They range in scope from the health of Darryl Zanuck's horse to the story of a certain great producer, who had paid $00,000 for a popular novel, protested laterly when he was asked to read the novel. But on the whole, the grapevine is concerned with the favours of those events which are most vital to the picture industry: namely, the creation of new stars and the making of the latest hit pictures.

I haven't the faintest idea how it happens. But suddenly, in the locker room of the club, over a luncheon table at lunch, or on the train, or while getting my hair cut in a barber shop patronized by picture people, I hear a name mentioned. Perhaps it is the name of a picture. Perhaps it is the name of an actor or a producer, or director or song-writer or dancer or singer. But subsequently, wherever I go, I hear the same name repeated. Then a few days or weeks or sometimes months later, that picture or that person suddenly dawns on the Hollywood scene as a sensational success. I have seen it happen time and time again.

I asked a friend of mine, a young lady who has spent several years in the executive offices of a major studio, whether she could explain why the Hollywood grapevine was so often correct in its predictions of future events. She said—"I think it's because there are more than any other class of humans on earth, movie people are determined to be right in their judgments of their own industry. They have a horror of being wrong, both because of personal pride and for purely practical reasons. They make it their business to know everything that is going on in every studio in Hollywood; and if any young player shows promise or the rushes of a certain picture look good, they know.

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Leaves no grease on skin or clothes—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

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But here at last is deodorant perfection—Odorono Ice—a cream as easy and pleasant to use as your vanishing cream. And unlike ordinary cream deodorants, it really does check perspiration!

You've never known anything like the new Odorono Ice! It's like magic! You smooth this fluffy, dainty cream on... and presto! It's gone! And both dampness and odor are gone, too!

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SILVER SCREEN 75
it and begin to talk about that player or that picture. This spontaneous comment leaks out over the grapevine, and by the time the picture has reached the screen, or the new personality has been presented to the public, Hollywood has smiled and registered its acclaim. The actor in question finds himself—or herself—in great demand, a new career is launched immediately, and there is a clamor of pictures of one type or another, the one that has made the latest hit. This may or may not be a good thing. But that’s what it is.

Yes, that’s the way it is; and that is why I say that Hollywood is not merely a great and gilded gamble. Gambling is a matter of pure chance; but it takes an extraordinary energy, which frequently bursts forth in ways that are strange and wonderful, if not colossal. Because of these outbursts of energy, which are maintained that Hollywood is more of a celluloid Vesuvius than it is the Monte Carlo of the amusement world, which it has been sometimes called.

During the past winter and spring, I heard various rumors of forthcoming successes, both of persons and pictures, which since have proved true. The successes of Sonja Heine, of young Tyrone Power, of James Stewart, of Carole Lombard as a light comedienne, of Errol Flynn as an authentically medieval Robert the Fleece, and various others whose names and achievements are now familiar to millions, were first whispered over the grapevine to those of us who happened to be in a position to hear them. Then the volcano erupted, and suddenly these whispers became headlines.

Take the case of “Wake Up and Live.” When it was first announced in the papers that Darryl Zanuck was going to make a picture featuring the debut of both Bernie and Walter Winchell, Hollywood was properly skeptical. Bernie was a well-known and popular orchestra leader who said “Yowz-suh!” and smoked black cigars. Winchell was a famous newspaperman. But neither of them was necessarily a picture personality. The general feeling was that both were fine and handsome accessories after the fact: the fact being that he had a good story and some experienced actors, including Jack Haley and Alice Faye. The scene of his origin.

Then when the picture had been in production for a short time, the advance rumors began. It was whispered around Hollywood that it was really amusing and that Winchell had proved to be a surprisingly effective actor on the screen. The picture itself was labeled a hit before it ever reached the cutting room.

It was a hit. Bernie was amusing; and Walter Winchell was definitely a success in his role. Hollywood was just as well pleased.

Incidentally, it was the first time that I have seen the role of a reporter played properly on the screen. For which, I hereby offer and dedicate my thanks.

But that is past history. What are the wild wave-lengths of the Hollywood grapevine saying now? Well, they are saying at the moment that the new Claudette Colbert picture, which you probably will have seen by the time you read this, is one of the most unexpected box-office hits of the year. Miss Colbert and Melvyn Douglas are mutually charming, or in the Hollywood phrase they are terrific. I haven’t yet seen “Molten Man,” but it did interest Douglas at the tennis club the other day, I asked him how the picture had turned out. “It’s hot. It’s pretty good. It’s an amusing story,” he said. Douglas and turned his attention to the serious business of practicing his back hand. But I gathered that the rumors were correct and that the picture was good; for young Mr. Douglas. It definitely slows him on his way to stardom, is not one to be even mildly enthusiastic over a slice of turkey.

Now heaven defend me from the hazards of movie pictures! But as one who lives in close proximity to the Hollywood volcano, I feel that I may legitimately report that all the contemporary pictures are simmering in its crater. I would start with the Mauch twins, except that “The Prince and the Pauper” has already become a mammoth picture.
I said no. I had no such story, but I would think of one and write a synopsis of it by nightfall.

Which just goes to show how a calm and peace-loving temperament like mine can go to pieces under the pressure of this volcanic Hollywood atmosphere.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 33]

agree and he turns to Joe: "You're fired."

"Give him another chance," Lorraine pleads.

"What else can he do?" Brady queries.

"I'll ask him," Parky puts in briskly, and turns to Joe again: "What else can you do?"

"Anything," Joe admits humbly.

"He says he can do anything," Parky informs Brady, and then demands of Joe:

"Can you saw a woman in half?"

"Yes," says Joe—"only I can't put her together again."

"That makes it more original," Parky encourages him.

"Forget it," Brady advises. "Can you act?"

"Sure," Joe brags.

"Don't you believe him!" Parky yells, feeling that maybe Joe is carrying things to extremes.

"All right," Brady concedes, ignoring Parky. "Try this little scene. Take your hat and walk slowly towards that door"—pointing to a door marked "Exit"—"and when you reach it, turn the knob, open the door and close it behind you."

"What do I do then?" Joe asks.

"Just keep walking," Brady suggests.

"Cut!" calls the director and I think it's about time.

"Do you know Dick Mook?" my guide asks Harriet Hilliard accusingly when the scene is finished.

"I'm afraid not," Harriet smiles as she extends her hand.

"Don't rub it in, please," I beg her. And, folks, leave me alone here and now—right out in public—that Miss Hilliard is a honey in any man's language. Such a honey the indicator that reflects the state of my heart is palpitating like a seismograph in an earthquake.

"Well, you've seen everything over here now," my guide begins.

"I'll say I have!" I yell as I reluctantly make my way through the back gate to—

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They're new in color. They're new in color-magic. They do things for women never before known.

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Topper," a smart comedy, with Roland Young and Constance Bennett arguing it out on the dance floor.

Silver Screen 77
Paramount

FIVE big pictures shooting over here this month—"Double or Nothing" starring Bing Crosby (and about which I'll tell you next month), "Exclusive" with Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer, "The Last Train from Madrid" with Lew Ayres, Gilbert Roland and Karen Morley, "Easy Living" with Jean Arthur and Ray Milland and "Artists and Models" with Richard Arlen, Jack Benny, Gail Patrick and Ida Lupino.

The latter is a very pretentious musical, although no one seems to know exactly what it's about. The scene I watch is the very last one in the picture—the annual Beaux Arts Ball in New York—for artists and models. The set itself is just like any elaborate night club, with balconies, etc. In fact, it looks suspiciously like the hotel cafe that was used in "Mountain Music." The only difference is that in the latter picture you'd notice the set. In this one you won't. And I'll tell you why. Because you have never seen so many nor such beautiful girls at one time in your life. Most of the people are in fancy dress costume and I can't wait until Mr. Benny's dead public gets a load of him as Romeo. Well, shucks, Jack, I'd play Romeo to Gail Patrick's Juliet every day in the year—if I had a chance.

I disremember exactly who Mr. Arlen is supposed to be but he, too, is a vision in his pale blue satin knee breeches: a tricorn hat trimmed in maroon, his blue satin jacket with a flaring skirt to it, a lace jabot at his throat and a white wig on his head. He is something all who see him will long remember—and that costume is something Dick will long remember. I mean to say he really takes a ribbing from all his friends around the studio.

It's hard to say which is the more beautiful—Gail or Ida Lupino. Lupino could accurately be described as a "dream come true."

As if all this were not enough, there is a ramp leading from the balcony down to the never-never-land. There is a balustrade on each side, with columns at regular intervals. Atop each column stands a girl. And each and every one of those girls would cause a guy to leave home and mother.

As the music starts playing, you folks start jiggling and sort of sashay down the ramp and the chorus will follow you," the director, Raoul Walsh, instructs the principals.

"I can't dance," Dick objects. "Don't you remember the song and dance I did in 'College Humor'?

"Yes," says the director grimly, "but you'll jiggle.

So the procession starts with Romeo, Gail, Ida and Dick jiggling away for dear life and the extras cheering and following them. 'Tis a gala affair. And the girls all so pretty.

Reluctantly I leave it and proceed to "Exclusive."

The scene here is a newspaper office. This is almost the last scene in this picture, too. Lloyd Nolan is the city editor. As Charles Ruggles and his daughter, Frances Farmer, are rushing back to town from a strike she (a girl reporter) has been covering, with enough evidence to indict Nolan, he orders some of his henchman to bump them off. Ruggles is mortally wounded but manages to reach the newspaper office and hand the "papers" over to Fred MacMurray.

"Hold everything!" Ruggles gasps. "Stop those presses. I've got the biggest story that ever hit this town! And boys, it's exclusive."

"I thought we fired him," William Mansell announces.

"He's drunk again," Harlan Briggs suggests.

"He's not drunk!" Frances interjects indignantly. "He's simply the supply."

"Those elevators," Ruggles gasps again. "The Franklin store. Here it is. A signed contract—" (as he speaks he pulls Horace MacMahon’s confession from his pocket. It is crumpled and bloody. So is his hand. As he puts the paper on the desk he wits and collapses in a heap on the floor at Fred MacMurray’s feet.

"Ralph!" Frances ejaculates to Fred. "They shot him. She sinks at her father’s side.

"Shot him? Who?" Fred demands.

"Gillette's (Nolan's) thugs," she answers.

"They tried to stop us."

"Get a doctor—quick!" Fred orders.

"No doctor," Ruggles murmurs, opening his eyes. "Take a true, listen, won’t you?" He closes his eyes. He’s dead.

"Pop!" Frances sob as she huddles over his body. Fred straightens up grimly.

"He’s dead, gang," Fred announces.

"They’ve killed him. And do you know why? Because he got a story that’ll send Gillette (Nolan) to the chair! Gillette! Do you hear? Your new boss—" (I forgot to tell you Nolan has just bought the paper they’re working for.)
"Easy, Houston," Briggs advises. "You don't know what you're talking about."
"I don't, don't I?" Fred shouts, shoving the confession under his nose. "Beck McArdle (Horace MacMahon) admits he beared those elevators cables on Gillette's orders. (to the others) Well, men, we're working for a murderer now. What are you going to do about it? I know what I want to do. Edit his paper for him tonight for the first and last time." He turns to one of the men, "I'm asking you to get out a yellow sheet tonight. You dig out everything we've got in the morgue on Banker Robinson. Write the truth on why he left the state—why he had to leave!" The man doesn't budge but compresses his lips defiantly. Fred wheels on the man next to him. "You give me a column and a half on the society mob that's really running the numbers racket in this burg!" This man is grim but impassive. "What are you waiting for?" Fred shouts wildly, "Give 'em news. Give 'em facts! Give 'em scandal! We'll wreck this paper. We'll wreck this town!"

"No you won't," Frances says slowly and sincerely, as she rises from her father's body. "That's not what my father died for. You'll be what you've taught me to be—what you've always been yourself—a decent newspaper man."

During a taut second the two fight for mastery.

"She's right, Houston," Lee Bowman says. "The police will take care of Gillette."

"No!" Fred maintains stoutly. "He's beat the police too often. We're going to rub him out with his own newspaper! Are you with me?"

Personally I don't care much for the way Fred reads that last line. There's no punch to it. But maybe he belongs to the repressed school of acting.

Having worn out my welcome at Paramount I start for—

20th Century-Fox

FOUR pictures going here, too: "Lancer Spy" which Gregory Ratoff is directing and which you'll read about next month, "Thin Ice" starring Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, "Wild and Woolly" starring Jane Withers and "You Can't Have Everything" with Charles Winninger and Alice Faye.

On the "Thin Ice" set, Sonja isn't working. But Tyrone is standing there in a dressing gown talking to his valet. Arthur Treacher, who is dressed for the street.

"Your Highness," Treacher begins and pauses dramatically, "I have had the honor to be with you since the day you were born. I hold your hand when you began to walk. I led your pony the first time you sat in a saddle. I have served your Highness loyally for twenty-five years. He righ-for-lornly. "And to think it should come to an end in the Village Inn at St. Christopher."

"Why, Nottingham," Tyrone exclaims. "What have I done?"

"Your Highness doesn't trust me any longer. You don't confide in me any more?" "What on earth gave you that idea?" Tyrone queries.

"Your Highness told me you moved here to ski. And now—"I've learned the real reason."

"The real reason?" Tyrone puzzles. And what is that?"

"That—that young person, sir." Art answers reluctantly. "The ice skater, sir."

"Oh!" Tyrone breathes in amazement. "Who told you that?"

"The whole town is talking about nothing else, sir," Treacher says sadly, "Only I did not know. And may I add, sir" dropping his head, it was very humilitating. "I can't understand it," Tyrone specu-
latis. "I was sure no one saw us together."

"No one could fail to recognize your Highness' car when you took her home last night," Treacher explains.

"I took her home last night?" Mr. Highness repeats. "Why, that's absurd!"

"Your Highness still isn't confiding in me," Treacher moans, hurt to the quick.

"But I'm telling you," Tyrone persists patiently. "I never left this room last night. I gave the chauffeur the night off."

"Then this whole thing is a monstrous plot!" Art ejaculates in shocked surprise. "Why, everyone believes the story about you and that young lady. We must deny it at once."

"Deny it?" Tyrone laughs. "What do you want us to do, Nottingham—ruin my reputation?"

It's getting so late I haven't even time to say "Hello" to Tyrone and Arthur. And, anyhow, Director Lanfield, as usual, is in a fine temper. One of these days retribution is going to overtake him and he won't get a bit picture just when his option falls due. Then we'll see.

The atmosphere is very different on the "Wild and Woolly" set, which Alfred Wer-...
"But you can't let Senators write their own speeches!" she cried incredulously.

When the scene is over Kay turns to me triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?" But just then the director calls for another take. "I never get to see you," Kay flatters me. "You'd better drop by the house some afternoon for a cocktail and then we can talk."

Will I???

Next there's "Varsity Show" starring Dick Powell.

In this scene he and the one and only Ted Healy have cornered Walter Catlett who is staging the college show. Mr. Catlett is as funny as they come—when the director holds him down—and he's evidently held this time.

Dick has been tactfully trying to suggest some changes that will improve the God-awful concoction Catlett has cooked up, but he'll have none of it. Mr. Healy is not quite so tactful. He believes in getting to the point so Dick finally has to explain to Catlett, "some of the students asked me to drop down for a while and assist you with the show."

"Assist him?" Ted ejaculates scornfully, pointing to the hapless Walter.

"I have all the assistance I need," Catlett retorts coldly. "Professor Blount is helping me with the humor. Professor Washburn (indicating Roy Atwill) with the dances and Mr. Mason (Fred Waring) with the music. I find them entirely adequate, so you see I won't need your assistance."

"Take off them glasses," Healy snarls threateningly as he advances on Mr. Catlett, but Dick holds him back.

"There seems to have been some misunderstanding," Dick admits.

Indeed there has, Walter agrees and turns to the cast. "I thought I had made it clear that I am in sole charge of this production. When I desire outside assistance, I will call for it." He turns to Dick and Ted. "I'm glad I ran into you," he adds with cold politeness.

"Glad I ran into you," Ted offers, and adds, "Too bad not in an automobile."

The last picture shooting here is "Mr. Dodds Takes The Air." Kenny Baker, Jane Wyman, Alice Brady, Frank McHugh, Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Michael have the leads in this.

I can't find out what the story is about but there is a room full of people in Alice's kitchen (and it looks suspiciously like the living room of Robert Montgomery in "Ever Since Eve"). Suddenly Alice comes down a couple of steps from the dining room, raises her arms and in clarion tones that you could hear from one end of the lot to the other, calls, "Quiet, please!"

"Mr. Dodds is going to favor us with a few selections. Come on, Mr. Dodds (turning back towards the dining room). Where are you, Mr. Dodds?"

"Mr. Dodds, in the person of Kenny Baker, appears. Alice takes him by the hand and leads him over to a small platform facing the crowd.

Alice is still screaming for "Quiet, please—a few manners." Kenny turns to the orchestra. "Drag that thing over here, closer," he snarls at the piano player.

This is a Merry Little production, being directed by Al Green. There are no two people in Hollywood with keener senses of humor than these two and with Alice to help them along, nonsense, this ought to be a regular wow!

But wow or not, I am practically out on my feet so you'll excuse me, please, if I simply murmur "Goodnight all" and leave you to your own devices.

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Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and see the sparkle that comes to your hair.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses, at 10¢ stores . . . 55¢ for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

SONG POEMS

Wed'ed At Once!

Mother, Home, and me,

A jest or a jest

Send best poem today for our offer.

RICHARD BROES, 22 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Learn How to GET RID OF HAIR

from FACE, LEGS, BODY

FOREVER!

YOU can be rid of embarrassing hair forever by new home treatment. Absolutely safe. No growth. No chemicals, no tweezing or friction. Screen stars have spent fortunes on this former expensive method. Now available TO YOU at home at low cost! Have the smooth, lovely skin that men admire! Claim your right to Roxanne! Only method approved by medical opinion. Test it at our expense! Mail coupon today for FREE Illustrated booklet and details of trial offer! 

BEAUTIDERM CO., Dept. 148, 1451 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Send FREE booklet "The Secret of Permanent Hair Removal" and details of 30-day FREE trial offer.

Name .

Address .

City & State .
FAUGHTER ahead! W. C. Fields, who has been ill for so many months, has now completely recovered and will presently begin work in Paramount’s big musical picture, “The Big Broadcast of 1938.” Bill’s popularity has never waned and his Sunday night broadcasts have brought millions of his listeners back into the ring.

MORE and more romantic! Fred Perry’s wife, Helen Vinson, was quite certain that he was the ideal husband. She was receiving flowers daily and life grew brighter and brighter until she found they were a build up from a local horticulturist looking for an order.

WHEN Gladys Swarthout returns from Europe she will start work on a very appropriate picture titled “The Yellow Nightingale.”

MARLENE DIETRICH, so the rumor goes, has a chauffeur named Murphy but she calls him Bridges, because she doesn’t believe that Murphy is a nice name for a chauffeur. Marlene is still being escorted to all the openings about town by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

THE most popular song around Hollywood night clubs this month is “Sweet Lellani.” The stars make more requests for that than any other song.

ARTHUR TREACHER thinks he is the best reason in the world to stage a one-man sitdown strike. As the screen’s ace gentleman’s gentleman, the dolichocephalic (but you don’t know what that means) Englishman scrivels or walked through all of his nearly one hundred roles. Now, after having been trained for a walkabout he now finds it imperative that he sit down the minute he finishes a take. But Tyrone Power decided he would have a little fun with Mr. Treacher in the “Thin Ice” set one day. Every time Treacher, who had been up late the night before, started to lower his length into a chair, Tyrone would play a photograph record of “God Save the King.” Treacher hastily but wearily stood up. Now he plans to stage a personal sitdown strike.

CORA WITHERSPOON dislikes quiet places. When she and her sister came to Hollywood from New York they were as pleased as any folk ever being able to have a home at last. So they rented a house in the quietest part of Beverly Hills and after a lot of trouble to redecorate it. They stayed only one night! It was so quiet Cora couldn’t sleep a wink. So they’ve moved back now to the noisiest hotel in Hollywood and Cora sleeps like a baby.

THE files in a motion picture studio are unique. They contain items that can be found in no other filing system in the world. For example, in the M-G-M studio files can be found such notations as “Clark Gable mustache,” “Eleanor Powell legs,” “Jeanette MacDonald hands” and other seemingly meaningless inscriptions.

The “mustache” file has pictures of almost every actor, wearing a mustache. When a director wants a certain type, he asks for a man with a “Clark Gable mustache” or an “Edmund Lowe mustache,” or whatever he needs.

Dave Gould, dance director, has a “legs” file of his own from which he selects dancers with the types of legs he needs in any dance number.

A Movie Fan’s Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. The loyal chief in “Literary Is Made At Night”
7. Among the night and the lady
13. Famous baritone at M-G-M
14. Son of Mohammed
15. The villain in “Ondoch”
17. Hanized
19. Type measure
20. Mercenry
21. Mode of transportation (abbr.)
22. Feminine name
24. The treasured maid in “Mammy”
26. She’s “mother” to the marines in “The Singing Marine”
29. A beverage
31. The cry of the crows
32. Drink little by little
drum singer
35. Cort of “Ivories Can’t Take Money”
36. Make late
to the elder daughter in “Call It A Day”
40. The god of thunder
44. City in Italy
56. A single unit
57. Vocal sounds made to indicate contempt
59. In “Ready, Willing and Able”
60. Floral ending
61. Addam
62. Established (abbr.)
63. Henry VIII in “The Prince and the Pauper”
64. The gambler’s wife in “Her Husband Lies”
65. The gambler’s wife in “Her Husband Lies”
70. Property
72. Personal pronoun
73. Bing’s love interest in “Walk It Back”
76. In “The Man Who Married a Woman”
77. Her last picture is “Wee Willie Winkie”
80. Famous Antarctic explorer
83. In “Vogues of 1938”
85. The doctor in “Quality Street”

DOWN
1. Fred MacMurray’s wife in “Swing High, Swing Low”
2. Peer
3. Thoroughfare (abbr.)
4. Starched of perfection
5. Tom Brown’s Sweetheart in “Thyme"e
6. Slipperton
7. To be victorious
8. Inflated
9. In “Wings Over Honolulu”
10. Son of a well-known acting team (initials)
11. To discharge slowly
12. Mrs. Al Jolson
13. The munitions manufacturer in “Espionage”
18. Near by
19. Old Man (abbr.)
25. With Kay Francis in “Another Dawn”
27. One of the government projects (abbr.)
29. The honest gambler in “Her Husband Lies”
30. With Dick Powell in “The Singing Marine”
33. The old father in “Make Way For Tomorrow”
34. To fix or fasten, as a ship
35. The sun god
36. Therefore
38. Gaye (poet.)
39. A high priest (Abb.)
41. Pardon
43. Perform
46. With Bob Montgomery in “Night Must Fall”
47. Speech of hesitancy
49. In regard to
51. Belief
52. The mother in “Call It A Day”
54. Southern state (abbr.)
55. Paid publicity
56. Probable
57. Japanese sash
58. Churchill monster
59. A denial
60. Morning (abbr.)
66. A great theatrical producer
68. Merry
70. Atmosphere
71. Army officer (abbr.)
72. Eastern state (abbr.)
74. Not rapidly (poet.)
75. Japanese coin
76. Martha Raye’s side partner (initials)
77. She recently returned to the screen (initials)
78. Upon
80. Heigh (abbr.)
81. Biblical pronoun

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

RKO HOLLYWOOD, YES
MAY HAYES, TILLY, CC
A FILMS, M. S. ENCEN
CIP COT D, ORLE
CAROLE, IN RADIUS
EDS, EXTRA NENS
V PHOTOGRAPHY
PERRY, NO, UO
ONT TO, I. C.ASEEA
RT DRAM, E. LAIR, RRR
ZULAT, STARDOM, LAST
ARE, CANLEY, ELIJA
JENETA, NORMAN
ELI, EL, LOR, ETT.
GEN
E, E, SORLOTTA, GGN

THE CUNED PRESS, INC., U.S.A.
The Happy Moment
— when the show is over

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating—doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose!"

SEE THE
BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

BEECHIES
Carry beautiful gifts for the girl of your heart.

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BEECHIES
Carry beautiful gifts for the girl of your heart.
Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr. aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

Young Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed (right) at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camels' delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

These distinguished women also prefer Camel's mild, delicate taste:

- Miss Joan Belmont, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas Bedell, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller Jr., New York
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

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Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

Costlier Tobaccos—Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels
“Well, she finally made the grade!”

“So ‘B.B.B.’ finally put it over!”

Dave, the City Editor mused. “Nice scoop for you, Clara.

“‘B.B.B.? That’s a new one on me, Dave.”

“Bad Breath Bertha. Society’s been calling her that behind her back ever since she came out 10 years ago. You know it as well as I do.”

“Better! But they can’t say it any more.”

“How come?”

“About a year ago I told her what her trouble was; felt sorry for her . . . suggested she use Listerine.”

“And now she knocks off the prize catch of the town; you had nerve, Clara.”

“She thanked me for it. She’d never have landed him but for that hint.”

“Say! There’s an idea there for the Advice to Women column. ‘Control your Breath and you Control your Future.’

“Not so dumb, Dave. If you met as many men and women as I do you’d realize that most of them have halitosis and never realize it.”

“That’s the insidious part about it, as the ads say.”

“Show me a woman who’s careless about her breath and I’ll show you a gal that’s already on the shelf.”

“Right you are, Clara. My girls wouldn’t think of going to a party without first using the old Listerine.”

“Smart kiddies!”

“By the way, Clara, how’s Listerine for that morning after taste and the old next day breath?”

“My husband says it does the trick.”

“O. K., Clara, I’ll give you a report Monday.”

DON’T OFFEND OTHERS

There’s no doubt of it; Listerine Antiseptic, with its remarkable deodorant power, is the accepted treatment for halitosis (bad breath) whether caused by excessive eating and drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, or decaying teeth. Use night and morning, and between times before social and business engagements.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
Pampers her skin with costly lotions but she ignores her tender, ailing gums

Another "Dental Cripple" in the Making

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Pat, Pat, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. And rightly so! Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and captivating—but not until she learns the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he'll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. "More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums" is the likely verdict—and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don't wait for the warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

Listen to "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Remember—
a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.
Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great MGM attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!

JEANETTE MACDONALD • ALLAN JONES
THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

Greta Garbo • Charles Boyer
MARIE WALEWSKA

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!

WILLIAM POWELL • MYRNA LOY
DOUBLE WEDDING

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!

JOAN CRAWFORD • FRANCIS TONE
THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot Tonne gallivanting through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38
REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1937

Volume Seven Number Eleven

Silver Screen

Eliot Keen
Editor

Elizabeth Wilson
Western Editor

Lenore Samuels
Assistant Editor

Frank J. Carroll
Art Director

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Help Award The 1937 Silver Screen Gold Medal

Vote For Your Favorite Star

COVER PORTRAIT OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

Silver Screen. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. O. Hartson, President; J. S. MacGannard, Vice President; J. J. Superler, Secretary and Treasurer; Advertising Office: 42 West 52d St., Chicago, Ill. Address communications to this office. Copyright, 1937, by Screenland Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, or otherwise, without written permission from the publisher. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as second-class matter at the mailing office at Chicago, Ill. Under the Act of March 3, 1879. © 1937 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A.
Florence's fact. Cal. A Good, semi-historical film, with the familiar but always romantic Robin Williams as the Fortean who discovers, the widower and the wealthy girl to reduce.

COUNCIL FOR CRIME—Fair. Although Glenda Goodbar doesn't have the unscrupulous lawyer who defends hardened criminals, the picture itself does not measure up to either his or Douglas Montgomery's talents, though it was a young legal assistant who shows up his senior's slick defense work. (Jacqueline Wells).

DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Fair. A youngster who also has a capable violinist heads the cast of this picture. The child actor Ian English by the strange name of Jack Donald gets led up with his family whom he supports on soccer by his playing, and runs away to enjoy life on the taw. He gets mixed up with gangsters, but eventually is discovered safe and sound. (Gordon Williams, Heida Hopper).

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Fine. This may be propaganda, but, when well presented, propaganda can be very entertaining. Here we have the problem of a district attorney forced to prosecute a wealthy boy when he once defended so well he won his D. A. through the case. (Richard Dax, Joan Perry, John Wray).

EVER SINCE EVE—Fair, Marion Davies' Latest film, even as a beautiful character who has trouble holding jobs because her employers don't admit "datable" about her. She, Marion dons eyeglasses and a trampy makeup and becomes the successful secretary of a boiler, Bob Montgomery, so successful, in fact that she marries him. There's Lucy Loder, (Patsy Kelly, Louise Loder, Ellen Jenkins).

EXCLUSIVE—Exciting. The newspaper business proves here that it, too, has occasional bouts with racketeers. Frances Farmer is cast as a ruthless modern reporter on the staff of an unscrupulous publisher. Her father, Charles Ruggles, and her sweetheart, Fred MacMurray are in the newspaper game also, but their ideas differ from hers.

FOREVER YOURS—Charming. A British musical starting the great operatic star, Beni- mino Cagli. The story is a sympathetic one, concerning a lovely English girl, disappointed in love, who finds the happiness of working with a soul, and remains faithful even through her fickle lover returns. The musical episodes are enchanting. (John Gardner).

HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Good. A small town in Indiana is the setting for the story of a high school student who son who are misunderstood by the community at large until a new teacher shows them in her unorthodox way the true situation and proceeds to set everything straight in the lives of the students. (Heidi Ballinger, Anne Nagel).

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pressive film, superlatively acted. (Roland Young, Paul Robeson, Anne Lee, John Loder).

KING OF GAMBLERS—Fair. In theme this resembles "Marked Woman" so closely that it's bound to draw comparisons which will not be in favor of this as an "also ran." By way of not following the plot structure too painstakingly, the game hand is clever, and the girl is a night club entertainer. (Alan Tarnoff, Claire Trevor).

LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN, THE—Fine. No Wolfe, the portly detective who solves intricate cases without moving out of his old brownstone, is now one of the most interesting cases in this film. (Alfred Lunt, Edward Ellinor, Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Stander).

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—Fine. Film laces at its interest with a trial. The wife is cast as the youth who suddenly gets rich and in an expansive mood promises to bring true any wish made by Florence Rice, a girl he has just met. The fulfillment of Florence's wish provides the situations for a delightfully hilarious plot that will give you many a hearty laugh.

MEET THE MISSUS—Amusing. Once again Victor Moore plays one of those cool, sappy husbands who fights more often in film life than in real life. This time his wife, Helen Broderick, is a pushover for contestas, which body supplies material for many gags. Ann Shirley and Alan Dine equal the triumphs of the latest film.

I COVER THE WAR—Amusing. A fast-moving adventure yarn in which two intrepid agents, one British, the other American, are the main characters, and the man is a flag-raise Sergeant (Gary Cooper), a Quid to the man's wife, and, of course, a feasible marriage. (Raymond Walburn, Bob Armstrong).

ON AGAIN—OFF AGAIN—Good. Wheeler and Woolsey off to a good start as partners in a pill factory, and with the added asset of a fairy tale story to work in with their usual gags. There are some nice sets, some haphazard songs and several songs that may prove hits. (Marjorie Lord, Esther Wieder).

PARADISE ISLE—Charming. This South Sea Island tale, filmed in Hawaii, is plenty lovely to look at and the story, that of a ship-wrecked white man bound for a port where he was to have a career, is beginning to falling again, is told in a tender, sympathetic fashion that is always convincing. Warren Hull and Movita—the native girl of "Mutiny On The Bounty"—head the cast.

SWEETHEART OF THE NAVY—Good. Spectacular scenic film of the life of a charming lass (Cecilia Parker) who is badly injured in a shipwreck, and is provided for her by the loyal gals who frequent the cafe. Eric Linden is the gals' leader, and both girls share her problems. A swell prize fight is staged, and there's some effective songs and dances.
20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW!

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue"... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing"... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING!

ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely... lifting to new hi-de-heights!
CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!
TONY MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!
TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!

with

RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom... give 'em room...

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!

DON AMECE
Your new heart-throb... now star of radio's biggest show!

RUBINOFF
and his Violin... that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!

PHYLLIS BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!

TYLER BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY
MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

"Afraid To Dream"
"Danger, Love At Work"
"The Loveliness Of You"
"Please Pardon Us, We're In Love"
"You Can't Have Everything"

20th CENTURY-FOX
THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
You're on the Air

Many Hundreds Of Thousands Of
Readers See The Letters On This
Page. Write Your Opinions And
Communicate Your Criticisms And
Suggestions. Address "You're On
The Air Editor."

Hurrah for Warner Brothers," writes Lillian Cyanon of E. 57th St.,
New York, N. Y. "Just when I had
concluded that Hollywood had hopelessly
gone sissy, they come forward with Wayne
Morris in "Kid Galahad." Woza man! I
hope it heralds the end of the chorus boy
type who has so long dominated the screen.
And where is Henry Wilcoxon, as red-blooded,
two-fisted a guy as ever gladdened a
gal's heart? His honest scowl is worth a
dozen smirks from the ha-de-ha boys.
I know Errol Flynn is supposed to be a
swashbuckler, but he doesn't look the part—
just wears the costumes."

Of course Errol Flynn, who was
toughed-up in the South Sea Islands,
smiles. It's all so silly compared with the things
that he has known.

"Congratulations to Robert Taylor," writes Elinor Hale of Sedalia, Mo. 
"Not only is he handsome, but he can
really act. The performance he turned in
in 'Magnificent Obsession' was marvelous. Here's wishing Bob lots of luck from
the bottom of my heart."

That makes it unanimous!

"Just the other night I went with a
friend to a neighborhood movie house and
cut a saw that, if standing up and
shouting bravos had been customary, I
should have done so," writes Mortal Baum-
hut of Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I felt
that theatre in a frame of mind inexcus-
able even to myself. I lived each moment,
I cried with no shame. I laughed with
a teary sort of mirth. I marvelled at the
beauty of the scenes before me. The acting
was flawless, the plot was 'life,' and when
I say that at the conclusion of this grand
and glorious feature men seated about me
sheepishly brought out their handkerchiefs.
I'm not exaggerating. 'A Star Is Born' is
my vote for the picture winner of the
Academy Award of 19 37."

You have voiced the opinion of millions
of fans.

"Congratulations, Eliot Keen, on
having one of the finest writing staffs as-
scribed," writes Dorothy Hyde of West
10th St., New York. "I have enjoyed those
articles called 'Projections,' by Miss Wilson,
ten. much, but would it be asking too
much to have a few 'Projections' of the
men stars?"

"Before I close I want to give three
cheers for Ed Sullivan's article in the July
issue entitled, 'Footlight Secrets.' It is about
time somebody wrote an article like that.
I agree with everything Mr. Sullivan says
in it. Why Luise Rainer should be called
the most beautiful actress and the most
talented is beyond me. How about Irene
Dunne, Claudette Colbert and a few of our
other beautiful and talented players? Mr.
Rainer's eye fluttering and bahiyah face
is too much for me."

Her eyes do not flutter unless the part
calls for it. She's a superb actress, and her
performance in "The Good Earth" can
never be forgotten.

"It must be wonderful to be the sub-
ject of a fan personality story! The stars
are so generous, kind, loving, forgiving,
sweet—nuts! As a matter of fact, they are
nothing of the sort. The personality stories
are dumb, that's the trouble," writes D. H.
Johnson of Matamuck, R. I.

"Why don't you have a personality story
that you have been a few human faults.
Everyone else has a touch or two on the
dark side and, anyway, I hate perfect
people."

"How much better we would like the
girls if they had a spark or two of temper,
and how quickly we would forgive them if
they did explode once in a while. Our
favorites are not pigs and here's hoping
that future personality stories will give the
Devil his due and all the little Devils a
line or two."

"Only a line divides the false from the
true."

"Three Cheers and an orchid for
Dana Burnett's article, 'Raging Hollywood
Bunk,' in the July issue of your swell
magazine. He sure has the right slant on
the fan drive, printed in some magazines
and papers," writes Ruth Booth of Chardon,
Ohio.

"Who cares whether Joan Crawford
makes her own bed or that so-and-so and
so-and-so are madly in love with one an-
other, the result of a garden party meeting?"

We have referred your question to the
diplomatic corps, it's too much for us.

Silver Screen

Having finished "Love in a
Bungalow," Nan Grey rests
while awaiting her next as-
signment at Universal Studio.
A Revelation
in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story
by the authors of "Boy Meets
Girl" that will give you the great-
est thrill in years! Girls... music
...romance... stars... comedy...
fashions... all done in Advanced
TECHNICOLOR so dazz-
ling it takes your breath away!

ALAN MOWBRAY—
what a riot of laughs
this guy gives you!

MISCHA AUER—
twice as funny as in
"My Man Godfrey!"

HELEN VINSON—
alluring, but oh!... so
aggravating!

WARREN BAXTER
JOAN BENNETT

Walter Wanger's
VOGUES OF 1938
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
Helen VINSON • Mischa AUER
Alan MOWBRAY • Jerome COWAN
Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER
Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella SPEWACK

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

with "The Most Photographed Girls in the World"... those
WALTER WANGER MODELS
WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS
Clothes Last
Longer With
Dress Shields
You can ruin your new frock in an hour—without dress shields! Make a vow, now, never again to wear a dress or blouse without a Kleiner's "Bra-form."

First of all, you'll look better. Bra-forms are carefully fitted to give smooth high rounded lines to both slender and mature figures.
The dress shields are held in exactly the right position and no matter how much you exercise, your clothes will be safe not only from under-arm moisture but friction and harsh under-arm cosmetics, too.

Your favorite Notion Counter will gladly show you a variety of Bra-forms, from a dollar up, in all the popular brassiere materials. Washed in a moment, always ready—without sewing—to wear with any dress. Also, Kleiner's sew-in Dress Shields from 25¢ a pair up.

Kleiner's

ASK FOR KLEINER'S LAUNDERITE SHIELDS—25¢ A PAIR AT NOTION COUNTERS.

HAIR IS
STILL WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

B RUSH, brush, brush—for beauty! Pretty Jacqueline Wells, Hollywood newcomer appearing in Columbia's "Counsel for Crime," knows the important part her hair has to play in a film career. So she's never too busy to give her luxuriant, light brown tresses the brushing that keeps them bright and manageable.

Whatever the color, texture and condition of your own hair, it's bound to be better for brushing. It may be any of the shades between honey blonde and blue black, by Nature or by art. It may be dry (as most heads of hair are at the end of a summer of salt sea bathing and bright sunlight), or so oily that it looks positively "greased" a few days after a shampoo. Perhaps it's soft and fine, the type hairdressers call "baby hair," or coarse and wavy. That doesn't matter. There isn't a single exception to our first rule for hair beauty—daily brushing.

You don't have to be afraid a brush will ruin your "set," nor that brush styles favor the soft, natural-looking coiffures. The days when we touched our waves gingerly with a comb and wore nets over them at night are gone forever, we fervently hope. Even the most fashionable hairdressers are setting hair so it can be brushed, then combed and patted back into place.

Besides being softer and shinier, waves and curls are actually more lasting when they're brushed. The polished hairs seem to hold together better, with a minimum of stiff, stray ends to mar the effects of good grooming.

Brush your hair in every direction, so each single fibre and every inch of scalp get a good airing. Count your strokes, and don't compromise on less than a hundred a day. We like to start our brushing forward, over the head. Brush up and over, from the nape of your neck and behind your ears to the tip of the longest hair.

Then brush straight up from the forehead, use long, strong strokes. The more "pull" the better. After you've finished the vigorous brushing for hair health and beauty, find the part again and start rearranging your coiffure. Brush those curls and rolls up over your finger to give them an added smoothness and lustre.

Our second rule for glorious locks is know your own hair. Actually, it's as characteristic as handwriting or fingerprints. Haven't you read newspaper reports and mystery stories where a few stray hairs have helped the police identify the criminal?

You can have your hair analyzed. There are laboratories where you can send a lock of hair, have it analyzed chemically and receive sound, practical advice on how to correct any ailment that interferes with its health or beauty. One such is the Hair Research Laboratories in New York. Beauty shops use this service regularly, especially when they're confronted with a head of hair that won't take a good permanent wave or a satisfactory dye. If you're having trouble with your own hair, it's a wise precaution to have an analysis and individualized advice on its care. The fee is very small.

Whether you're straight-haired or curly-headed is up to you, now that permanent waves have been perfected to the point of giving you just as much curl as you want. And there's no discomfort in the process when you have a Zotos machineless permanent. Tiny featherweight pads take the place of overhead wiring, so you can move.

Your Entire Appearance Will Suffer If Your Hair Is Dull And Lifeless.

By
Mary
Lee
around to your heart's content while the wave's being put into your hair. The Vossos wave has been found especially effective for difficult types of hair, such as white, babyline, dyed or bleached.

News has happened in the field of hair beauty! The cause of dandruff, that annoying ailment that showered powdery flakes over one's shoulder, is proven to be a germ that goes by the name of "Pityrosporum Ovale." It may sound frightening, but it can be routed by a good germicide. Your old friend Listerine, rubbed into your scalp full-strength once or twice a day, is anathema to this dandruff-producing creature. The best way to apply it is on a pad of cotton, rubbed thoroughly over the entire scalp. Massage your scalp vigorously with your fingertips, using a rotary motion, after you've applied Listerine.

Now we're going to tell you some tricks we've learned for repairing beauty shop curls or making your own at home. We discovered a type of curler at the five-and-ten that's just as comfortable as it is efficient. It's name is "Vassar." Made of flexible rubber, it's ever so easy to use. You can wear Vassar Waves all night without losing any of your beauty sleep because you'll forget you have them on!

An aid to hair beauty with dozens of uses is the bob pin. We can't for the life of us understand how we ever got along without it! If you haven't formed the habit of keeping a supply of bob pins constantly on hand, it's probably because you haven't tried the De Long brand. They have a bulldog grip that makes them stay where you put them, and they won't "spread." There are two kinds, straight and curved, which you can get at five-and-ten cent stores.

Entirely aside from their use in keeping one's hair-do in place, De Long bob pins make excellent curlers. Dampen your hair with a waving lotion or warm water. Where you want curls, take a strand of hair and comb it out straight. Then wind it around into a little coil, and secure it with a bob pin. After your hair has dried, take out the pins and comb the hair up over your forefinger to make curls. You can comb several of these little coils together to make large, soft curls or rolls. We always carry a few bob pins in our purse to repair curls that go astray on rainy or hot, humid days.

We have found De Long bob pins invaluable in setting waves, too. Place one at each edge of the intended wave, then pull the hair forward between them with your comb. Make the ridges of the wave back from your forehead by pressing the dampened hair between the middle and forefinger. Then place a few bob pins along the ridges to keep them in place.

A dandy lotion for giving home-made coffiles that "professional" look is Dr. Ellis' new Clear Wave Set. It can be used on any shade of hair without interfering with the color. And it simply won't flake. As a matter of fact, it gives your hair an added sheen that increases its beauty. A special advantage of Dr. Ellis Wave Set is its quick drying. Sounds expensive, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Five-and-ten cent stores and most drugstores carry it.

And now for a word about those unmanageable wisps at the nape of your neck, if you're letting a shingle "grow out." They should be at least two inches long before they'll take a permanent wave. Meantime, you can turn them up with Stardeline, the same thick "goo" girls used to make spit curls with, when those atroci- ties were fashionable.

Don't forget that your curls must be thoroughly dry before you comb them out. If you have a permanent wave, you can roll up your hair on curlers while it's dry, then put warm water on it. Hair dries quicker this way.

I WOULDN'T USE THIS GREASY DEODORANT IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO

YOU DON'T—THE NEW ODORONO ICE ISN'T GREASY AT ALL!

New Cream Deodorant
No Grease ... No Fuss ... Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

JUST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "vanishing-cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

No more stained dresses, no extra cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in ... and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn nasty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol ... and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 39c at all Toilet Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day ... get a jar NOW!!

SEND 10c FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 95-R-7, 58 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2580, Montreal)
I enclose 10c (15c in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State, ______
Delectable Dishes Made With Pastry

By Ruth Corbin

Jean Parker has a perfectly grand time mixing her pastry preparatory to making an apple of fruit pies for Sunday dinner.

EVERY homemaker should know how to make a good pastry. It is an important part of kitchen lore, for it is adaptable to both main dishes and sweet melting desserts. It is really quite simple once you get the knack. There are two distinct types of pastry—the mealy and the flaky. The difference lies in the manner of manipulation—the ingredients are the same. To make a mealy or crumbly crust work shortening into flour as finely as possible; for a flaky crust have shortening in small lumps throughout flour. Remember that it is always better to undermix pastry than to overmix and no matter what type pastry you are making use as little water as possible. This is more than any other factor determines the tenderness of your pastry—the less water the shorter the crust. Here is a foolproof recipe and these measurements are for 2 nine inch crusts.

**PASTRY**

3 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour
1 tsp. salt
3/4 cup Crisco
1/2 cup butter
About half a cup of ice water

Cut in shortening with two knives or a pastry blender. (Part butter makes a tender crust.) Have it evenly distributed, the size of a pea. Add only enough ice water to moisten. Gather dough into two rolls, wrap in wax paper and chill. When you fill or bake, first into the store, have oven at about 400° F, to set pastry, then reduce heat to about 375° F. to finish cooking.

**OYSTER PIE**

Into 2 cups of white sauce put a little celery salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice and a dozen oysters. Season to taste, cover with a 12 inch pie crust and bake 20 minutes in a hot (450° F) oven or until crust is done.

**ANGEL FOOD PIE**

Beat 4 egg whites until almost stiff. Add 1/2 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until mixture stands alone. Pour into baked pie shell. Place in slow oven (300° F) and bake about 30 minutes or until whites are slightly browned. Remove from oven and allow to cool. Whip 1 cup of cream. Add 1/4 cup sugar and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Spread evenly over cooled pie. Sprinkle generously with ground nut meats.

**CHICKEN AND VEGETABLE PIE**

Cut a 4 pound fowl into pieces for serving. Cover with 2 quarts of boiling water, add 1 sliced onion, 3 stalks of chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon white pepper. Simmer until tender, about 3 hours. Remove fowl and allow broth to cool. Next make a thin paste of 1/4 cup flour and 1 cup of milk. Add to broth. Then has been reduced to about 1 quart, and cook until it thickens. Add 1 cup cooked or canned peas, 1 cup cooked or canned diced carrots or any other desired vegetables and season to taste. Arrange chicken in Pyrex dish and cover with sauce. Roll pastry to 1/4 inch thickness and either spread over entire top of dish or cut with a doughnut cutter, placing rings on top of chicken. Bake in hot oven (425° F) for about 25 minutes.

**CANNED FRUIT PIES**

Combine 3 cups canned fruits, drained, with 1 cup of fruit juice, sugar to taste, and 3 tablespoons of Minutes Tapioca. Pour into a 9 inch pie crust, cover with top crust and bake in hot oven for about 30 minutes. Part brown sugar will lend a nice flavor.

Another delightful pie is made quickly by pouring canned apple sauce into a cooked shell, covering with whipped cream and setting in refrigerator.

**CHIFFON PIE**

Still another quick pie is made by forcing a quart of strawberries through a sieve and adding to this pulp 1/2 cup of sugar. Soak 2 teaspoons Knox's Gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes, dissolve over hot water, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and combine with strawberries. Chill. When partially set roll in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites to which have been added 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 at a time. Pour into baked pastry shell, chill.
until set. Garnish, if desired, with sweetened whipped cream and whole berries. Peach Chiffon pie may be made by dissolving package of either lemon or pineapple gelatin in a cup of boiling water and adding 1 cup of peach pulp, 2 beaten, salted egg whites are then added and the whole beaten until fluffy before pouring into baked shell.

**ENGLISH MEAT PIE**

2 pounds round or sirloin steak
1 1/2 cups chopped onions, sliced
3/4 cup boiling water
2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. salt and pepper
3 lamb kidneys
2 1/2 tbsp. butter or Crisco
1 1/2 tbsp. Worcestershire

**Pastry**

Make a tender streusel from above ingredients, thickening gravy with flour, cool and turn into Pyrex dish. Pour half the gravy over meat and save half to pour over serving. Cover dish with top crust of pastry, with small center hole for escaping steam. This pie may be varied in a number of ways. It can be transformed into an American Beefsteak Pie by omitting kidneys and adding 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 2 cups raw, diced potatoes. Veal or lamb may be substituted for beef with equally tasty results. A baking powder dough may be used instead of pastry; this is particularly desirable in Chicken pies. Crusts should always be rolled thicker than for dessert pies.

**HAM AND EGG PIE**

4 eggs, slightly beaten
1/2 tsp. Royal Baking Powder
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup milk

1 cup Kraft's or Borden's
grated cheese
2 cups Swif's Premium Ham
cooked and cut in 1/2 inch cubes

Beat eggs lightly and add all other ingredients. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell. Bake in very hot oven (425° F.) 20 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. This is a grand dish served with grilled tomatoes or a green salad, and is an entirely new idea in pies. So, also, is

**SWEET POTATO PORK PIE**

1 1/2 pounds pork
1 stalk celery
3 springs parsley
2 tbsp. flour
or Styro
2 cups Stock

Cut pork into small pieces, cover with water, add bayleaf, salt, pepperpots, celery and parsley and cook until tender. Sauté onions in Crisco until light yellow. Add flour and stir until smooth. Add stock gradually and, stirring constantly, cook until smooth and thickened. Arrange alternate layers of pork and apples in greased Pyrex dish. Sweet potato crust is made by simmering together 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon Royal baking powder and 1/2 teaspoons salt. Add 1 cup mashed sweet potatoes and about 1/4 cup of milk to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, roll to 1/8 inch thickness, cut with biscuit cutter and arrange on pie. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 90 min.

Keep on hand a supply of baked tart and pie shells and patties. They come in handy for all manner of deserts and other dishes. Patties are nice filled with creamed foods, meat or vegetables, and a tart shell can in an emergency be filled with fresh or canned fruits, topped with whipped cream. They make ravishing desserts.

Another thing to remember is that pastry trimmings may be used to make small turnovers, canapes, cheese sticks, small rounds for meat pies, etc. Cheese is chopped into pastry for the sticks. It is then rolled very thin and cut in narrow strips. Each strip is twisted like a cork screw and then baked in a hot oven (425° F.) for from 10 to 15 minutes. Canapes can be cut in various shapes, sprinkled before baking with caraway seeds or curry powder, and topped, just before serving, with anchovies, olives, sandwich spreads, deviled ham or cheese.

**SAND AND MUSHROOM PIE**

Make a large can of tuna fish and combine with a can of Heinz Cream of Mushroom soup, 1/4 cup diced celery, 1/4 cup green peppers, diced; salt and pepper to taste. Pour into a shallow baking dish, top with pastry and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.).

Fruit rolls, made by spreading a cooked, sweetened fruit pulp over 1/4 of an inch pastry sheet made with a soft Bisquick dough, and rolling up like a jelly roll, are nice. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (425° F.). Serve with cream or lemon sauce.

All sorts of fruit pies (prune, apricot, huckleberry, etc) are always a welcome dessert and particularly the old favorite, apple pie. This is easily made with sliced tart, cooking apples, sugar, cinnamon or nutmeg, a little flour and quite a lot of butter. You can lend newness to this old stand by occasionally adding a few raisins or cranberries to apple filling and putting top pastry on lattice fashion.

For appearance sake always flute rim of your pie pastry by placing left index finger against inside of rim and pinching it on outside with tips of right thumb and index finger.

---

**RKO's NEW FACES choose this MAKE-UP**

Blonde or Brunette! . . . here is a new make-up to accent the color attraction of your type. Note coupon for make-up test.

**Lip Make-Up Lasts for Hours**

Because it's moisture-proof, Max Factor's Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours . . . one dollar.

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**Rouge Beautifies Naturally**

Actual lifelike colors . . . the secret of Max Factor's color harmony rouge. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily . . . fifty cents.

**Face Powder is Satin-Smooth**

Screen stars know, so you, too, may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create a satin-smooth make-up that stays for hours, in color harmony shades . . . one dollar.

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**Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your Color Harmony: Max Factor, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.**

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At M-G-M

ON THE first set I visit here Miss Myrna Loy, my favorite actress, is emotioning with Willie Powell in "Double Wedding," I'm like Winchell. If I were an actor I'd only play opposite Myrna Loy and Myrna Loy and Myrna Loy.

It seems Myrna runs one of New York's smartest dress shops, backed by Mrs. Bly (Jessie Ralph). She has to run her home as efficiently as her business, which distresses her younger sister (Florence Rice). Myrna is determined Florence and John Beal shall marry. They don't like the idea of being forced into wedded bliss and Florence, particularly, is afraid marriage will interfere with her plans for a film career. John runs into an old classmate (William Powell) who is a vagabond artist living in a trailer. Mr. Powell encourages Florence in her ambitions and several nights a week she and John slip away to meet Powell at a joint run by Spike (Edgar Kennedy), where Powell coaches her in dramatic arts. Of course, there is something a little incongruous about John and Bill having been classmates when Bill is about fifteen years older. But maybe he was backward in his studies and, after all, we shouldn't quibble over a few years when art is being served. At any rate, Myrna has just found out about these meetings and she is plenty upset.

She is in a very pale blue crepe dress, seated at a table in the dining room eating her breakfast. It's a very gay room—a long white refectory table with a mirror top and a couple of small crystal trees for decorations. The chairs are all white with cobalt blue upholstering. Through the doorways can be seen the hall. The walls are a bilious chartreuse.

Myrna has the phone in her hand when her butler, an ex-policeman (Sidney Toliver), comes in. She continues speaking into the phone. "But I must speak to Mrs. Bly, I'm sure Mrs. Bly would want to be called." Suddenly she speaks irritably, "I don't care whether she came in five minutes ago."

Then she gains control of herself again. "Very well, then, have her call me as soon as she gets up." She hangs up the phone, rises and starts walking away. Toliver has been watching her in amazement.

"Your eggs, Miss Agnew," he begins in conversation as he sees her start for the door.

"Shall I call Miss Irene (Florence Rice) and Mr. Beaver (John Beal)?"

"No, let them sleep," Myrna answers shortly. ""You are coming towards the table. Someone in this house has to sleep." She turns and paces back toward the door, then turns and faces Toliver. "Keep up, how good a policeman were you?"

"Best on the force," Toliver admits modestly, and explains, "Crooked politics got me out." [Continued on page 16]
SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
presents

The Greatest Romantic
Adventure Story of All Time

Made by David O. Selznick, who gave you
DAVID COPPERFIELD and A STAR IS BORN

RONALD COLMAN

IN

The PRISONER
of ZENDA

Based on Edward Rose's dramatization of
Anthony Hope's novel

MADELEINE CARROLL WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
MARY ASTOR • RAYMOND MASSEY
C. AUBREY SMITH • DAVID NIVEN

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
JOHN CROMWELL

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS
"Yes, of course," Myrna agrees, raising her hand in protest as she sees a long story coming. "Some other time, please, Kough, or I'll get up to something I can't be blamed for. You remember the man with the raccoon coat (that schoolboy Powell)?" Toler nods sharply. "I have every reason to believe he is a dangerous criminal. His name is Charlie Lodge . . . ."

"A phoney name?" Sid begins. "Prob'ably," Myrna interrupts. "He lives in an auto-trailer in an empty lot next to that Spike's place."

"Handy for a quick getaway," Sid interposes.

"I thought of that," Myrna concedes. "Now, Kough, there are certain reasons why I want to find out all about this man."

"I understand," he reassures her soothingly.

"You understand what?" Myrna demands sharply.

"Blackmail," Toler elucidates. "You probably wrote some letters."

"I did nothing of the sort!" Myrna ejaculates. "Kindly do not jump to conclusions."

"Don't worry," Toler comforts her, still thinking he's right about her, "a detective is like a doctor. He ain't allowed to tell what he knows."

"There's nothing to know!" Myrna clips him off. "He's sure to have a police record, Find out all you can about him. Shadow him until further notice . . . night and day. I want to know every move he takes."

Well, I'm telling you, this director who is nothing short of a slave-driver, goes from one take into another until I think I'm going nuts (what was that smart crack?) and I can't even wait to find out if Myrna remembers me or not. I just leave and proceed to—"

20th Century-Fox

IT SEEMS there are three pictures at work out here: "Thin Ice" starring Sonja Henie and Tyroen Power of which I have already told you. "Born Reckless" (with Rochelle Hudson) which is on location, and "Danger—Love at Work" featuring Ann Sothern, Jack Haley, Mary Boland and Everett Horton.

The plot of this picture is just too utterly untenable to attempt to go into. If any of you who I'm going to be reading this department (I hope) were old enough to go to the movies then, you may remember "Three Cornered Moon" and the story of those merry, mad Rimpelmers in which Miss Boland also figured. This is the same sort of picture and I can hardly wait to see it. Of course, it may fizzle out but I don't see how it can with such swell actors. (Mr. Haley, quit wallowing your eyes around and take a bow.)

I'll just tell you that Mary Boland, Ann Sothern, Eileen Girardot, John Carradine and Benny Bartlett comprise the screwiest family seen on the screen in years. And La Horton is Ann's latest fiancée, Jack is trying to get their signatures to a deed of sale to a piece of property their grandfather willed them—share and share alike. It's well-nigh hopeless, Miss B's aplomb is never shadowed, never ruffled, by any of the screwy goings-on about her. At the moment she and Mr. Horton are in the living room where she is industriously plying her knitting needles.

"You know," Mary vouchsafes confidentially, "the crazy young lawyer who wants to buy Grandpa's farm? He was just here. He wanted us to sign something."

"What was it?" Eddie Horton queries excitedly.

"A paper," Mary tells him helpfully.

"Of course," he agrees impatiently. "What did it say?"

"I don't know," she admits. "I didn't have my glasses."

"What was his name?" Eddie demands.

"Let's see," she ponders, pausing in her knitting. "The Evans introduced him . . . ."

"Oh, no, how silly of me! That was the man who rescued Togo."

At this point Mr. Girardot dashes madly across the stage in back of the helpless pair I've been telling you about, wildly pursued by Master Bartlett, who carries a lighted candle.

"Papa," Mary admonishes him severely, "you're not setting a very good example for Junior, Howard is about to explode."

"My fellow's name," Eddie yells.

"What's his name? I'm going to find out all about him."
“Hmmm,” Roland puzzles “what was his name—Oh, here’s his card. Maybe his name’s on that.”

“It’s barely possible,” Horton agrees sarcastically.

Just then a series of bellows split the air, followed by a loud crash. Mary gives a little laugh.

“What’s that?” Eddie shrieks, jumping a couple of feet into the air.

“Why,” she explains in a matter of fact tone, “that’s Junior. He’s beating Papa—or Papa’s beating him. Let’s see, which was it? Oh, I guess they’re beating each other.”

This thing has got me so puzzled I wonder if the tail is wagging the dog or the dog is wagging the tail. Before I go completely nuts, I leave and proceed to—

Universal

THERE are three pictures going here—

“Too Clever to Live,” “That’s My Story” and “Too Men and A Girl.”

The last named stars Deanna Durbin and Adolphe Menjou. The story concerns a lot of out-of-work musicians—particularly Menjou and Mischa Auer. Menjou is Deanna’s father and they’re finding the going pretty tough. Only this very morning their landlord has told them they must pay up their back rent—$52.50—or vacate. Menjou tries to see Stokowski in an attempt to get into his orchestra. He gets thrown out of the hall for his persistency. On the way out he finds a woman’s purse stuffed with bills. He goes back to the box-office to return the purse but the hobo behind the screen thinks it’s a ruse to get in to see Stokowski so he has him thrown out again. Menjou goes home, pays the rent and tells Deanna he got the job. But he can’t fool her for long. When she finds out the truth she insists on returning the purse to its owner.

The owner, a flighty society woman (Alice Brady—hi, Alice) offers to sponsor a symphony orchestra when she learns there are hundreds of musicians out of work.

Deanna goes happily back to tell her father the good news. He is in the musicians’ club playing poker—for matches.

“Three for me,” Mischa Auer requests.

And it is at this point Deanna rushes up. “Daddy,” she begins excitedly, “I can start an orchestra!”

“How about you, Carl?” Menjou asks Michael Fitzmaurice, and paying no attention to Deanna. He scapes in the matches they are using for money and whispers to

[Continued on page 64]

NEW TITLES
To Give You A Better
Idea Of The
LATEST PICTURES

“Angle Shooter” (Pat O’Brien) has been changed to

“Back in Circulation”

“With Kind Regards” (Ralph Bellamy) has been changed to...

“It Can’t Last Forever”

“Once A Hero” (Richard Dix) has been changed to...

“It Happened in Hollywood”

“Good Night Ladies” (Lynne Overman) has been changed to...

“Blonde Trouble”

“Too Clever To Live” (Tom Brown) has been changed to...

“The Man Who Cried Wolf”

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by
Deanna Durbin
New Universal Pictures’ Star

THEY’RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin fashions! And they’re sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: “Teen-age girls should lock their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier.” Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . .

colors bright . . . because they’re pure
Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!
AMONG the Hollywood stars who turned out for the gala opening of Bing Crosby's Del Mar racetrack (imagine being able to own a racetrack) were Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, Una Merkel, Pat O'Brien, John Arledge and others. Barbara and Bob rather startled the crowds by appearing in the same hats.

IRENE DUNNE is certain her baby is going to grow up to be an actress. When anyone calls at the house little Miss immediately points out her pictures on the mantel-piece to them.

ANN SOTHERN claims that the hardest thing she was ever told to do in pictures was to fall downstairs in a "graceful yet decisive manner." And believe us the girls working in Sam Goldwyn's "Hurricane" are also taking a terrific beating these days. Dorothy Lamour has to spend the best part of every day in the studio tank which isn't very pleasant particularly when you have a cold, and when Mary Astor was told to run across the rocks (not props) in her bare feet she practically tore them in shreds. Mary now wears pedicure on the soles of her feet and scrambles about a bit more comfortably.

ONE of life's most embarrassing moments befell Robert Taylor the other night when he was having a quiet dinner with Barbara Stanwyck. Suddenly a radio commentator announced with utter conviction that the Stanwyck-Taylor romance was as dead as last year's tulips and that Taylor had been seen all over town with a young society woman with screen ambitions. Being engaged to a movie star is no bed of roses.

THAT page boy coiffure has taken Hollywood by storm, with Joan Crawford and Ida Lupino being the two latest converts. Some say it started when Gertrude Niesen arrived from New York, and others say it was Jeanette MacDonald who started it in "Maytime." Claudette Colbert tried it one day but went back to her bangs. It's most becoming to Loretta Young, who has the page boy figure to go with it.

JOAN BENNETT is one movie star who doesn't think she knows everything. As soon as Joan finished her last picture she left for the East, where she will tour for the rest of the summer in rustic barn theatres of such out-of-the-way places as Woonsocket, Old North Beach and Ogunquit. Joan wants to get the "feel" of audiences again, and she'll get it at the standard wage of $25 per week.

AND speaking of Joan, quite in the Hollywood tradition she and her ex-husband, Gene Markey, went stepping together one night.

THE sable coat Jean Arthur wears in "Easy Living" is not an imitation, girls. And it's no compromise, either, it's real sable. It came from Jackel's and Paramount brought it out from New York by air. Insured for $20,000. In Hollywood it was treated with as much deference as Jean Arthur, More. It had a special studio guard assigned to it on the set, and there wasn't any smoking permitted when that coat was around, either. It even had a stand-in. A kolinsky worn by Jean Arthur's stand-in.

ARTHUR TREACHER and his mother, who have been the inspiration for that delightful song, "Little Old Lady," were the guests one night of the Joe E. Brown, who, after dinner, suggested that they all go to the fights. Little Mrs. Treacher had never been to the fights but she was game. However, she couldn't enjoy seeing the movie stars act like wild Indians because, never having heard of teethguards before, she kept commenting, "Those poor boys, they have to take their teeth out every time they want water. I suppose they must have had all their teeth knocked out and now have to wear false sets...tsch, tsch."

THIS Month's Most Unpopular Set: The snow scene set in "Heidi." Shirley Temple's latest starter, where two hundred pounds of mothballs have been ground up to provide the proper glinting effect for close-ups of snowflakes.

GUS KAHN and Franz Waxman have completed a song number called, "Who Wants Love?" which Joan Crawford will sing in her next picture: "The Bride Wore Red." It has been five years since Joan last sang on the screen.

RAY MILLAND is Hollywood's foremost chess player. (Trachot Tone runs him a close second) and he conducts a long distance match by mail with a friend in Vienna, Austria. Snappy little game, chess.

JANE WITHERS finally owns a horse, and is she thrilled! Because it's the famous 'Bingo,' the black and white backskin with which Jackie Scarl (pardon, wants to be known as Jack now that he has attained the age of fifteen) won over one hundred ribbons, fourteen cups and various other prizes at Western horse shows. Jack has two thoroughbreds and wouldn't sell Bingo to anyone but Jane—because he considers her a good horsewoman, and because he has always had a warm spot in his heart for her ever since they made a picture together.

THE world's most traveled limousine is Marlene Dietrich's. It accompanies her back and forth across the Atlantic.
A Fantasy Showing How Matrimony Limits The Versatility, Or Something.

"CONVERSATION Piece" at the bridge club evolved around husbands-surprisingly original, wasn't it? A decision, frankly reached, that they were an admirable institution on the whole, but not quite adaptable enough to what we females believe are justifiable moods and fancies, albeit there was, here and there, an ominous suggestion that it would be heavenly to have enough husbands to switch them early and often—pick one out that would fit the particular fancy of that moment. Implausible, of course (and distinctly anti-social), but oh, what a day-dream for women! Think of it—if you wanted, with a desperate want, to eat caviar that second, and the man of your choice (however nice in other ways) couldn't even endure the thought of caviar without bleaching, or fainting, or something—if such a problem arose and you had a whole cupboardful of husbands to chose from, all you'd have to do would be to summon the one who loved caviar with as passionate and devoted an attachment as yours. What a convenience it would be.

Or suppose your whole heart longed for the sighing pines in the mountains, and you were married to a man who visited visibly if removed from city streets. If only women would adopt that idea of mine—having a collection of marital partners—you'd just have to pick out the one who looked the best in breeches and an open shirt, could light a fire with one match in the pouring rain, had conquered the intricacies of pitching tents, and liked it—and your mountain problem would be solved.

Just to prove how marvelously the situation would work out, here's a chart of what I mean. Take a twelve-hour day for instance. I wake up fairly normal—the only catch is that I'm simply not up to conversation the first hour after arising—so today my husband from eight to nine A.M. will be Gary Cooper. My rising groan would simply evaporate when I walked to where that quiet presence waited behind a breakfast table. I swear he could be relied upon not even to say "Good morning"—just lift one eyebrow with a little smile to let me know he was glad I was still living, then pass me my morning paper (I insist on one apiece whichever husband I have) and gently and quietly (oh blissful early-morning worldly) go on eating his egg and bacon, and let me have my orange juice and coffee in peace. Of course, after the first half-hour, when it's time to light cigarettes and have seconds, thirds or fourths on the coffee, we could chat (a little) and what woman's good temper wouldn't come to her automatically at the sight of that nice, lean, clean-faced man across the table from her.

Wives have duties too, however, and it's time from nine to ten to perform some of those duties. Not feeling very purposeful and heu-to-the-linish this morning, guess who the husband is who'll help me—or at least be supposed to help. Jack Oakie, of course! It's time to laugh—and laugh helplessly, and fondly, and enthusiastically I certainly would, from the moment husband Oakie walked in behind the maid summoned to talk over duties; gently mimicking her little idiosyncrasies. All during the time lists are being made for butcher, grocer, cleaner, etc., Jack is being invaluable by making irreverent and absurd suggestions, mussing your hair, and being, in general, a complete pest. I've thought for a long time, and can't think of another but Jack Oakie who'd be more apt to shelve this hour by, and have all the necessary evils accomplished, with lots of laughter, plenty of scuffling and heavenly nonsence.

I'll have to hurry—from ten to eleven I'm going horseback riding with Louis Hayward—guarantee of youth for any woman. Imagine it! The freshness of a sunlit morning, the zing of green leaves, the exhilaration that comes with riding, and a young, ardent, laughing husband beside you to lean confidentially over and tell you how grand you look this bright day. There are, without any doubt, lots of times when a husband with plenty of solid reliability is essential—but to have a husband on tap that personifies youth at its nicest and best is, to my mind, almost as essential. Try and get hide-bound or stodgy with that nice boy around.

The sun is getting high—my tan is what might be termed feeble—and from eleven to noon I'm sun-bathing and swimming with Clark Gable. Cast your mind back to "Mutiny on the Bounty"—remember her the lovely Tahitian girls and Clark Gable swimming? (It shouldn't be too difficult.) What woman wouldn't get a proprietary thrill in having Clark race the length of the pool beside her, then stretch out in the warm sun—watch his eyes lazily half-dose against the white light, that dimple (wish I owned a trademark like that) deepening while he deeply murmurs unimportant conversation, then rouses in a spurt of energy and dumps her laughing and shrieking into the cool water, to paddle up and down, and feel that life was very, very interesting indeed. (The more I elaborate on this the more I feel bigamy would be a grand thing.)

Still an hour to luncheon and what no mental stimulus all morning—no food for the mind, or beauty for the heart to brood upon. There's only one answer—I'll summon husband Nelson Eddy for an hour of music. Fresh and relaxed from swimming, rejoicing in a cool house and a cool drink, it's a perfect setting for divine...
sounds. Besides singing like an angel Nelson Eddy looks a little like one—it's almost too much to expect from a man. He must sing all the things I want to hear—"Süßer ist die Nacht," "One Alone," "My Jean," "Ich Liebe Dich," "My Old Kentucky Home." By the end I'd be almost in tears from the sheer beauty of that wonderful voice—in fact in the span of one short hour, I'd probably be practically a convert to monogamy if it wasn't one o'clock and lunch time with-Tyrone Power!

I'm pretending he is rather a new husband—Tyrone—and there must be a very particular luncheon that will convince him of the joys of wifehood. Let me see, warm day, particular man—we'll have a melon cocktail—juicy, delicately-colored balls of watermelon, cantaloupe and honey-dew, with the faintest trace of fresh mint; then broiled, tender-hearted lamb chops, crusty brown outside, with bacon curls dry and crisp. No potatoes, but cool white celery hearts, shining-wet ripe and green olives, and a big wooden bowl of the most delicately tossed, every-leaved-covered-with-dressing, mixed salad—cold bowl, cold greens and light-handed mixing; rye bread, cut thin as thin, and fat, yellow butter balls, to go with the salad; and then another pretty bowl of the loveliest fruits to be found—beautiful reds, oranges, yellows and greens, dean and shiny and cold. Then—surprise!—hot tea, perfectly made, and thin crisp little cookies. Will my Tyrone husband like that luncheon? He certainly should. Did I say it should be served in the coolest, most breeze-swept corner, with such quietness that Mr. Power would face two o'clock and his temporary banishment as husband, with positive dislike.

That lunch was an inspiration—and I feel in the mood for talking—talking about everything and anything—grave or gay, irresponsible, or confidential. I even feel like listening! Let's get hold of husband Fran- chot Tone—who else would listen to confidences with such a little twisty smile of complete understanding? Who else would pull that thought that couldn't be phrased correctly out of your mind, made suddenly clear and sparkling? Who else but Mr. Tone would make the most commonplace non-sense absorbing, fresh and infinitely amusing because of its skilful telling? Who else would talk on a diversity of subjects, be brilliant and fascinating and remain not an intellectual on some rare plane miles above your own, but a fine-looking, well-bred man who seemed to be enjoying your mental prowess fully.

(That, you must admit, would be a rarity!) From three to four, husband Ronald Colman and I are going auto-riding. Besides scenery we're going to see, I shall have my own personal scenery—Mr. Colman himself. What a nice husband to own (even if a magazine article) it makes me feel all comfortable and serene to think of Mr. Colman's friendly grin, and quiet, amused voice. One of my pet likes is a person who knows companionship but doesn't consist of prattling on and on all the time, and with a partner like this you could talk idly, or remain silent, in the friendliest of atmospheres, and just have the breeze sweep past you, rest your eyes in green trees, and savour the sun on your upturned face.

Still feeling I haven't learned enough today I have commandeered Edward Rob- binson for tea from four to five. We're going to talk art—and don't you think my hus- band selection has been good? I want to hear about the surrealist movement—what Mr. Robinson, who really knows his art, thinks about it, as I personally feel nothing but a nightmarish sensation. Then I want to hear about his own gallery—what his favorites are, and why—what his plans for its growth are, and what particular gems he's searching for at the moment. I also want to know what a person who likes art, but knows remarkably little about it, should do to learn more. In the meantime I'll try to regale Mr. Robinson, unobstrusively, with very good tea, and very thin sandwiches. And now it's five o'clock (has this day flown) and I want to talk movies—I'm so terrifically nosey about them—and Fredric March is my pick for the absorbing sub- ject. He's had such a diversity of roles that I can ask to my heart's content. How the make-up felt in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?" If he didn't feel just a little re- struck by Laughton as "Javert" in "Jean Valjean?" (I was so properly impressed my- self); if he didn't enjoy making "Smiling Through"—just looking at Norma Shearer—would be enjoyment for most men. I want to ask him if he didn't love being the fearless and dashing Browning in "Barretts of Wimpole Street?" Who wouldn't?—think of being even the screen image of Browning—incidentally, doesn't it interest you to think how the real Browning must have adored Elizabeth Barrett when she had a mind that could produce the "Somems?"—maybe Mr. March and I will talk about them, too. He must tell me if the pants (plebian word) and curls, in "Anthony Ad- verse" bored him to death, or if the story intrigued him enough to forget the props. And what, when he and Angela met, loving each other so dearly, and after being separated many years, they just kissed happily? Did you ever meet some- one who was the world-fenced-in to [Cont. on page 77]

The screen men are so well known, their every char- acteristic so familiar that in comparison the average husband lacks all lure. (Reading clock-wise) Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Louis Hayward, Nelson Eddy, Tyrone Power, Franchot Tone, Edward G. Robinson and William Powell.

By Ruth E. Varley
Music Madness

When Sound Came To Pictures Every Player Studied The Fundamentals Of Beautiful Tone, Until Now Music Reigns Supreme.

By Ben Maddox

HOLLYWOOD comes of age musically! The screen stars are now worshiping new idols—the truly great artists and composers of the musical world. Furthermore, the remarkable men and women who can touch the soul with gorgeous sound are in turn creating a distinct musical clique, a clique that is mad over fine music.

After studio hours, in leisure time, it's the best sort of music that definitely is reigning supreme. There is no pleasure so stimulating, the stars have finally discovered. Today, consequently, the trend is toward the excitement which the so-called highbrows have known about all along.

Whenever there is a concert the reservations of Hollywood's foremost clique beat the telephone calls of Los Angeles society. For days before and after a superior musical performance there is discussion of the brilliant technique displayed. Movie people respect not only rare talent, but the years of constant study and sacrifice required to perfect and maintain genuine musical worth. Not are the stars being dazzled, either. They have learned the difference between the showy, shoddy performers and the real thing.

What makes it all so electrifying is that Hollywood is an ideal spot to become the actual center for the leading musical artists of this generation. Since Grace Moore popularized grand opera and Stokowski introduced the Philadelphia Symphony so triumphantly to the cameras, pictures are capitalizing on musical genius as they never did before. So, too, is radio. And radio is fast moving to Hollywood. As a direct result, the top musicians are flocking permanently to Southern California.

Of course the Hollywood Bowl is the chief local gathering place. Set curvingly in the lap of a beautiful hill, it is filled to capacity by eight o'clock, on four evenings a week. You will see all the more intelligent celebrities in the audience there, including Garbo. Some select boxes, costing from $25 to a hundred dollars for the summer season, while others prefer to sit high up on the wooden benches and dream of reaching the heavenly stars. Down in the lighted shell, where eyes gradually focus, there is a stirring and then every actor is as quiet as his unknown neighbor. The symphony or the opera or the ballet or the soloist has shut out workaday troubles. The heart wants to burst with a gripping emotional ecstasy that no other joy can bring.

When Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were engaged they used to hold hands high up on the hill. The resounding trills were the overture to their romance. Now it's Ken Howell and a pretty blonde seemingly apart from everything mundane.
Deliberately she acquired glamour and acting excellence, and unostentatiously she has been cultivating her singing voice. For five years she has been going regularly to Signora Maude Morando and she practices with a fierce devotion. A mezzo-soprano, Joan has developed amazedly. She essayed arias from "Tristan and Isolde" because Kristin Flagstad is her passion. "Die Walküre" is her favorite Wagnerian opera. When "Madame Butterfly" is given in the Bowl this month Joan admittedly will be all ears, for she's been trying its melodies. And she's been told that Hitzi Koyke, the Japanese prima donna who'll sing it, is the most wonderful Butterfly since Geraldine Farrar.

Franchon Touré has been inspired by Joan. Since their marriage he has taken up singing and from Signor Otto, husband of Joan's teacher. His basso profundo is coming right along, and Pinza is his model.

The occasional wisecracks about the Touré's musical aspirations are decidedly unfair. They don't expect to make the Metropolitan. But they sincerely revel in the best music that's been written. Joan, too, was a candidate for "The Merry Widow" but couldn't compete with Jeanette MacDonald's experienced singing. Ever since then Joan has been industriously preparing to be ready when another coveted role is within her grasp. Ironically, in her new picture the first shot shows her singing a torch tune. She had to be a bitier, unfeeling girl. "I suppose," Joan groused wryly, "that my critics will shout, 'If that's how she sings after all that effort she ought to quit quick!'" But instead of detailing that she was characterizing Joan hurries on to praise Marion Anderson's wonderful voice. "I went to her concert and I did so want to meet her. I didn't have the nerve to go up and introduce myself."

Naturally admiration is but a preface to an attempt to become acquainted. Grace Moore emphatically has the edge on Hollywood when it comes to entertaining the cream of the visiting musicians. She has been a personal friend of nearly all of them since she joined their ranks. When they arrive in the city she puts her lovely guest quarters at their disposal and invariably plans an elegant dinner. She insisted upon Gladys Swarthout staying with her until Gladys was thoroughly settled. Grace whirls them around magnificently, inviting everyone of importance over. But then, even without her headstart, she'd be the clique's ace hostess anyway. No one can give a grander, more cosmopolitan party.

Who are your favorite composers is the most prevalent question at present. Grace Moore picks Charpentier, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov, and both the Straussos. Her favorite opera is "Manon." In her last picture, incidentally, she sang a dramatic selection from "La Tosca" and had Mary Garden, now a talented Joan, come on over on the set to reassure her. It was Garden's Tosca, you see, that had enchanted Grace years ago and induced her to climb to opera. But the film was too long and that whole sequence landed on the cutting-room floor!

Maestros have become an integral part of private lives in Hollywood nowadays. Wherever Nelson Eddy goes, there trails his Doctor Lippe, Grace Moore and Mario Marabotti, her coach for years, a quartet and her tones have improved since they made up. The astonishing child prodigies, Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin, aren't resting on their laurels. Bobby's sister gamlied everything she'd saved on a venture to California to beg Marabotti to take her brother as a pupil. Luckily, producer Sol Lesser heard Bobby render an aria from "Rigoletto" at the maestro's and immediately inserted him on the screen. But movies and radio have to wait on his lessons. Deanna Durbin continues to study with Andres de Segurola, even though she's been singing to a Stokowski symphonic background. She hopes for the Metropolitan. Meanwhile, Stokowski, some of conductors, has elected to remain in Hollywood as a resident and contributor to pictures. He declares that they offer the medium he has been seeking, the one which will enable him to give the best music to the most people.

[Continued on page 78]
PIKIN said that Life Begins at 40, the movies in support of Pikin, say that Glamour Begins at 30.
Glamour is something a movie star has, the exciting something that enchants the beholder, a heady brew of romance and just enough, topic moans and sex appeal, soft lights and sweet music. It's the way a girl wears her hat, the silken flash of provocative ankles, the insinuating fragrance of a rare perfume, a cluster of orchids, the silken folds of a negligee—for glamour is the champagne of the senses. The evidence of the movies, day in and day out, and reel after reel, is that a girl rarely wins glamour until she has passed her thirtieth birthday. The movies, trailing along with Pikin, insist too that the great lovers of the glamour girls are not callow youths, but men who more often than not have approached or passed their fortieth birthday.

It is a heartening gospel the movies preach, denying that romance is reserved only for youngsters in their teens, insisting that those of us who have passed the thirtieth milestone are still in the market for adventure and heart-throbs. The movies are simply holding up a mirror to the twentieth century in its innocence. The greatest love story of the year featured 47-year-old Duke of Windsor and 41-year-old Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore; the greatest love of the screen, certainly the most popular, are 45-year-old William Powell and 32-year-old Myrna Loy.

When I was a kid, it was my deep-seated conviction that anyone who was thirty years old must be automatically an old codger, so shrivelled by age, that all the excitement of his or her life had been left behind. I remember once, at a lawn party, how sad I felt for a woman my sister pointed out to me; "She's 31 years old," said my sister. Both of us looked at this woman with unconcealed curiosity, wondering when there would be a warning crash as her body fell apart. She seemed, from our viewpoint, to be an ancient person. Probably the kids of today feel substantially as I did when I was their age. Last summer, coming back on the Normandie, I celebrated my thirty-fifth birthday by cutting up touches with Frank Orsatti in the liner's huge pool. I must have seemed very artless because one of the youngsters who was swimming with us said admiringly: "Gee, Mister Sullivan, I hope that I'm in as good shape as you are when I get to be your age." For a moment, the remark stunned me. Then I smiled, "But I'm only 35." The kid looked at me and said: "Yeah, that's what I mean."

So I sat down with the young whippersnapper on the edge of the pool and I talked to him. "You go to the movies, don't you, Sonny?" I asked. He admitted he was a movie fan. "You like Joan Crawford?" I asked. His face wreathed in smiles: "Yeah, she's keen—she's a talent something," he said. "Do you know that Joan Crawford is 31 years old?" I thundered. He looked at me and his face dropped. "Go on, she is not," he stammered. It seemed inconceivable to him that Joan Crawford, at 31 could express all the allure and romance that he associated with her. He was 19 years old, he pictured her as his own age.

Most of the glamour girls of the movies, the events who move you so mightily on the screen, are at least 32 years old. Glamour Begins at 30. Gladys Swarthout, Janet Gaynor and Barbara Stanwyck are 33; Joan Crawford, Madeleine Carroll, Connie Bennett and Mary Astor are 31; Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio and Irene Dunne are 32; Kay Francis, Lily Pons, Jeanette MacDonald and Ann Harding are 33; Marlene Dietrich, who oozes glamour, is 34; Grace Moore is 35; Marion Davies, Elizabeth Bergner and Norma Shearer will be 36 on their next birthdays.

The girls of the country should be immensely cheered by this, I think. These movie stars prove that charm and loveliness only begin to flower fully with maturity. If old wine improves with age, these breath-takers of the screen suggest that a certain number of years is required for a woman to achieve her greatest beauty.

By
Ed Sullivan

The Hours Fly Away—Birthdays Arrive, And Who Cares—The Good Years Are Coming—Allure Is Developing!

GLAMOUR BEGIN

Dolores Del Rio, Irene Dunne, Lily Pons and Claudette Colbert are on the crest of the wave.
poise and dignity so far as I know, no writer has driven home this point and I offer it to you girls who are approaching the thirty mark, or who have passed it and not too happy about it. Equally so, men can take courage and fresh assurance from the message that the screen delivers in every reel of celluloid. One of the most civilized persons on the screen is Herbert Marshall, who is 47; Ronald Colman is 46; William Powell is 45; Leslie Howard is 44; Fredric March is 40; Ricardo Cortez is 57. Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable and Cary Cooper are 36; Fred Astaire is 57. Small wonder that in contrast to these, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power occasionally appear gawky and awkward, because these others have the experience of age to give them poise. Be more lenient with these youngsters, for their best years lie ahead of them. It is more amazing that at their age they have done so well, and learned so much.

The astounding thing, as brought out by any survey of the Hollywood panorama, is that there are stars who have clicked before their thirtieth birthday. These are the exceptions. The most astonishing feature of the late Jean Harlow's career was that at 26, she had soared so high in the Hollywood heavens. Loretta Young, at 24, has carved out an amazing degree of success. Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon, and Margaret Sullivan, at 25, have scaled heights which many are not achieved for five more years. Gayna Lohr, Jean Bennett and Sylvia Sidney, at 27, are exceptional. Ruby Keeler, Jean Arthur and Jean Blondell, at 28, are already nearing the thirty mark, and so too, is Bette Davis, who is 29.

The next time you see a moving picture, take into consideration age of the performer. Anita Louise, Olivia De Havilland, Simone Simon—their freshness in the College of Celluloid, should not be judged too early. They are ten years ahead of them in which to learn their tricks of the trade, and if they have not as yet fully mastered them, you can charge this up to lack of years and experience. It was by accident that Janet Gaynor gave her greatest performance as she reached her thirtieth birthday in "A Star is Born."

The most fruitful and productive years of a performer's life, in the case of a girl, start when she is 30; if a man, about 35. This gives you an entirely different slant on the moving picture industry, explaining as it does why a performer released by one company after another suddenly blossoms overnight into a star. He comes of age, and age gives him an understanding of roles and characterizations. He didn't grasp earlier. Joel McCrea, at 31, is a fine actor, but he will be infinitely more skilled as a performer when he is 35, and the same prophecy can be enlarged to accommodate 35-year old Dick Powell.

Probably the most amazing actor in the business, judged on this age standard, is 38-year old Charles Laughton. Few performers reach the full expression of their talent so early as Laughton. His performances, and his understanding of characters, is that of a man of 45 or 50 years old. The English school of acting seems to endow an actor with this greater sensitivity. How else can you explain the "Hamlet" which John Gielgud created on the Broadway stage last season, one of the truly inspired performances of the last decade? Gielgud is only 35 years old. Yet he brought to the role the artistic sagacity and resourcefulness of a much older instinct and talent.

Any serious thought on the subject convinces you that under the present setup, with the majority of movie stars in their 30's and 40's, is to be found convincing proof that the movies have grown out of the infancy of silent days. Look back down the trail of years and see for yourself how the movies have developed. It would be absurd now, for instance, to believe that a cowboy hero would outrank every performer on the screen in national popularity; but it was not so many years ago that the greatest screen attraction was cowboy William S. Hart and his pinto pony. Today the emphasis is on acting, which is a fine art. So long as a performer has dramatic talent, there is no limit on his career. The length of a performer's life before the camera has been extended to an incredible degree. In the silent days, the length of a performer's professional life was in direct proportion to his or her ability to retain a cute face, a mop of curls, or a youthful figure. The heroines of the period were 19 years old, or perhaps they ran as high as 25. Today, Glamour Begins at 30, and those who are under 30 are the exception to the rule. The movies are no longer infantile, either in taste or in the age of their principals.

Only one voice can be raised to deny the conclusions of this article—that of Shirley Temple, who is eight years old. Or perhaps the Dionne Quintuplets, working for Darryl Zanuck, will argue that Youth must be served.

Generally speaking however, and ignoring the interruptions of Miss Temple and the Misses Dionne—Glamour Begins at 30.
"AFTER 46 years in the show business I'm still stage struck," Charles Winninger admitted as we lunched together the other day. "This game is as interesting to me as when I first started, as a tiny bass drummer in our family orchestra. There is so much talent in Hollywood you can't sit back and glory in your past achievements. They aren't worth a dime out here, I have spent nearly half a century in the show business, and believe me, you are never too old to learn in Hollywood."

This jovial veteran of the show world has premature white hair, being only 52. Actually, he looks like a youthful cuss of 25 or so with merry apple cheeks, an unspoiled personality, and a dash of the eternal boy in him. You saw him as the rollicking captain in "Show Boat," the philandering rich daddy in "Three Smart Girls," the rare cut-up in "Woman Glasses Man," currently he is playing in "You Can't Have Everything," with Alice Faye and Don Ameche, and is soon to be starred at Universal.

If you catch him in a reminiscent mood, as we did the other day, he will spin the most fascinating yarns of theatrical life you have ever heard. His story would read like a circus novel, and a saga of America during the past 50 years. The best we can do in a magazine article is to give you a few of the highlights, in his own words.

"I was born in a log cabin, near Athens, Marathon County, Wisconsin," he told us, a distant, dreamy look in his blue eyes as he puffed at his cigar. "My parents came from Austria, and were muscians. My father had been conductor of a regimental band and worked with Strauss in Vienna. For a while he played first violin with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, but realized there was no opportunity for a musician in the Middle West, and on the advice of my mother's uncle went up to the timber country of Wisconsin and staked out a claim. He was a good carpenter, got 40 acres, cleared half of it, and built the log house in which I was born. He used to walk 6 miles to play at country dances, and then walk back with 50 lbs. of flour on his back to feed us kids. There were six of us, five boys and one girl. I was the baby of the family."

When I was four years old we moved to Ashland, Wisconsin.

(Above) Charles, dressed as a little old lady, singing with his brother, Adolph. (Right) The Winninger band preparing to march through Barren, Wisconsin, to drum up an audience for the evening show.

“Adolf wore a top-hat and carried dad's cane. We were so small that the cane ran half way up his sleeve. "We moved to Wausau, Wisconsin, when I was 11 years old, and for three years ran a regular variety theatre there—the Columbia Music Hall. Here is where we got our real training—two different specialties every week, no repeats. My father engaged some noted entertainers from Chicago. Houdini was one of them. In fact, it was my father who discovered him. There were sword dancers, jugglers, fire-eaters, trapeze performers—all of whom taught us boys many of their tricks. Harry and Jenny Costello played the Hall, doing double trapese, balancing perch, ceiling walking and ground."
THERE'S absolutely no accounting for Dorothy Lamour. According to studio executives, who expect and receive a certain amount of kowtowing from newcomers, she is the perfect paradox. And, paradoxically enough, she seems to be the only one in Hollywood who is entirely unaware of it.

For one thing, she goes about everything in the exact opposite manner to which Hollywood is accustomed... violating unwritten laws right and left; laws that are reserved for breaking purposes only by the Gables, the Garbos and the Crawfords. She can't be bothered with what her sister actresses wear, what they do, where they are seen, or with whom they are seen. Yes, especially that last. She lives in a tiny apartment with her mother and a Scotty named Peanuts and until recently didn't even own an automobile. For shame, Dorothy! And as for cinema success, she will assure you she doesn't care a tinker's swear word.

All of which, as seen from the eyes of several thousand young gals pining for a movie break, makes her out to be slightly cracked. And that, also, is perfectly okay with Dorothy.

To begin with she was literally shoved into a picture career; rushed into it before she knew what was actually going on, and right at a time when she was in no mood to be rushed into anything. Where others, not so fortunate, have labored and prayed and pulled strings and ingratiated themselves for a chance to come under the notice of the "right people." Miss Lamour was, figuratively speaking, black-jacked into a Paramount contract. A very sad state of affairs, indeed, when you consider that she actually didn't want to go into pictures. And thereby hangs a very interesting tale... an old, old tale, to be sure, but none the less interesting.

Dorothy is in love. And, to make it doubly interesting, she is in love with her own husband. Quite an original situation when you consider the transitory marital ventures of so many of her contemporaries. For Dorothy's wasn't or never has been a "Hollywood marriage." (Terrifying phrase, that!)

In the first place she and Herbie Kay, popular eastern orchestra maestro, were married long before either of them had so much The radio and the screen both demand the fine talents of Dorothy Lamour.

★ ★ ★

Beauty Meets Success

By Lawrence Morgan

as thought about pictures, and in the second place they married for no reason other than that they found themselves in the novel position of being honestly, sincerely in love with each other. Which, also, is one of the many things that brings a look of incredulous amazement to the publicized faces of a great many of her screen brethren. In love with her husband! What whimsy!

And the whole state of affairs came about in this manner. Along about four years ago Dorothy was working in Marshall Field's department store in Chicago where she sold ribbons, hats, blouses, in fact about everything the store had to offer, and finally graduated to the elite, as it were, by becoming a model. Very simple to understand, too, once you've seen Dorothy's figure. She had always loved to sing and had a naturally beautiful voice even though she had never had the advantage of vocal training. But, as is so often the case, she didn't give the matter of her voice a second thought. It was just something you're born with... like curly hair or a stub nose. Nothing at all to become excited about.

But then one day opportunity came a-pounding... came a-pounding in the form of a publicity woman from the Morrison Hotel who had heard her sing one night at a party and thought
she was wasting her time modeling clothes for someone else to wear. After a deal of arguing, pro and con, she prevailed upon Dorothy to sing at one of the regular "Celeb Streme Nights" at the Morris Hotel. Miss Lamour proceeded to do no less than wow the dukes and duchesses at that smart Chicago hotel . . . wowed them, not only with her voice, but with her striking type of brunette beauty. And among those whom she wowed was Herbie Kay, the orchestra leader.

To accuse Mr. Kay of ulterior motives when he engaged Dorothy as featured vocalist with his band would be rank prevarication. Needless to say, after one year of business association, they discovered, each in the other, an integral something that was as necessary to their complete happiness as breathing. So, with no fuss, and with a noticeable lack of fan-fare, they were married . . .

kept . . . and for the first time in her life Dorothy was completely deliciously happy. For, truthfully, what could be much fairer for Dorothy and Dorothy, both young and popular, working together in their chosen profession, in which they were both tops, sharing each new success together and, in general, having a perfectly scruptious time.

From the popularity she gained while singing with husky Kay's orchestra she was offered a sustaining program with NBC, which job she took in her stride, and then, soon after, upon the inception of the first Shell Hour, she was engaged as one of the artists.

As yet, everything was jake, so to speak. Her fan mail was mounting rapidly, she was still working with her husband's orchestra each evening, she was in love with her job and more in love with Herbie than the day she married him . . . if such a thing was possible. The world was their own private playground and they alone had the key to the front gate.

And then the radio show moved from Chicago to Hollywood. To think that didn't present any particular problem . . . in fact, to her mind, there was only one sensible thing to do, Quit the Shell Hour and remain on in Chicago with her husband where she belonged. What could be simpler?

But she reckoned without husband Herbie's sound business sense. Kay knew perfectly well that Dorothy's real opportunity lay in Hollywood and his astuteness reasoned that once a picture started going, whatever type of her face or heard her sing just one song there would be no stopping her. He was just as positive of her ultimate success as if her name was already on a contract.

So, in spite of Dorothy's anguished pleading to be allowed to stay at home, Herbie exerted his manly rights as head of the house and packed her, still wailing, off to Hollywood. As much as she hated to be parted from her he wasn't going to be the one to stand in the way of what he knew to be Dorothy's big chance. Her future meant far more to him than did the thoughts of a temporary separation.

So Dorothy came to Hollywood with the radio troupe and moped around and did her work and moped some more and wished Herbie would let her come back home and sing with the band again. And when Herbie said, "No, stay and give it at least a fair trial," she mopered harder than ever and wished she were dead. Oh, things were just awful.

But by this time Herbie was getting pretty damned lonesome himself, so, as he and the orchestra were going out on tour, he finally capitulated to Dorothy's pleadings and agreed to let her rejoin the band when they reached Denver. Nuts to this separation business! And Dorothy broke all existing records for packing and was practically beside herself with joy when the blow fell. Ah, the irony of fate!

A Paramount scout had inadvertently peeped into a radio magazine, and there, staring him in the face, was Dorothy Lamour's picture. "Now, there," said the scout to himself, "is something Paramount will undoubtedly thank me for!"

When he reached Dorothy's apartment he discovered her feverishly throwing things into suit-cases and otherwise showing unmistakable signs of going some place in a hurry. The ensuing conversation went something in this manner:

"Going traveling?" asked the scout.

"Yes," answered Dorothy, still packing furiously. "Long trip?"

"Denver?"

"Denver? Now, why would anybody want to go to Denver?"

"Because that's where my husband is."

"Well, before you go dashing off to Denver would you like to take a screen test? That's where he thought he had her. Nobody in their right minds ever refutes a screen test. He received a horrible shock."

"Screen test?" asked Miss Lamour, not even slackening up in her mad bag-packing. "Don't be silly, I haven't got time."

"Aw, come on," begged the scout. "Just one little test. 'My gosh,' he thought, 'the gal is either being cagy with me or she is just plain daily.'"

Mamo Clark, the native Hawaiian girl, coaching Dorothy Lamour in the hula dance for "The Hurricane."

Well, he argued and pleaded and painted alluring pictures of fame and fortune and at last Dorothy agreed to take a test . . . just one, remember . . . because she knew if she didn't and Herbie found out about it he'd be as mad as the dickens.

So they dashed out of Paramount and Dorothy caused a lot of consternation in the ranks because she insisted that they hurry up and get the test over with. She had a train to catch and nothing like a silly old screen test was going to make her miss it. Imagine! Cameramen, technicians, executives and other important people looked at each other and shook their heads sadly and then decided that maybe, after all, she was only a little hysterical at her sudden picture prospects. But the only thing Dorothy was actually hysterical about was the prospects of joining Herbie in Denver!

So they humored her and finished the test and Dorothy flew out of Paramount studios as if a head-hunter was after her. And when she arrived in Denver the second blow fell! For there was a telegram from the studio demanding her immediate return to begin work on a picture. And Herbie Kay, the villainous fellow, insisted that she turn right around and go back to Hollywood. He was still boss of the family and said, firmly, that he knew what was best for her. So back she [Continued on page 85]
FROM ME—

TO YOU

Every Day Brings Gifts To
The Stars From The Wor-
shipping Fans Of All
The World.

By Gordon R. Silver

Jane Withers with
her little gift puppy.

George Murphy,
Paul Kelly and
Lyle Talbot receive
many odd dona-
tions. (Below) Ma-
rian Marsh and a
purring love token.

hund, a cocker spaniel, a pak-
ingese, a cat named Josephine, a
hen, a rooster and a dove. Now
she is wondering just what to do
with the two alligators a Florida
fan sent her the other day! Next
thing she'll be getting, Carole laugh-
ingly supposes, will be a Jersey cow!
Well, why not? Carole? Didn't Shirley
Temple once receive a cow from a
group of Oregon fans? And didn't
Robert Montgomery once receive from
a fan a big, live, polo pony? They sure
did! Seems like nothing is too big to be
sent your favorite star! From cows and
ponies to ear-muffs is quite a jump, but
believe it or not, ear-muffs is just what Pat
O'Brien received the other day in his mail.
This pair of ear-muffs was the gift
of a Florida citrus grower fan who
had heard, he wrote, that California
was having pretty snappy weather!
At that, Pat wasn't any more
surprised at his odd gift than Bing
Crosby, who has received two air
mail letters daily for the past two

THERE is an old proverb that runs
something like this: To him that hath
shall be given.
As far as our stars of Hollywood are con-
cerned, that adage is a particularly true
one. There is no gainsaying the fact that
our lades and ladles of the silver screen
have—and have aplenty. In fact, most
everything under the shining sun is theirs
for the asking. They have the golden dol-
sars so necessary to satisfy any little (or
big) whim.
Despite this very pleasant state of affairs,
they are given—and given right handsome-
ly, too—by their most ardent fans from
all over everywhere. They are given every
conceivable kind of gift, ranging from the
sweetly sublime to the utterly ridiculous.
In fact, our dear movie celebs find every-
thing from sedate brass candlesticks to live,
rollicking monkeys coming into Hollywood
to them from their fan friends!
Most of them like to receive these gifts
from their near-and-far admirers, make no
mistake about that. Most everything is ac-
ceptable, too—except cake, candy, pie and
handmade bombs! The eatables are more
or less taboo for at least a couple of
reasons. One being that the majority of
players have to keep thin and pastries and
such are not especially noted for their slen-
derizing effects!

Then, too, they do not like to take
chances—what with so many "cranks" lurk-
ing around and all. After all, who wants
to sit down and partake of a cake which
might, mind you, be loaded to the brim
with rat poison, gun powder, ant paste
and other unhealthy ingredients?
But all other presents are welcome—and
it seems that the odder the gift, the more
royal the welcome.
Eleanor Powell, for instance, was "tickled
to death" when she received not so long ago
one of the rarest things on earth—a llama
tug. It came from a Peruvian admirer who
also sends her cablegrams, addressed to
"Elessweet," which are delivered to her
door every so often, and on her birthday
and holidays, he usually calls her long distance
and chats for a half-hour! We'll begin to

months from a St. Louis fan who signs her
letters "Katie" and in each envelope enclo-
ces three lumps of black sugar! Another
time, Bing received a box of funny-looking
spiders from a fan—though what on earth

[Continued on page 80]
Publicity Is The Life’s Blood Of The Movie Stars, And Parties Serve Their Purpose.

This filmtown’s citizenry likes fun every bit as much as the nation’s populace in general. After all, they’re only human.

When there comes the inevitable between-picture break in employment, what wonder then that film players go strenuously for recreation. And that recreation, in many cases, consists of a good, stiff round of “partying.”

Nearly all the players take advantage of Hollywood’s and Palm Springs’ gay party life. They give and take as the mood suits them. And each has odd whims of his or her own.

Gloria Stuart, for instance, finds pleasurable relaxation in giving very original dinner-dance parties. One of her latest ones was really a knockout. It started when Gloria and hubby Arthur Sheekman decided to throw a “clam bake” for Groucho Marx.

To “do things up brown,” they also decided to make their guest of honor feel completely at home by stealing his thunder, so to speak. Thus, when fun-loving Groucho arrived in all his glory, everyone, including the ladies, was made up just exactly like the very bewildered Groucho’s well-known screen personality—swallows, tailcoat, black trousers, “Fuller Brush” mustachios and everything—that is, almost everything. The girls could manage to hold the big black cigars in their teeth, but they just couldn’t bear to have them burning up. It was a swell, original “shindig” and on the menu everything turned up from clam chowder to clam cakes.

Where some people get the idea that Hollywood only has cocktail parties is a mystery. Parties here come up to the high degree of joviality. And the beauty of the whole thing is that you can pick your choice according to the mood of the moment, for there are always many festival affairs on the schedule.

For instance, if you feel tired and blue, there is the sedately social type of gathering, where you hold a plate of fancy crackers in one hand, a dry martini in the other and balance a dish of lobster salad on your knee, the while trying to look nonchalant! On the other hand, if you’re feeling sort of young and foolish, the party that Jack Dunn threw the other evening would certainly intrigue you. Jack, as you may know, has graduated from being the former ice-skating partner of Sonja Henie and has become an actor. Well, sir, his party was a “beetle and bottle” one, Hollywood’s first by the way. His yard being infested by the little roaming creatures known as beetles inspired him to issue invitations to his unique party. As his guests arrived he paired them off, presenting the woman a flashlight and the man a bottle—and told them to get busy! A grand prize went to the team which caught the most beetles and a hooby prize to the couple at the foot of the class.

Everyone seemed to have a good, hilarious time—excluding, of course, the poor, little, misunderstood beetles!

Leaving the ridiculous for the not-quite-so-ridiculous, we come to the fortune-telling party that Sylvia Sidney gave for some intimates. Besides having bona fide readers of palms, tea cups and such, Sylvia herself amazed everyone present by introducing a fortune-telling system that is really quite as infallible as it is astonishing. Try it on some of your own pals sometime and watch the looks of amazement. The unique but simple system allows you to tell the correct age of your friends, as well as the amount of small change carried in their pockets or purses! Here’s how Sylvia worked it:

She provided each guest with pencil and paper. Then she told each to write down a sum equaling double his or her age. To that sum each added 5. The new sum was multiplied by 90. From that total was deducted 365. Each guest was told the amount of small change he or she had, following instructions to count change that DID NOT exceed 90 cents. Each then added this sum of his or her change to the last total. Then each, in turn, told Sylvia the amount of his or her final total. She then wrote that figure on a piece of paper and quickly added 115 to it.

(Above) The genial Frank McHugh and James Cagney who play a game of “Barnstorming.”
(Right) Joan Crawford gives delightful parties.

When Stars Get Together

By Grace Simpson

Exceedingly entertaining and wholly different is the gay party life down at Palm Springs, which is truly the playground of America as far as the movie stars are concerned.

Tired by the roll of tom-toms and the war whoops of 250 Indians, Grace Stafford and I (as well as hundreds of
Hollywoodites from all corners flocked to the desert one week end for Palm Springs' three-day Indian Fiesta.

While Redskins chanted and swayed to the swish of gourds in the moonlight Mecca of Fashion, we palette-made merry pow-wow to peeppery dance music under the swinging lanterns at the Desert Inn tennis courts.

What with cowboy parties, circuses, Indian pow-wows, Mexican and Spanish fiestas, riding, airplane and tennis parties, life at Palm Springs is anything but dull! Birthday parties are no novelty, but usually Hollywood's have cute touches. I particularly liked the little touch that hubby Harmon O. Nelson gave to wifey Bette Davis' natal day celebration. He hired a bus from a messenger service to call Bette every half hour and sing "Happy Birthday to You!" When this had gone on for years and years (or so it seemed to young Mrs. Nelson), she asked the boy if he wouldn't please stop it all and give himself up.

"I'd love to, ma'am," he murmured sleepily, "I'm getting a bit fed up with this myself, but you see, I've been paid handsome handsomely to keep on—and keep on I must!"

A nice, pleasant time was had by those fortunate kiddies invited to Shirley Temple's eighth birthday party. The cake was a masterpiece, having been made of 150 eggs, 75 egg yolks, 10 pounds of sugar and 11 pounds of flour. The icing took 75 egg whites, 12 doz. lemons, 25 pounds of sugar among other things. The whole thing was topped with a full miniature orchestra whose music scripts were illuminated by the light from the eight little candles. It was really something worth seeing—and, of course, eating!

Incidently, this birthday proved the happiest of Shirley's life. Her mother was home from the Santa Monica Hospital to share it with her, and gave Shirley a beautiful Swiss doll; "Daddy presented her with a six-foot sail boat—large enough for Shirley to navigate in the swimming pool; Brother Jack, who goes to Stanford, sent her a lovely vase in the shape of a horse, filled with forget-me-nots; Brother Sonny gave her a set of Quintuplet dolls: Darryl Zanuck (her boss) sent her a snow-white portable typewriter; Bill Robinson sent her a miniature modern mirrored clock; over 6,000 fans from 50 countries sent her everything from fishing rods to May baskets; and Shirley's favorite, James Dunn, who appeared with her in her earliest successes, sent her a box of roses and sweet peas with a huge orchid in the center, "just like grown-up ladies get from their sweeties."

There must be something about Joan Crawford's parties that everyone enjoys. Anyhow, at a recent event, at 7:30 the Fred Ayrtons, the Gary Cooper's, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were among the guests who sat down at the table. At 12:30 they were still sitting! Joan and Franchot still had a lengthy movie to show off and corn to be popped and served. But who cares so long as you're a movie star on the "loose."

Jack Oakie had a brainstorm and so decided to give a "Come With the Wind" party. Accordingly, invitations were dispatched by Sorrelli Varden and Rhett Oakie, which sent all the Oakie pals scurrying to clothes closets for old costumes in keeping with the atmosphere and traditions of the South. The Oakies hospitality was extremely Southern—even to the mint juleps and the scotch-and-soda!

Like the postmen who take long walks on their days off, certain stars love to play "acting" at their parties. Only they don't call it "acting"—they call it "Barnstorming" and James Cagney, Frank McHugh and Dick Powell invented it. In their new game, the players pick any old melodrama and play it themselves, one act at a time, each week-end at each other's homes, with friends invited to be their audience. Each player holds a script in his hand and reads forth his lines with great gusto. Besides satisfying their hankering for off-screen, old [Continued on page 68].
IT WAS a certain William Shakespeare who first wrote the line, "double, double, toil and trouble," although he wasn't thinking of the motion pictures when he wrote the witches' scene in "Macbeth." But modern motion picture doubles have found that Shakespeare was right when it comes to the "foil and trouble" part of being a double. At that, Shakespeare didn't know the half of it.

It seems that being a dead ringer for Clark Gable or Joan Crawford isn't the screen asset it seemed back in the old home-town, when the glamorous girl or the brawny boy first heard the delightful words, "You look just like so-and-so" and decided to emphasize the resemblance with a new hair-do, a pair of eyebrows revamped to a new slant or a few sideburns freshly cultivated to look like those of a cherished screen hero. For, take it from Hollywood deadringers, it's more of a liability than an asset to be a "just-like" to one of the famous ones.

Instead of finding that the producers and casting directors welcome them with open arms for their resemblance to some one who is big in the movie columns, they frequently find that this very resemblance is their greatest bar to picture success. Doubles are definitely a drag on the cinematic market, and it has reached such a pass that some of the doubles are eager to work for nothing, volunteering their services to any director who will give them a chance to prove that they have something to give in addition to their resemblance to a star.

It remained for Columbia Pictures to change all this, and give the doubles—a whole flock of doubles—the chance of their lives to do their stuff, and be as much like their famous prototypes as it's possible for them to be. For "It Happened in Hollywood" tells the story of a once-famous screen star—played by Richard Dix—who promises a crippled lad in a hospital (Billy Burnet) that when he gets well and comes to Hollywood, he'll be honor guest at one of the biggest and gayest ranch parties ever thrown in the screen city, with all the important biggies in attendance. The boy gets well, and goes to Hollywood, as per invitation, but the screen star, by now on the decline, finds himself forced to practice a little deception on his eager guest. It's impossible to wangle the real stars for the party, but their doubles and stand-ins are available. And that's where the flock of twenty-five famous-face-reshapers come in.

When it came to casting the parts of the famous ones, Director Harry Lachman didn't have far to look. Some of the doubles assigned to the roles of outstanding stars were known all over Hollywood for that very resemblance. Others were personally known to Director Lachman or actors in the cast as bearing strong resemblance to a certain screen hero or heroine. Others, hearing of the new picture and its opportunities for people who looked like somebody else, hastened to present themselves at the casting office at the right time. And so the casting was done.

One of the most startling resemblances of the lot is that of James May, a High-land Scotman, who plays the part of W. C. Fields, bulbous nose, nonchalant swagger, and all. May went down to London as a youth, and spent forty-three years there, as a politician and lecturer. W. C. Fields had never impinged on his consciousness, and when he came to America in 1920, he honestly didn't know what the ship's news boys were talking about when they gathered around him and chorused, "You look just like Bill Fields." Once the importance of the discovery was brought home to May, however, he enthrained for Hollywood. It wasn't all smooth sailing after he got there, for, like other doubles, he found that Hollywood likes one-of-a-kind when it comes to important players. He did get a number of comedy roles, how-

Carolee Dietrich, Arthur McGaglen, Lorraine Bond, Phil Waldron, Berna Mach, Howard Bruce, Sylvia Lachman, Richard Dix (himself), Maxine Jerome, Doc Dearborn, Mary Miner, Margaret Bryson and Eugene de Verdi.
Every Star In Hollywood Has A Double. You See Them Sometimes In Long Shots—Maybe They Are Stand-ins—But Every Double Has His Day.

(Above) Eugene de V erdi and Virginia R endell. (Left) Betty Dietrich. (Right) the left) Arthur McLaglen.

Lachman free-gratis-for-nothing it were later given a chance to do another role, on his own, and not because he looks like Barrymore. Needless to say, however, he's drawing the same pay for extra work as the other doubles in "It Happened in Hollywood." There are two players in the picture whose names are identical with those of the stars for whom they're doubling. In one case, it's relationship, but in the other, it's pure coincidence. Arthur McLaglen is taking the part of his big brother Victor, because McLaglen all seem to look alike. Arthur is accustomed to acting as Vic's stand-in, and he also looks out for the more famous brother's business and professional affairs. He has been an actor for seventeen years. Carole Dietrich, on the other hand, is no relation to Marlene of the lyrical legs and skyrocketing eye-brows. She was born in New York, and has been working for some years in Hollywood as a dress extra. Incidentally, "It Happened in Hollywood" has brought romance to Carol, as well as an opportunity to play a part. Ben Pollock, an Arizona youth who recently left the paternal ranch to crack Hollywood, was chosen to ride a bucking horse, and double for one of the film cowboy actors in the picture. Long a Dietrich fan, Pollock didn't take long to strike up an acquaintance with Marlene's double. They were married in Hollywood at Saint Valentine's "Honeymoon Chapel" while the picture was in work. Also, incidentally, Carole has a sister in the same production who is playing the part of Greta Garbo. Her name is Betty, and she has been doing Garbo impersonations in a traveling stage act with Fanchon and Marco.

While on the subject of family matters, Howard Bruce, who plays Edward Arnold, and Virginia Randell, who doubles for Mae West in the picture, are brother and sister. California-born, they used to bill on the vaudeville stage as "Howard Bruce and Sister," and Howard, also handicapped by his resemblance to Arnold, has recently been playing minor gangster parts on the screen. Both Howard and Virginia were among the "Hollywood doubles" at the San Diego and Dallas fairs, and Virginia has played Mae West in Fanchon and Marco shows. Mae West is one of her personal friends.

They have a real doctor in the cast of "It Happened in Hollywood." That would be W. W. Dearborn, familiarly known as "Doc," who is taking the "photographic double" role of William Powell. He leads a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence in the film city, the Dr. Jekyll role being his own career as chiropractic doctor, and the Mr. Hyde being his Powell

(Continued on page 70)
MARLENE DIETRICH

Before the arrival of the beautiful Marlene Dietrich, simply dripping with silver fox and blue paradise, on our mainland shores some seven years ago, glamour in the American film industry had reached a new and most depressing low. Even the die-hards among the movie moguls had been forced to break down and admit that talking pictures were here to stay and God help you and Clara Bow. With the advent of the talking picture (remember when there were heated discussions in magazines and columns as to whether they should be called talking pictures or talkies? Oh boy, do I date!) the screen went in for much genteel lifting of teacups and eyebrows in English drawing rooms, in the Lonsdale manner. And it was all so frightfully la-de-dah.

Word got around that the allure girls who had been making an honest living by staring wide-eyed into the camera simply could not cope with the tea situation (“A Spode’s a Spode, Clara, not a spade”), and, furthermore, could not begin to master the irritating sibilant and the broad “a.” They were told to scam to the nearest diction teacher while the producers tore their hair and wildly wired contracts, quite indiscriminately, to the thespians of the New York stage who had been drinking tea and enunciating for years—too many years. The most unattractive people suddenly appeared on the screen. Divas from the Metropolitan Opera, scrawny leading ladies from the “Guduld,” and gr尖叫 earnest-workers from the Civic Repertory. The place raked with talent, but not a whiff of glamour. The Escapists (and count me in) can’t face Life in the home, much less in the cinema, so they gave up movies and wondered whether they should try opium or Richard Haldiburton.

And then into this dismal morass of too much Reality one day appeared something too breathtakingly beautiful to be of this world, something startlingly arresting in scarlet and silver, with a shimmering scarf floating in the breeze, tuberoses in her hand, and aligrets in her hat. Marlene Dietrich had arrived from Germany to co-star with Gary Cooper in “Morocco” for Paramount Pictures. And she had the glamour situation well in hand.

Though it has been a number of years now since Marlene in high heels (the Hollywood touch) followed Gary Cooper across the hot sands of the California desert—and fainted from exhaustion because von Sternberg failed to tell her that the scene was over—Marlene still reigns supreme as the most glamorous star in Hollywood. But, why be small about it, she is without a doubt the most glamorous woman in the world today! And Marlene loves it. A luxurious person, with more than her share of feminine vanity, she adores being called glamorous and beautiful. It’s a lot of fun, and besides—it’s very good business. Nice work if you can get it.

From her friend, discoverer, and director, Josef von Sternberg, she has learned to look at herself as cold-bloodedly and professionally as if she were a share-holder in Dietrich, Inc. She knows that her acting isn’t all it should be. As an actress she knows that she can never hope to compete on the screen with the Helen Hayeses, the Claudette Colberts, the Sylvia Sidneys, the Barbara Stanwycks, the Bette Davises, and the Miriam Hopkinses. But as a glamorous personality she stands alone. No one can touch her. She can enter any night club or theatre in the world and be the most stared at woman in the room. Dietrich, Inc., sells glamour (preferred and not common)—and Dietrich, Inc., has never yet failed to pay juicy dividends.
Marlene goes about the business of being glamorous with charming Old World placidity. Her pictures take forever to finish, because the photography must be just so. She does not care how many "takes" she is asked to make—von Sternberg often made her take as many as thirty of very simple scenes—and she never storms and rages on a set when provoked by the harrowing details of making pictures. It takes nothing less than an earthquake to break up that magnificent poise. But don't get the idea that Marlene is the answer to every director's prayer, and that the line is turning on the left to direct her. Heavens, no. Marlene doesn't shriek, or throw hair brushes, or hurl expletives, but she has her own brand of temperament, which is far more deadly. Mr. Zukor's Glamour Girl Number One when creased simply sits before her mirror and combs her hair. And there she will calmly sit until the director, the designer, the author, come around to seeing things eye to eye with her. She feels that she knows more about Dietrich, Inc., than they do—and I wouldn't be at all surprised if she didn't.

Sometimes, however, Marlene will become very feminine and pretend that she is humoring her tormentors. For instance, during the production of "Angel," her latest Paramount picture, there was quite an argument over hats. At the beginning of every picture Marlene has about forty hats sent out from Lily Daché in New York, and, after posing, and more posing from every angle, she selects the ones she wants for the picture. But for a certain scene in "Angel" the director did not like Marlene's selection. "It's terrible," he shouted, "I won't shoot the scene with you in that hat." "What, you don't like my hat?" said Marlene calmly. "Very well, I will try on others for you." So she had Nellie, her faithful hairdresser and fellow conspirator of seven years, spread out all the gorgeous little Lily Dachés in her dressing room. "Which one do you wish?" she asked the director, being oh so charmingly feminine and respectful. With great care the director selected one and handed it to her. It was a hat created in a moment of abandon to sit on the very tip of woman's crowning glory, but Marlene, the minx, deliberately pulled it down over her forehead. "Please," she said, "you cannot like this hat. See, I look horrid in it. But if you wish I will wear it."

"No, no," snapped the director hastily, wondering how he could ever have liked anything so impossible. "Here, try this one. It is just what you need for that scene." It was a Lily Daché that simply cried to be pulled down on the right side, but shy Marlene casually pulled it down on the left side. "It is not becoming," she said, "but I will wear it if you wish." "Good God, no," shouted the director. "You can't wear that thing. Have you any suggestions? There must be something there." "Yes," said Marlene sweetly. "I like this one. See how well it fits? I don't have to tell you, dear reader, that Marlene was trying on the very hat she had decided upon in the first place.

Unlike all other little movie stars who avoid fittings almost as scrupulously as they do interviews and gallery sittings, Marlene simply adores wardrobe fittings. She will stand for hours without complaining while the studio dressmakers take in tucks here and put in pleats there, [Continued on page 72]
WHAT MAKES IT TICK?

By Howard Barnes

THERE is no one, I venture to say, who could go to Hollywood for the first time without preconceived notions of the movie capital. I had a lot of them. Not only had I been reviewing films on two large New York newspapers for years, but I had met a number of players, directors, writers and producers on their visits East or stopping off on their way to and from Europe. In the course of time I had absorbed so many impressions, prejudices and gossip items second-hand that I fancied I had a pretty good picture of movie-making and the Hollywood scene.

Recently I had the opportunity to stack up this mental image I had of the screen's center with reality. It was definitely illuminating. In the first place I went to Hollywood under the very best auspices—as a "visiting fireman." That is what they call a critic or chronicler of the films on the West Coast. The studios put automobiles and press agents at my disposal. I was asked to so many parties, large and small, that I only accept one invitation out of ten. Big shots took hours explaining the intricacies of the business to me. Even "closed sets" were open to me. (You're right, I didn't see Garbo.)

In any case I saw virtually everything I wanted to see and got way behind the front of glamour that inevitably clouds a vital art form. If I didn't get a true feeling about the professional and personal activities of the stars, the work and aspirations of producers, authors, directors and the unsung heroes of the photoplay, while sensing the general ferment of life that forms a background for their activities, then it was my fault. Curiously enough, all that I learned was accompanied by unearthing a great deal of the "Hollywood bunk" that Dana Burnet deplored in these pages recently. Let me tell you first what I thought Hollywood would be like before I arrived there.

Essentially my idea of the place was that it would resemble a cross between a boom town in the gold rush days and Rome in its ultimate decadence. I was prepared to see stars being eccentric on every hand, a jumble of imported cars, yachts and electric palaces and more or less continual plain and fancy whoop dee.

As a critic I knew that a staggering number of pictures was turned out each year, but it was much harder to visualize than the over-publicized shindigs of Hollywood's new and shifting aristocracy. As a matter of fact, I was prepared for anything, so long as it was done in true Babylonish style.

What I actually found was the hardest working community I have ever seen. The razzle-dazzle was there. a certain amount of foolish ostentation and foolish reckless living, but it was almost always on the fringes and amounted to no more than you would find anywhere a lot of talented and individualistic people were concentrated, with enormous wealth at their disposal. Most people who work hard claim that they have to play hard. The funny thing about Hollywood is that the people who really work, work pretty much all the time and when they're not working they just naturally have to rest.

So many commentators on Hollywood make the mistake of watching film making for too short periods. It is one thing to watch workmen on an excavation or building project for a few minutes and then go away thinking you know how it's done. It is quite another matter to follow them slogging away at the job for a full day. I made it my business to follow the painstaking efforts of groups of people on different sets for full days on more than one occasion. I wasn't working, the way they were, but by nightfall I was dead tired. I have nothing but admiration for the glamour girls and boys on the job.

Take the new Marlene Dietrich picture, "Angel," which Ernst Lubitsch was directing when I was in Hollywood. When I got to the set, early one morning, the beautiful Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas and the other players were already acting before the camera. Before they had started they had spent considerable time in dressing and making up for their parts. They were doing a simple but extremely subtle scene in which Dietrich, married to Marshall, recognized Douglas as a former flame but refused to admit that she recognized him. Lubitsch would call for cameras and sound and the set would take on a strange hush. Marshall went out of the room—Dietrich sat playing the piano—Douglas leaned over and whispered "Angel"—she shook her head—"I've seen it all before."

Over and over the scene was shot. Lunch was hurried through and Lubitsch took me to the projection room where the morning's "takes" or "dailies" were run off. I was terrified impressed by them—by the overtones of suggestion that had been caught by the camera. Finally they were finished. Lubitsch shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "It's no goot," he said. "Didn't you see dot shadow?"

The afternoon was taken shooting the morning scenes all over again. Without a grumble the players went through every nuance of gesture and diction that they had already delivered for hours. The result will be a scene that you'll watch for a minute or so. The point I am making is that it will be as perfect as Lubitsch, his technicians, Miss Dietrich, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Douglas can have made it, after Herculean labors.

So typical of this was the late Jean Harlow's last day on the "Saratoga" set. She literally went on working until she couldn't raise her arms to take off her make-up. I watched her acting shortly before that tragic time—gay, enthusiastic, even when "take" after "take" was necessary on a scene. Jack Conway, the director, shot much longer "takes" than most of his colleagues. He would rehearse them with infinite care. Clark Gable and Miss Harlow were nearly always better perfect in their parts. A lesser player usually made second and third shots necessary. The stars never showed annoyance by even the flicker of an eyelash. Both of them, genuinely modest about their own talents, merely tried to do their parts better.

Coupled with this enormous capacity to work, I found an amazing attention to detail. I watched Better Davis, for example, in That Certain Woman," which Edmund Goulding was directing. It was a straight melodramatic scene. When it was finished she came over to chat with me. Out from behind a back-drop came a four-year-old [Continued on page 82]
We Point With Pride

To Pat O'Brien

He Carries Forward A One Man Crusade That Has Broadened The Scope Of Films.

No fireworks in Pat O'Brien's career, no epics, just picture after picture in each story Pat gives us a better understanding of a square shooting, regular fellow. He is usually cast as just an ordinary man with a job, but his gift of talent has given the screen real men who carry responsibilities on their shoulders and pride and charity in their great hearts. The voices of millions are heard in appreciation of this actor's true characterization of an American workingman—stubborn, honorable and somehow gentle.

The Romantic Young Men Are Pursued.
The Clever Actresses Are Anxious To Have Famous Lovers Play Opposite Them In Pictures.

Once you are typed as a "Great Lover," there is no escape. The girls want to do their love scenes with famous heart-throbes and demonstrate their own ability to throw impassioned glances and record burning ardor, by way of "time kisses." Even off the screen the boys are trapped, just for the publicity value.

The single men who are successful as screen Roméo's take to the woods between pictures. Everywhere they look there is a girl, and her strongest yearning is for screen success. She keeps her beautiful eye on the main chance and as far as she is concerned, love is just a word in the script.

The "Great Lovers" set forth upon the uncharted sea of Hollywood, but no matter in which direction they look, danger surrounds them. And these sharks are man-killers!
PARACHUTES

The Personality Of The Star
Saves Many A Picture.

"It lets them down easy," the same as a parachute which saves the day when all else fails. Each picture is the result of many minds working together—well, working anyway. Then when the last retake is retaken, after the cutter has littered the floor with bits "born to blush unseen," and at long last, after the office boy and the big executive have decided on an entirely deceptive title, the negative runs through the printer forty times and out into the world go the prints of the picture. Forty audiences sit on their hands and after ninety-two minutes they go out and tell the world. Perhaps the story isn't good, but "the star is lovely." Perhaps the director slipped or the cast failed, still the audiences will enjoy the personality of the star and there will be no moths in the money drawers of the box-office.

It is possible for a person who goes to theatres, reads about the stage and thinks about the skill of the screen players, to derive real pleasure from a good characterization be the play good or bad. We pride ourselves on seeing every picture made by our favorites, knowing that whatever the story the star will parachute us to a "happy landing."
Gay Evenings To Fo

David Niven, Ronald Colman, Byron Foulger and C. Aubrey Smith in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Jean Hersholt and Shirley Temple in "Heidi."

Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard in "The Life of the Party."

Beatrice Roberts and Bruce Cabot in "Love Takes Flight."

Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen in "Make A Wish."
Mary Carlisle and Bing Crosby in "Double or Nothing."

Mischa Auer, Deanna Durbin and Adolphe Menjou in "100 Men and a Girl."

Allen Jones and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly."

Anita Louise and Marjorie Gateson in "First Lady."

Edward Arnold and Luis Alberni in "Easy Living."

Two bit players with Charles Boyer and Reginald Owen in "Marie Walewska."
These Ten Players Inaugurate Silver Screen's Hall of Fame. They Have Each Won A Pedest of Prominence And Are The Envy Of The Rest Of Hollywood. That This Gallery Of Greatness Exists Only In The Hearts Of Their Fans Does Not Lessen The Honor.

W. C. Fields  
Emperor of Comedians

Paul Muni  
Master of Characterization

Bing Crosby  
Crooner To Millions

Luise Rainer  
Great Actress

Tyrone Power  
Latest Fan Rail
If IT were not that the best players invariably come out on top, we should say that luck determines the size of the pedestals. After an actor has worked a lifetime on the stage, in vaudeville and finally on the screen, and it seems that a fair measure of success is all that he will enjoy, sometimes luck takes a hand. A great part comes to him and the world hails him as the genius that he is. For example, W. C. Fields as Miceawber. Suppose “David Copperfield” had never been made? Was that luck? However, Fields on the radio has proven his genius—ask Charlie McCarthy.

We have frequently heard movie discussions, and while everyone enjoys pictures it is true that only the great bits and great situations are remembered. Sharpen your memory and see if you do not find our favorites are also enshrined in your own Hall of Fame.
Launching Some A

Every Picture Fan Looks
To Hollywood For Ideas

(Below) Kelly green jersey is Betty Furness' choice for a day when the air is slightly nippy. The blouse has a natural waistline, girdled with a pigskin belt, and the skirt falls in graceful folds. This is the type dress that no well-planned wardrobe should do without. It answers so many divergent needs.

Evening modes vary according to one’s mood. (Above-left) Constance Bennett assumes a regal air in this flowing amethyst chiffon dance frock, with its matching cape strikingly contrasted with ombre chiffon. (Above) A svelte black crepe dinner gown, with square decolletage and severe short sleeves, lends Frances Dee an air of bored sophistication. Red and black floral print strikingly accentuates the high waistline and bands the straight jacket and hem. (Right) Margaret Lindsay looks particularly exciting in a sheer black hostess gown with full, tightly banded sleeves and a high neckline relieved by pearls. An original note is introduced with the cascade of white poppies hanging carelessly from the waistline.
ALTHOUGH some women still look to Paris for a forecast of coming styles, the majority of us just go to the movies when we want to know what is being worn by the "best people." For the screen fashion designers have to keep several jumps ahead of the prevailing mode in clothes, inasmuch as some pictures are filmed months ahead of the time they are scheduled to be released, in most cases.

Naturally the studio couturiers borrow inspiration from the famous French designers, but that's all the better for us. Apparently the combination is a very happy one, as you can see for yourselves.

(Above) Tala Birell can afford to welcome the first brisk weather when she dons this two-piece spectator suit of hunter's green duvetyne trimmed with grey caracul. The band on her matching felt hat is grey; so are her belt and accessories. (Above-right) Here Tala wears a three-piece sports suit of soft navy blue wool. The jacket has a vest effect and is trimmed with steel buttons, and the top coat is of colorful plaid in navy, green and salmon. Navy blue accessories are used. (Right) Correct for town or country is this field brown, soft suede belted jacket and skirt chosen by Marsha Hunt. The laced effect at throat and cuffs, and carried out again in her matching suede gloves and pouch purse, is distinctly novel. (Left) For that occasional sultry day, Jane Wyman keeps an in-between dark blue faille with dainty powder blue crepe accessories handy.

(Center-left) Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee—remember her?) looks most superior in her smartly rolled brown felt with its pert nose veil. (Center-right) Black velvet and grosgrain ribbon, expertly pleated, fashion this trim little turban which Binnie Barnes wears perched over her right eye.
John King played in Universal's "The Road Back" and was well liked. He will be given every chance to capture the hearts of the fans. (Right) The Ritz Brothers are well established already, and what treasures of gayety they bring!
Avoid Offending...

Many attractive girls lose out on friendship, romance, because of one unforgivable fault—perspiration odor in underthings. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor without injurious cake-soap rubbing or harmful alkali. Protects fabrics—saves colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor... Saves colors
Help Award The 1937
SILVER SCREEN
GOLD MEDAL
To The
Most Popular Player.
Vote For Your
Favorite Star.

PREVIOUS WINNERS
OF THE
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL
1932—Joan Crawford
1933—Joan Crawford
1934—Clark Gable
1935—Shirley Temple
1936—Robert Taylor

Which player is "The Most Popular"? Help to determine which star shall receive the Silver Screen Gold Medal for 1937. Fill in the ballot and mail it to us without delay. By voting yourself, and securing votes from your friends, you can in some measure repay your favorite player for the pleasure you have received from his or her performances, and you may be very sure the star who wins will be very proud and happy to receive this absolutely impartial proof of his or her popularity. Send in your ballots before midnight, September 13, 1937.

In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
The Girl Who Loves Practical Jokes. She's Been Kidded By Experts.

CAROLE LOMBARD will never forget her first picture.

Nor can Hollywood!

For the Lombard that the film colony knows and thrills to, the Lombard who shocks hardened Hollywood so deliciously and makes them love it, is a product of her introduction to motion pictures and motion picture people . . . just as surely as she is the fashion designer's delight and the despair of the studio publicity.

It happened a long time ago—about 1925—this film in which she made her debut as leading lady and which was to have such far-reaching consequences. Buck Jones, the western star, saw her one day as she crossed the Fox studio lot with a friend and immediately decided he wanted her for his next leading lady.

At that time she wasn't the same glamorous creature she is today. Pretty, yes, and unusually attractive. But her hair wasn't the spun-gold by which her fans know her now, and she was decidedly rosy-poly in appearance. Not too far fetched, so, you understand, but the Carole Lombard of the present is a far cry from that rosy-cheeked Carol—she since has added the "e" to her name—who accompanied Buck and his company to the wilds of Arizona on location.

The moment the company reached camp over there in Arizona, Carole became the butt of every joke ever played upon a greenhorn. Buck and W. S. Van Dyke, the director, and all the other members of the troupe—according to the custom in western units with new leading ladies—went out of their way to "kid" and plague the bright-eyed Carole.

First, came the "chapping," a pleasant little institution of the range that consists in placing the subject forcibly over a barrel and then, with a pair of chaps—the leather trousers cowboys pull on over their pants to protect them from the elements and cactus-and roughing him up, in the event you don't know—spanking him repeatedly, to the huge enjoyment of all the onlookers.

While Buck—brute-swing the chaps, the others of the company formed a circle around the pair and cheered to the tune of Carole's maddened cries. Outside the confines of the camp, a traveler approaching would have sworn murder was being committed . . . and the possibility exists that the shrieks that emanated from the Lombard might have been responsible for the strange absence thereafter of coyote howls at night. At any rate, Carole made herself heard all over the wild Arizona range, and the instant she was released it into Buck's teeth and nails, causing that worthy to turn tail and hike for the horse corral. He reached the safety of the horse remuda only a fraction of a second ahead of the infuriated Carole, and there remained until his leading lady's wrath was somewhat spent.

The following day Carole again was "trained." While she and Buck and Van Dyke—the Van Dyke later to direct such successes as "Trader Horn" and "The Thin Man"—sat drinking, four cowboys roped and started to saddle one of the horses.

But it required the assistance of others to saddle this particular animal. He pitched and bucked and struck at his tormentors until the scene resembled a wild melee. Finally, however, the boys succeeded in saddling him, and their quarry stood, kicking and snorting.

To Carole, the scene represented a touch of the Old West. She watched the antics of horse and men with eager interest. But she was unprepared for what was to happen.

Immediately the horse was saddled, Buck and Van Dyke led her over to the broncho. Then, as she realized what they were about to do and struggled to free herself, they seized and tossed her up on the saddle and tied her flying feet under the horse's belly. To Carole's shrieks were added their own and the grinning cowboys' vips and whoops.

With potential death staring her in the face—her imaginative mind had been filled with tall tales of bucking horses and the lives they had cost—Carole gripped the reins that had been thrust into her hands and fearfully waited for the horse to start his crazy bucking . . . for him to rear up, fall backward and crush her body like an eggshell.

Instead, the beast walked calmly over to a tuft of grass and started to nibble grass. Carole could not know that the horse was trained to buck only whenbidden on the neck . . . otherwise, a perfectly gentle animal.

Through such "horrible" incidents and pranks as these was Carole introduced to Hollywood and its folk. . . . initiated into motion pictures. When she left Hollywood, she scarcely knew the meaning of a practical joke . . . certainly not the hardy ribbing that she encountered daily while with the company. Upon her return, she was past mistress in all forms of the art.

It has been said—and rightly—that Carole Lombard is the most fun-loving person in Hollywood, that her flair for practical jokes is surpassed by none. That first picture of her is responsible. Carole's entire later personality was developed as an aftermath of that location trip with Buck Jones.

Perhaps, if her first picture hadn't been as Buck Jones' leading lady, she might not be the Carole Lombard she is today, that latent personality might never have been developed. Who knows . . . least of all herself.
The Skilled Players Who Give Their Lives To Comedy Are Welcomed On Every Screen And Their Talented Performances Are Well Rewarded. Theirs is The Last Laugh.

The comedian is being spotlighted in motion pictures today as never before. The whole world, in a protest against the worries of modern life, is seeking entertainment that specializes in laughter.

No, comedy is the most elusive phase of the acting art and, being so valuable, there's strong competition among the screen's funny men as the demand increases for laughs and more laughs.

Just why is a comedian? Is he a person who is "naturally" funny? Was he born with the gift of merriment and does it spring forth spontaneously, like his breath? How much does early environment influence the humorous angle in one's viewpoint? Does it thrive best on an easy life, or must it have the stimulus of hand knocks?

Three of our popular players, whose background and environment are widely different, and whose merriment never fails to click, answer some of these questions. The solemn man-about-town, Charlie Blore, slyly admits it was a rudimentary incident that prompted him to make himself into a comedian. Bob Burns, shrewd in living surmounted early hardships in his native Arkansas hills and taught him how fine a line lies between pathos and laughter, and so, developed a heart-warming humor that is carrying him to the top.

Mr. Butterworth greeted my questions in his typically vague and baffled manner, then gravely explained, "Becoming a comedian was the fulfillment of a life-long secret desire. Always shy and diffident, I used to yearn to be amusing—you know, spring clever remarks and bright quips and so make people laugh. I'm naturally very observant and I began noting the amusing characteristics of my fellow folk, these idiosyncrasies that make certain people stand out. I learned to imitate their walk, the way they talked, their funny expressions they put on their faces, and from this wealth of material I created a composite humorous character of my own. Most of the things I do are imitation, inspired by incidents I have stored in my memory and I merely mold and adapt them for my present need."

Born in South Bend, Indiana, where his father was a prominent physician, Charlie early decided to become a lawyer, and entered Notre Dame University, eventually becoming known as one of its best non-football graduates. He insists this is a libel and completely obscures the fact that he was once injured during an exciting Army-Navy game—when he fell off the bench!

No sooner had he the right to practice law than he felt the urge to become a newspaper reporter and his first job was writing obituary notices for the South Bend Times. Despite this unfulfilling beginning, Charlie followed the newspaper course through several years, finally landing on the New York Times, where he hobnobbed with the wisest men of the press. He says if he hadn't become a reporter he probably would never have become an actor, for it was during a show given at the Press Club that he burst forth in a monologue that struck his listeners so funny that they chorused he should be on the stage. He decided to take their advice, and at last brought his comedy character, now definitely, developed, right out into the open to help brighten the world with laughter. He was in half a dozen stage plays, then, in 1933, he was drafted into the whirlpool of movie merriment, being signed by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, and has been appearing in pictures ever since. Dignified, unobtrusive, Butterworth's absurdities are whimsical and unique. He's the quizzical nitwit; the superb sap who blinks vacuously when trying to catch an idea; the melancholy clown who never quite fits into place.

Eric was a solemn little boy, reared in a conservative and intellectual environment—the stage seemed as far removed from his life as the North Pole. His father, an honor student in classics at Trinity College, Dublin, and a member of the Board of Education in London, had fond dreams of his son following in his steps. Instead, Eric became interested in amateur theatricals and completely scandalized his father by accepting a chance to tour Australia with G. P. Huntley's company, "The Merry Makers," rather than go to college. After a year of acting there was no other life for him but the stage.

"I had developed a voice," Mr. Blore told me, "with his inimitable delivery, and when I returned I was glad to accept an offer to sing at the Canterbury Music Hall, long known as one of the most difficult houses in London. This turned into a calamity for I was programmed to follow Harry Lauder. My first song never rose above the applause for this prince of singers, and when I started my second, determined to sing it with true British courage; a foghorn voice from the gallery shouted, 'Get off the stage!'

"Amazing, but in that one illuminating moment I suddenly realized the power of comedy; I knew a laugh would have saved my job. So, deliberately, I set out to become a comedian. I thought comedy, I trained myself to see the humorous angle to every situation. It was exhilarating. As my latent humor found release, "The Gay Divorce," to recreate his amusing wattle part in the film version, following this with many other roles, all played with charm and high humor.

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The lanky com Bob Burns (above) brings to the screen the kind of comedy that is new and refreshing. He has trick hat nor any whiskers. (Left) Charles Butterworth; also, scene from "Swi
man with the foghorn voice, in the Canterbury balcony, for he started me on a most happy career."

Recently, I watched Eric make an hilarious scene, in which, as Leslie Howard's valet, he was jovially coaching his master in poetic love-making, and I believe he has found his best opportunity in this new Warner Brothers film, "It's Love I'm After." He's now making a picture at the RKO studio, playing the harassed manager of a touring orchestra in "Three on a Latchkey," which, also, promises excellent scope for his talents.

The art of nonsense is built on the absurdities, whims and vanities of humanity and Blore emphasizes these qualities in creating his comic character, adding an engaging warmth that endears them to his audiences.

Out of the lush hills of Arkansas comes a man with a friendly grin, an ingratiating drawl, and a humor that is homely, richly human and wholly original. His name is Bob Burns.

He has a couple of pieces of gas pipe to one of which is attached a small whiskey funnel and it is supposed to be a musical instrument. He calls it a bazooka. With a flair for story telling, a talent for natural acting, plus an ability to coax weird wails from the bazooka, Burns has made a sensational screen success in four pictures. However, he traveled a long, hard road before he arrived but you'll never hear a lament out of him.

When I asked him why he was a comedian, he grinned broadly, then drawled, "Life is too durned serious to be taken seriously. Did you ever think what would happen if nobody laughed? Shucks, we'd all be in the insane asylum.

"They say it's a whole lot harder to make people laugh than it is to make 'em cry. I'm not knowing, I never tried to make anyone cry. As for being funny, well, I don't know how come except I like people. I've known a good many, and it's fun to talk about them. Maybe that spells comedy."

"You see I started out kind a young with my bazooka to get somewhere and there were times when the goin' was mighty tough, and that's when I learned to laugh instead of getting tragic. If you laugh hard enough most troubles will vanish. I was raised among the Arkansas hill billys and they are pretty philosophical. No matter how hard life comes they always have an answer. They don't anticipate, either, they wait and meet problems when they come. I learned to do that, too.

"I remember once we were warned a flood was comin' and my father went up and down country telling folks to move out, but they said they'd get out when the flood came. Well, it came, and one morning standing on the river bank we saw a felo come floating by clinging to his house top and with cattle and hogs floundering all about him. My father hollered at him, 'I told you to move.' And the man yelled back, 'Well, I'm movin' now, ain't I?'"
Down the Mountainside On His Winged Skis Came a Royal Prince Who Searched For Love—and Lili.

By Jack Bechdolt

The strategic ambassadors saw the happiness of Lili (Sonja Henie), but Uncle Dornik (Raymond Walburn) hinted that there had been a lovers' quarrel.

IT WAS NOT snowing in St. Christophe.

That simple statement sums up a wealth of Alpine tragedy that could not be told in volumes. Imagine Hollywood without the movies, Florida without a grapefruit, New England without a fried clam! Imagine any catastrophe you like and throw in a pack of St. Bernards for good measure and still you will have only the slightest idea of the pall of gloom which had descended upon St. Christophe, (Altitude 2100 Meters).

The Grand Hotel Imperial was empty and its vast corridors and mammoth modernistic lobby echoed only the despairing footfalls of its harassed manager, Herr Krantz. The Paris-Constantinople Express had just passed through and not one tourist alighted. Why? No snow.

It was snowing at St. Gothard. St. Moritz had six feet. St. Felipe was snowed in. And St. Christophe stewed under a tropic sun and faced utter ruin.

No snow, no tourists. No tourists, no business! Eight words and they spelled the doom of St. Christophe.

In the cowshed behind her humble cottage, Lili Heiser milked a Swiss cow to the tinkling strains of a Swiss music box operated by her Swiss boy friend Alex. Lili was the skating instructor at the Grand Hotel Imperial and she had nothing better to do than Bordenize the cow.

She was lovely as the Edelweiss, this Lili Heiser. Her eyes were the vivid blue of a mountain lake—merry, shining eyes set in checks that blushed the delicate pink of Alpine sunsets. She was dimpled and delicately curved like the contours of the snow clad mountain sides—when there was snow. And the adoring Alex, who contented the cow with music while she milked, found her heart as unmeltable as the core of an Alpine glacial. Lili didn't know it, but she was saving her love for a Prince.

At the Grand Hotel Imperial the telephone rang. An official of the Foreign Office was on the wire, regardless of expense, "I wish to make reservations. Could you possibly manage to let us have eighty one rooms and three suites?"

For a moment there was no answer. Herr Krantz had swooned. Unaware of that, the Foreign Office secretary went on explaining. An international conference was planned. The signatories of the three power pact wished to move into St. Christophe. Naturally, they must have the very best of everything, regardless of expense.

Herr Krantz revived in time to say he thought the accommodations could be arranged. "Pardon me. What was that? I didn't hear you...?"

Herr Krantz's face turned livid with despair. "Snow?... Oh snow!" Herr Krantz plunged. He was gambling his shirt, but a desperate hotel manager must be prepared to gamble his shirt or else go into bankruptcy.

"Of course there's snow in St. Christophe," cried Herr Krantz. "The best snow in the Alps. Yes sir, and excellent skiing... Yes... yes... goodbye!"

There was only one thing left to do, that was for the village to pray. St. Christophe, including everybody from the cradle to dotage went down on its knees and prayed for snow.

And that night, while the church bells pealed joyously, while the delirious villagers laughed and danced and yodeled, snow fell upon St. Christophe and when the Prince came into Lili Heiser's heretofore humble life, he came bringing his skills along.

In the international game that was staged at the Grand Hotel Imperial Prince Rudolph held the balance of power. So long as he could keep two hereditary enemies, represented by a Count and a Baron, fighting with each other the prince served his country well. If once the Count and the Baron got together and ganged up against him, all was lost.

Prince Rudolph, who had a sense of humor and a fondness for skiing, saw that the best way he could serve his native land was to keep out of the picture. He arrived at St. Christophe supposedly the victim of a bad cold and retired behind closed doors in his imperial suite at the Grand Hotel Imperial. That left the Count and the Baron to plot against each other.

The second point in Prince Rudolph's program was easily arranged. Disguised by smoked glasses he sneaked away to a humble lodging, the Village Inn. There, as plain Rudolph Miller, he was free to go out and ski to his heart's content.

Rudolph was enjoying a cup of coffee from his thermal flask when he first met Lili. She had skied down a mountain side and was traveling like a comet—a pink, dimpled, delightful young
When Lili and the prince met, it was not the excitement of skiing which made their pulses race and set their hearts to beating furiously.

Herr Krantz sneered. He let Lili understand that she was hired as a skating instructor, nothing more. Herr Krantz had no use for amateurs.

But Fate had marked Lili Heiser as one to be smiled upon and humble Alex, the Swiss boy friend, was the unconscious instrument of Fate.

Alex discovered his own cousin Hermann had a job as Prince Rudolph's chauffeur. After they had had a few beers together Cousin Hermann agreed to let Alex take his sweetheart riding in the prince's car. But of course they must go late at night when Herrman would not be found about.

In the small hours of the morning a worthy village matron heard a motor car and peeped from her window. It was the prince's car with a royal crest big as a cabbage emblazoned on its doors. And it stopped in front of Lili Heiser's humble cottage.

The prince's chauffeur got down. He held the door and handed out a lady.

"Why, it's Lili Heiser!" cried the woman.

"And look," said her husband, "She's talking to someone inside!"

"The Prince, of course," the good woman looked shocked.

"Who would have thought—" she began in the virtuous and pleasantly scandalized state good women experience when they scent intrigue.

It was undoubtedly Lili who turned to say goodnight and blow kisses to the passerby inside the Prince's car. The gossips didn't know she was blowing kisses to Alex. They would have missed a lot of excitement if they had.

Inside of fifteen minutes the whole village was sure that Lili had been out with the Prince until all hours. Before morning everybody in the Grand Hotel Imperial knew it, including the Count and the Baron and the horde of newspaper men who attended the conference.

Prince Rudolph was carrying on an affair with Lili Heiser, the little skating teacher!

Before the sun again kissed the snow clad splendor of St. Christophe the news echoed around the world. And those two vailey old diplomats, the Count and the Baron, began to scheme how to turn this state of affairs to some use.

The Count saw at once that the thing to do was to get on the good side of Prince Rudolph's new lady. At precisely the same moment the bright idea occurred to his rival, the Baron. And not more than sixty seconds later—for a hotel manager is almost, if not quite as smart as a diplomat—Herr Krantz discovered that Lili Heiser was a girl to be cultivated. St. Christophe had suddenly become the scene of a royal romance that was worth a fortune to the Hotel Grand Imperial.

Up to this point in his career, Lili's Uncle Donrik had barely picked up a living selling picture postcards on the station platform, and brushing off the dusty clothes of newly alighted tourists. But Lili's Uncle Donrik was almost as smart as Herr Krantz. He, too, discovered in record time that pretty little Lili, who didn't even know what it was all about, was a gold mine if properly managed. Uncle Donrik undertook to be her manager.

Fictionalization of 'Thin Ice,' a Twentieth Century-Fox Production

(Last) Hendricks—the diplomat (Melville Cooper), Adolph—her yokel sweetheart (George Givot) and Lili. Behind her lovely smile the diplomat suspected there hid the secrets of an amazing intrigue. (Above) The squerries and Strohm (Arthur Treacher) attend Prince Rupert (Tyrone Power).
The first thing he did was to demand an elaborate suite for Lili, close to the royal suite at the Hotel Grand Imperial. There he established his startled niece. Uncle Dornik received the gentlemen of the press, who came flocking, and spun out a fine yarn about the romance between Lili and the Prince. When the Count and the Baron called, bringing impressive gifts, Uncle Dornik received the gifts and kept the two eager diplomats competing with each other for the favor of Lili's confidence. For, through Lili both the Count and the Baron hoped to influence His Royal Highness.

The next night all St. Christophe flocked to the Hotel Grand Imperial to see Lili skate. Herr Kranzt was delighted to have her give exhibitions. He had forgotten all that he said about not being bothered by amateurs. He begged her to skate!

And Lili, still innocent of the cause of it all, thought that it was because of her talents that the world had turned upside down.

It was the charming stranger, Rudolph Miller, who opened Lili's eyes to the truth. Lili still went out for her early morning run on Mons. And Rudolph met her on the mountainside.

"Everybody thinks that you and the Prince are—shall we say—very good friends," Rudolph explained.

"Why that's ridiculous," Lili cried, still failing to grasp the full significance of it. "I don't even know what he looks like.

"So I gather," said Rudolph. He smiled with relief as he agreed with her. For a little while Rudolph had been tortured by the suspicion that little Lili wasn't as innocent as she looked; that, perhaps, she had been trying to cash in on her acquaintance with royalty.

But now Lili was in a royal rage that outdid any rage Rudolph had ever indulged in.

"I'll put an end to this right now," she vowed and started off for St. Christophe in a whirl of sparkling snow dust.

Rudolph smiled after her flying figure and then he sighed. He had met her at last, the one woman he would love for a lifetime! She was a peasant girl—and she hadn't guessed he was a prince! So long as she thought him plain Rudolph Miller, a newspaperman, he might win her love. But when she knew that he was His Royal Highness, Prince Rudolph what would she do?

Lili stormed into the Hotel Grand Imperial and told the gentlemen of the press and everybody who would listen that the story about herself and the prince was a lie. And all the gentlemen of the press and the diplomats smiled and said, "Ah... the soul of discretion! Or a lover's quarrel, no doubt! Tut, tut! The newspapers around the world echoed their views and Lili Heiser was more sought after than ever.

Crafty old Uncle Dornik and Herr Kranzt, just to make doubly sure, dressed Uncle Dornik as the Prince and arranged that all the hotel gossips should see him leaving Lili's apartment swathed in a bathrobe late at night. After that there were just two people in the world who knew there was no truth in the story and these two were the ones most concerned.

Lili knew now that it was Rudolph Miller the newspaperman that she loved. And Rudolph knew the woman he loved was not the intrigant Lili Heiser that the world was talking about, but a darling, innocent peasant girl who had no idea that he was a prince.

Far up on the mountainside, isolated in a cold, frozen fairyland of their own, the two sweethearts clung to each other while Rudolph whispered, "Lili, let's get married."

"Oh Rud, I want to, but how can I?"

"Why can't you?"

"I'm all mixed up in this terrible mess at the hotel."

"That," said Rudolph firmly, "is exactly the reason why we're going to get married at once. Come on!"

And so they would have been married and lived happily ever after, but for the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister is a prince's boss and Rudolph's prime minister had risen from a sick bed after he read the latest reports from St. Christophe. He caught Rudolph in time to lock him up in the royal suite at the Hotel Grand Imperial while Lili waited in vain for the bridegroom.

It looked as if romance had gone out like a light, with Prince Rudolph raging behind locked doors and poor Lili searching in vain for Rudolph Miller, the newspaperman. But when even love fails to find a way, international diplomacy see in her a woman of mystery.

COMING FEATURES

THE movie critic of the N. Y. Herald Tribune finds a great deal to like in Hollywood as well as other things which are not so pleasing. Read Howard Barnes' article and enjoy an intelligent man's estimate of Hollywood. No flossie bouquets—just a good job of reporting.

The "Projection" story in the October Silver Screen reveals the interesting life of Jeannette MacDonald.

Janet Graves, you will remember that she wrote "What! No More Clueless," gets all excited over the way the women do not get equal opportunities. In "It's A Man's World" she vigorously demands a new deal for the gals of the cinema.

The stars certainly do branch out into side lines you never would imagine! It's all explained in the next issue by Gordon R. Silver.

The October Silver Screen will be on the newsstands Sept. 14.
THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA
AN IMPRESSIVE BIOGRAPHICAL FILM—RKO

EVER since I have been in Hollywood have I seen such respect and admiration shown an actor by an audience as was shown to Paul Muni after the preview of "The Life of Emile Zola." As Muni left the theatre the audience formed two lines across the lobby, and as he passed through they shouted "bravo" and broke into enthusiastic applause. This has never been done before, and it just gives you an idea of the magnitude of the Muni performance.

As Emile Zola, the arch-foe of shams and hypocrisy, Muni surpasses even his notable Louis Pasteur, for which he recently received an Academy Award. Yes, it's that good, and if you are an adult and can appreciate acting, you shouldn't miss it.

The story opens in the winter of 1869 with Zola, a struggling young writer, living in poverty in a Paris garret with Paul Cezanne, the French painter, and then proceeds to tell of Zola's meeting with Nana, woman of the streets, whose life he writes into a sensational novel which quickly catapults him into fame and fortune. He is ready to rest on his laurels. Then in 1875 comes the scandalous railroad case of Alfred Dreyfus to Devil's Island to save the honor of the French general— and Zola once more takes up his pen for truth and justice and becomes the center of the activity in the famous Dreyfus case.

This picture is a fine and impressively directed and produced, and the highest praise should be given every member of the truth perfect cast. Especially to Joseph Schildkraut as the ill-fated Dreyfus, Gale Sondergaard as Lucie Dreyfus, Gloria Holden as Madame Zola, Erin O'Brien Moore as Nana, Vladimir Sokoloff as Cezanne, Donald Crisp as Labori and Morris Carnovsky as Anatole France. Every adult should see it.

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK
A FASCINATING TRUE STORY OF A FINANCIAL WIZARD—RKO

AVASLY and ambitiously produced, Edward Arnold's new picture is a rare treat for those who desire to see that colorful period in American history when poor boys became millionaires and shot the works. It doesn't happen now, not even in Hollywood. Popular Mr. Arnold plays Jim Fisk, the peddler who became a Wall Street magnate, and gives one of his finest performances, though it is more than faintly reminiscent of "Diamond Jim Brady."

Opening in Civil War times the story tells how crafty Fisk got his start profiteering in cotton, and then how he moved on to Wall Street where, after a bit of finagling, he acquired the large lines of Daniel Drew and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Then, drunk with power, he endeavored to corner the gold market, which precipitated one of Wall Street's worst panics.

Naturally some license has been taken with the characters of Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, but for the most part the facts in the wise true. Donald Meek is excellent as Daniel Drew and so is Clarence Kolb as Cornelius Vanderbilt, the lord of Wall Street.

Frances Farmer plays Josie Mansfield, an actress befriended by Fisk (playboys always went for actresses in those days, remember Diamond Jim and Lilian Russell), and Cary Grant plays Nick Boyd, Fisk's friend and partner who tries to warn him of the folly of too much power and wealth. Jack Oakie is another partner, and Jack of course provides the laughter. It's an extraordinarily interesting picture for adults.

THEY WON'T FORGET
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AGAIN CREATES A TRAGIC SITUATION—WB

This picture is remarkable for its vigor and intensity. The theme is so provocative that it gives one a new realization of the power of the screen, a power that must be preserved and used to better the conditions under which we live. It is a call to all citizens to feel the moral and social aspects of dishonor and to wake up and help the cause of justice.

The story is from the book "Death in the Deep South," by Ward Greene.

However, you will follow every action with your whole attention. When the corrupt politician uses a man's life to advance his own game, he loses our sympathy.

The picture is an arraignment of corrupt officials and it may start many a reform movement.

HERVYN LeRoy directed the film. Gloria Dickson and Edward Norris are good, but Claude Rains is the
dominating force that gives the picture power.
It is a social document that should help to bring law to the jungle of corrupt politics.

TOPPER
AN HILARIOUS GHOST STORY—RKO-Radio-MGM
IF YOU are acquainted with the late Thorne Smith's novel by the same name you will know just what to expect in "Topper"—but if you don't know it you are in for a great surprise. Imagine Constance Bennett and Cary Grant playing a couple of madcap ghosts and having the time of their lives!

It seems that they were one of those frightfully rich Park Avenue couples who did nothing but drink and laugh and go from one party to another. They were killed in an automobile accident, but it didn't seem to upset them at all for as ghosts they could be even gayer than ever and consume just as much champagne. However, they decide that their only chance of salvation is to perform a good deed, and they choose Topper for their good deed.

Topper is a little henpecked husband who can't even call his mind his own, and as played by Roland Young he is simply superb. The ghosts adopt him and teach him how to laugh and sing and get the most out of life, and Topper goes on quite a bender before the merry ghosts return him to his shrew of a wife.

 Naturally, with a couple of ghosts in a picture anything can happen, and there are a number of crazy situations that will have you in stitches. Billie Burke plays the wife, Eugene Pallette a disgruntled house detective, Arthur Lake a fresh elevator boy, and Alan Mowbray is simply priceless as a butler.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE JOINS THE ENGLISH ARMY IN INDIA—20th Century-Fox

RUDYARD KIPLING'S original story of a "Wee Willie Winkie" has now been given a new treatment by Hollywood and steps forth as the latest starring vehicle of Miss Shirley Temple, still Public Favorite Number 1.

She plays a little American girl, who, with her mother (June Lang), journeys into the heart of India to join the child's English grandfather (C. Aubrey Smith) who commands a frontier army post.

The child quickly makes a pal of the gruff sergeant (Victor McLaglen) and proceeds to win the heart of every man at the post. She performs a kindness to a native chief (Cesar Romero) and with this as a starter eventually brings about the friendship of the English and the natives.

There are many impressive military manoeuvres, and all in all it is the most superb production that Shirley has been given. The film is in sepia print, with blue shades for night scenes, and this adds much beauty and effectiveness to the settings. Shirley, who is getting to be a big girl now, parts with a lot of her cute baby mannerisms and gives a straight performance.

Temple fans will be crazier about her than ever.

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A DOCTOR'S LIFE—M-G-M

This belongs in the current cycle of doctor films, though thanks to the excellent acting and noteworthy devotion it is far better than most of them.

Everything happens in a "general hospital" and of course the old "Grand Hotel" treatment is used once more to splendid advantage.

Attention centers on the case of Doctor Franchot Tone who is really in love with Nurse Maureen O'Sullivan, but she has a husband, so he finally marries a rich patient, the beautiful and glamorous Virginia Bruce. With her society friends and selfish demands she practically runs his career, but there's a train wreck just in time, and a very happy ending.

You won't be bored, and you won't be exalted. The "new face" in this picture is that of Leonard Penn, who plays the handsome young hero and in real life is the husband of Miss Gladys George.

EASY LIVING
A GRAND COMEDY—DON'T MISS IT—Par

EVER star wants a madcap comedy this year, and the screwey they come the better they like them. And so now husky-voiced Jean Arthur, dignified Edward Arnold, and suave Ray Milland have their merry fling in one that stacks up favorably with "My Man Godfrey" and "Theodora Goes Wild."

The fun starts when millionaire banker Mr. Arnold tosses his wife's $5,800 sable coat out of the window in a fit of anger. It lands on Jean Arthur, poor working girl, riding atop a Fifth Avenue bus. Jean thinks the coat is imitation skunk or something and when he insists that she keep it, she does. Then the gossip starts.

The next thing Jean knows she is installed in the imperial suite of the Hotel Louis, all because Louis Alberni the owner, believes that the banker is "that way" about Jean and that she will bring prestige to his bankrupt hotel.

She brings plenty of prestige, and also Ray Milland, the banker's son, whom she met in a brawl in the automat. She and Ray fall in love, of course, but gossip persists in connecting her name with Mr. Arnold's and one hysterical scene follows another, climaxing in a stock market crash which Jean innocently causes. There's an automat scene in this one that tops in screwball comedy. That alone is worth the

"Topper," a comedy that has a brilliant cast. Cary Grant, Constance Bennett and Roland Young take a fling at the ridiculous. [Continued on page 65]
WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton (foreground above) looks charmingly cool in white sharkskin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. “It’s like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos,” says Mrs. Warburton. “Smoking Camels perks up my energy…gives me the grandest lift!”

TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at “Sandblown,” her Southampton place, and at “Saracen Farm,” the family estate near Philadelphia. “An appetizing dish,” she remarks, “has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There’s no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!” As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. Alkaline digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel’s mild, delicate flavor

MISS JOAN BELMONT, New York • MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston • MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York • MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, Boston • MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL IBTH, Philadelphia • MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR., New York • MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York • MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNMAN III, Baltimore • MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., New York • MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, Pasadena
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., Chicago

FOR DIGESTION’S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS!
The most photographed girls in the world

You'll see them in "Walter Wanger's Vagues of 1938"—lovely Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Ruth Martin. These gorgeous models were born with beauty—but they learned for themselves the priceless trick of using an exciting perfume to dramatize their charm. That's why, in both professional and private life, they always wear—IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

Their fragrant secret can be yours, too. And once you've known the thrill of this luxurious perfume, no other can quite take its place. A floral bouquet—intensely modern, restless, gay, adventurous—everything that its name implies! Add the vivid sparkle of screen celebrities to your own personality with—Irresistible Perfume.

Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores
price of admission. For bigger and better laughs try this.

THE ROAD BACK
A Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front"—U

THis might have been the most important picture of the year but it didn't come off. Chiefly because someone at the studio suddenly became frightened at the word "art" and shot into this exquisite and highly dramatic story of youth in post-war Germany some of the silliest slap-stick comedy you ever saw. Connell Evans, Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda do all their low comedy tricks, with the exception of throwing pies, and deprived of pies they throw sausages.

The picture is taken from Erich Remarque's book of the same title and tells the story of a group of soldiers in Germany who return to their homes after the signing of the peace treaty. They have changed, and their friends and sweethearts have changed, but most of all Germany has changed, and the picture, like the book, treats of their efforts to adjust themselves to new conditions.

There are many excellent dramatic episodes, and too much praise cannot be given to the grim photography, and to the emotional acting of Richard Cromwell, John King and Maurice Murphy, the three disillusioned boys who return home from the trenches. But "The Road Back" is too full of comedy detours.

MARRY THE GIRL
If You're Taking Life Too Seriously This Is Your Antidote—H.B

THis is a straight farce, pure and simple. A and a hick of a lot of fun. Mary Boland and Hugh Herbert are a brother and sister who work a newspaper syndicate and their job is to keep the crew of nuts, who supply their features, on the payroll. Half of the picture takes place in an insane asylum and the other half in a newspaper office and it is difficult to tell where one stops and the other begins, so you sort of get the idea.

Frank McHugh plays the manager of the syndicate and is secretly in love with Carol Hughes, the only straight role in the picture. Mischa Auer plays a crazy Russian artist who is out to marry Carol for her bankroll, but when Carol and Frank finally get together Mischa decides in favor of Miss Boland, and what fun that is. Hugh O'Connell, as a plastered cartoonist, and Alan Mowbray, as a mind specialist, add to the general hilarity.

K u n t h w i t h o u t a m o r
R o m a n c e in Russia During the Revolution—U/4

This is the picture that Marlene Dietrich made in London. The story is set in Russia during the time that the Empire was overthrown and the aristocrats and the mob were at each other's throats, with the revolutionists always winning.

Dietrich is a countess and Robert Donat an Englishman who is suspected of plotting against the Czar. He is sent to Siberia where he remains until the revolution breaks out. He is given a position with the Reds, although his sympathies, carefully disguised, are for the cultured as against the beasts in command of the Reds. Marlene's life as Countess Alexandra is trampled upon by the gross leaders of the Bolsheviks. Her character is never brought very close to the audience, but stays with the plot and adds to the thought of her helplessness. One fine bit of direction is the scene where the countess wakes and finds her palace empty—no servants—the fragile grandeur of her bubble existence vanished.

Robert Donat as a Red is ordered to take her away, and at last we have the real photoplay. Donat and Dietrich try to escape by train, but there are no trains. The Reds search the forest for the couple and at last the pursuit has died down the fugitives find solace in another asylum. The White Army temporarily offers a haven, but the Reds overcome them and again the lovers are in sight. A young officer falls in love with Marlene and his performance involves us in the most emotional moments of the picture. The part is brilliantly played by John Clements. Dietrich and Donat, at last, are borne away on a hospital train, leaving turbulent Russia behind. An almost great picture.

Ray Milland and Jean Arthur, in "Easy Living," are taken by surprise. Flowers and lavish gifts arrive and they are not even married.

S i l v e r  S c r e e n
When the scene is over Tom comes up, dragging Barbara (whom I'd never met) with him. "Say," he begins when the introductions are over, "the last time I saw you was that night at that joint when I got into a fight. Remember?"

I nod. I only happened to be his second. "I can't understand it," Tom goes on regretfully. "I didn't want to fight but the gay kept making remarks I couldn't overlook. I kept hitting him and hitting him but he wouldn't go down. Usually I only get a chance to land one blow then I'm flat on the floor looking up at whoever I'm fighting with. One Punch Brown—that's me. And for once I get a guy I can handle and then can't knock him out."

"What a blood-thirsty little man you are," Barbara smiles and Tom looks very, very hurt.

"Now, honey," he begins and then it's time for me to leave and hit the next set."

I don't know what "That's My Story" is all about. All I know is the door to the court-house or jail opens and Bernadine Hayes comes rushing out, flourishing a revolver and dragging Claudia Morgan by one hand while she pushes William Lundigan ahead of her with the other. "Come on," she snaps, "hurry up." They rush down the steps to a car and Bernadine pushes Claudia into the back seat and Bill into the front one and then climbs in beside him. "Get going," she orders, giving him a poke in the ribs with the gun.

Bill was a radio announcer in some upstate New York town—Ithaca, I believe—when a talent scout heard him announcing, liked his voice and went around to have a look-see. When he found Bill to be a personable young gent, he signed him up. And here he is.

Warner Bros.

FOUR pictures shooting here but one of them, "The First Lady," I've already told you about. The others are "It's Love I'm After" starring Bette Davis and Leslie Howard, "Inside Story" featuring June Travis and Ronald Reagan (a newcomer) and "The Perfect Specimen" starring Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell, with Hugh Her-
inquires, changing the subject.

"Of course," Hugh pipes up. "We're somewhere in the neighborhood of my home but I'm not quite sure of the direction. I'm not very practical, you know, but I think a couple of right turns would find it. Ah, there it is!" He points to a rather squat house—all ells and angles, with steeply tilted roof and many cock-eyed dormers.

"Is that your house?" Joan asks incredulously, and then adds politely, "Why, how nice."

"Glad you like it," Hugh responds heartily. "Designed it myself. It's a bit cracked in spots but it does reflect my personality. Perhaps you two will accept my hospitality over night?

For darkness hath fallen, it's too late to roam.

My shack is no castle—but still it's my home."

He looks at them anxiously, and then, "Not bad, I think, considering my corner."

"It's lovely." Joan returns warmly, and we'd be glad to accept. Are you married, Mr. Shawe?"

"Yes, indeed," Hugh answers her. "My wife's a wonderful woman . . . marvelous woman . . . sends me five hundred a month."

"Send—?" Joan begins.

"Alimony," says Hugh briefly. "I'm sorry she's not here to welcome you but she's left me."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Joan tries to console him.

"Oh, she'll come back," Hugh tells her cheerily. "She always does. Now, if you'll come in—"

This scene, too, is taken over and over and over so there's no chance to chat with anyone.

---

I proceed to "It's Love I'm After," formerly called "Gentleman After Midnight," at the Roxy Theatre in Los Angeles, where Leslie Howard and Bette Davis are doing the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet." To the audience, and particularly to Olivia de Havilland, (an extremely emotional Pasadena heiress) the performance is most affecting, but in the close-ups the two stars are actually having a near battle right on the stage as they attempt to steal scenes from each other.

Bette is lying on the bier in the vault. Howard is kneeling beside her but looking at Olivia as he speaks—and lips, O you, the doors of death, seal with a righteous kiss a dateless bargain to engrossing death!"

"Your Juliet's here, my pet." Bette whispers angrily. "Not up in that box."

"Give the girl a break," Leslie mutters.

"Darling, you're such a lovely, well-cooked ham." Bette retorts in a whisper. "You should be served for Christmas dinner with cloves in your ribs and cranberries in your eye sockets."

"Oh, true apothecary," Howard carries on his scene. "The drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss, I die."

I wish there was cyanide in it," Bette murmurs.

Director Archie Mayo isn't satisfied with the scene. And he wants the lighting changed. While they're re-focusing the lights, Bette walks along the ledge of the box where her mother is sitting with some friends. There is a piece of canvas stretched from the stage to the first row of seats, to hide the orchestra pit.
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"Be careful, Bette, please," Archie asks her. "This picture is jinxed and I don't want any more trouble.

"I'm all right," Bette retorts irritably.

A few minutes later the lights are fixed and they call her. Just as she reaches the stage her heel catches in the canvas, she loses her balance and down she plummets through it, about eight feet into the floor. Everyone sits there in stunned silence for a moment and then there is the reassuring sound of Bette's voice, although we can't see her. "I'm all right," she calls.

Then Mrs. Davis gives an involuntary scream. "Stop that yelling," Bette shouts angrily. "I tell you I'm not. Can one of you boys give me a hand and pull me up out of here?" Or maybe you'd better get a chair and let me climb out. I'm pretty heavy."

As one of the props pulls her up there is a spontaneous burst of applause from the extras.

As soon as Bette is on the stage again, she turns to Mayo. "I'm sorry to hold you up, Archie, but I think I've spoiled my make-up," she says calmly, "and I know I've torn my Juliet cap."

That girl is a real trouper.

I don't know the plot of the other picture—"Inside Story"—because they haven't finished writing it yet. It's the interior of a radio office. Ronald Reagan is talking into the phone: "Listen, I mean it. There'll be no soft-pedaling—no editorial selection. A half million radio audience wants it and they're going to get it—undiluted."

June Travis has come in just as he finishes speaking. As he hangs up the phone she adopts a nasty-nice tone: "The independent Mr. McCaine?"

"Dear Aunt Betty," Reagan rips her back. She runs a children's program.

"Miss Hopkins to you!" she fakes. "What did you say to J. D. yesterday about my program?"

"That I wanted you to continue with it," Ronnie replies calmly. "That, while it was pretty bad, I thought if you would listen to me it could be worked up into something the kids would go for."

For a second June is speechless with rage, then she spatters, "If you don't think I'm doing a good job, why don't you have me fired?"

"Oh, sit down," Reagan says, giving her a push that sends her sprawling into a chair.

"Hey," Director Nick Grinde interrupts. "That was good—that push and that sort of fall. Keep that in when we 'take' it. Go on."

"You have a good job and you get a good salary," Reagan continues.

"And I suppose you're going to tell me how you have all your influence to get it for me?" she sneers.

"Isn't there more to your speech, June?" Grinde interrupts again.

"No, says Miss Kennedy. "We cut the rest out—it was such terrible dialogue."

"Well, all right," says Nick doubtfully.

"You can see from the way that it has been going that if I take it before they get a 'take' and I still have to cover—"

United Artists

My Favorite Producer, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, is bringing "Dead End" to the screen. I don't believe there is another producer in the business who transfers a novel's pictures to film so faithfully and as successfully as Mr. Goldwyn. If they're successful in the one medium he is satisfied to let well enough alone and doesn't spoil them by trying to improve upon them.

Swarming near the slimy piers of the backwash of the East River, in that section of New York where the fashionable apartments of the fifties meet the tenements of the waterfront, are a group of slim hoodlums who pass their time in gambling and petty thievery. The leader (Billy Halop) has been raised by his sister (Sylvia Sidney). She is a sensitive girl, whose efforts to save herself and her brother from their deteriorating surroundings are a constant and hopeless struggle. She is in love with Joel McCrea—an out-of-work architect who lives the neighborhood—and is desperately trying to escape from it.

At the moment Sylvia is striking for higher wages in the factory where she works. She is slight, and her brother is standing on the end of a pier, knitting. Joel is standing nearby but he hasn't seen her.

"Don't talk out loud," Sylvia caution him. "I'm here.


"Any news?"

"Uh-huh," she smiles. "Maybe good news. I'm afraid to talk about it. Today the boss said our committee could come in and talk things over with him and maybe—but just maybe. You know, it's hard to refuse."

"Oh, that would mean a lot—pointing towards the river and the swimming kids. "I could get him away from here."

"Far enough, I don't know," she admits, looking up at him and then smiling. "I can only try."

"You'll be all right," he states, immediately sorry for what he has said. "You'll always be all right."

She looks up at him again and then, after a moment, she chants bitterly: 'I'll be all right. Drina will be all right. Drina was good to her mother and Drina's good to her brother. Drina works hard. Drina works and cooks and cleans and goes to bed to have enough sleep'

Suddenly voices. "I've heard that since I was ten years old. I'm tired of hearing it. Don't say it again!"

"You want something for yourself now," Joel nods in understanding.

"That's right," she agrees sharply. turning away. After a second, in a forced, intimate tone, she continues. "Maybe I'll go away. Far away. You have such, anxious look. "I know a man and he's very rich and he likes me. I met him in the subway. He's very good looking. It's a case of love at first sight."

"Oh, I remember," she says gently. "That when I got out I was dizzy. Then he took my arms and apologized, of course, for speaking to me like that. And he got me a glass of water and he looked so clean. You know, like they always do. Well, it wasn't right but I didn't care, so he took me to dinner."

The kind of dinner you can have anything you like. He's very, very rich. He's got a house in New York and a wonderful house in the country. I like that best because it looks like a Connecticut and there's a whole field with flowers and chickens and snow. He likes me."

"Do you like him?" Joel asks slowly.

"I don't know,"uffles turns from him, "I made it all up. No, now Years."

"When I was a kid," All at once her eyes fill. "I know that house in the country so well we could almost build it. And he would be very young and very kind—"

"I wish I could buy you those things," Joel tells her softly. "I even wish I could find him for you."

"Do you?" she whispers dully.

It's such a swell scene that even seeing it with all the lights, the camera, the props and grips and electricians lurking in the background, I'm not afraid and I don't want to spoil it by gagging.

And suddenly I realize that I'm all through and there's nothing to stop me from having a lot of fun—until this time next month.
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Does More Than Clean Your Skin—It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy" . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."

FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

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For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . lives the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

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*Silver Screen* 67
When Stars Get Together

[Continued from page 31]

When Stars Get Together

When Stars Get Together... (Continued)

fashioned acting, these stars make a social event of the whole thing and plan to give these kind of parties indefinitely by putting on such pieces as "Ten Nights In A Bar-room," "The Drunkard," "Way Down East," "Streets of New York" and the like. Hollywood, of course, has her riding parties. Johnny Mack Brown gave one and most of the guests were served luncheon on horseback. Then a polo match started and Johnny participated. After the game, all the stars dismounted and made merry on the "green," all that is, except Johnny. He stuck to his horse and rode around and round all that Sunday afternoon. Each time he was called to join some group he would say he'd dismount a little later. This kept up until all the ladies had left and only one masculine player remained. Johnny rode up to him, gave a long sigh and slid to the ground. Goshamighty!

"It was the loveliest afternoon I ever had! Right in the middle of the polo game, some nitwit sliced me with a broken mallet and—that smiling waltz, "it tore the whole seat right out of my nice pants!"

Tea parties are common enough, good-news knows, but not when a gal like Constance Bennett throws one. And this one was anything but ordinary. With Cary Grant and Our Gang kiddies as guests of honor, Connie gave the party for some friends the other afternoon. The room was filled with kid-sized chairs and other furniture, including a low table set with hot chocolate, animal crackers, cake and ice cream.

Cary didn't bat an eye but giggled down into one of the tiny chairs and took part in the odd get-together with grim affiliability that was a challenge to the twinkle in Connie's eye. Now Cary is after revenge and is trying to think up a party of equal originality to which he can have the lovely Miss Bennett for his guest of honor.

Speaking of C. Bennett, reminds me that sister Joan is quite a "partying" girl herself. She "gives" and she "goes"—but when she "goes," ah, there hangs a tale! You see, Joan is a bit near-sighted; besides she never jots down or remembers an address. When she sets forth to a party she knows just in a general way where the place is. So, she drives into that neighborhood and picks a house with plenty of cars before it and goes in! Usually this idea worked well but this once it didn't and it wasn't till hours later that poor Joan discovered she was at the wrong party!

Equally funny was the mix-up of Cesar Romero, who now believes that that old gag about never seeing your host or hostess at a Hollywood party might be founded on fact. He was asked to George Murphy's home for the week-end. The first day he looked every place but couldn't spot the Murphys. The next day Cesar spent in bed, resting up. When he arose at 6 that night not a soul was in the house. So he packed his p. j's and toothbrush and went home. Monday morn he called George and thanked him for the week-end. "But, my dear Cesar," cried George, "you didn't show up! You couldn't have. We only invited three people so we surely wouldn't have missed you, one of our best friends!"

Somewhat in a daze, Cesar checked up and found out he had been at a party in the house next door to the Murphys! And he didn't know the people who lived there even the slightest little bit!

And so, it goes on and on, the gay, the humorous life of Filmdom.

But, you can just bet your last Chesterfield that when funnier, more original ideas are thought up, Hollywood will be on the thinking end!
By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances... use it always... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'"

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today.
Don't Let This Tragedy Happen To You......

Starved for life-giving moisture, a flower withers and dies...and your own skin, deprived of its natural moisture, becomes parched and brittle. It begins to have a faded look, spelling the end of beauty, glamour and romance.

Like Rain To A Drooping Flower... Is
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Outdoor Girl brings to you this centuries-favored beauty treatment. By a special patented process each fine flake of powder carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural oils of your skin. These oils are essential to keep your beauty fresh and radiant—protected against the ravages of relentless time and weather.

As early as 16 your skin starts to dry! Sun and wind steal the natural oils so essential to your beauty. Guard against ruinous "Skin-Thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder—blended with rich Olive Oil to counteract skin dryness.

Here Are the "Doubles"
[Continued from page 33]

incarnation. He has a suite of offices on Sunset Boulevard where he vibrates the vertebrae of the ailing, and when he isn’t adjusting the spinal columns of his patients, he serves as Powell’s stand-in. doubles for the player for long shots, and, in character makeup, plays minor roles. This has been going on for the past seven years, and Dearborn likes his double life.

Earl Haddan, who, for the nonce, is Columbia’s Bing Crosby, croons like Bing, as well as resembling him, but he says he is constantly being criticised as an imitator; this has slightly embittered him, because he simply can’t help the resemblance. He insists that he has never capitalized the resemblance, and that his baritone croon is his natural form of self-expression and not a deliberate attempt to duplicate the star’s Bing-singing. He’s a Hollywood night-club singer and dancer.

Philip Waldron, born in New York, originally went to Hollywood because friends told him he was a "second Gable." He was put under contract to a major studio, but it was in spite of this "double" look, not because of it. He served for two years as property man on the same lot with Gable, before he discovered that producers want no minor players in their casts who might be mistaken for the he-man heartbreaker. When he learned this, Waldron says he went to another studio and was immediately given a contract as a stock player. He is, however, invariably made up in such a way as to destroy the Gable appearance of which he was once so proud.

The long arm of coincidence got a good stretching when Margaret Broyn and Loretta Young were born, for Miss Broyn, who plays the part of Loretta in "It Happened in Hollywood," and her famous screen prototype were born on the same street of the same town—Salt Lake City, Utah—within a month of each other and played together when they were children. Since going to Hollywood, Miss Broyn has frequently been asked for autographs from fans who insist she must be Miss Young. She has never been on a picture set before, but when she heard that a Loretta Young...
double was wanted, she decided to capitalize, for just one time, upon the likeness. Claudette Colbert’s double in the picture, Berna Mack, was also born in Salt Lake City. She was educated in a Pasadena convent school, attended a school for radio and dramatic training in Hollywood, and does dialect movie bits. She has never doubled before, but her resemblance to Colbert was known to Richard Dix, and duly reported to Director Lachman.

Inevitably, there would be a Charlie Chaplin in any roster of Hollywood’s film famous, and so there’s one in “It Happened in Hollywood.” He is Eugene Verdi, born in Italy, and a descendant of the great composer Giuseppe Verdi. He has played Chaplin on the stage, and has done dialect comedy roles in the films. There’s also a May Robson in the picture. She is doubled by Zeffie Tilbury, once a name to conjure with on the stage, and at one time leading lady for Borimbom Tree in London.

The Columbia George Raft is Al Constance, who comes from Brooklyn, of all things, and has known Raft for fifteen years. He once worked in Texas Guinan’s club. So did Raft. Frank Robinson Brown, born in Wales, is the Harold Lloyd picked by Director Lachman. He has been in show business for eighteen years, and has been doing vaudeville and radio imitations of the owl’s bespectacled one, for the past four. Charles F. Clark, born in Vinita, Oklahoma, is doing his first motion picture job in this one, with his impersonation of Joe E. Brown. He firstimitated Brown at Tulsa in 1930, and has been doing it on and off—mostly off—ever since. The picture’s Jimmy Cagney is Robert O’Keefe, born in Macon, Ga., and brought to Santa Monica as a child. He worked as Cagney’s stand-in during the making of Warner Brothers’ “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” Among others playing double roles are Maxine Jerome, Bette Davis; Mary Miner, Irene Dunne; Lorraine Bond; Merle Oberon; Bee Coleman, Ginger Rogers; Betty Rogers, Marion Davies; Mildred Gay, Sonja Henie; Dave Harper, Melvyn Douglas; Lucille House, Myrna Loy; Bill Meader, Fredric March.

Gay Wray plays herself, in the leading feminine role, opposite Richard Dix. Oh yes—just another word about doubles: “Die!” a pinto cow pony never before harnessed, and broken only to the saddle, lifted his heels in proud protest when he was hitched to a wagon in the action of the picture, and smashed the wagon to bits. He simply couldn’t be made to see things as the script writer and director saw them. So, eventually, he too, had to have a double. That makes it a pretty nearly perfect score.

There is always a certain charm about enthusiastic men. Barbara Pepper succumbs to Preston Foster’s glowing description of his new yacht, the Zea III. She is at work on “Music for Madams,” but Preston is between pictures and all set for a cruise. His latest was “You Can’t Beat Love.”
Beauty in her Eyes—Hearts at her Feet

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS ONE SIMPLE SECRET

- A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto!—straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe — the very essence of romantic charm.

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Maybelline

THE WORLD’S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Projections—Marlene Dietrich

[Continued from page 35]

and even after a hard day on the set she will think nothing of standing up half the night while a skirt is reaching perfection. They will tell you in the wardrobe department that Marlene likes fittings so well that she even fits dresses that have been discarded from the picture. That deep Parma violet velvet dress, with Shirring down the front to give that soft draped line along the body, cannot possibly be used in the picture, and Dietrich knows it, but she will stand before the long mirror in her dressing room until each little shir is in place. Thanks to Marlene’s passionate love for clothes and fittings Gail Patrick and other Paramount featured players, whose dress budgets for their pictures slightly resemble a cafeteria check, often fall heir to these expensive models and are seen whirling around in “B” pictures in “A” clothes. It’s an ill wind...

Marlene loves layers and layers of floating chiffon and shimmering scarfs. She adores mad and extravagant hats of glycerined ostrich feathers mounted on tulle, or a riot of aligretes, or a lovely sweeping paradise that fairly shrieks of Russia before the Revolution. Off the screen she prefers clinging white gowns because they make her feel very pure, very long, and very trim. Like Jean Harlow, whom she greatly admired, Marlene likes white, in clothes, in boxes, and in furnishings.

There is always a hull in Hollywood when the glamorous Marlene takes her annual trip to Europe, either to make a picture in London, or visit her husband in Paris. We who live in Hollywood and take pride in our town have nothing to show the tourist. “That,” we say pointing out a $5,000 a week star stuffing her face with liver and onions at the Brown Derby,
“that is Miss Cutie Pie,” Cousin Lulu’s
face falls. “That girl with the dyed hair,”
she gasps loud enough for Miss Cutie Pie
to hear, “why she had skin, and more
ruffles under her eyes than I have on my
dress. And look how stringy her hair is,
and you would think, wouldn’t you, that
she’d know enough to wear a skirt when
she lunches in a public restaurant instead
of those old slacks, I am disappointed.”

Marlene never lets us down. Other screen
personalities may shrink to pygmy reality
when seen in the flesh, but not la Dietrich.
She appears at every opening night, at
every preview, at parties and at res-
nants, even on shopping sprees, looking as
if she had just stepped off the screen with
all her glamour intact. When someone told
her once that she was just asking for
trouble by going to premieres and wading
through thousands of fans she said, “When
I was a little girl I used to love seeing
the film stars arrive at the theatre. I would
stand for hours watching for them. Why
shouldn’t the public have fun. And be-
sides, I don’t mind large crowds.”

Marlene is five feet six inches and weighs
one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She
diets moderately and exercises moderately
and has the most marvelous stamina of any
actress in pictures. She usually rents a
house in Beverly Hills while making a
picture—this last year she had the Adri-
cene Ames house—and she revels in luxury.
She never goes in for elaborate entertain-
ing. Her home and her dressing room are
always crammed with white flowers, espe-
cially tuberoses, and she once told an inter-
viewer, “I could die smelling tuberoses.”
She loathes giving interviews, and never
does except under pressure from the studio,
because she claims she is always misquoted.
She was horrified when she read in a New
York newspaper that she had said, “Who
is Mae West?” Miss West never forgave
her. She adores jewelry, is always being
pursued by jewelry salesmen, and insists
upon wearing her own jewelry on the
screen. She has all the superstitions of the
theatre, will scream if you put your hat
on the bed, and has the deplorable habit
of jotting down telephone numbers on her
white wall near the phone.

She, who was destined to become the
most glamorous woman in the world was
born on December 27, 1904, under the
sign of Capricorn. Frau Von Losch was
living in Berlin at the time and Marlene
was her second daughter. The child was
christened Mary Magdalene, which in time
she shortened to Marlene. Dietrich she
adopted for stage purposes. Marlene was
nine when war was declared and her
father, Captain Von Losch of the grand
Infantry regiment, was called away to the
front. He was killed and buried near
Kovno. One day when she was in her
teens, she read a poem called “Demitri
and the Fool,” by the German poet, Hofmann-
stahl, and the words sounded so lovely
and sad that she began reading them aloud.
It was at that day that she decided that
it would be a fine thing to become an actress
and recite lovely, sad lines in public. She
persuaded her mother to let her go to the
Max, an art school, which was con-
ected with his theatre, and while enrolled
there she wrote two movie scenarios which
were promptly rejected by all the movie
companies in Berlin. She decided to devote
her time entirely to acting in the future.

The first part she was given on the stage
was that of the widow in “The Tango
of the Shrew,” and that first night behind
footlights was the most exciting in her
life. Elisabeth Bergner was the star and
Marlene at once became a worshipful ad-
mirer of hers. When she was eighteen
years old she met Rudolf Sieher, a dialogue
writer, at one of the studios, and a ro-
mance it inflamed. They were married
in 1923 and two years later little Maria was

A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—“What
a pity that every girl doesn’t bathe with
Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing
perfumed soap removes body odor so com-
pletely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean.
And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its
flower-like perfume clinging to your skin.
No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called
the lovelier way to avoid offending!”

MARVELOUS FOR
YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has
such gentle, caressing lather. Yet
it removes every bit of dirt and
cosmetics—keeps your skin allur-
ingly smooth, radiantly clear!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department
and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SILVER SCREEN 73

PRELUDE TO ALLURE... THIS
LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING
born, Marlene believes that her mother is responsible for the famous poison she has today. "I was having a dancing lesson," she said, "when I was told by the teacher to dance with a certain boy. I did not like him, I made a face. My mother saw it and slapped me right on the cheek! You must not show your feelings, Marlene. It is bad manners," she said. The slap made a lasting impression—and I very rarely show my feelings."

Marlene was playing a small part in a Max Reinhardt production on the historic night when the celebrated director, Josef von Sternberg, sat in the audience. The next day she received a message from UFA Studios telling her to report there to discuss a part in "The Blue Angel," which von Sternberg was to direct, with Emil Jannings as the star. She told von Sternberg at the interview, "I'm terribly sorry. But I am not good in films, I look horrid, I couldn't possibly play an important part in your picture."

"Learn a vulgar song for your test tomorrow," said von Sternberg who pretended not to hear a word she had said.

Marlene sang "You're the Cream in My Coffee" for her test, and nobody liked her or it—except Josef von Sternberg who informed Eric von Stroheim, the producer, that if Dietrich did not get the role he would go back to America at once. Marlene made the picture for $50,000. Today she gets $500,000 a picture. In 1928 she signed a contract with Paramount with a proviso that it should not like Hollywood she could return to Germany. But she liked Hollywood in time. In fact she likes it so much now that she has decided to become an American citizen and has already taken out citizenship papers.

Of course Maria might have had something to do with this. Little blonde Maria, who one day may be a carbon copy of her famous mother, has gone America in a big way. She loves football and baseball and all American sports, she loves ice cream cones, and amusement parks and movies (her favorite screen here at the present moment is Ray Milland). She is proud of being an American. Marlene likes to tell of the day in Paris on their last trip over when she and Maria and a friend were having tea at the Café de la Paix. Suddenly Maria saw several Marines at a nearby table and such a nostalgia for America came over her that Marlene promised to catch the next boat. Maria is the great love of Marlene's life—she is the only one who can make Marlene forget her glamour. She may be a movie queen to the world, but to Maria she is only a fond mother who likes to fuss over her.

Whether or not Marlene has a sense of humor has often been discussed in Hollywood. There are those who will tell you that Marlene is a vain conceited woman who really believes in her glamour, and then there are those who tell you that she laughed at herself when no one is looking. A star not long ago told me that Marlene arrived at dinner one night with a whole batch of her newest photographs and calmly passed them around the dinner table asking everyone if they did not think them lovely. And there was the reporter who told me that he was asked to wait in Miss Dietrich's dressing room one day when she had promised him an interview. A sudden gust of wind blew the door of the adjoining room open and there was Marlene seated at her dressing table and staring at herself in the mirror. It was quite some time before she remembered the reporter. But I happened to be on the set one day when Marlene was doing a terrific love scene with one of her screen lovers. "You love the woman," shouted the director, "you are mad about her. Give it everything you've got, be very passionate, but be sure and keep the shadow off Miss Dietrich's nose." If there was anyone who laughed longer and louder than I did—was Marlene. I say the girl got humor. But why should she be a campus cut-up when she can be the most glamorous woman in the world?

My favorite story on Marlene is the time that a very critical editorial on her appeared in one of the magazines. What the editor didn't call Marlene wasn't really worth calling. A studio employee showed it to her and asked her if she wished to answer it. "No," said Marlene carefully reading it through. "But aren't you mad?" asked the girl in amazement, having expected Dietrich to hit the ceiling. "No," said Marlene, "the first line says that I am beautiful and glamorous."
Stage Struck!

[Continued from page 26]

tumbling. Dad arranged with Harry Costello to teach us a double trapeze act. We got it up in two weeks, and did the act without any net about 50 feet above the orchestra pit. Adolf and I were so small that stock tights didn’t fit us. So mother bought some underwear, dyed them pink, and we had our first pair of tights. Mother also made the shoes and trunks.

“Our next adventure was touring the sticks in a private railroad coach. This was a real railroad show, and the old show car was our home. Mother did the cooking, and dad was the boss. Twelve o’clock, midnight, was the dead line—if you weren’t in, you were out, that’s all. As a side line we sold ‘Dr. Richter’s German Physic and Blood Purifier.’ The idea was to get ’em into the tent, and then clean up during the half hour intermission, when we sold the medicine.

“In 1902 we started a repertory company, which gave me my first experience in stock. I was the leading man. Adolf the heavy man, John the character man, Frank the comedian. Joe the manager, and dad led the orchestra, to which all five of us also belonged. To draw the crowds our band marched through the town shortly before noon. Some of these marches took us on long walks 15 or 6 miles—but it got us the business, and it was great exercise. We played such old favorites as ‘Sherlock Holmes,’ ‘The Avenging Angel,’ The Squaw Man.” Our repertory company produced more than 250 plays in the 12 years it traveled. We were one big happy family, and we boys were full of fun and mischief.

“One night, I remember, we played ‘Work and Wages,’ a blood-and-thunder melodrama with a social theme. Dad, because of his heavy German accent, had only a small part in a mob scene. I was the hero. We boys fixed it with the other members of the mob not to open their mouths when they came on the stage to demand the villain from the Capitalist. But, when the cue was given for the mob to go into action, it was only my father who shouted, ‘Ye vant the tramp!’ Rehearsing we had played a joke on him, he gave us a baleful look and walked off the stage, while the crowd rolled in the aisles. Dad never learned English, while we boys forgot the little German we knew as kids. Eventually, he retired from our company and became custodian of props.

“At age 12, I left my brothers and started for New York. It was Broadway or nothing with me. Frank, my eldest brother, said to me when I said good-bye, ‘Charlie, you’ll be back.’ They all were skeptical. But I never went back. After starving a few months in New York, I landed a job as a comedian with a stock company two thousand miles from Broadway, in San Antonio, Texas.

“I’ll never forget my first straight role. We were playing ‘Carmen’ in Seattle, Washington. Our leading man walked out of the play, and I had to replace him as the romantic Don. They gave me a beautiful uniform, built me up to look taller, and I was sure I’d wow the audience as a lover. As I strode out at the head of my brigade and saluted, the audience recognized me as the comedian, and started laughing. To make matters worse, my saber got between my legs and I fell to the floor. The house roared. I had rehearsed the lines very carefully, but no matter what I said and how I said it, they yelled and laughed their heads off. The leading lady could have murdered me. Anyhow, I played Don José for a whole week, but without

NEXT on the program—a real hit,

BEECH-NUT GUM

Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.
In "Ali Baba Goes To Town," Virginia Fields helps Eddie Cantor wind up his cummberbund. It has to be wound every twenty-four hours or Eddie will run down.

the saber. They wouldn't trust me with it any more."

Returning to New York, Charlie was given some minor roles in Broadway shows, and during the summer months played in the band of the "Cotton Blossom" queen of show boats. He led the band as baton spinner, resplendent in a cocked Napoleonic hat, gold braids and brass buttons. When a new town, the band paraded through the streets, the famous 11:30 march, exactly as you saw it in "Show Boat." Years later, Charlie took time off from the show business and became conductor of the Fortress Monroe Military Band. He can play practically every instrument you care to name.

Then I went on the road with my own shows. Once I was broke in New Orleans, at another time in Dubuque, Iowa, but I always managed to ship my troupe back to New York. In 1912, he fell in love with Blanche Ring, a well-known musical comedy star and the toast of Broadway, and they were married amidst much rejoicing by fellow troopers. Their marriage lasted until 1928, when they separated. He managed and directed for her "The Wall Street Girl," in which Will Rogers had his first stage role, playing himself as "cowboy."

"Will had never studied any lines before, and I had to coach him. But on our opening night in New York the Titanic was sunk. We were in the middle of the second act when a fellow came in with a newspaper and announced the great disaster. In which more than a thousand lives were lost.

Nothing to say, our show was sunk, too.

In 1917, I was playing in vaudeville at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles, when several studios gave me screen tests, and I signed up with Elko, a subsidiary of Universal. The movies were just starting in Hollywood. But they threw so many custard pies and Roman candles at me that I quit and ran back to New York."

The following year our fugitive from Hollywood scored a big hit in George M. Cohan's "Revue with an impersonation of Leo Dittichstein as The Great Lover," and was definitely on his way to Broadway fame. He was playing at the Winter Garden when a telegram informed him of his father's serious illness. He hopped on a train for Wauzaw, but the old man died before Charlie got there. Today, only his sister and two of his brothers are alive. The sister lives in Milwaukee, mother and grandmother of a large brood.

Charlie has to his credit a long succession of memorable Broadway shows—Ziegfeld's "Follies," "No, No, Nanette. The Music Master. The Smother Throat-The Revenge with Music," and, of course, "Show Boat." The metropolitan crowds vastly enjoyed his individual brand of humor, and in all of these productions he walked off with the comedy honors. In 1928 he made a second trip to Hollywood, and appeared in series of pictures for "Foot Nurse," "Putting High," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." But Fox went bankrupt, and Charlie returned to New York, to be starred on the radio as Captain Henry in the Show Boat program. Every Thursday night you heard him greeting you with his irrepressible good humor.

"Howdy, howdy, howdy folks, howdy! This is Capt'n Henry piloting the good ole Maxwell House Show Boat down Ole Man River to Belle Shasta. Strike 'er up, Don! Let's have some music! It's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning!" Who can ever forget Charles Winninger as a show boat cap'n? On the stage, the radio, the screen. He made himself an American institution, poigniant with memories of the colorful river towns. By the time you read this, he will be back on the air as the original show boat cap'n.

The sadness of comedians is proverbial, but Charlie is an exception to that rule. He sings and whistles in his dressing-room. His yen for sports, camping and fishing has much to do with his habitual good spirits. He is a crack shot, and no dub at golf. In New York he used to play with Sarazen and Walter Hagen. Out here, you can see him on Sundays golfing with Adolph Zukor. Jesse Lasky, Wesley Ruggles, Gregory LaCava and other devotees of movie land's links. He lives at the Swank Town House, and drives a long, lean, powerful car. He intends to buy a ranch and settle down near Hollywood after a life-time of plants, smell the good growing grass. It's the influence of his log-cabin childhood in the Wisconsin woods.

If you think you know something about pool don't boast until you've played with Don Arneche and W. C. Fields. Those two play the game like a couple of city slickers.

SILVER SCREEN
you, after a long separation? I did once—
the memory still shakes me—our kisses were
wet with each other's tears. I want to talk
some myself, of course. Particularly I want
to ask Fredric March if he isn't awfully
sick and tired of ponderous costume pic-
tures and wouldn't relish to the nth degree
being modern, smart, young and even flipp-
ant again in "drawing room" pictures,
and if his new "A Star Is Born" was interest-
ing to make?

Good heavens! the day's schedule is going
all to pieces—instead of an hour with Mr.
March, it lengthened to two. It's seven
o'clock, and close to the zero hour of my
too-short day.

Time for dinner—and for the nicest time
of the whole day there could be only one
choice. When a lady, if she's as all lovely,
is at her very loveliest; when, if she cares
at all for what she puts on, she grooms
herself to the height of her possibilities
and dons her most gorgeous outfit; when
even though she leans towards sports and
likes the outdoors, she becomes ultra-fem-
ine, and as engaging as possible—for din-
ner she must have Bill Powell. I'm com-
pletely sold on the idea that with one look
Mr. Powell could convey the information
that he knows how much care, thought and
attention had gone into your grooming, and
how much more than even your mirror has told you, the results justify
the effort. Who else but Mr. Powell could
put you on your mettle, by his own suavity,
to be poised and serene—and who, if the
party was dying an untimely death, could
redeem it by sheer force of personality.
(I'll bet some of you smart people are
thinking I like William Powell! I'll con-
cede this much—dinner could last a long,
long time before I'd be weary.)

Have I talked this slightly cock-eyed idea
of mine over to you yet? Even if you are
positively "not" with conviction, on the ad-
visability of being, and staying, married to
one man, you must admit, as a day-dream,
It was alluring. The only difficulty was that
even in writing about it, it ended too soon
and my mind is skipping ahead to other
days, other situations, and the perfect man
for the moment. (No—you must think up
the first day for yourself—I did—well fun!)
fore he ever tackled acting at all. Now he's taking singing lessons twice a week, carefully watching his improvement on his own music room device. He wishes to sing in pictures. Last week he sang over the radio for the first time, and was scared almost into doing a Jack Haley.

Barbara Stanwyck had to sing a song recently and she asked Robert Taylor to play the cello in the recording orchestra. A sentimental request. And now, Bob was so clever with a cello when he was in school, Barbara agrees with his mother that he ought to take it up where he left off. After all, even Sonja Henie is almost as proficient on a keyboard as she is on skates.

"When the world is confusing, when you don't know what you want, I turn to my music," says Ramon Novarro. This last year while he was inactive he was trying to straighten out his life. And during the solving of the problem whether or not to come back to the screen he took up piano in earnest once more. He came to Hollywood from Mexico to be—or so his family thought—a piano teacher. He had his eyes on the movies and remained to conquer them. He can't go on practicing the piano six hours a day, as he's been doing this past year, now that he's acting again. But instead of relaxing at the Trocadero he makes an appointment with Olga Steeb, noted pianist, for another lesson.

If you are blessed with a faculty for playing or singing by ear, perhaps you won't bother to study. Alice Faye has learned the scores of three operas and can go sailing through them without a full. She can't read a note of music, though.

Now there are phonographs trumpeting the finest of symphonies on the movie sets, with special attendants to keep the stars' pet recordings going between scenes. Dick Powell is spurted on by Richard Crooks' remarkable voice. (You can hear him on the radio.) And the leaders of the clique are becoming so civic-minded. Lily Pons, who turned down $20,000 for a single radio broadcast when she wasn't in the mood to carol, sang free at a rally for the local symphony orchestra. Basil Rathbone and Max Rheinhart are planning a tremendous Hollywood Art Center, where music, acting, painting, and dancing will be a magnet for the world's best artists. If Basil hadn't been able to find a woman who liked music as ardently as he there'd never have been a Miss Rathbone.

The Hollywood Bowl is even being immortalized. The climax of Nino Martini's new picture is laid in this renowned amphitheatre. So you can see it as it really is while you exult in his marvelous singing from its magic shell. Then you'll know why the music clique is taking in new members every day!

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**Melts FLAKINESS AWAY— IN ONE APPLICATION**

ANN'S made a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

*For powder base*—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it smooths your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish...stays.

*For overnight*—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!

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**That Was a Swell Steer About Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now My Skin's Smooth! Powder Stays on**

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**Pond’s, Dept. 388-VI, Clifton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.**

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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From Me—To You

[Continued from page 29]

they were more than he could ever figure out.

Gloria Swanson's casual radio remark about her charm bracelet made of unusual coat buttons, has started a flood of contributions. A New York messenger boy, hearing the story, telephoned the office and got the story on the coat of a New York First Avenue traffic policeman. He promptly went to the editor and got Gloria the souvenir. He enclosed a button from his own messenger's uniform in the same air mail package.

From a fan in Ohio June Withers received the darling little puppy you see photographed with her on page 29.

A North Carolina fan recently sent her two peacocks and a Montana farmer shipped her a baby goat.

When Jeanette MacDonald decided to marry Gene Raymond she started something—received a regular avalanche of gifts from her fans. Not a mail box was without dozens of odd and useful presents coming with it. These presents come from every country in the world with the exception of Iceland and Persia! And they include everything from bits of sheer tongue to lengthy subscriptions to magazines and newspapers. Among other things are a dozen sets of dishes, ten sets of fragile glassware, hand-made kimono, afghans, skis, silverware, lamps and even a huge rolling pin from an Irish fan, with this penciled on it, "So if Gene tries staying out late 0 nights!"

One gift that especially pleased her was a hong-noon tea set—a teapot and just two cups—from a small Chinese girl of Hong Kong.

A gift that Gene liked particularly well was a set of six original prints of racing scenes at Epsom Downs, sent by a London fan.

Alice Faye has received so many watches from fans that she has now a different one for every day in the month! In color, they range from red to baby blue, and are in all shapes and sizes.

John Bolos recently received a huge box of sea shells from a fan which he became very enthusiastic about. Poot Eddie Cantor got a box of swell-looking cigars, only they were trick ones and exploded in your mouth before you could take half a dozen pulls! Jack Oakie was a bit luckier—he received a gold-and-silver-studded belt, "It's so pretty I may keep it to hang myself with some day!" he snickered.

Johnny Downs received the most beautiful diary you ever saw, and promptly spent his first afternoon off in the seduction of his dressing room chronicling the events in his life during the past few months. Now he has his own unique system of keeping this elaborate diary.

How can one remember all the things that happened to him every day for more than a few weeks? He doesn't attempt it. His secretary, Mrs. Ruth Keast, keeps Johnny's diary notes from day to day and at the end of various periods, he takes them and enters them in his book. This fan couldn't have sent him a more appreciated present, he says.

Why do so many fans like to send their favorite live animals? Marian Marsh would like to know. In fact, in a desperate appeal to her fan followers, the lovely little Marian writes: "Please say it with flowers or something hereafter!"

You see, while appearing in "The Great Gambini" for a mere three weeks, the youthful star received one small but super-inquisitive kangaroo from Australia, one chipmunk from Maine and one belligerent young lizard from Alabama which had progressed quite well with its teething. Damage to the Marsh household to date cannot be expressed in polite writing, not even by the gentle Marian!

Oliver Hardy received a Bible from a woman fan who probably thought a little Bible-reading would do Oliver good! And Slim Summerville got a gorgeous set of kid's building blocks! "But I'm happy to say I'm not in my second childhood yet!" he grins in recalling the gift.

Sonja Henie, whose pretty smile is as captivating as her gaiting feet, is deluged with gifts from her fans and most of these fans aren't so unknown themselves. For instance, one of her prized possessions is a huge autographed picture that Mussolini himself sent her! And she is equally proud of a photograph of Adolf Hitler which Der Fuehrer signed to her personally. Another rare gift was from ex-Crown Prince William of Germany—he sent her (his favorite skater and actress) his own diamond stickpin!

Every king sends little Sonja presents! Every day when she was about to make her debut in the most elaborate and important skating scenes on the big ice rink specially built on the set of "One In A Million," she was handed a big long cardboard box. She opened it and, imagining her surprise and pleasure, it was filled with beautiful red carnations, plus a card of good wishes, cables all the way from her native
land be none other than the King of Norway.

The world's most unique shirt stud, once the property of Beau Nash, came to Paul Kelly. It is a tiny roulette wheel, of 22-carat gold. Although entirely practical, the wheel carries no numbers or segments. Instead, its pin-point ball drops into a red or black depression. Thus play is limited to "rouge et noir." Kelly was mightily pleased over it and now always carries it with him.

Norma Shearer has received (among other things) a pine-wood desk: Ginger Rogers, a pair of roller skates; Roland Young, a bunch of mounted butterflies; Fred Astaire, a book on "How To Dance" (of all things!) Simone Simon received a dozen bottles of rare perfumes; Tom Keene got a beautiful saddle for his horse; and Mary Brian got a couple of racing turtles with numbers painted on their backs!

A fan of Shirley Temple's sent her a couple of miniature fishing poles and everything to go with them. Incidentally, every present sent Shirley by her fans is promptly placed into her little chubby hands. Only one thing is barred—unless the family is personally acquainted with the givers, all eatables are thrown away. This is, of course, to guard against any possible attempt by a crank to injure the tiny star. One of her most treasured gifts is a rare book from Georgia's poet-laureate, Harry Stillwell Edwards, who was born on Shirley's natal day, April 29. Shirley likes the title, "Enneas Afric anus" and also the little poem written on the fly-leaf for her. And she was pleased to hear from Mr. Edwards that they share the birthday of several famous people—the poet Lamb, President Buchanan, Thomas Nelson Page and William Shakespeare.

A coat made entirely from polished melon seeds was received by Merna Kennedy from little Norma Byon who lives in Honolulu.

But for a really unique gift, how about a swan? Lyle Talbot actually received one, plus a note from the sender, saying he had stolen the swan from Kensington Gardens as a coronation souvenir for his favorite actor! Lyle hurriedly shipped the travel gaggy swan back to its original home in London.

George Murphy got a nice new shiny garbage can from someone who styled her as a "sincere fan of yours"! "I was glad to get it, though," grinned George, "cause my old one was sort of wearing out!"

Fred MacMurray was sent a very handsome store as a gift. Somehow the news leaked out and immediately "moaning" letters requesting him to send the writer his old store started to come in. But the topper of all them was a blank letter asking Fred for the new store, also the suggestion that the old store was probably still good enough for him! Fred nearly "keeled over" when he read the nervy letter.

Thus, you can see for yourself, our movie players receive practically everything from the fans—from "soup" to "nuts!"

**Short Cut to Reno**

_Judy_ and Bill grew up together... were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy."

But... in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake."

... But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them both into the world, discovered the real story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman seldom knows she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how not to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleans-
What Makes It Tick?

[Continued from page 36]

on a kiddie car. She went over and played with him for a few minutes.

"He's not in these scenes, is he?" I asked.

"Oh, no, but he'll be in some in about a week. We want him to feel perfectly at home on the set and with us, so he plays around."

With a musical show this painstaking care is intensified to the last degree. The mere breaking of a glass following a toast in the costume film that Robert Z. Leonard was shooting with Jeanette MacDonald is required just the correct gesture before the scene was done. In shows having elaborate chorus numbers, you can see positively in the eyes the various experts who must see that each aspect of the sequence is right.

Occasionally you will find an actor who is so much an actor that this concentration on hard work and detail leads to a strange loss of self. When I ran into Paul Muni on "The Life of Zola" set he came over and shook hands with me but I knew that I just didn't exist at that moment. He was Emile Zola for the time that the scene was being taken—the scene in which the great French writer, exiled in London, hears that his valiant fighter to vindicate Dreyfus has succeeded. Willam Dieterle, the director, was almost as absorbed as the star, but not too absorbed to notice that Zola's friend, coming out of a London fog with the good news, was far too dry for the part. It was at that moment that he was properly wet down by a stage hand with a watering pot.

One of my misconceptions that I was pretty certain would stand up was that Hollywood was the spot where people talked shop endlessly. I was right on the face of it. Scarcely a moment in the weeks I spent in the 10th capital was dedicated to anything except the business of turning out films or talk about it. Even in moments of relaxation, in the Tropicadero with its magnificent book, in the Clower Club, with its games of chance, the Brown Derby, Dave Chasen's, Lemaize's or the homes of the stars, movies were a constant topic of interest.

Of course, in my capacity as a critic, I asked for nothing better than talking shop, but I saw enough to realize that it goes on continually anyway. What surprised me was that it was talking shop at its very best. I had thought that people confined their discussions to their own careers, their salaries, their ins and outs with various studios and sheer gossip. On the whole I was wrong. Usually when they talk about films, they do so generically, objectively, prompted by the desire to know their medium better and to improve it.

It is this tremendous interest of everyone in sundry aspects of film producing that is one of the most important keys to Hollywood and the whole field of motion pictures, I believe. It is a rare concentration that might prove having to someone not particularly interested in films. The men who built the cathedrals at the end of the middle ages must have talked shop in much the same way and must have proved equally boring to one who didn't care about cathedrals. It is because every cares so desperately about movies in Hollywood, it seems to me, that the medium has taken the gigantic strides it has since nicolodeon days—that it has been able to forge ahead simultaneously in the technical and artistic exploration of something new under the sun.

The evenings I spent with groups of stars, directors, writers, producers or technicians were stimulating to me the way a session with a crowd of football coaches would prove stimulating to a football fan. On one occasion the talk was all of "A Star Is Born," which had just been previewed with the customary fanfare that the studio publicity departments arrange. Every aspect of the picture was reviewed, carefully, critically—particularly that poignant scene in which Janet Gaynor goes up to the microphone and says simply, "This is Mrs. Norman Maine."

At this particular gathering there wasn't one person present who had been connected with "A Star Is Born." The same enthusiastic analysis of a preview occurred with "Make Way For Tomorrow," for
Margaret Hamilton and Fredric March in the United Artists' production, "Nothing Sacred," in which Carole Lombard and March are starred. It is a story of life in the newspaper world.

which Leo McCarey, the director, was given vast credit. A rival director praised his straightforward camera work, with two figures nearly always framed by the screen. A writer complimented the scenarios. The actors present couldn't say enough about Victor Moore's handling of a straight role.

From the foregoing you may have gathered that the Hollywood scene is positively frantic. When the pressure of a production is on, it is. Once shooting has started on a film you have about as much chance of spending any carefree time with director or stars as of interrupting a big board of directors meeting. In between productions it is different. While they are still mainly concerned with films, the movie-makers can relax, even when they're talking about them. They devote themselves to the great American institution of sports from practically every angle, they go to the desert or the mountains, they drink a bit, gamble a bit and generally engage in the pursuits of leisure that intrigue most people in most places.

Spend an afternoon lounging around a swimming pool with Leslie Howard, as I did, and you can scarcely believe he is the same person you watched some time earlier in the throes of enacting "Gentleman After Midnight" under Archie L. Mayo's direction. Catch Stuart Erwin with his lovely wife between productions, in as real a home as you will find anywhere, and it is difficult to recall that a week before you were watching him work out the intricacies of timing a comedy scene with the same fervor that a mathematician might employ in solving a formula. It is only that the shadow of the motion pictures falls heavily across the Hollywood scene, leaving no one out who has the slightest connection with the complex industry and art.

The nearest thing I saw to a group of Hollywood notables forgetting the films for a fleeting interval was at Jimmy Cagney's home. It was a Sunday evening, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were there, Frank McHugh, Chester Morris, the writing team of Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, the Cagnes of course and a few others. After dinner Cagney asked me if I minded being an audience of one. I don't quite know what could have been done about it if I had minded, but I didn't and sat back in a comfortable chair to watch.

McHugh produced a sheet of parts such as are used in plays, furniture was shoved around to make scenery, impromptu costumes were created and in a few minutes I was watching the revival of an old blood and thunder melodrama.

McHugh staged it superbly, Cagney was the hero (framed of course), Powell "That girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they dislike nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

"Now there's a girl who knows her way around."

"Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!"

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day.

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Mum

takes the odor out of perspiration

SILVER SCREEN

83
On Hollywood dressing tables—where only the finest beauty aids are chosen—you'll find these delicate Screen Star Powder Puffs. They're soft as down, with extra-long silken velour fibres to hold your powder where it belongs—on top. That's why make-up goes on so easily, and so evenly. Look for the autograph of your favorite star on the ribbon. At leading chain stores.

A beautiful photograph of your favorite screen actor or actress—size 8 by 10 inches—will be sent you absolutely free, for five wrappings from Screen Star Powder Puffs. Don't wait—act now!

Hollywood's FAVORITE POWDER PUFF

Tender, chafed, hot and perspiring feet are quickly relieved by Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. This soothing, antiseptic powder cases tight shoes, dispels foot odors. Keeping the feet dry helps to guard against infection from "Athlete's Foot." Make a daily habit of sprinkling DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT POWDER on your feet, between the toes and in your shoes. Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

FREE BOOKLET on Foot Care mailed on request.
Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 203 A. W. Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

Jane Bryan has done such excellent work in "Marked Woman," "Old Galahad," and "Legion of Honor" that Warner Brothers awarded her with a new contract. Because she is only nineteen years old, a legal guardian had to be appointed and the contract approved by the Superior Court.
For Laughing Purposes

[Continued from page 55]

let me play in Bing's picture, 'Rhythm on the Range.' I had a part in 'The Big Broadcast,' and next came Bing's 'Waikiki Wedding,' and I just made 'Mountain Music,' and say, that story is laid right in my own Arkansas Ozark mountains and I hope that pleases the home folks. All this answers the question as to how I happen to be in this sumptuous room between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard. Being a comedian is sure luxurious!

An actor's mood is etched upon the screen largely by what he brings with him in the way of background, experience and viewpoint. Watching these three fun exponents who possess the magic gift of lifting everyday humdrum existence into a realm of joy and laughter, one may reconstruct their past and read their individual experiences. There's Middle West Charlibutterworth, lawyer-journalist, with his New York polish and suavity; Eric Blore, reflecting his London culture, and happy Bob Burns, who soared above his mountains and hardships to world fame by laughing!

Beauty Meets Success

[Continued from page 28]

came, and to make matters worse, had to sign a nice long-term contract with Paramount. Life just wasn't worth living the way things seemed to be going. It wasn't fair at all!

But all that is water under the bridge now. At this writing Herbie is with her in Hollywood helping her to furnish a horse, and once again Dorothy is quite sure that the word "happiness" was thought up especially for her... and Herbie. "Jungle Princess" catapulted her to the top of the heap and she is now finishing the companion to it, "Her Jungle Lover." Then came a part in "Swing High, Swing Low." Currently she is appearing in "Last Train From Madrid," and soon she will appear in that great saga of the south seas, "The Hurricane."

Radio, though, still proves to be a rather big source of income for Dorothy. When Chase and Sanborn originated their new Sunday program out here in Hollywood a few weeks ago they chose Dorothy Lamour out of a whole township of beautiful voices to be their featured vocalist. And now each Sunday, along with such luminaries as Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields and that chip off the old block, Charlie McCarthy, whom Fields still stonily maintains is "full of termites," comes the double lovely voice of Dorothy Lamour. And by the way, if you haven't heard this program you're missing the best bet of the airways between the Lamour voice and the wide McCarthy feel you can't go wrong. Rehearsals on this show are an especial riot because that's when Dorothy practices ventriloquism with Charlie McCarthy, love Edgar Bergen.

All this, as balmy as it sounds, is the story of the young girl who almost had to be bludgeoned into a picture career and, oh, yes... she was born in New Orleans twenty-two years ago and has the distinction of being one of the very few beauty contest winners to make the grade in pictures. She won the title of Miss New Orleans in 1931 but in spite of that apparent handicap is having no trouble at all in holding her own among the great and near great of Celluloid City. Good thing, though, that Herbie Kay knew how to handle a wife.

Discovery of the Year!

Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer, Ray Milland and others of the cast of Paramount's "Ebbtide" in Technicolor use the new SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP by Elizabeth Arden

GRACIOUS, talented, young Miss Farmer has been proclaimed the finest new star of the season. Throughout the new Paramount production of "Ebbtide" in Technicolor, she reaches new dramatic heights both in the ability she displays and in that glamour which every star must possess!

But they made another discovery in Hollywood this season! The most distinguished feminine stars of the screen, who use Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden before the cameras, have discovered that its glamorous quality can glorify their private lives.

There are moments in every private life which deserve to be glorified. Maybe you're planning to be in amateur theatricals or in a fashion show or would like to snatch the glamour of Hollywood for very special parties! Do it with Screen and Stage Make-Up!

A complete group of theatrical preparations designed by Elizabeth Arden — sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden retail distributors everywhere. The booklet "Professional Information" $2, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Make-Up Laboratories: 5533 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

PRICE LIST

Foundations...Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen)......................$1.00

Lipsticks...convenient swivel top..................$1.00

Liners...1x to 15x (Screen and Stage)..................$1.00

Powder...Nos. 1 to 10 (Screen)..........................$1.00

Remover... (Screen and Stage)..................$1.00

Student's Make-Up Box... A professional kit for amateurs contains an adequate assortment of five make-up foundations, four liners, rouge, black and brown make-up pencils, powder and generous bottle of make-up remover..........................$2.50
**The Final Thing**

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**
1. Owner of the sanitarium in "A Day at the Races"
2. The act of putting a play upon the stage
3. Exciting all others
4. Recently married to Jeanette MacDonald
5. Frigid
6. A mode of transportation (abbr.)
7. Prepare for publication
8. He portrayed a gunman in "They Gave Him a Gun"
9. Two-hand sloth
10. A salutation
11. All correct (abbr.)
12. War aviator
13. Sun god
14. The thirty-second President of the United States (init.)
15. Strangled instrument
16. In "Fifty Roads to Town"
17. "On board in a favorite expression"
18. Western state (abbr.)
19. Union
20. The reporter in "Tomorrow's Headlines"
21. Type measures
22. Colonel Wister in "Another Down"
23. Masculine first name
24. Bars that rest on supports
25. Author of "The Prince and the Pauper"
26. Excellent as the old mother in "Make Way for Tomorrow"
27. Marketability
28. Edible seed
29. The first woman
30. Exits
31. Taxy in "Turn Off the Moon"
32. Japanese business man in "Think Fast, Mr. Moto"
33. Commerce
34. Soon to be seen in "Stella Dallas"
35. A very charming Metro star
36. A body of water partly enclosed by land
37. Barbara Stanwyck's brother in "This Is My Affair"
38. Press agent in "When Love Is Young"
39. Declaration (abbr.)
40. Associate of Arts (abbr.)
41. At liberty
42. Par of verb "to be"
43. Young architect in "Woman Chases Man"
44. Encouraged
45. Promoter (Obs.)
46. Excesses
47. Deposit account (abbr.)

**DOWN**
1. The wealthy father in "Captains Courageous"
2. Comparable to
3. An Indian tribe
4. In "Waittil Wedding"
5. Parakeets of food
6. James Cagney's birthplace (abbr.)
7. Waiting
8. Powerful explosive (abbr.)
9. Ormamented
10. To frost
11. Negative
12. The nurse in "They Gave Him A Gun"
13. The rich youth in "Border Cafe"
14. A great amount
15. Dreadful
16. Performer
17. National Army (abbr.)
18. Before
19. Had dined
20. Elongated fish
21. An enthusiast
22. Morally bad
23. Upon
24. Regarding
25. Famous Nevada City
26. The daughter of a well-known theatrical producer
27. Venomous snake
28. "In - The Prisoner of Zenda"
29. Encourage
30. Ascend
31. Trouble
32. In "As Good As Married"
33. Not at any time (cont.)
34. Caused to ring about
35. Two-fisted bell hop in "Kid Galahad"
36. Eye
37. Handsome naval officer in "Wings Over Honduras"
38. Alprehension of danger
39. Infusion in water
40. Depracate
41. Nothing but
42. Direction (abbr.)
43. Supposing that
44. Necessary
45. Her latest picture is "Confession"
46. Fabulous bird of great strength
47. Vishal Ratibathe in "Love from a Stranger"
48. Greek letter
49. Jumped rope
50. That (abbr.)

**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

1. Carrillo
2. Walbrook
3. Aedy
4. Ali
5. Tague
6. Ranen
7. Fun
8. R. Zoe
9. Ottin
10. K. Darwell
11. Evans
12. Rose
13. Shore
14. R. Walstrom
15. Evans
16. Roseland
17. Eager
18. J. In
19. Sheridan
20. M. Creque
21. T. T. Oliv
22. Thor
23. Genoa
24. One
25. Thorro
26. Raos
27. Fazzenda
28. Er. E. S.
29. Array
30. Montag
31. Esb
32. Gabi
33. Colome
34. Ross
35. Baier
36. T. Shirley
37. Byrd
38. Bennett
39. Tone

**The Conde Press, Inc., U.S.A.**
WARNER BROS.’ STARS OFFICIALLY APPROVE CALOX TOOTH POWDER

...show you the way to a “starry smile”... sparkling teeth

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND—“Calox has always seemed gentle and soft. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it’s so popular in Hollywood.”

GLORIA DICKSON—Here is a candid camera shot of her, taken on the set of her new picture: “They won’t forget.” Gloria Dickson says: “I don’t expect a dentifrice to work miracles, but when it comes to keeping my teeth sparkling, I have never found anything quite as efficient as Calox.”

JOAN BLONDELL—now starring in "BACK IN CIRCULATION." Joan says: “Calox Tooth Powder has a wonderful reputation in Hollywood for keeping teeth sparkling and clean.”

PAT O’BRIEN—“I like a tooth powder that makes the teeth glisten. Calox is ideal for screen stars—or for anyone who wants ‘starry teeth’.”

CALOX—for teeth that shine like the stars!

Camera... Dick Powell

"Camera," shouts the director... and powerful 2000-watt lights are thrown on the star’s face and teeth. The camera is cruelly honest. Teeth have to sparkle naturally. That is why the choice of a dentifrice is a matter of vital importance in Hollywood.

It is significant that the glamorous Warner Bros. stars have chosen Calox Tooth Powder.

"TOPS," SAYS DICK POWELL. This famous star, now appearing in "The Singing Marine," states: “I’ve never heard of any dentifrice that cleans the teeth better than Calox. Here in Hollywood it’s considered ‘tops.’”

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS “O. K.” TO CALOX

1. GIVES “HIGH-LUSTER” POLISH. Calox contains five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients.

2. DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT’S... DOUBLE-SIFTED. It cannot contain grit.

3. RELEASES OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature’s own purifying agent.

4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.
Chesterfields will give you more pleasure

They Satisfy
THE HATEFUL PART OF HOLLYWOOD

Silver Screen
October

HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS!

Jeanette
MacDonald
Drift on the moonlit waters of the dusky Grand Canal. Dance in the blue-bathed beauty of a Mediterranean night. Seek romance and youth and laughter anywhere in far places. And there...gay and fresh and charming...you'll find fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is known, adored, this romantic world around. In Paris or Peiping, in Nassau or Nice, it's the lovely woman's prelude to intimate evenings-for-two or the season's most formal moments.

Around the world it winds your way. Now in America at your own perfume counter, see the glamour ensemble...everything you need for perfect grooming...from face lotion to lipstick...all in that single thread of fragrance Gemey.

Richard Hudnut
New York Paris
She evade close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm...She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is her dull, dingy and unattractive smile. Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—a penalty she could have avoided.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

Millions of people already have adopted the Ipana Tooth Paste and massage dental health routine. It's one simple, easy way of helping to prevent dental disorders—and with your gums more vigorous and healthy, your teeth sparkling and bright—you never need be ashamed of your smile!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.
She was a cabaret singer... Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The BRIDE WORE RED

with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote

Directed by
Dorothy Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
The Opening Chorus

DEAR BOSS:

I've never guessed that Hollywood is doing these late summer nights (early fall nights to you) to entertain itself! Watching 'em make pictures, there now, I knew I could surprise you. A portman's holiday no less. It's always cool after dark on the back lots, and the lights are awfully pretty, and there's kind of a carnival spirit about the whole thing. Hollywood stars have suddenly become bored with night clubs and bars and gossiping (nobody ever does anything new worth gossiping about) and has decided that the most fun can be had by dashing out to the nearest night location and watching other stars make pictures. Really, it has been an awful thing to do, Soon we'll start dressing for it.

As soon as it was bratted about that Irene Dunne would ride a motorcycle in an evening gown at Columbia's ranch, half a dozen stars choked down their souffles, wrapped their silver fox about them, and drove (not to the Valley) to the nearest old calm and poised Irene astride a motorcycle.

Well, anyway, it was almost Irene's finish, for while her movie star friends guarded hot dogs and coco cola and gaped like tourists the motorcycle snorted and cavorted and succeeded in throwing Irene, high heels, fringe and little boxes, all of three times. Yes, when it comes to mastering a motorcycle, Irene is a sissy.

Another set that drew a social gathering the other evening was the Paris set of "Three Musketeers," which covers several acres of Warners' back lot. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer were dancing in the streets, along with hundreds of extras, in celebration of Bastille Day. The set is said to be authentic and Claudette and Charles Boyer, both foreign born, could hardly resist sitting down in one of the little sidewalk cafes and ordering dubonnet. Among the gapers were Miriam Hopkins whose romance with Anatole Litvak, the director, still goes on despite rumors to the contrary, and Pat Patterson, the Basil Rathbones, Sophie Tucker, and Freddie Bartholomew, who, ever since his superb performance in "Captain Courageous," has become the most successful movie star, but don't tell Mr. Gable. Always the fickle one, that's me.

The Lang-Orsatti split up following a social at the wedding of a dozen of the Hollywood stars who were busy working, or who are slow about such things, didn't get their wedding presents ordered in time to arrive before the divorce plans. Sonja Henie, who had been away on location at the time of the nuptials, was in a swanky Wilshire Boulevard shop discussing monograms for some silver she had bought June when someone came in the shop with the newspaper announcing that June and Vi had separated. Sonja, like her Veil, is a smart girl, and said to the clerk, "Skeep eet." There are those who believe Marlene said it, and there are those who don't. Anyway, they are telling it around Hollywood that before Marlene left for Europe the studio publicity department asked her to give an interview to a very important writer who was vacationing here. "I'll give the interview on one condition," said Marlene. "Please warn him how beautiful I am so we won't keep staring at me." Well, your guess is as good as mine.

RUTH S. WHITNEY

The Silver Screen

Elizabeth Wilson
Western Editor
Lenore Samuels
Assistant Editor
Frank J. Carroll
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JEANETTE MACDONALD BY MARLAND STONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

Elizabeth Wilson
Western Editor
Lenore Samuels
Assistant Editor
Frank J. Carroll
Art Director


5
COMES another month and off we go on the merry-go-round. The first step is—

Columbia

THERE are three big pictures shooting over here this month but I enter the studio with a feeling of dejection. Fannum Fanya won't be there. But when I reach the publicity offices my spirits rise. In her stead is a beautiful blonde whom I used to know at Paramount. Her name is Marge Decker. "Hello, beautiful," she greets me. I wonder in vague alarm if Marge is talking to herself or if she's getting funny with me. But, anyhow, she gives me a resounding kiss of welcome so I don't bother much.

"Come along," she says and out we go. "We might as well face 'The Awful Truth.'"

I wonder uncomfortably what she's going to tell me—"for my own good," of course, but it turns out "The Awful Truth" is the name of a picture they're making that stars Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. Then I remember Ina Claire starred in this years ago on the stage.

When we arrive on the stage the set is a courtroom. The pair have just been granted a divorce by the judge.

"There is still a matter unsettled, your honor," the lawyer interposes before the judge dismisses the case. "It's a matter of Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith?" the judge queries in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, your honor. Their dog,"

"Mr. Smith is my dog," Cary puts in indignantly.

"Silence!" the judge (Paul Stanton) rasps. "The property settlement has already been arranged to the satisfaction of the court."

"But Mr. Smith belongs to me and—she's got him," Cary protests, pointing to Irene.

"I told you to keep quiet," Stanton roars.

"Oh, just ignore him, your honor." Irene beams. "I told you he was impossible to get along with." Cary gives her a savage snarl and she calls the judge's attention to it. "See what I mean?" she says.

"Well," the judge sighs, speaking to the lawyer, "get along with the matter."

"The animal is at present in Mrs. Warriner's possession," the lawyer explains. "It was he whom you ordered from the courtroom at the beginning of the trial. Mr. Warriner wishes to have him because—"

"Because he's mine!" Cary interrupts.

"He is not!" Irene flares.

"He is so!" Cary argues hotly.

"Silence! Silence!" the judge thunders, tapping madly for order. "Mrs. Warriner, you step up here and tell me why you insist upon regarding this dog as your personal property so the court may determine whether or not it should remain in your possession."

Irene steps up and takes the witness chair. Then she turns to the judge as though they were having a confidential chat over a tea-table. "You see," she explains, "I saw Mr. Smith first. It was in that pet shop on Madison Ave. You must know the one I mean." The judge nods. "I had decided to buy Mr. Smith, but I turned away—for just a moment, mind you—to admire a Persian kitten and, when I turned back, there was a man holding Mr. Smith in his arms. I said, 'Pardon me, but I'm buying that puppy.' Then he smiled at me—the man, you understand, not Mr. Smith. The judge nods. "Then, somehow," she continues, "all three of us were having lunch together—the man and Mr. Smith and I. After that things went along rather swiftly and one day I said—I think we had better get married—and so we did. The judge's harr rises on end at this candid announcement, so Irene hurriedly explains some more. "You see, it gave Mr. Smith a real home."

"I see," the judge nods. "Well, Mrs. Warriner, in these custody cases we frequently permit the final decision to rest with—"

"That's right," Cary approves. "Let Mr. Smith decide whom he wants to live with."

"Silence!" the judge roars. He turns to a policeman and speaks. The policeman exits. "The custody of the dog will depend upon his own desires," the judge continues. The policeman returns with Mr. Smith on a leash. "Unloosen him," the judge orders. Cary and Irene are each sitting about equal distance from the dog. They look longingly toward him but Irene, without...
From an amazing sea story long buried in the files of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, Henry Hathaway, director of such Paramount masterpieces of pictorial adventure as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," has produced and directed this grandest of all sea romances. Gary Cooper strides through another of his glorious he-man roles as a seaman of the Fabulous Forties who becomes the leading figure in the cause célèbre of the time: the famous murder trial which followed the destruction by fire on the high seas of the Liverpool-Philadelphia packet, the William Brown. George Raft in a picaresque role as his companion in arms gains even greater stature among the male luminaries of Hollywood. Frances Dee and Henry Wilcoxon head an all-star supporting cast.
Hollywood Insists on Kleinert's Dress Shields

In Hollywood studios, Kleinert's Dress Shields are "required equipment" for dresses—they can't afford to risk spoiling costly clothes—can you? Especially when it's so easy to protect them!

Kleinert's Bra-forms combine dress shields with dainty uplift bras cleverly concocted to give both slender and mature figures that new high rounded line. Made in a variety of fabrics—can be washed in a minute—always ready for wear with any dress—and guarded to protect from moisture, friction, and under-arm cosmetics.

Your favorite Notion Counter is showing Bra-forms in many styles from a dollar up—the Bra-form, illustrated above, is of fine batiste, $1.25.

Kleinert's

FOR EYES THAT GLOW!

Emulate The Stars Both Literally And Figuratively.

By Mary Lee

A TOUCH of mascara on upturned lashes helps turn a pair of eyes into pools of love-life. Madge Evans has every reason to be proud of her blue eyes, and deserve all the attention given her lovely features. However, her not very well known. She applies her make-up so it intensifies the color and adds to the depth of her blue eyes while it harmonizes with her blond hair.

Whenever you call art to the aid of beauty, remember this important rule: the final effect must be soft and dewy, never hard. Make-up touches that give eyes a hard look (and should be avoided) are powder on the eyelids, mascara on lower lashes or artifically "beaded" on the upper ones, eyebrows plucked to a thin line or colored too dark to blend with your hair, and too much eyeshadow in the daytime. So put these errors on your list of beauty "don'ts."

Your eyes themselves should sparkle like stars when you're excited and softly glow when you're happy. Their beauty and expressiveness can be increased by the way you make up the area surrounding them.

First, we're going to tell you how to beautify your eyelashes so they'll be a flattering frame to your eyes. If you're not blessed with naturally long, curling lashes, you can do a lot to make them so. There are lubricants which promote the growth. One of the most effective we've found is Kurlene. It is a compound of rich oils which should be rubbed well into the lashes and lids each night. It makes an excellent dressing to use in the daytime, too, because it leaves eyelashes soft and silky. Brushing your eyelashes after you've applied a lubricant gives them an attractive sheen.

You can curl your lashes up in a "jilly" with a gadget called Kurlash, or you can train them gradually into an upward sweep by brushing them up every time you apply mascara or a lubricating cream. Always brush your eyelashes first, after you've darkened them with mascara to soften them and separate the hairs so they won't have an artificial "beaded" look. A convenient little device to use instead of a brush is the Winx eyelash comb and mascara applicator. It's a fine-tooth comb, curved to the shape of your eyelid and set on a conveniently hinged handle. You spread the mascara across the comb and apply it to the lashes. The one simple motion distributes the mascara evenly over each lash, separates the lashes, curls them up and removes the excess darkening. The final effect is supremely natural.

We're talking about the real Winx mascara which may be had in cake, cream or liquid form. The makers tell us that the creamy type, which is the newest, is growing very rapidly in popularity. As for mascara colors, black is the most popular, then brown. Blue is holding its own, but not much green is being sold.

Whatever your coloring, you can wear black mascara, smoothly applied, without looking artificial. The purpose of blue is to bring out the blue tones in one's eyes. Eyelashes don't need to match eyebrows, but eyebrows must be in harmony with the color of your hair. Some of the most attractive eye make-ups we've seen combine black lashes with brown brows.

Your eyebrows should look as if they belong to your face, and nobody else's. They show character when they are neat, well-defined and gracefully curved. Pluck them, by all means, if they're too heavy for beauty or if they are straggly, but don't be hard on them in a thin, straight line.

The best rule for thinning out eyebrows is to pluck the excess hairs from the lower edge, as the ideal brows are high. Always pull the hairs out in the same direction as they grow, so they'll lie flat when they grow back in. Tint any stray hairs that grow across the bridge of your nose.

If you use eyeshadow to heighten the color and accentuate the size of your eyes, apply it sparingly. Obvious eyeshadow is not smart. Blue and mauve (brownish gray) are the shades most generally used now that the vogue for multi-colored shadows has passed its peak. Eyeshadow, unless it is very creamy in consistency, should be applied after your eyelids have been moistened with cream. Start it from the lower edge of the lid and middle of the eyelid and blend it all the way up to your eyebrow and out toward the temple. If you don't use eyeshadow, a little cream on your eyelids will give them a moist, dewy look.
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* Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.
With the arrival of October our thoughts turn to more substantial meals, and these recipes have been especially selected with this idea in mind.

**FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS**

Cut onions in 1/4 inch slices, separate into rings, dip into milk, then dredge with flour. Place in frying basket and lower into a flat-bottomed sauce pan 1/2 full of melted Crisco (375°F). Fry until a light brown, about 3 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper and salt before serving. If you prefer, you can make a batter coating by beating 1 egg yolk and then adding 1/2 cup of milk. Stir in 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon melted Crisco. Mix until smooth and then dip in onion rings and fry.

**HAM SLICES BAKED WITH PINEAPPLE AND GINGERED PEAR**

1 smoked boneless butt or shoulder ham
1 cup crushed pineapple
4 pear halves, poached in lemon ginger syrup
1/4 cup pear syrup
Cut thick slices from butt, allowing one per person. Add pineapple, pear halves and syrup and bake in slow oven (300°F) 40 minutes, or until tender. Del Monte pineapple and pears are excellent.

**CHEESE PUDDING**

1/2 pound yellow cheese
2 cups bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon soda
Butter size of an egg
1 pint milk
2 eggs Cayenne
Salt and pepper
Mix milk and soda. Grate or cut cheese very fine and put into milk and soda and cook until it is like cream, stirring all the time. Beat eggs and stir into this mixture, then mix in butter, pepper and salt and, last, the bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 15 or 20 minutes.

**BAKED EGG AND ASPARAGUS WITH BREAD SAUCE**

Line shallow buttered Pyrex dishes (individual) with canned Del Monte Asparagus tips. Add bread, drop an egg into the center of each and season slightly. Add grated cheese if desired. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 20 minutes or until egg is of desired consistency.

**BREAD SAUCE**

3 slices of bread
Butter
1 cup hot milk
Salt and pepper

Remove crusts, crumble bread into hot milk. Heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter.

A happy edition to the fall meals is hot bread. Instead of the old style biscuits or rolls try these two recipes for a change and watch your family shout with glee and call for more.

**DROP BISCUITS**

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup buttermilk
1/4 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons butter (melted)
Put soda, salt and baking powder into flour and sift into mixing bowl. Mix in butter, add milk and stir into a soft dough. Put into hot muffin tins and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot oven (400°F). This recipe makes 12 biscuits.

**BUTTER CAKES**

2 1/2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons Crisco
Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Rub shortening in with finger tips. Beat eggs yolks and add milk. Mix to a soft dough. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Turn out on floured board. Roll 1/4 inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake on well greased griddle over a very slow fire. After cakes have risen and browned on one side, turn over and brown on the other.

**BRAISED LIVER**

Cut 1 pound of calf's liver in 2 inch squares, salt and roll in flour and brown in Crisco. Put in a Pyrex dish. Brown in the same Crisco 2 medium sized onions, chopped; 1 cup celery, cut fine; 2 cups diced carrots. Put these in Pyrex dish also and pour over all 1 No. 2 can of tomatoes, adding a little more salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) about an hour and a half.
THEY CALLED HER "HORSE-TOOTH" HELEN UNTIL-

GET YOUR BONNET ON, JANE. TOM AND I ARE TAKING YOU TO THE MOVIES.

OKEY DOKEY, IT'S A GRAND PICTURE.

THEY NEVER ASK ME ANYWHERE.

TOM MIGHT HAVE ASKED MY COUSIN, TOO. SHE NEVER GOES ANYWHERE AND LET ALL THE GANG KID HER. NOT ON YOUR LIFE.

THEY CALL HER HORSE-TOOTH HELEN.

JANE GIVES HELEN A GENTLE HINT.

I'VE BROUGHT YOU A WONDERFUL TOOTH PASTE, HELEN. THE KIND BROADWAY MODELS USE. I THOUGHT MY TEETH WERE PERFECT BUT IT HAS IMPROVED THEIR LOOKS 20%. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

I WILL. I WILL GET RID OF THAT YELLOW LOOK MY TEETH HAVE.

THE BEAUTY BATH TO TEETH.

LATER.

WHY IT'S SIMPLY WORKING WONDERS. THIS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE--MY TEETH ARE SO WHITE!

NOW ABOUT GOING TO THE JONES' DANCE A WEEK FROM FRIDAY. HELEN?

SORRY, TOM. FRANK ASKED ME THREE WEEKS AGO.

THAT'S ONE ON TOM. WHO THINKS THERE COULD BE SUCH A CHANGE IN A GIRL'S LOOKS? WHY HELEN IS A KNOCK-OUT NOW!

Miss CARROLL BRADY, lovely New York model, says:

I HAVE FOUND THAT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE IS BEST FOR KEEPING TEETH REALLY WHITE AND GLEAMING.

THE LOVELY MODELS IN OUR NEW YORK STUDIOS CAN NOT TAKE CHANCES WITH THE LOOKS OF THEIR TEETH. FOR THE CAMERA DOESN'T LIE; IT SHOWS THEM JUST AS THEY ARE. BY EXPERIENCE MODELS HAVE FOUND THAT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE GIVES EXCEPTIONAL WHITENESS AND MARVELOUS LUSTRE, YET NEVER DAMAGES DELICATE ENAMEL. THEY CALL IT THE BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH.

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You will be delighted with the after-effect of Listerine Tooth Paste. The gums and the entire mouth feel wonderfully refreshed and invigorated—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself. Do not overlook the economy of Listerine Tooth Paste. Remember, more than a quarter of a pound of it in the big double size tube for 40¢. Regular size tube, 25¢.

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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

Silver Screen 11
ACTION FOR SLANDER—Interesting. This gives you a fine portrait of English army life with its strict code of ethics. Filmed in England, it has Clive Brook in the role of the officer accused of cheating at cards, who brings a court action to clear his name.

BIG SHOT THE—Amusing. A small town veterinarian (Guy Kibbee) is left a fortune by a gangster, relishive, and the gangster's pal, in order to get their hands on this money, bring the naive Kibbee to the big city with his wife and then proceed to trim him in what they term "legitimate" fashion. (Cora Witherspoon, Dorothy Moore.)

BLONDE TROUBLE—Fair. A remake of King Lardner's satire, "June Moon." Johnny Downs is likeable as the hack who comes to Broadway to write some lyrics and absolutely "panics" the boys of Tin Pan Alley, and Eleanor Whitney is nicely cast as the city girl who steers him through the hoops.

BORN RECKLESS—Fair. If you're in a lonesome mood and like an out and out blood and thunder meller, you'll be able to accept this without quibbling. The concern is a big town taxi racket, with Brian Dennehy a racing driver who joins forces with Robert Kent to extort the big-time racketeer, Burton MacKane. Rochelle Hudson provides the love interest.

CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP THE—Fun. Another Perri Mason detective-hoary yarn, with Donald Woods playing the Mason role this trip, Ann Doran is well cast as Della, his assistant. The plot concerns the impersonation of a girl posing as the daughter of a wealthy woman in order to obtain her fortune. The rose is unmasked by Mason in a clever courtroom scene.

CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY—Entertaining. All devotees of the quaintly charming and uncannily shrewd Chinese detective from Honolulu will feel that they have been treated to another satisfactory mystery thriller when they see this new yarn featuring Charlie's adventures on the Gay White Way. (Warner Oland-Keye Luke-John Marsh.)

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Fair. Even though such high-powered entertainers as Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Andy Devine and William Frawley are in the cast of this comedy with music, the film leaves something to be desired. However, it has plenty of incidental bits that make it worthy of an hour or so of your playtime. (Mary Carlisle, Samuel Hinds.)

DRUMMOND AT BAY SO-SO. An English film depicting another melodramatic episode concerning the famous romantic amateur sleuth. John Lodge plays the character once done here by Ronald Colman so successfully, and Claude Allister, Dorothy Blackall and Victor Jory do as well as they can with dull writing roles.

GOLD RACKET—Fair. The plot concerns a couple of Federal Agents (Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt) who run into romance when they are working on the same assignment—that of rounding up smugglers shipping gold from Mexico into the U.S.A.

HIDEAWAY SO-SO. It's too bad that Fred Stone and Emma Dunn, two veterans of the legitimate stage, should be cast in a film so poorly conceived you may be tempted to laugh at the wrong places. The story has haversed in its attempts. Skip it, unless on a dual bill.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Entertaining. When the circus gets stranded in rural Pennsylvania during the middle 19th century it gives lovely Irene Dunne a chance to meet Randolph Scott, an oil pioneer, and romance rears its exciting but uncertain head. Old-fashioned moviemaking with a new smile.

HOT WATER—Boring. Another installment (full length) in the Jones family series which has caught on in most neighborhood theatres. Jed Prouty is cast as the candidate for mayor who gets into trouble when opposing certain racketeering

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A COLUMBIA PICTURE

The International Best-Seller by James Hilton, Screened by the Man Who Made "Mr. Deeds"—

FRANK CAPRA'S Production
RONALD COLMAN

LOST HORIZON


SILVER SCREEN
LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles are always

hold in my figure

because I wash them

often with

Ivory Flakes.

It prevents

"girdle-bulge"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divine-ly rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT

This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too low washings. The same girdle. . .its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap"

stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say "Ivory Flakes," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up at once! Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

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Your eyes will open wide with wonder!
The picture you dreamed some day you'd see... lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment... as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!

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ARTHUR TREACHER
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SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
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MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
... who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!
DOESN'T look as if these divorce rumors about Luise Rainer and hubby Clift ford Odets had much foundation. For the very minute that Luise finished "Big City" she took a plane for New York to visit her mother who is working there, and Luise didn't even wait for the preview of her picture! And when a star shows more interest in her husband than in her newest picture, that dear, public, is love.

CLOSE friends of Mrs. Bello, Jean Harlow's mother, are extremely worried about her health. The poor distraught mother has wasted away until she is almost a skeleton, and has had three bad heart attacks. Her chief consolation seems to be William Powell, who keeps her little home (she has moved from the large house in Beverly Hills) supplied with fresh gardenias every day, gardenias were Jean's favorite flower. Bill sees her as often as his picture work will allow and every Sunday they lunch together and talk about Jean.

WHEN Leslie Howard kissed Joan Blondell the other day for a scene in "Stand-In," and then completely forgot his lines in his confusion, the entire company broke into a laugh. Of course every one threatened to phone Dick Powell at once.

MARLENE DIETRICH says that the old bromide about washing your hair too often will ruin it is just a lot of hooey. She has been washing her hair every day since she started in pictures, and there can be no denying that Dietrich has a beautiful supply of woman's crowning glory.

IF GARY COOPER ever drops in for a visit, and you want to make him happy, supply him with two chairs. He loves to put himself in one chair and his feet in the other. And don't be surprised if he goes to sleep.

MISCHA AVERBAS has been in so many pictures in the last six months that his stand-in is nearing a nervous collapse.

DESPITE the fact that Mary Boland specializes in the portrayals of dumb, fluttery matrons she is one of Hollywood's most brilliant conversationalists out of makeup.

ROBERT TAYLOR, always on the look-out for new gadgets, has acquired a pair of cuff links with tiny watches in the center.

HOUSE trailers are beginning to supplant the portable dressing rooms that the stars use on movie sets. The latest to get a house trailer is Eddie Cantor. The trailers are easier to move from one sound stage to another than the old style dressing rooms.

IF JOAN CRAWFORD is your ideal Glamour Girl and you want to do as Joan does, then dash right out and get yourself an angora sweater. For Joan is now wearing angora sweaters off the set and on. Her sweaters are extremely soft and fuzzy, with a hillyow nap nearly an inch long.

WHEN the waiters at the Brown Derby went on strike recently Lupe Velez, who, in the middle of the dinner service, simply rolled up her sleeves and pitched right in. They say the Brown Derby has never had such hot tamales as Lupe whipped up that evening.

LORETTA YOUNG and Joe Mankiewicz, Metro producer, thought they were awfully smart when they slipped out of the side door of the Alexander Theatre in Glendale the other evening and eluded the hundreds of fans milling around the entrance. But Mankiewicz, in his haste to keep up with the slim Loretta, did a nose dive over a cable and Loretta laughed so long and hard that all the fans located them.

BEFORE leaving for her holiday in Honolulu, Little Miss Shirley Temple made only one request of her studio; could she have lunch with Charlie McCarthy? Charlie, as you know, is Edgar Bergen's famous dummy who has become quite the most sought after young man in town. Charlie was so pleased when Public Favor- ite Number 1 asked to lunch with him that he has been insufferable ever since.

CARY GRANT and Phyllis Brooks are now Hollywood's most constant two.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is a slipper-slipper-offer of the worst type. Whenever she sits down at a table unconsciously her slippers come right off.

WAYNE MORRIS, who made such a hit as the shy young boxer in "Kid Galahad," isn't shy at all it seems--quite the contrary. His friends will tell you that he has kept a diary since entering pictures and has jotted down the name of every girl he has had a date with. The diary covers 214 days and during that time Wayne has recorded 38 dates! Ever since his astonishing success in "Kid Galahad," he has wanted to be seen with "names." Alice Faye is the most recent "name" on his list, and he did escort her to the premiere of her picture "You Can't Have Everything," but those who know Alice say that she still cares for Tony Martin and that there is decidedly no lull in her life.

ACCORDING to Travis Banton, Paramount's fashion designer, printed materials will continue in high fashion favor through fall as well as winter. For the personal wardrobe of Carole Lombard Banton is using printed crepes. These frocks, he points out, will be especially smart when worn under fur coats.

JANE WITHERS decided to have a party for her neighborhood friends recently, which turned out to be rather an unusual one. First of all, Jane, who had been given a miniature fingerprinting set by a fan proceeded to fingerprint all the youthful guests, they took it all right, but when she started fingerprinting all her pets, the cats and dogs and goats and chickens, there was such a squawking and yowling that the Senior Widlers rushed out of the house to see what all the commotion was about. Jane's fingerprinting set is now in the incubator.
The Competition Is Tough And The Desperate Would-Be Screen Stars Are Tougher.

By Howard Barnes

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES TREMBATH

Hollywood's a fine place to visit but there are a lot of complications for those of us who don't live or work there. There is a martial epigram which speaks of "a crowd dangerous to peace and hostile to restful quiet." It might have been written about the denizens of the film capital. Behind the glitter and vitality of Hollywood, behind the luxury of a great deal of existence and the stimulating satisfaction of contributing to a great art form, there are some ugly aspects. On a recent stay in the center of motion picture making, I found a great deal to admire and like. I also found certain things that I disliked profoundly.

Most of these are caused by the very make-up of the films. Young, lusty and powerful, the medium invites an arrogance on the part of many of its practitioners which isn't any pleasanter because you understand what causes it. There is a cruel disregard of human aspirations, feelings and even life itself that makes for what must be one of the cruellest community attitudes you could find in the world today. It's no fun to be a comparative failure anywhere, but it's really tragic in Hollywood. You would find it hard to believe what being a failure is, too. I was asking an alcoholic scenarist about a writer I had known in New York who went to the West Coast to do scenarios.

"How's he doing?" I said.

"That fellow? Oh, he's a flop. He's only making $250 a week."

It might not be so bad to be a "failure" at $250 a week, but it's the attitude behind the remark that is important. Hollywood has little patience with the also-rans—it has downright contempt for those that drop out. The second evening I was there, I went to the Brown Derby with a noted director and a star. In a corner, sitting by himself, was a man I had interviewed when I first started reviewing movies a dozen years ago. He was a great man then. Now he had a shabbiness of manner as well as clothes and furtive eyes. I discovered that he hadn't done anything in films for several years.

"He gets occasional help from old friends," one of my companions said. "I don't see why he keeps hanging around."

"Why shouldn't he hang around? His career had started almost with the beginning of pictures. He had devoted the best years of his life to them. What else did he have to do now? I must confess, though, that I studiously avoided meeting his eye, in case he might possibly have remembered me. I had gone Hollywood in a hurry.

Then there's the case of a middle-aged character actor whom I had known in the theater. He was just a notch above a "bit" player; he worked fairly steadily and made a fairly good income. But he knew that the people with whom he had worked on the stage on an equal footing, considered him a failure in films. It did a strange thing to him. I drove along the Pacific past Malibu Beach and up into the foothills with him one night and I never said a word. He did the talking. For several hours he let flow an epic mixture of inveigle and profanity about the whole business of the films, until he exhausted himself with impotent rage.

In almost any other place, a person who was down on his luck for one reason or another could withdraw into himself—become more or less anonymous—while trying to get a fresh start. There is no escape in Hollywood. So great is the premium on success, so short are people's memories of colleagues and even friends that it becomes virtually impossible for a screen worker to resign himself gracefully to mediocrity or failure. The exhilaration that you get in being with people who are doing great things on the screen is more than matched by the depressing nearness, on all sides, of minor and major personal tragedies.

As a matter of fact, the brooding preoccupation of Hollywood with fame and fortune, and its hostile indifference to the reverse
side of the medal, draw most of the social demarcations in the film capital. When I went to a star's home, I was pretty certain in advance as to whom I would meet there—other stars, first-line directors, successful supervising producers and top-notch writers. It was a definite relief to visit such real homes as the Jimmy Cagney's or the Stuart Erwin's, where one might meet extras, assistant directors, cameramen or just plain people who happened to be friends of these delightful couples.

You might suspect that a waning star, director or writer could drop down a few notches in the social scheme of things and find new and vital acquaintances among the lesser artisans—the extras or the office boys. It just doesn't work. The people at the bottom of the Hollywood ladder don't want to become even vaguely identified with anyone coming down. They are all intent on hoisting themselves up a rung and they have no time for those who can't give them a helping hand.

It's a cruel place, but as I said before, this cruelty is understandable. Hollywood's a community of short-term commitments. You can plan a normal life there, but it's hard to live one. It isn't generally realized that this era of handsome homes, ornamental swimming pools, ranches and beach houses is comparatively new. Archie L. Mayo, the distinguished director, set me right on this one night when we drove in from Beverly Hills to Los Angeles to see the old Spanish quarter—as old as the pyramids in relation to Hollywood's brief span of being.

On the way he pointed out a number of run-down hotels and apartment buildings in that curious no-man's-land between the studios and the city of Los Angeles itself.

"That's where I lived once," he would say, or "that's where Francis X. Bushman had an apartment.

"Nobody thought of owning a home when I first went into the movies after the war," he continued. "Everyone lived in hotels—ready to move at a day's notice. And we all thought the notice was coming at any moment. Anyone who started settling down on a plot of ground was considered daily. For that matter, most people live in hotels or apartments, now."

Behind this are several factors, chiefly the amazingly short careers of most screen notables. I must have asked scores of veteran players and directors to give me a rough estimate of the average length of a star's career. The an-

Whispers, hints, rumors often become deadly. The ancient custom of the snitcher's fee.

The worst aspect of Hollywood, the thing I disliked most intensely, is something that exists in any business anywhere, but reaches an apotheosis in the film center—politics. To stand in right with the right people is almost a creed for a large part of screen workers. It takes its expression in fawning, flattering and, in sum, a pervasive atmosphere of fear. There are some few notables who are so important that they scarcely have to worry about it, but most of Hollywood is inevitably caught up in it.

On more than one occasion, I witnessed what this preoccupation with professional-mindedness could do in terms of loss of dignity. Persons will stand for insults and calumny that would enrage you as an innocent bystander, if they think it is to their professional advantage. They will double-cross their friends in a moment to curry favor with the powers-that-be. The few gallant ones that are not afraid to speak their minds are obstinately to be judged on their output of talent are splendid. They are in a distinct minority.

A star, who shall be nameless, told me of a party she had recently attended at the home of one of the biggest producers on the West Coast. Actors, directors and writers were there. Someone suggested playing a parlor game called "truth," in which each person in the gathering actually told his mind about various matters and various personalities. A few incautious souls entered into the spirit of the thing and [Continued on page 72]
Don Ameche Referees A Famous Radio Wrangle.

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

"W"hy don't you get married and raise a basket of clothespins?" rasps the grandiloquent comedian, W. C. Fields, with mighty aplomb.

Speaking to whom? Why, the same little, though very clever young fellow, Charlie McCarthy, of course. Yet that tiny heckler is rarely perturbed for he positively is never short on a come-back. In fact, he rather seems to get the best of Fields by simply turning a goonish and startled, monodomed eye upon Eddie Bergen, his own creator, and by answering with perfect assurance in a mocking voice, "Tsh, tsh.

Is impish Charlie ever squelched? Never. No matter what sarcastic epithets Fields may hurl at him Charlie retaliates with actually leering at Bill, and soon has that great one mummaling to himself. Then it is that the little rascal hurries to the attack, with such slashing remarks as, "If they'd made your face of wood, they'd have had to use redwood for the nose," or, "He's filled with spirits."

Fields' bullish nose, his propensity for liquor, and his boastful pretensions seem to be the focal points of the mighty little atom's animus. The way Charlie McCarthy seeks to offset such thrusts by shaking his head and letting his voice drop away into a sympathetic tone of pity. "What a heel! What a heel!"

When it appears that Fields is about to use his ever-present cane for some purpose other than a walking stick the double-edged attack is then quickly and expertly disposed of, at least, by the intervention of that perfect referee—Don Ameche.

Don is always near the microphone and, much too often, he tells me, he is forced to interpose in order to slow down the tempo of the feud. As you already know, Don is on that very popular radio program featuring the above mentioned dyads. Happily and engagingly, he also steps in when Charlie spoofs at Eddie Bergen, his sometime master, with such retorts as, "If I could only do my own talking."

The personable Ameche has been refreshing the verbal battle between Charlie and Fields since last May. "It is quite likely," he says, "that Charlie may not only outwit Fields in the end, but that he may even get beyond all of us. Houdini, Eddie Ameche is so clever, with the little devil that everyone around the studio has come to think of Charlie as an honest-to-goodness personality. He is so dexterous and so original during rehearsals that he keeps most of us in an hilarious uproar. Sometimes I wonder just what might happen to Bill and Charlie if no one interfered."

Yet Don is a very well-balanced and level-headed person and so long as he acts as referee-de-luxe we need have no qualms regarding the final outcome of the McCarthy-Fields hostilities. Whatever Don does we know will not be far amiss. Seeing him at the actual broadcast, seated in front of the microphone, and on one side of a long table with the guest star between him and Charlie (who invariably repos on Bergen's knee) we realize why the great mountebank, alias W. C. Fields, is allowed the entire opposite side of the table. It's certainly a good thing that Don's primed at every moment to catch that cane!

Asked about his other experiences as referee on the air, Don says:

"Although I am prepared at all times to ed lib and to take care of any emergency, I have so far been extremely fortunate in not having had to do so. We have had only first-rate personalities for our guest stars, and no one has ever yet failed to show up, no
He's quite impulsive, and he admits it. "Too much so for my own good," he says. If it should occur to him while sitting with friends in the Tropicana, for instance, that it is a fine night to fly to San Francisco, or to motor up to Lake Arrowhead, or to Palm Springs, he loses little time in getting out into the night, and making a happy landing somewhere. Always, Honore is in the party.

Don isn't strong on telling jokes, but he certainly loves to play them on his friends and co-workers. He has no real hobbies but has a tremendous interest in everything. "I can see romance and glamour in most anything," he says. "I can understand why an architect must have an impelling urge to build, why a doctor will travel for hours to mend a broken body, why a lawyer will laboriously seek to right a wrong, or why any worker may completely lose himself in his work while pursuing some specific end. There's hidden glamour and beauty in practically everything, but it's too bad that so few people will take the pains to find them."

"The trouble with most of us is that we waste too much time," he went on to say. "We could learn—oh, so much, during the hours we waste. If only we could utilize our time to better advantage, it's barely possible that we might all be able to do something really worth while. At least we could better prepare ourselves to meet both obligations."

Though Don is keenly aware of his great responsibilities, he does not seem to realize that he is actually making entertainment history both on the screen and along the air lines. He is an actor primarily because acting is the one profession that satisfies his aesthetic sense and not because he is urged by some motivating force with a utilitarian object. "I hope that I shall be able to act always," he says.

Don tells me that neither the fine roles which have been his nor the honors that have been heaped upon him have ever afforded him keener delight, or more hilarious moments than he now receives by reason of his current role as referee-de-luxe for that torrid and bombastic feud between the inimitable duo—Fields vs. McCarthy.
They're off!
The Hollywood steeplechase of 1937 is on. Who'll make the first hurdle? Whose mount has already begun to falter? Who is that nosing into first place on the open stretch? What is the time by the stop watches now? Oooooops! Watch that water jump....

Hollywood, becoming more race-conscious every year, is the scene of a more exciting race over a more heart-stopping course than was ever heard of at Aintree. The prizes are bigger, the hurdles are higher, the pace is faster... and the cost of defeat is greater. The Hollywood polices risk not merely life and limb, but talent, health, youth and strength in the race for the glittering prizes of film fame and fortune. And always, in the background, are the real gamblers, the quiet-faced producers, the agents, the people who put up the prize money and who bet their own sizeable bank rolls on these racers... the men who stand on the sidelines, holding the stop watches, wondering whether their proteges have what it takes to win.

It takes a lot. It takes stamina and courage and persistence. It takes that grim quality which makes a rider stick to his mount and to his course, even though he has lost a stirrup and is blinded for time by the mud from the heels of the horses which have passed him. Hundreds start and a mere handful finish.

Zowie! Watch out for that hedge, my boy! But the next hurdle is a tougher one...

It's a long, rough track, with steep hills and deep gullies. There are five major hurdles and any number of tricky, minor ones. (1) He must have that quality of personality which makes the screen fairly crackle when he appears upon it. (2) This is a 1937 innovation... he must be able to project that same personality over the radio where his face doesn't show at all. (3) The time is practically upon him when he may be called upon at any moment to give an adequate account of himself upon the legitimate stage. This particular is causing a lot of headaches among the old guard just now. (4) He must be able to hold his own with his admirers in formal or casual personal appearances. He must not disappoint them. (5) He must learn to order his private life so that it will not interfere with any of these things... so that it will reflect credit upon him... so that he may have a balanced, rounded career.

Take out your field glasses and peer at some of the neck-and-neckers in Hollywood's 1937 steeplechase. A surprising variety of ages and experience! But you never know. Sometimes it seems to be young blood which tells... and sometimes it is the track-wise seasoned rider who canter's in at the head of the procession, surprising everybody, including himself.

Maybe you thought that Martha Raye was an inexperienced, a "green" filly. But Martha Raye had taken half her hurdles before you noticed that she was in the race at all! She had trained from the time she was three... in vaudeville! In night clubs! She knew that she could hold an ordinary audience if she could see it. She didn't know that she could hold a Hollywood audience, and it was one of her stiffest hurdles when she accepted that engagement at the Tropicana, where Hollywood "discovered" her. But Martha knew the grim, rough-and-tumble competition, the kick-'em-in-the-face tactics of the entertainment world. And she knew she was good.
Glen Morris taking a hurdle. He is the Decathlon champion of the last Olympics, and he is hoping to do it all over again for the screen. Even a girl in the hurdle can't stop Glen. (Below) Ginger Rogers has made some of her jumps with grace and charm, but her success depends particularly on that fifth hurdle. (Bottom) Fred Astaire, a performer with personality. What is a hurdle to a dancer?

Lionel Barrymore!

They all trained long and ardently and took some of their hardest hurdles when you and I, perhaps, weren't looking.

Fred conquered the legitimate stage and all personal appearance hurdles long before Hollywood ever saw him. Although he was a man with an important theatrical reputation, his screen hurdle wasn't so easy. After months of waiting and fretting, after more irritating delays than he likes to think about now, his first picture appearance (in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford) proved merely what everyone always knew ... that he could dance like a very decent.

Even after that it was slow going on a heavy track for Fred until "Gay Divorce" proved that he could put over a song as well as the next one and that he could act with more finesse than a lot of people who were drawing large salaries for acting and who couldn't sing or dance a single tap.

First thing we knew, Bing Crosby was sort of looking over his shoulder and listening to the pounding hooves just behind him, wondering who was threatening his position in the musical picture field. But then, Bing had taken a major hurdle which Fred hadn't encountered as yet. Bing had conquered radio before one could attempt to screen. He was radio's darling, its pet, its prize hurdle-jumper. That hurdle had boosted the odds on Bing until even the quiet men with the stop watches had become a bit breathless. What was more, Bing was married, settled, content with his pretty wife and his three husky boys. He had the edge on Fred there, you might have thought.

But—buckety-buckety, hard on his heels came Astaire. When his sister and dancing partner, Adele, married Lord Henry Cavendish and retired from the stage, the wise boys about the track had predicted that the disconsolate Fred would never dance with anyone else. But he did, of course. What was more, he married about four years ago. So seriously did he take this somewhat belated domesticity that when his child was born, a year or so ago, he rented a room at the hospital so that he might be near his family!

The three live quietly and blissfully in Beverly Hills and Fred even finds time to compose successful popular songs in his odd moments. Not content with thus gaining on Crosby in this close race, Fred up and helped the radio hurdle without ever straining a ligament or cracking a saddle girth. He proved to everyone that he could make that gay personality and those nimble, tap-tapping feet as irresistible to radio audiences as they were on the screen.

Goodness! Just as I was about to train the glasses on that steady horseman, Lionel Barrymore, here came the girls again at a still gallop. Ginger has rather tumbled her private hurdle. Her marriage to Lew Ayres turned out to be a sort of teeter totter of ecstasy and woe—and it hasn't been much different since they separated "forever." The "forever" didn't seem to mean much and the teeter totter has gone on and on.

But Ginger has learned to make everyone with whom she has to work look like a hot. The fans love her, too. If she so much as shows the tip of her pert nose at a premiere or a night spot, police reserves must be called at once to prevent her being mobbled.

Martha hasn't quite mastered the art of casual personal contact. Her success has been pretty abrupt and Martha is very young. She hasn't shown the tact and good nature which she must acquire sooner or later. She married "Buddy" Rogers so very recently that she hasn't had a chance to prove, as yet, whether she can handle her own strenuous career and still make a success of marriage with a business man who has a flourishing and well rounded career of his own.

The girls are still neck and neck—and traveling faster and faster...

But still far out in front is that quiet figure, cantering easily, secure in his leadership, Lionel Barrymore. Lionel proved himself upon the legitimate stage before some of these young contenders were born. He jogged along in silent pictures at an even pace and didn't some directing, just for fun, to show that there were other hurdles he could take if he put his mind to it. He took an enormous and spectacular spurt when talking pictures were everywhere.

As for radio, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without Lionel growling and grizzumphing as "Scruggs" in "The Christmas Carol." But don't think that hasn't been some difficult hurdles for Lionel... somewhere in those glades where the spectators do not have a good view. He certainly had one of the happiest domestic lives of any man in pictures. But less than a year ago he lost his wife and since then he has had loneliness and sorrow to combat. He has had physical suffering, too, which only a few people have known about.

He has conquered those things, put his life together, found solace and a well rounded career in his work and in his hobbies—his etchings, his fishing in the hills, his real interest in simple, quiet people, Barrymore, despite his landmarks, is far out from the 1897 steeplechase and it is a greater triumph for him than it might be for some others who have found the hurdles lower.

But the prizes ... how long will they glitter, after they are won?
JEANETTE MACDONALD

O MOVIE struck fan ever looked forward to Hollywood with more eager enthusiasm than Jeanette MacDonald. Having always lived in crowded cities in the East, with the eternal scrunching of subways and thundering of elevators, where humanity in the raw isn’t a very pleasant sight, Jeanette, red-headed and imaginative, dreamed of Hollywood as the Promised Land.

Ever since she was a child she had read fan magazines avidly, lingering longingly over pictures of Pickfair, Norma Shearer’s swimming pool, and celebrities reeking with chinchilla and diamond bracelets in the forecourt of Mr. Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. The magazines and the movie columns said that Hollywood was more glamorous and out-of-the-way than the place in the world, simply crammed with delightfully mad, merry, big-hearted movie stars, and our Jeanette was not one to doubt the printed word.

So, when Director Ernst Lubitsch saw her screen test in New York, signed her on a contract and warned her that she must put on more weight before she started working at the Paramount Studio in Hollywood, with Maurice Chevalier in “The Love Parade,” Jeanette was so overcome by the thrilling excitement of it all that she had to be placed in re-packs for observation! But the doctors decided that it wasn’t an appendix after all, just excitement, and on the designated day, it was in 1928, Jeanette, on a malted milk diet, caught the Twentieth Century bound for Hollywood.

She arrived expecting glamour and adventure. But, instead, she found Hollywood very sober and serious—the microphone had recently made its appearance and no one seemed to know exactly what to do with it—and instead of the land of promise it turned out to be the land of frayed nerves. (And still is, if you really want to know.)

Those “delightfully mad, merry, big-hearted movie stars” she had read about, who were supposed to lend her a helping hand, seemed to have developed nerves too, and were so busy cutting each other’s throat or knitting each other in the back that they had no time for a newcomer.

As a matter of fact, a newcomer from the Broadway stage in those days had the social position of a first class saucy, and as such was to be snubbed, thoroughly and effectively. (Jeanette herself describes Hollywood at that time as “a hospital where all the patients expected to die at any moment.”) The stars she had worshipped from afar, and had been so anxious to meet, were either abrupt or rude or preoccupied, and not one of them bothered to live up to her “big-hearted” publicity, with the single exception of Clara Bow.

Clara, the reigning queen of Paramount, and so quickly to be dethroned, invited the “new girl” to lunch right away, dipped her off to little concerts of Hollywood, and wished her great success in her new career. “Glamour,” said Jeanette eating a lonely dinner every night and going to bed at nine because there wasn’t anything else to do, “Glorious! Phoebe!”

Well, if you want to dream a little glamour, and I don’t know why not, my first meeting with Jeanette MacDonald somewhat resembled Jeanette’s first meeting with Hollywood. Jeanette expected glamour and found nerves. I expected glamour and found loneliness. I don’t know which of us was the most surprised. To me, and to Hollywood in general, Miss MacDonald had been a prima donna ever since the first high note she reached for Mr. Lubitsch. As a prima donna she simply radiated glamour. She was beautiful and had started working at the Paramount Studio (the detachment it seems was Hollywood’s fault, not hers, but how were we to know that), there was quite a bit of mystery about her, she had a French maid to whom she spoke French, and she had a way of entering a room or set and demanding, “Remove those flowers at once.” (How were we to know that flowers, particularly gardenias and tuberoses, give Miss MacDonald good old-fashioned hat lever, furry nose and everything.)

But, best of all, it was rumored, she had the superb temperament of an artiste. She could fly off the handle at a moment’s notice, and there was much gossip afoot about knock-down-drag-out fights with Hertz Lubitsch, Maurice Chevalier, Lounella Parsons, and Louis B. Mayer. The gorgeous MacDonald didn’t have red hair for nothing.

I wouldn’t give yesterday’s newspaper for an actress without temperament—you’ve just got to have a good explosion occasionally or how can you have any emotion! Of course, temperamental actresses aren’t the easiest in the world to interview, it’s sort of like sitting on a keg of dynamite with pencil poised, but temperament is glamour to me, it’s like the thrill that comes with the overture right before the curtain rises, and after a session of ingenuity who “just love” everything and everybody, I welcomed Jeanette MacDonald as something authentic at last in the line of glamour. If Hollywood let her down, she in turn certainly let me down.

Jeanette, I learned, neither smokes nor drinks because it isn’t good for her, and she takes a nap every day because it is good for her. Between pictures she doesn’t wear any make-up, prefers to go about in slacks looking as un-movie star-ish as possible, and very often spends an entire day shopping right in the midst of her public which never recognizes her.

There is no shilly-shallying when she shops, she knows definitely what she likes and no persuasive, persevering salesgirl can make her change her mind. Her great weakness is scarfs, she probably has a hundred of them. Although very feminine in most respects, she is not particularly clothes-conscious, and has the unhappy faculty of buying a hat and a bag, which she sees in a window, to go with a dress which she never gets around to buying, so she
has about the best mis-matched collection of accessories in Hollywood. She is very neat and meticulous, labels her dresser drawers, and every night writes a few letters so she won't get behind in her correspondence. She keeps a date book, and schedules each day, such as an hour for her French lesson, her tennis lesson (she plays lousy tennis), for her singing lesson, for an interview, etc., and she keeps every appointment to the dot. She is the fair-haired child of the publicity department at the Metro studio because if she says she will give an interview on Wednesday at four, two weeks hence, by golly, she gives that interview on Wednesday at four, two weeks hence.

She uses a scentless powder and cannot bear perfume. Perfume, like very fragrant flowers, gives her hay fever. When she was in Honolulu recently on her honeymoon her friends wondered what she would do about the lei situation—after all she couldn't insult the Hawaiian tradition by refusing leis. "Never let it be said that I am not a good sport," Jeanette wrote back on a card. "I have been wrapped up in leis ever since I got off of the boat and have nearly sneezed my head off."

Off the screen, she admits, she is a very folksy person. She prefers it that way. She never talks about herself but simply adores to plan careers for her friends, or for Hollywood players who are not making a name. In fact, she is a most genial, good-natured person, unselfish to a fault. "If I were so and so," she will say, "I would break my contract if it took every cent I had. I would go back to the New York stage and—" It's one of her favorite games, this planning successful careers for unfortunate people. She would have made a damned good agent. She is a most appreciative audience for an old joke, for the chances are ten to one that she has heard it before, and giggles hearty laugh which makes you feel pretty clever as a raconteur.

Unlike other Hollywood stars she never uses extravagant or affectionate terms. She doesn't go out calling everybody in sight "darling" or "honey" or "sweetie-pie" or "darling." She is quite reserved, gives the impression that for a long time and be very friendly with her before she will even break down and call you by your first name—and don't ever expect to be kissed! (Which is all right with me.) She calls husband Gene Raymond the "Dear" in public. She doesn't use swear words and she is a bit on the precise side, one of her favorite expressions being, "I recall quite distinctly." She blushed painfully, all over her cheeks, when I engaged quite some time before she called him "Dear" in public.

She doesn't use swear words and she is a bit on the precise side, one of her favorite expressions being, "I recall quite distinctly." She blushed painfully, all over her cheeks, when I engaged quite some time before she called him "Dear" in public.

"B-b-b-beg pardon?" I said, positive that my own ears had deceived me. The great prima donna putting. It couldn't be, "I am sorry," I stuttered, "I wrote down 'no moose is good moose' in my notes, you didn't say that did you?"

"Oh, notes to you," said Miss MacDonald, gaily returning to the camera. It seems that Jeanette is never so happy as when pulling off a pun. Even her best friends can't stop her. She adores puns. To think that I should live to meet a punning prima donna. "Prima donna" and "temperamental" are two things that Jeanette does not like. She is not called "hanged" or "sneezed" or "set-up" on, hospitable as she is. That day of our first meeting she happened to read in a newspaper column that she was considered the most tem-peramental prima donna in Hollywood. "How dare they," she shrieked and to fully demonstrate her indignation on the heads of little people who dared to call her a prima donna, ending with an outburst of "Marie, my hose."

Something was definitively wrong with that set-up, and I could hardly keep from laughing. Here was a French maid out on Madame's sheer silk hose and Madame in a fine hysterical frenzy because she had been called a prima donna. Folks—yes—but temperamental too, thank heaven.

Mr. Louis B. Mayer's most famous singing star learned at an early age that people would make a fuss over her if she shrieked loud enough. She was four years old at the time and lived with her mother and father and two older brothers. There was little Elsa in a brownstone front at 5123 Arch Street, Philadelphia. She fell flat on her face down the brownstone steps on to the side walk, and as it was the first fall she had taken in life she felt that it was terribly important. But no one in the neighborhood, albeit in all the world, seemed the least bit concerned that little Jeanette MacDonald was flat on her face. No one hurried to rescue her. But Jeanette, even at the age of four, had the situation well in hand—not unlike the little girl who kicked the cat and said, "Look at him, he's an awful creature."

Not until she met Director Woody Van Dyke, who has directed her in many of her best successes, including "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "San Francisco," did Jeanette come in contact with someone utterly uninexpressed by her screaming act. There was the day on the set that Jeanette, in a flare-up because a recording she had made didn't sound right, furiously kicked a studio chair right across the sound stage. "Boy," shouted Van to one of the property men, "bring hammer and nails." He proceeded to nail down all the chairs and everything movable on the set. And what did Miss MacDonald do? She just laughed. Call her bluff and you'll break her up every time.

The MacDonaldu were neither poor nor rich and the Mac-Donald kids were sent to Philadelphia public schools and made to take music and dancing lessons in the afternoon. For the most part Jeanette was a tractable, sweet child and a very good little girl both in school and at home, but she did have one very deplorable, a habit—when people displeased her she would "get even" with them by sticking out her tongue at them behind their backs.

She took part in charity and amateur theatrics sponsored by her school, and it was quite evident that the MacDonaldu who had never had an actress in the family before, were just right in choosing her. One evening, when she was ten, Al White, a singing teacher, called on Mr. MacDonald and nearly bowled over the entire family by offering his youngest the prima (Continued on page 9.)
The Picture Colony Has Its Champions In Every Line Of Sport.

There is something about being an athlete that is fine, fine, fine! This, unmistakably, is the private-life theme song that’s being whistled by the best people to know in Hollywood today. “Or at least,” amends Carole Lombard with a weather eye on the town’s tennis crown, “there’s something about trying to be a champion that makes you feel like you’re pretty good after all!” She’s right, too, in her explanation of the present terrific scramble for the number one spots in the sports that have been the supreme vogue these past three warm months. Even if you can’t win the grand first place you get a wallup out of participating in the race. Conversely, it’s all too real a fact that if you aren’t engaging in some competitive game you may be a star bright to all the distant fans and fanatics, but just a sad pill to the local gang!

The athletic clique, you see, is the crowd in the screen colony now. As summer ends there is a cli-mazing surge of excitement. The final ratings are being doled forth. Who’s the tops? That’s the vital ques-tion. To answer it contests are being staged every week-end at the swank private clubs. No one talks about anything else but his immediate opponent’s technique. Certainly no one wants to get off form at this time by night clubbing: that is, only the goli-ers are enjoying the swing music at the Hawaiian Paradise. The awards have been given for golf. Mean-while, Holly-wood’s big tennis-tournament is to be played within a few days and the rivalry in badminton, aquaplaning, swimming, handball, bowling, riding, and ping-pong reaches fever pitch.

The golf champs are Bing Crosby and Katharine Hepburn, and what a battle royal they’ve had! They’ve no sudden gray hairs, however, for on the links their attitude was similar; they scorned nervousness. The male runners-up, incidentally, were Richard Arlen, Randolph Scott, and Johnny Weissmuller. The fem-inine also-rans were Ruby Keeler, Irene Dunne, and Bette Davis.

Hollywood’s men golfers chose the Lakeside Country Club, that informal rendezvous scalloping Toluca Lake, for their play-off. Crosby and Arlen are particular pals, even buy-ing homes in the same neigh-borhood. But when they stepped up to tee off in the semi-finals it was obvious how dif-frent they actually are in temperament. Bing has the ideal golfing disposition; I never saw him ruffled once. He drove long shoes with an easy accuracy that was maddening. He’d mumble “Come on” to his caddy and off they’d stroll as though merely ambling through a park. With a nonchalance that was all the more amazing because of Dick’s tenseness, Bing accepted a mid-iron or a mashie and scooped his ball onto the greens without a second’s unequaled father- hood record! Mrs. Bing, by his explicit wishes, remains an old-fashioned wife, a veritable golf widow who never at- tempts to beat the pants off her husband at his pet game. Whereas Mrs. Arlen is as enthusiastic as Bing, and when he’s out with the boys she’s out with the girls.

Jimmy Stewart and Robert Young are fairway friends, determined, it seems, to show up Humphrey Bogart even though that astute fellow is consistently in the 70’s. Humphrey is a money player, pick- ing up all the bets he can. He employs psychology, also; if his opponent has ants on the birds he Humphrey will ask casually, “Aren’t you playing a little too over your head?” The result is that the opponent be- comes rattled in an agony to excel. Guy Kibbee is, I believe, the greatest inspiration to aspiring amateurs. Because of his short arms he doesn’t hit long balls, but he doesn’t have to for he’s learned to drive straight as a die and inevitably he’s good around the greens. He didn’t take up golf until he was middle-aged.

It’s astonishing to me how polite Kath- arine Hepburn is when she’s on the Bel-Air course. Perhaps the elegant atmosphere suppresses her; it’s the most exclusive sec-tion of the city. Kate’s such a lady when she’s attending to her favorite sport. She’s an efficient lady, though. When she was in high school she was runner-up for the women’s championship of Connecticut and she has the memory in her heart still. I never realized what very muscles she has until I saw her in action; she has the strength and the snap of a man. She never flutters; when she looks at her own, Dick, on the other hand, extracted every nuance from every minute he was on the course. He tried valiantly to be calm, but he couldn’t help run-ning an emotional gamut as he endeavored to keep up with cool-as-a-cucumber Bing. And Crosby, by the way, is the first man ever to cop the movie club’s ace honors twice—when he finished with Arlen he took on all the non-spectator members and repeated his last year’s complete triumph. It all goes to demonstrate, no doubt, that truly he’s a mighty man—what with his movie and radio salary, his racket and his
excitable player; when she slices she's plain furious at herself. Hepburn claims a hole-in-one, but she was playing alone and everyone kids her and vows it was lucky. She was. Anyway, Kate seldom hooks into the bunkers!

Right now it's the forthcoming decisive tennis tournaments at the West Side Tennis Club that has the racket nuts on their ear with anticipation. Like Lakeside, this rendezvous in the Cheviot Hills is informally and that's how the stars prefer it. They know it'll be intimate and jolly and they'll meet one another there. There's a supper dance regularly, with the members voluntarily standing up and entertaining. Michael Bartlett sang splendidly the other night, and even Frank Ross (Jean Arthur's husband) gave out with a song; Cesar Romero and Mrs. Ernest Trues danced an exhibition Rumba. The supper dance lasted all night—who says Hollywood's so dead—and breakfast was gaily at six a.m. At seven there were challenge matches.

This social side isn't to be construed as totally overshadowing the serious art of acing your net opponent to a fare-you-well, for it doesn't. There are to be mixed doubles in the approaching finals which only full-blooded movie stars can enter. The trophy, a large, resplendent Sheffield bowl, dominates the lobby. It will, of course, be captured by a man, for no actress is yet a Helen Wills. Errol Flynn likely will cart it off because he's by far the finest tennis player among the leading actors. Of course, he had a head start, for once he put on an exhibition during the Wimbledon matches. He may be a rover, but he's very self-possessed when he walks out to spring a service resembling the cannonball serve of Bill Tilden. Errol bears down on his smashing forehand drive so that the ball skims to the end line like—one might authoritatively say—a bat from the hands. Shortly he's leaping up to volley a high one ten feet off the ground. He's devoted much effort to developing a mean backhand. "I like," he maintains, "to surprise men by placing a slider with reverse English on it!"

Gilbert Roland is most apt to be next high man. He practices oftenest on Connie Bennett's expensive court. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Montgomery, and Fredric March follow in order; each has his own private

Fay Wray, usually the winner at table tennis.

(Below, right) Ray Milland on his steeplechase.

(Left) Allan Jones, aquaplaner. Not the champion—yet.

(Above) When Errol Flynn plays tennis he wins—anybody, anywhere, anytime (and that takes in a good deal of territory). (Right) Ruby Keeler's swing is a thing of ineffable beauty.

[Continued on page 67]
The Big Money Stars Know That They Are Very Lucky BUT Suppose Their Luck Should Change?

Ever since Adam and Eve first roamed that bit of earth known as their Garden of Eden, various superstitions have been handed down to us. For instance, Friday the 13th is generally supposed to be a most unlucky day; walking under a ladder, too, 'tis said, will bring dire results. On the other hand, there are those who cherish a rabbit's foot, a horseshoe, a piece of jewelry or a certain coin to bring them good luck.

Sailors, stage actors and film folks have always been the greatest believers in omens and a recent look around Hollywood has convinced me that our screen players are getting "worse and worse" in this respect.

To begin with, Jeanette MacDonald, who is very superstitious, thinks it is bad luck to turn back once she has started anywhere. She refuses to exercise woman's time-honored privilege of changing her mind! And she has a good luck horseshoe made for her by John Sexton, 75-year-old blacksmith, who has made his old-fashioned calling pay in the movies; Sexton was hired to shoe a horse for a scene in "Firefly." He made and presented the charm to Jeanette on the set. It is no bigger than a half dollar, but she wouldn't part with it, she says, for dollars and dollars!

George O'Brien positively won't change his make-up box, for fear it will change his luck with it! He still uses the old cigar-box that he started out with, and all the powers-that-be can't get him to put it aside for another of modern design.

Sonja Henie is a great believer in fate, providence, and ultimate destiny—to say nothing of astrology. She has a horror of dropping and breaking a mirror, particularly if it's her own. And she always wears a tiny rabbit's foot over her heart whenever she skates.

Once she lost this good luck token during an exhibition in London but quickly picked it off the ice without the crowd knowing what had happened.

Greta Garbo, Hollywood's favorite woman of mystery, is also pictured as a person ruled by superstitions. Publicity workers at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio reveal that the dynamic star of stars recently played a sort of hide-and-seek game on the lot, just to avoid seeing Charles Boyer, who played opposite her in "Conquest." It is one of Garbo's deep-rooted superstitions, they say, not to see or talk to her leading man until the first day's shooting.

Another pet idea is that she must wear a belt in at least one costume during a film. Studio designers are always prepared for this whim.

Also, Greta is said to believe that the "B" in her last name is very lucky, but she fights the appearance of the letter in the title of any of her pictures! Furthermore, she is superstitious about stray black cats, about signing autograph books and killing spiders! And she will never answer the telephone until she has first counted to ten.

Arthur Varye Treacher confesses he is the most superstitious man he's ever heard of. If he hits a wall with one elbow, he always hits the other for fear he'll be faced with a disappointment.

Then, too, he refuses to stroll under ladders; doesn't like to look at new money except at new moon time; positively won't look at the moon through a window, but thinks it extremely lucky to see a black cat!

Being Irish, you'd think that Maureen O'Sullivan would have all manner of superstitions, now wouldn't you? Surprisingly, she has very few. One is seeing her pictures looking down at her from billboards and such—she thinks seeing them is a sign of good luck. The only other things that bring her real good luck, she says, are four-leaf clovers, and she always tries to have one or more on hand.

Mary Astor believes that cameos bring her the best of luck and so she most always wears one or carries one in her purse.

"Besides that," laughs Mary, "I think it is good luck to work in a scene...yes, even a powerful love scene—with an actor to whom one has not been introduced! Furthermore, I feel that it is an omen of bad fortune if the very first scene taken on a new picture is good!" This superstition is probably based on that old saying that "a good beginning means a bad ending."

Marlene Dietrich thinks it is unlucky to drop a fork at the table. And here, all the time, we had been thinking it was only

The Hobgoblins Get Them Too!

By Grace Simpson

Whenever you enter the Olympic Skating Contests be sure you carry a rabbit's foot. Sonja Henie does.

Joan Crawford expects a baby's shoe to keep bad luck away.

bad manners! Erin O'Brien-Moore is superstitious to the extent of not hanging a single picture of herself in her home; Frances Farmer, just for luck, whistles before each scene of every picture she's in; and Edward Arnold never is without a little gold-
mounted rabbit's foot which he had made for good luck.

Mary Livingstone is superstitious about removing her wedding ring and, so far, she's only done it once in her life.

Recently before the cameras for her first day's work in a motion picture, Mary found herself torn between sentiment and duty—all over the little wedding band.

"You cannot," said Robert Florey, director of Paramount's "This Way, Please," in which the noted radio star makes her screen debut, "wear a wedding ring while playing the role of a picture theatre usherette who is unmarried."

"I hate to take it off. I never have, and I won't, either, without first talking to Jack (Jack Benny, her husband)," she said.

"Oh, go ahead, Mary," he grinned. "I'll tell everybody we're married!"

Black cats mean a lot to Arthur Treacher.
(Right) Mary Livingstone, who won't take off her wedding ring.

On the other hand, this superstition about removing wedding rings is casually dismissed by Franchot Tone. His marriage to Joan Crawford was a double ring ceremony and, until recently, the gold band had never been off his finger. But, for a certain picture in which he was supposed to be a bachelor, the director suggested that if he were superstitious about taking off his ring, it might be covered with adhesive and make-up.

"Don't bother," said Tone. "I have no superstition of that sort and will remove the ring for the scenes. If I were superstitious, however, I would believe that love could triumph over bad omens and that removing a ring could not in any way affect a really happy marriage!"

Friend wives, though, otherwise known as Joan Crawford, is quite superstitious and carries a small black baby slipper with her always and insists it is her one good luck piece. She will never make up unless that tiny patent leather shoe is on her dressing table where she can plainly see it all the time.

Carole Lombard, Simone Simon, Miriam Hopkins, Rochelle Hudson, Mae West and June Lang are all very superstitious—even to the extent of consulting fortune tellers before starring on new pictures! Pola Negri and Clara Bow even used to show a certain noted seer of Hollywood their new picture scripts and would wait patiently until he read them through, anxious for his comments. If his opinion happened to be unfavorable, then they would try to get out of playing the part!

Victor McLaglen is superstitious about having live birds in the house, also about raising umbrellas indoors. And he once told me no one could persuade him to enter a dressing room where a camel-back trunk is placed. "And I always prefer to use a second-hand trunk or grip rather than a brand new one," he told me. "Having a new one, or buying one, seems to bring me bad luck," he added.

Madge Evans believes that all the little china elephants she has around her house are bound to bring her good luck as well as keep the bad luck away!

Claudette Colbert is superstitious about planning a vacation trip—for fear it won't come off. "It's pitiful how many times in the past I've been all packed and ready to go somewhere and then have something pop up to keep me at home!" she sighs.

Ronald Colman is superstitious about speaking the first lines of a new picture. He simply will not do it, that's all. He insists on other players of the cast speaking their first. After one line has been spoken—by some other actor or actress—then Ronald feels much happier!

Ginger Rogers believes it is bad luck to lay hats or umbrellas or suit-cases on beds and also to whistle in your dressing room. Outside of that, she's not so superstitious!

But, possibly the oddest superstition of all is that held by Helen Vinson (Mrs. Fred Perry). She believes it lucky to break a mirror, and does break one every birthday! She did it first some years ago when a kid, and the birthday brought a happy surprise she never expected—a live pony!
WHEN a trio of widely-separated little boy babies first blinked unseeing eyes at a strange world some forty-odd years ago, their adoring parents had no inkling that years later the world would come to hate—on the screen, of course—their respective offspring.

"Aha," barked Signor Ciannelli, in Naples, Italy, as he gazed enraptured upon young Eduardo, "the bambino shall become a great surgeon."

"A famous statesman, surely. Claude will grow to be," murmured Mrs. Rains, in a London suburb, cradling her new-born babe in delicate young arms.

"You needn't worry, Mrs. Rains," replied enginerring Mr. Rathbone to his wife's question, down there in Johannesburg, South Africa. "I hope Basil will take after me; or, better still, be a captain of industry."

Of course, as each of the trio—Eduardo Ciannelli, Claude Rains and Basil Rathbone—turns forty in his crib, he hadn't very much to say upon the subject ... but at the time it sounded pretty swell.

Why not, they probably asked themselves—that is, they had been old enough to think—such a future would be top-hole ... we shall see what we shall see.

But all that was some forty-odd years ago. Their fortunes varied thereafter, but each arrived through devious means at the same station in life ... one achieved the position of top-ranking actor, specializing in villainous roles that caused him to be hissed and hated for his rogery. No more adept or racially "beavers" exist on the screen today than this trio whose lives and careers we are about to deliver for the sake of paralleling their merits.

"My father wanted me to be a doctor," states Ciannelli, whom you'll recall for his Truck in "Winterset" and his Johnny Van-nung in "Marked Woman," with Bette Davis. Of medium height and rather stocky build, with intense hazel eyes and dark hair through which his strong slender fingers are often ran in restless fashion, he spoke in a voice that was soft, his lined mobile face expressing as much as his words. "My father studied medicine himself and believed that a great future lay ahead for me in this field.

"But it was no use. I studied for several years, in Italy, but the urge to sing surged within me too strongly to be ignored, so I turned to opera singing. I sang in every capital in Europe."

Deep in his heart, the Italian—half Italian, by the way, for his mother was English—had known since boyhood that eventually he would be a singer. All his time and energy as a lad had been expended toward this end, albeit unconsciously. As he grew older he came to realize this, and finally made the decision that was to mould his life.

Educated both in South Africa and England, Basil Rathbone entered business at the behest of his father, but, like the younger Ciannelli, he found his tastes ran elsewhere. Commerce held absolutely no allure for him, but the stage became an absorbing interest. So, to the stage he directed his attention, with the result that he made his dramatic debut in Shakespeare.

Both Ciannelli and Rathbone were born of prosperous parents. On the other hand, Claude Rains'early life was one of privation and hardship.

At ten, to provide for his mother, he became a call boy in a London theatre. Less than a pound a week the job paid, but it stirred the desire.

"I made up my mind the very first day I was in the theatre someday to be a great actor," Rains says, "and that beacon never wavered."

"And the very first day I was in the theatre I knew I was an actor," Ciannelli emotioned. "I was born to act, and I knew it."

"I was all of them, and each taught me something new, something valuable about acting. I was a skilled performer when finally I got my chance to appear before the public years later."

Edward Ciannelli as he is in real life (left) and as a sly, black-hearted menace. The semi-circle shows Claude Rains in a part in which he created a personality entirely different from other roles that he has played.

But Not

But not this trio, for each played different roles in the struggle to realize his dreams. For Ciannelli, he had to vie with the greatest voices in Italy; Rathbone was obliged to contend with many young actors possessed of far more experience than he in the interpretation of Shakespeare; and Rains was handicapped by an impediment in his speech to the pursuit of his goal. That all, through sheer determination and hard work, succeeded in their individual aims is proof of their terrific driving power, a quality which even today is one of their greatest traits.

Though ambitious, all were fighters of extraordinary fibre.

The World War retarded their respective careers. Although of artistic temperament, each joined the colors at the very outset of the conflict . . . and emerged with honors and distinction. Shortly thereafter, Ciannelli came to America, Rains and Rathbone following later.

"I had been in most parts of the world, but never the United States," the Italian relates. "I came over to sing, possibly for a few months. I have been here ever since."

"America amazed, thrilled me. It was so vast. In Europe, one can go from one country to another within a few hours. Here, in America, the journey across the continent required days. I decided I would make my home here.

"But, first of all, I had to learn the language. I knew Italian, naturally, and French and some Russian ... but, despite my mother's nationality, I had never learned English. So, for weeks, months, I studied. Until I could properly express myself. And the longer I remained in this country the better I liked it. It was so beautiful, so democratic, so informal . . . the people so friendly. It was what I had always dreamed of finding."

White Ciannelli embarked for America on his own, so to speak. Rains and Rathbone were sponsored by New York stage producers. Rains appeared in "The Constant Nymph," and Gilbert Miller brought Rathbone to this country to make his Broadway debut opposite Doris Keane in "The Czarina." Both players had acted in America before the War—Rains on Broadway, Rathbone with a touring Shakespearean company—but their re
spective efforts after the War provided the necessary impetus to establish each as a highly capable actor.

You're wondering how Ciannelli became an actor, why he abandoned opera singing for the stage? The circumstances are typical of the man and show clearly his nuture.

"I hadn't been in America long before I realized there was little opera over here," is the way he explains the step. "When I arrived in New York, I had hoped I would find many companies. Instead, I found only one . . . the Metropolitan.

"I sang here and there, but in America my heart wasn't in grand opera. I looked about me, and finally Henry Savage, the producer, asked me if I would like to take part in a musical comedy. I assured him I would, and he cast me in 'Lady Billy,' with Mizzi. I liked it so well that I decided I would remain in this newer and more sprightly medium. After 'Lady Billy,' I sang one of the principal roles in 'Rose Marie.'

Is it difficult to associate this man whom you know as a mastermence with musical comedy? Consider, then, his impersonation of Telegin in "Uncle Vanya," some years later, a part filled with sympathy and appeal. And the deeply emotional Dr. Agramonte in "Yellow Jack.".

Strange as it may seem, each of the three actors under our microscope first won fame for his straight interpretations. Rathbone for years was known as a romantic idol, Rains one of the Theatre Guild's leading stars and Ciannelli an actor who could wring the hearts of any audience with his dramatic intensity.

"Until 'Winterset,'" Ciannelli discloses, "I was never considered a heavy. I had played a few menacing characters, notably Diamond Louie in 'The Front Page,' but principally my work had been strictly dramatic. "Guthrie McClintic, the playwright-producer, called me in one day and asked if I would do Trock in his production of 'Winterset.' At first, I didn't want to do it . . . the character was so revolting, so against all principles and human nature, that I was fearful of its reaction with the public. But the part was so gripping that I felt I couldn't refuse."

It was his splendid work in this play that led directly to his being called to the screen. Burgess Meredith, the star, and Margo had been signed to enact their roles in the film version of "Winterset," and it was only just and fitting that Ciannelli should appear, too. With his emtact of Trock, the film saw one of its most sinister characterizations, and movie fans the country over realized that here was one of the most macabre figures they had ever viewed in a picture.

Claus Rains, too, made his screen debut in a "heavy" role, although not until last the scene did audiences see his face. He portrayed the title role in "The Invisible Man," and the part truly carried out the theme of the title. While not at first linked with villainous parts, Basil Rathbone, shortly after entering films, became identified with this form of acting.

So our trio now is in Hollywood—after years of distinguished service on the Broadway stage—where they are acknowledged leaders in the field of screen villains. For his acting in "Winterset" and "Marked Woman" alone, Ciannelli would be hailed anywhere as a master . . . cinematically speaking, of course. Rains would be hailed in any language for his evilness in "Anthony Adverse," "Crime Without Passion" and "They Won't Forget." And Rathbone's infamy in such pictures as "David Copperfield," "Tale of Two Cities," "Love from a Stranger" and "Confession" places him in the same category.

Deep-dyed heavies, all of them, they are, at the same time, velvet-handed villains! Many a mark of similarity knits these three actors together, as they pause in their persecutions of the hero and heroine in whatever films they may appear. Each is intensely serious, studious, retir

"I have no time nor inclination for the social life of the colony," Ciannelli expresses himself, and in this statement is reflected the attitude of Rains, too. Like Rathbone, they are both married, but Rathbone entertains occasionally upon a rather grand scale. However, these affairs which he and his wife tender their friends are few and far between. Generally, he prefers the quietude of his home, with his wife (Ouida Bergere, the scenario) and his son, of a former marriage which recently came over from England to live with his father for a while. It is rumored that he may follow in Rathbone's footsteps and carve out a career for himself on the screen. Ciannelli has two sons, one of whom is very fond of drawing, but they are both too young to come to any definite conclusions about so far as future professions are concerned.

While widely divergent in type and appearance, one characteristic is common to all three actors. This is a powerful and vibrant voice which can, on occasion, be as soft as a mother's caress.

Look back upon either "Winterset" or "Marked Woman," and you may recall that much of the menace in Ciannelli's performance was occasioned by the inflections of his voice. This is true, too, with all Rains' interpretations, and [Continued on page 67]

By Whitney Williams
When Bette Davis goes into a character she gives it everything, and breaks the studio rules. She is an artist. (At right) The beautiful Miriam Hopkins. Glamour means nothing to her.

Do You Think The Girls In Pictures Have As Good A Chance As The Men?

Remember the unfortunate movie heroines of a few years ago who used to go around lamenting that ours is a man’s world? The poor downtrodden Hollywood actresses might well say the same of filmland—it is a man’s world.

Did someone ask, “What about Garbo and Dietrich, Shearer and Colbert?” It’s true, the realm of motion picture acting is apparently ruled by the glamour queen, lavishly gowned, lovingly photographed, invariably surrounded by several of those adoring stooges, her leading men.

But the glorified queen of the movies, like most crowned monarchs today, is shackled by foolish customs and tabus that keep her from being anything but a pretty figurehead, doomed to be merely decorative, while unglorified mugs like Tracy and Cooper and Bogart keep the real supremacy over the ranks of screen players.

When we consider actual achievements in the expression of character upon the screen, we find film actresses, for all their grace and seductive qualities, lagging far behind the heroes and villains and sturdy character-men. Why? Why has Hollywood recently produced no all-female films to compare with “Beau Geste”, “Lost Patrol”, “Lives of a Bengal Lancer”, or “Captains Courageous”?

Hollywood is rich in actresses who are ready to stand proudly beside their masculine colleagues—as soon as more scenario-writers begin to regard women as people. The roles given to most feminine stars are cut out on a standard pattern, though styles may change from year to year.

Way back in the silents, actresses were either sweet like Mary Pickford or wicked like Theda Bara. With the early talkies came the gallant lady—Joan Crawford or Norma Shearer, wearing her hair over one eye and loudly demanding to live her own life. For the last few years the whimsical heroine has been much with us, whether the lovable and regular type, like Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert, or the spoiled, capricious darling, like Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard.

When a scenarist is assigned to rewrite a vehicle for a feminine star, it seldom seems to occur to him to create an intelligent character for the actress to play. He seems to be chiefly absorbed in concocting scenes that give the star a chance to gallop through a variety of spectacular emotions. This is known as gamut-running. It’s a type of acadobatics, a little less honest than the vacation of the man on the flying trapeze.

Garbo astonishes her fans by her ability to laugh as well as register weep. Sidney weeps one moment, and smiles through her tears the next. Staniwyck does her big denunciation specialty, Hepburn sweeps from stormy defiance to tender, dewy-eyed naiveté. Luise Rainer overpowers gullible critics by giving a performance in “The Great Ziegfeld” consisting entirely of impending or actual hysteries. We were battered with ballyhoo about Elisabeth Bergner, the great foreign actress. And when we finally got a look at the lady, what did we see? Just a good old-fashioned gamut-runner.

All the “Madame X” stories of self-sacrificing mother love are golden opportunities for gamut-running, swinging the star from ecstasy to misery, from beruffled youth to bedraggled old age.

In the midst of all the emotional fireworks, true character is ignored. We never forget that we are watching a famous star show off her skill. We never get inside the character, to find out why this woman feels and acts as she does.

But it isn’t entirely the scenario-writer’s fault that film actresses are laggard. They are often held back by their absorbing concern with their own looks. A convincing characterization is impossible while the actress is devoting so much effort to being beautiful.

This is why the screen has so few good comedienne.

In “Love on the Run” there was a scene where the two stars were supposed to do a comic minuet. Great Lover Gable powdered it solemnly, with clumsy dips and bows. But Joan Crawford chanced self-consciously to her dignity. She insisted on being very graceful; her only contributions to the humor of the film were occasional cute expressions. On the [Continued on page 65]
The players who are blessed with great talent and who will surely one day be given a part to play that will win for them screen immortality. (Left to right) Simone Simon, Ann Sothern, Margaret Lindsay, Anita Louise, Herbert Marshall, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Warner Baxter, Blanche Bates, Frank McHugh, Chester Morris, Francis Lederer and Jean Parker.

Silver Screen Hall of Fame

Ten Actors And Actresses Who Have Won A Place In Our Hearts And Honored Standing Among The Screen Immortals.

Down the corridors of your memories there are enshrined many never-to-be-forgotten players of the screen. They have, through their gifts and talents, created moving, living, breathing characters that are remembered just as real people who weave themselves into the fabric of your own experience.

The players in Hollywood go to the movies. In fact, they have projection machines in their homes, and they almost reverence the great performances that stand out from the plays of the past. The actors and actresses of the studios are impatiently waiting the day when they will get the opportunity to portray a character that will gain for them a niche in the Gallery of Honored Screen Artists.

Since "Anna Christie" and "Queen Christina," Greta Garbo has held a place in our affections and in our respect. Gary Cooper belongs among the screen geniuses. Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edw. G. Robinson, Carole Lombard, Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy and Claude Rains are in your very special treasured memories and ours as well.

Silver Screen's Hall of Fame may not be made of marble and bronze, but it testifies to our sincere desire to give honor to these players who have given great art to the screen and so much pleasure to all of us.
(Left to Right) George Raft, Dick Powell, Gail Patrick, Frank Morgan, Robert Young, and Joan Bennett. When will they reach Our Hall of Blessed Memories?
From left to right, Ella Logan, Jessie, Ruby Keeler, Elearney, Buddy Ebsen.

Even The W Barbaric Gyr.
Savages Stir
Good Dancing
Expression
Rhythm And
Of Music,
Dancing Has
Its Peak In
ON THE Black Hills of South Dakota, sculptors are cutting huge portraits in stone to endure for all time. Near the foothills of the mountains, in Hollywood, there are men and women who have given their lives to the making of pictures. As the day draws to a close the last lingering shafts of sunlight catch the snowy peaks of the mountains. The day is done.

In hundreds of theatres throughout the country the evening show begins and there, standing out from the over-publicized beauties, are the old reliables of the movie shows, men and women whom we have seen on the screen for years playing parts brilliantly and honestly.

The film story draws to its close, and the audiences pour out into the streets and go happily to their homes with a feeling of happiness deep in their hearts because once more they have seen their old friends—Lionel Barrymore, Richard Dix, Harry Carey, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt, Paul Lukas and all the others. We know that they are well and we are glad to have our lives brightened again by these gentle well-loved players of the world of make-believe.

THE OLD RELIABLES

Even Though Some Of These Players Are Young And Beautiful They Have All Been On The Screen For More Than Eight Years. What Could Be More Appropriate Than To have The Granite Mountainsides Of The Sierras Carved Into Likenesses Of The Motion Picture Stars Who Have Served Us So Nobly And Well?
Pictures For

Billy Holop and Sylvia Sidney in "Dead End."

Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in "Big City."

William Lundigan, Kent Taylor and Irene Hervey in "The Lady Fights Back."

Lee Bowman and Gertrude Michael in "Sophie Long Goes West."

Mischa Auer and Madeleine Carroll in "It's All Yours."

Jack Holey and Ann Sothern in "Danger—Love at Work."
Douglass Montgomery and Jean Parker in "Life Begins With Love."

Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse."

Grant Mitchell, Alan Hale, Nino Martini and Joan Fontaine in "Music for Madame."

John Howard, Reginald Denny and John Barrymore in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back."

Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door."

Tullio Carminati and Griselda Harvey in "Look Out For Love."
To Be Truly Successful In Any Of The Fascinating Careers For Women, One Of The Prime Requisites Is—Learn To Dress Cleverly As Well As Charmingly.

A striking two piece dress of grey flat surfaced wool with three-quarter length bell sleeves and a swallow-tail tunic, is worn by Ann Sheridan. A luxurious Mink scarf enriches this street ensemble, which is worn with brown suede hat and accessories. (Above, right) Lucille Ball wearing a cypress green angora sweater, made like a tailored blouse.

(Below) For mild autumn days, Maurine O'Sullivan is really the last word in this smartly quilted black satin box jacket worn over a severely simple black wool dress. Her matching black satin toque features long tassels and a touch of Krimmer fur. (Right) Anna Lee, the English star, looking extremely chic in a brick-red and beige wool two-piece suit in diamond paneled design, which can be worn under a fur sports coat when the weather demands.

(Left) A charming black crepe frock is sponsored by Ann Sheridan, and relies for distinction upon the unique fashion in which it is shirred at waist and shoulder-line. (Above) Harriet Hilliard wearing a cinnamon flannel sports dress pin-striped in white which depends upon its interesting "line" arrangement for effect, as well as its huge white pique collar and cuffs.

(Right, above) Fur coats are not tremendously comfortable on cold blustery days, but they are practical as well because they can be revamped every year—until they wear out. Besides which they are generally more than flattering. At left and right, Irene Hervey favours tailored swagger models, of muskrat a Hudson Seal, with the trim new John collars. Center—Marsha Hunt in a cicious cocoa ermine that can go places the evening also, and Virginia Bruce a very elegant Mink cape worn over draped black crepe frock. This can double duty, too.
Nobody realizes as much as the screen players the necessity of looking one’s best at all times. They are too intelligent to be caught wearing “any old thing in their wardrobe.” In fact, they never allow ill-fitting, unbecoming or out-of-date clothes to accumulate in their wardrobes, and neither should any clever woman who wishes to put her best foot forward always, whether she wishes to make an impression or not.

The extremely charming Annabella, whom we grew to love in “Wings Of The Morning,” has just the right air of nonchalance in this casual platinum flat carousel model worn over a black velveteen skirt and Wallis blue wool crepe jacket.

(Below) Ann Sheridan’s pebble weave black satin formal gown is so exquisitely draped that it must make her the cynosure of all eyes. Two jeweled clips accent the low bodice, and the graceful back straps are drawn through a ring of satin and then crossed.
Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny, the radio masters who are now screen stars. Why, how do you do! (Right) Lynne Carver at the piano to enliven a location troupe including Robert Young, Reginald Owen Franchot Tone, while making "The Bride Wore Red."

Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen with director Kurt Neumann and Gertrude Berg, the author of their picture, "Make A Wish."

Del Rio, Sig Rumann and Peter Lorre listen to the dialogue director — and what they are thinking! It's the "Life of a Lancer Spy" company.

FLASH!

Moments Of The Players When They Are "Out Of Character" And Back In Their Own Lives.

Kay Francis and Verree Teasdale between scenes of "First Lady." (Above) Jerome Cowan watches his thumb anxiously as Mary Astor takes a bite of his apple.

Andy Devine and Bing Crosby discuss the advisability of tearing down the studio and building another racetrack. (Above) Ginger Rogers is trailing on ice cream cones. (Left) Edd Cantar gallantly leads June Lang on Louise Havick back to work on "Baba Goes To Town."
Wayne Morris, Pat O'Brien and Director Lloyd Bacon refueling for "Submarine D-l."
(Right) Oscar Homolka, noted European actor, Frances Farmer and Ray Milland, who are working in "Ebb Tide."

(Left) Between chess moves, Billie Burke creates a screen character. (Right) Irving Berlin and his daughter calling upon Shirley Temple and Director Allan Dwan.

OH STOP! I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN

HELEN:
The time to stop them is before they start.

PEG:
I hate riddles!

HELEN:
Simple fact, my dear—change to LUX for stockings then you'll save the elasticity so threads can stretch without breaking into runs all the time...
Minding Their P's and Cues

The Player Must Be The Character And Forget Equipment, Crew And Lunch Time.

CLOSE-UPS are loved by actresses, yet a good close-up requires more skill than a long shot. The eyes must not look at the lens nor the lights, or, on the screen, the player will appear cross-eyed. The nearer the camera is, the slower she must move so as to match the tempo of the previous scene. All she has to do is to suit the director; speak the dialogue to suit the dialogue director; keep the eyes level with the lens and never look at it to see the cameraman, and in the tremble of her lips and the lift of her voice carry on the emotion of the play, for she wonder they do it over and over. The “take” must be perfect.

Very, very beautiful Madeleine Carroll doing a scene from “It's All Yours.” Director Elliott Nugent wears black glasses because Madeleine is so pretty.

Conductor Stokowski and Ad Menjou making a sequence "100 Men And A Girl."
**Sock!**

THAT’S THE SECRET OF GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

"LET'S get this straight," said Mervyn LeRoy, "the one thing I am concerned with, to the exclusion of everything else, is entertainment. I want a story that will entertain, that will get 'sock' and impact and humanity. I don't look for messages. I am looking only for stories and players to entertain the people who are good enough to spend their entertainment allowance on movies."

He reminisced about "Little Caesar," "Five Star Final," "I Am A Fugitive from a Chain Gang," all LeRoy successes of the past. He remembered how people had read social implications into each of them: exposure of gangster conditions, exposure of journalism conditions, exposure of penal conditions—and all with sweeping social significances, according to many critics.

"In each case," LeRoy said, "I fell for those stories hook, line and sinker because I thought they were really tremendous entertainment. I wasn't looking for social significances then and I still am not. When I made 'They Won't Forget,' about which the critics and fans have been so kind, I did it because I saw in it a new story, a completely different story that would entertain."

The producer-director cited the comedies he has done, especially his last two—"Three Men on a Horse" and "The King and the Chorus Girl"—both of which were so different from "Five Star Final" and the other dramas he has directed and produced.

"Nobody," LeRoy said, "looks for social messages in comedy and that's my point. When a thing is just a comedy, as you might say, there's nothing sociological about it. Why then, in making entertainment, and that our business should a drama be sociological?"

"It always comes back to my favorite saying that Shakespeare agrees with me that 'The Play Is the Thing,' Story, story, story. That's it. Stories that are entertainment and the social messages fall where they may."

LeRoy's purpose in the twenty years he has been in Hollywood—ever since his first job there when he was a wardrobe folder in the old Lasky studio—has been simply to satisfy the public. Personalities, too, must satisfy the public, just as the same stories. Personalities, according to him, must have heart.

"The reason I sometimes want to do a certain story," he says, "is because it has heart. It must not bephony in any way. Realism is necessary in the story and to get it on the screen you need people who have heart."

"Let's take 'They Won't Forget' as an example," he continued, "there are half a dozen brand new personalities in it. Gloria Dickson and Lana Turner are two of them. They had never been inside a studio before they started work in 'They Won't Forget.' Yet each of those two kids came through with a beautiful job of acting and evidence of plenty of glamour."

That's because they had the heart to be all the self-righteous paper wit they were through a story. They got in there and forgot themselves. They were sincerely the characters they were playing, and to be convincing is the test of talent. There are lots of beauties, but not many actresses."

"You've got glamour or you haven't," LeRoy says. "You can't buy it. The only thing you can do is to have it recognized and brought out. But there's no use trying for something that isn't there. And novelty aids glamour. By that I mean something new."

LeRoy believes implicitly in the importance of newness—in story, personality and treatment.

"Gloria and Lana," he continued, "are new, not only to the screen, but in their story. That's why they have a great future. That's why their glamour appeal hits you between the eyes the second you see them for the first time. You know there's heart and personality there."

"I learned that all through the picture. While we were making it they responded to direction intelligently and successfully. They were able to project themselves to fit the story. There are two scenes that illustrate that. Remember the one at the end of the first reel where Lana stands at her desk in the school room and hears a noise? Well, just recall her eyes, which are the eyes of the creature, and recall how she was able to show half a dozen emotions just in her eyes."

"Gloria's crying scene in the courtroom was another swell example. When she collapsed after her outburst, she did one of the best pieces of acting that's been put on film."

"In a case where the sparkle of personality becomes fire, you can't stop people like that from being successes."

LeRoy's desk buzzer buzzed and the telephone bell jangled. A secretary popped in. "Business is looking up," the producer said, "I have to go back to work. But just remember this, I have no messages, except entertainment, and I am firmly convinced that stories and people need heart besides beauty."

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A Short, Short Interview With Mervyn LeRoy

By Alex Evelove

(Top) Mervyn LeRoy, Director and Producer, studying a picture script. (Above) Gloria Dickson played an important part in "They Won't Forget." (Below) Lana Turner—a new discovery.

COUPLET CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—$15.00
Lauretta Channin, 621 S. Hope St., Los Angeles, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE—$15.00
P. B. Conlin, 418 Bell St., Statenille, N. C.

THIRD PRIZES (5) $10.00 each
Mary Adams, 9047 Marion Rd., Indianapolis, Ind., William F. Ratty, 71 Mill St., Middleton, Conn.,
Ward Pendle, 2051 Kendall Ave., Cleveland, Ohio,
Lee Fehm, 7015 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, Ind.,
M. J. Mulvane, 168 Essex St., Holyoke, Mass.,
Mrs. E. Dupin, 389 Main St., Ridgefield Park, N. J.,
Ida Forrey, Laquelle, Wash.

F. Frankl, 210 S. 65th St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Mary Hamilton, 26 Grand St., Haverhill, Mass.,
Dorothy Bilt, 618 W. Marion St., Lancaster, Pa.,
Gertrude Hibbard, 5055 E. 13th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
C. L. Runlin, 2013 Prince St., Bordentown, N. J.,
William J. Leibov, 656 W. 5th St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.,
Ruby Ad Kennedy, 2191 Eastlake Ave., Seattle, Wash.,

Elen P. Merrill, 50 Church St., Goshen, N. H.,
Nora Miles, Box 227, Fairport, N. Y.,

Amers Moe, Box B, 211, Box 117A, Los Gatos, Calif.,
Mr. Leon Nokof, Willow, Kan.,
Eva Marie Popper, 7302 Argus Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
C. Hubed, 2141 S. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Virginia Reis, 2001 Madison Ave., Missouri, Pa.,
Jane Rothm, 2311 Besress Rd., Baltimore, Md.,
Paula Sironi, 6025 W. Demen Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
Noomi Storm, 414 N. Norton Ave., Hollywood, Calif.,
W. H. Farn, 1412 Carr Ave., St. Paul, Minn.,
Grace Trumewy, 1600 Wilkins Ave., Medford, Ill.,
Grace Wiltcher, 2090 Milam St., Dallas, Tex.,
Florence Gayle Woman, 2132 East St., Minneapolis, Minn.,

Bell Wagnower, 373 Folston St., St. Paul, Minn.,
Suzanne Weber, 111-10th St., West New York, N. J.,
Carrie Wilen, 315 S. Franklin Ave., Chicago, Ill.,
Georgia Wichtemann, 414 Fifth Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.,

Nancy Wright, 405 Taylor St., Charleston, Tex.,
Mary Young, 125 Adams St., Grand Rapids, Mich.,

HUMAN perfection is a lovely thing ... in a museum. No doubt about it, the Venus of Milo is an eye-ful of feminine pulchritude and the Adonis is the last word in what every girl expects of a boy friend. They are perfection.

But endow the Venus with a brain and disposition as lovely as her form and fit out Adonis similarly and arrange to have this girl meet this boy. Would you have a good love story? You wouldn't! And why? No obstacles there. No clash of characters. No surprising discoveries about each other. Nothing but perfection. Why, the neighbors wouldn't even bother to gossip about this in this world where the prettiest girl has freckles on her nose or a little mole on her shoulder and the sleekest male conceals a disposition to grrouch before he has had his morning coffee, we demand idols with clay feet—or at least muddy feet. We couldn't stand living in a museum.

Anyway, that was how Mona Carter felt about it when she first heard of Gerald Beresford Wicks.

In the first place she didn't believe that any man could have all the perfections attributed to Gerald Wicks and yet live. And in the second place, if what she heard was true, she felt somebody ought to do something about it.

So Mona drove her roadster headlong through the strong, high fence that completely surrounded Wickstead, Gerald's estate, and landed almost in Gerald's lap at the cost of a couple of crumpled fenders to the car and a smut on her nose.

Perfection was not Gerald's fault. His Grandma had wished it on him.

Grandma always had ruled Gerald's affairs and she was training him to the responsibility of administering all the Wicks million and managing the ten thousand employees of the Wicks Utilities. His Grandma had Gerald so well tutored in all knowledge and attainment that even his cousin, Alicia Brackett, who was scheduled to marry him, began to doubt if she could bear it.

Gerald was gravely skimming the cat from the limb of a tree on the Wicks estate when it happened. His schedule called for study of a chapter on "Effect of Gravity Upon Animate Objects," alternated with gentle physical exercise. He was hung upside down, his feet through his arms, like one of his simian ancestors when the high fence that insured his privacy parted with a crash and the roadster leaped in, introducing him to a breathless and very pretty blonde who was Mona.

Naturally Gerald thought she was a reporter, or a news photographer.

Reporters and photographers were always popping up at him out of bushes and from behind trees. When she denied that she was either, he began to fear the worst—she was a designing woman! Grandma had told him all about designing women.

Mona was furious. "I am not, you idiot! I wouldn't marry you if—" Words failed her. "Well, I've seen you, I'm on my way!"

"You don't think much of me?" Gerald asked, a little wistfully.

"No! You're still. You're dull. And worst of all we're connected."

He considered the last and shook his head. "No—I don't think..."

Fictionization of "The Perfect Specimen."
Copyright by Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc. The cast and credits will be found at end of this story.

Mona (Joan Blondell) and Gerald (Errol Flynn) find romance is no laughing matter.
The Runaway Gets Caught
By The Arms Of A Girl

Grandma Wicks (May Robinson) runs the family. Below — Alicia (Beverly Roberts) and Jink (Dick Foran). Their hearts go against the rules.

feel sorry for the young man.

"Do you know what you need, my friend? You need to tilt a windmill or two!"

"Windmill?" said Gerald vaguely.

"Didn't you ever read Don Quixote?"

"I've read everything that's inspiring to the mind—but—windmills! . . . Oh yes! Don Quixote, who fought the windmills!"

"You're marvelous! If Grandma ever releases you on parole—"

"She won't," he groaned.

"Or if you ever decide to hop over the walls," she added with a look that taunted him. "Remember, you've got a friend on the outside."

The discovery of Mona's presence on the estate at that moment brought Grandma and Grattan, her secretary, and a flock of underlings to the rescue of the Perfect Specimen. Mona had to go away. But the words she had spoken to Gerald Beresford Wicks did not vanish with her. All through his neatly ordered day of study and exercise and well balanced routine Gerald re-

membered the girl with the smut on her nose who talked to windmills. That night he lay awake thinking of her. Early next morning he quit a pillow which that fickle jade Sleep had not shared with him and gravely started out into the world via the hole in the fence that Mona's roadster had made. He was on his way to look up a few windmills.

While Grandma indulged in fits and sent for the state police and the G-Men while the radios of the land interrupted all scheduled programs to broadcast descriptions of the missing heir; while the news-hungry public clamored for details and cranks wrote letters, and life for everybody at Wickstead, excepting Grandma, was just plain hell, the fortunes of Gerald Beresford Wicks took a turn for the better.

Young Don Quixote started his journey in a car borrowed from a young fellow who was driving a tractor on the estate. (The young fellow was really Mona Carter's brother, who had fallen in love with Gerald's cousin Alicia, but nobody except Mona knew it.) Gerald's first move was to look up Mona in the Pennsylvania village where she lived.

When he crashed his car through the fence that surrounded her house, Mona was delighted. She agreed to let him accompany her on an errand to the station to get some bulls for her father. She did not object very much when Gerald proposed they take the afternoon to do the errand.

They were rolling sedately down the highway in the battered car when they encountered their first windmill in the person of Pinky, a truck driver who was accompanied in his duties by his girl friend, Clarabelle.

Pinky wanted to pass and Gerald, absorbed in his talk with Mona and thinking more highly of her every minute, didn't hear Pinky's horn. When Pinky did manage to squeeze past he was so mad that he stopped his truck just ahead and leaned down to beat up the man who delayed him.

Gerald—for Mona was watching—twice landed Pinky in a sitting posture in the dust and hung such a shiner on his eye that Pinky practically had no further use for it.

After that it was all Jake between Gerald and Mona and Pinky and Clarabelle, and Gerald felt that he was beginning to have a really good time.

Pinky and Clarabelle were lovers in distress. They wanted to get married, but they needed $50. Pinky had meant to earn the $50 by defeating a fighter known as Canvas-Back Malone, but now, with this shiner Gerald had given him, he couldn't do it. The fight was scheduled as the main attraction of the Truck Drivers Gala Outing and Chowder Party being held that very day. To oblige his newly made friend and forward the cause of young love, Gerald undertook to fight in Pinky's place. So they all went to the Truck Drivers' Picnic.

When Gerald was swathed modestly in Pinky's worn trunks and Pinky's threadbare bathrobe, Pinky learned...
stirring news. Canvas Back Malone, a noted push-over in sporting circles, was unable to fight. In his place the management provided Chloroform Conley, who was still paying dividends to the wildest of the last fight which Gerald had matched with. Only Gerald was unperturbed by the news.

Gerald went into the ring against Chloroform and the first couple of rounds was very close. Some observers thought Gerald had the edge and said that he had the better of the battle, but he didn't want to hurt him.

The crowd grew restless. The truck drivers had come to see slugging, not ballroom dancing. "Well, have de next walk?" piped a sarcastic falsetto.

"Kiss 'im fer me, when ye catch 'im, Gerald!"

"Step on that pants rabbit!"

This and similar advice was offered in quantity, but the baffled Chloroform was wasting his punches on empty air, for Gerald was never long in the place he was last reported by Chloroform's dazed eyes.

"I'd blast his ears off!" Chloroform panted to his second between rounds.

The second, an alert observer, noticed Moni Carter in a ringside seat, and the crowd sang Gerald back into life after his doctor remarked, "Yer boy friend's sure scart o' getting his pan amused, ain't he, sweetheart?"

"Yes, certainly are not," Moni observed and slapped his face.

Gerald, from the ring, saw the struggle as the second meant he should. Gerald for-got his momentary discomfort and charged toward the second and Chloroform landed a pile driver that dropped him like a poled ox. The referee began to count.

On the count of nine, Gerald struggled up, weaving. Chloroform let him have it again. He went down. The referee began to count and only the bell saved Gerald. Gerald was beginning to dislike Chloroform Conley.

The sheriff of the county was refereeing the fight. Between rounds he was always aware of the signal for the missing heir to the Wicks millions, Gerald, terrified lest he be recognized and taken back to Grandma was in for leaving the fight. Pinky's pleas kept him in the ring and he was mad enough to connect a right with Chloroform's jaw and leave him permanently scarred on the bony, curving over the eyes and twitching like a flock of canaries.

Gerald and Moni stayed only long enough to collect the hurried and fifty smashers and present them to Pinky and Clarabell. Then they fled.

That night they shared the hospitality of a spot who mistook them for man and wife. The poet was temporarily without a cook. Gerald got breakfast. Like everything else the future manager of Wicks Utilities had learned, he could cook to perfection.

Moni was beginning to get worried. Gerald was the cause. Moni didn't mind a certain amount of perfection in any young man but in a man met every situation with the flawless perfection of Gerald Beresford Wicks, she realized that a girl simply could not endure him for life. And she really wanted to wish she could endure Gerald for life. He was causing her a lot of deep thinking about matrimony.

It is difficult, even for a girl very badly in love, to think consistently about matrimony when the rain is dripping down her neck. Moni discovered that next day, as she and Gerald journeyed on, seeking more wisdom. This, of course, is the case with all travelers. Two hotels faced each other across the main street of a little Pennsylvania town.

"Go across the street to the Waldorf," she said kindly, but firmly, "Go to the clerk behind the desk. He'll have his hair slicked down and a rhinestone horseshoe in his tie."

"Oh, you know him?"

"Of course not! He's a species. Tell him you're a traveling salesmen for trying pans, underwear, etc., but you damnable aren't! I'm your demonstrator. When he knows you a salesman the place is yours, Moni paused to add impressively, "And don't give yourself away. Just ask for time to keep Gerald from falling into the hands of the police who were seeking the missing Wicks heir!"


THE CAST

Gerald Wicks ......... Errol Flynn
Moni Carter ......... Joan Blondell
Juk Carter ......... Dick Foran
Alicia ......... Beverly Roberts
Gratton ......... Edward Everett Horton
Killigrew Shave ......... Hans Herbert
Mrs. Leona Wicks ......... May Robson
Clarabell ......... Marie Wilson
Pinky ......... Warren Hymer
Carol Carter ......... Carol Meek
Hooker ......... Granville Bates
Sundog ......... Andrew Tombes
Briggs ......... Tim Hanania
Hotel Clerk ......... Hugh O'Connell

It worked, just as Moni said it would until Gerald signed the register. He wrote, "G.B. Wicks and Companion."

"Holy smoke, this man's respectable. You haven't been on the road very long, have you? Sign it 'Mr. and Mrs."

"But the young lady isn't my wife," Gerald protested.

"Well, that is news! Just sign it 'Mr. and Mrs. Berry, from Scranton." Gerald scratched out the "companion" part and added the "Mr. and Mrs."

It was while they were at the hotel, drying out and sharing sandwiches, that Gerald discovered suddenly and beyond doubt that he had never met Moni. He told her so in unmistakable words and backed words with action. Moni found it was no use dissuading him. She told her she didn't want to, anyway. But in the midst of their kissing the hotel radio spoke.

The Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice was asking the cooperation of all good citizens in finding Gerald Beresford Wicks whose fiancée, Alicia Brackett, was left distracted by his disappearance.

Reminded suddenly that Gerald was engaged to another girl, Moni fled the hotel. She had no way of knowing that Alicia Brackett was not engaged to Gerald or he with her, or that Alicia was in love with Moni's own brother, Jink, who had gotten himself a job on the Wicks estate just to be near Moni.

For Gerald, Moni's swift retreat was the end of his new found happiness. Distracted he searched for her for days. When he found she had returned to her village home he got a job in the local garage and settled down there to wait for her. And there, through a little detective work on Moni's brother, Grandma, and the state police and the G-Men finally found the missing heir.

The G-Men also had the locale the poet who had given hospitality to the adventurers. When Moni read in the papers that their late host in was danger of going to jail as a kidnapper, she too came out of hiding and arrived at Wickstead to clear the poet of blame.

Another person had arrived at Wickstead, uninvited. He was the hotel clerk who brought along a page from his register containing the signature of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Berry of Scranton. He reminded Grandma that the G-Man of Pennsylvania says: "If any man or woman do jointly and before competent witnesses acknowledge themselves to be man and woman, in handwriting which do, by written record, under whatever name, attest this status, this shall and does constitute a legal article of wedlock..."

Grandma bought the evidence at a pretty price and held it for future use. It proved to be very useful, for Moni declared with spirit that she would not marry Gerald.

Moni insisted upon maintaining this refusal because of Alicia. When she learned that Alicia was going to marry her brother. Jink she refused to tell Gerald from Grandma. Then she refused Gerald on his own account. By this time Grandma was so enraged at not having her own way, that she flung the damning evidence and proved they were legally married whether they liked it or not.

Then Gerald convinced Moni that she did like it.

And Moni admitted, at last, "I was so frightened!"

"Of what—Grandma?"

"I was frightened— that you— never would find out about that old Pennsylvania law!"

So the affair turned out just sufficiently short of perfection to make Gerald and Moni very happy.
KEEPING up a gandy front in Hollywood has gone out of style.
Nowadays, the vogue is to keep up a well-paying business of some sort.
Once famous for its extravagance, the film colony has quite forgotten its former improvidence. Reckless living and careless expenditure, once applauded by the movie folk, are now condemned as utter madness.
The Hollywood stars refuse to spend their large salaries on fifty-room mansions and large staffs of servants. Rolls-Royces are no longer as common as Rivers.
The newer generation of film celebrities consists almost solely of sensible, well-bred folk who find no reason for throwing away money that might just as well be put into some paying business. The fact is—nine out of ten film players of today either own or are partners in going businesses that bring them in neat sums regularly—quite apart from their work on the screen. What some of these businesses are will undoubtedly amaze you.
For instance, that tuna you had last week might have been canned by none other than your favorite crooner, Bing Crosby! And that delicious tea you drank—might have been grown by Richard Dix! That lovely perfume you sniffed at but couldn't quite afford to purchase might have been conceived by Irene Dunne! The wine that topped off your dinner might have been put on the market by Francis Lederer.
There are those in Hollywood as well as in Stockholm, Sweden, who politely refer to Greta Garbo as “landlady!” And at some future day, when Mac West has left the screen and you drop in to have a diamond ring or a star sapphire pendant appraised, perhaps it will be none other than the gorgeous Mae West herself, who will give you that famous Westian look through the jewels' eye-glass and drawl, “You've been had, big boy, you've been had! It's just pastel!”

If you drive out Sunset Boulevard towards Beverly Hills, you can't help but see a rather glorified sign on a certain shop, an announcing "Eddie Cantor, Antiques." Incidentally, that sign has created a lot of fun in Hollywood, starting when some wit made the chance remark, “Probably that's where Eddie gets all his radio and screen jokes!” Be that as it may, Eddie DOES do a flourishing business there.
“I was stung by the antique bug when just a mere lad,” grinned Eddie the other day, “Possibly I didn’t have much sense in those days, but I did have a few dollars! Anyhow, while roaming through New Hampshire one day, I met a charming old couple who lived in a gorgeous home of the Early Colonial Revolutionary period. To make a long story short, before I had left them I had parted with several months' salary for an antique secretary-desk, a table and a silver serving tray. Sad to say, I've never been able to break the habit, and my collection has grown so that I simply had to open this perfume house.
When Irene isn't working at the studios or fooling around in her perfume laboratory, she and friend husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, are most likely engaged in looking after their controlling interest in the Well Point Manufacturing Company, which produces extremely sensitive instruments for locating artesian water. It brings them in a very neat little income.

CASHING IN ON THEIR FAME

Do You Blame Them?

By Gordon R. Silver

You Can Get Eggs From An Actor!

Which Star Makes Perfume?

Which Star Is In The Fish Business?

Which Star Sells Wine?

Which Actor Raises And Sells Horses?

Which Actor Makes Perfumes in the West?
VOGUES OF 1938
LOVELY TO LOOK AT—UA

HERE'S a spectacular musical fashion show done in Technicolor that will dazzle you by its utter gorgeousness. It's something new on the screen and Producer Walter Wanger has put it together like a show. The Girls will go pleasantly mad over the fashion and fur and jewelry displays which shrink chic of smartness.

The Girls are rather thin (but what can you expect in a spectacle?) and deals with the proprietor of the House of Curson, supposedly New York's reigning house of fashion. He is married to a cold, selfish woman who believes herself a sparkling dancing thing and persues her husband to back her in a show.

Joan Bennett, really an eyeful in technicolor, plays a society girl, and Warner Baxter gives a grand performance as New York's leading couturier. And so does Helen Vivian in the role of Alan Mowbray and Mischa Auer look after the comedy. There are all kinds of entertainers and comedy diversions.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
AN ORCHID TO THIS HILARIOUS MUSICAL-FARCE—20TH CENTURY-FOX

AFTER assuring you that "you can't have everything," good old Twentieth Century-Fox practically throws everything right into your lap—including Gypsy Rose Lee! When Mr. Zanuck turns his zanies loose there is just no stopping the fun, and this merry, mad musical outburst is even better than those that have gone before, which you recall were not to be sneezed at.

Gute and beautiful Alice Faye fancies herself a young author of serious "drama" (being a granddaughter of Edgar Allan Poe, how could she miss?) and it falls to the lot of Don Ameche, a professional playwright, to try to dissuade her. He exploits her talents as a song pluggers, makes her do a solo out of one of her most serious dramas, and proceeds to fall in love with her mother to the annoyance of one Louise Lovich, who considers her daughter, Miss Faye, as you know, arrived in Hollywood as Gypsy Rose Lee, the most famous strip tease of all times, but if you expect Miss Faye to treat you any of her "act" you will be sadly disappointed—she doesn't even drop an eyelash! But as the menace she is superb. She plays her part with poise and a sense of humor, and naturally, quite naturally, she has a pleasing figure.

Aiding Don Ameche in his conquest of Alice are the Ritz Brothers, who will have you rolling in the aisles in complete hysteria. And you won't be bored either by Louis Prima and his famous trumpet, Ruthoff and his violin, Tap and Toe, the most remarkable colored tap dancers your old eyes have ever seen.

DEAD END
HOW THE LIESER half-lives—UA

A powerful and honest adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's thought-provoking play produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler. It's about a "Slice of Life," "Hell on earth" comes to the screen as a drama of gripping power, with which few compromise, have been made in its transition. "Dead End," in case you have never been to New York, gets its name from those narrow, dirty, crowded little streets on the East Side which terminate on the river front. The luxurious and ostentatious apartment houses of the rich, built on the river's edge, here meet the slums. And on these "dead end" streets are born and raised the gangsters of tomorrow, a rough gang of hoodlums who respect no laws, whose heroes are Public Enemies, and who invariably end up in the reform school.

The central characters in "Dead End" are several youngsters and it is with a day in their lives that the picture is concerned.

Sylvia Sidney plays the sweet shop girl who tries so hard to keep her younger brother out of trouble, Joel McCrea plays a poor and idealistic young architect in love with Wendy Barrie, a "kept woman" from the swanky apartment house, Humphrey Bogart plays Mrs. Martin, a tailor, who in soft moment has come back to his boyhood neighborhood to see his mother and her sweetheart, Marjorie Main, as the mother, is superb in a dramatic scene where she snaps her killer son. Claire Trevor does an excellent bit as a woman of the streets, and so does Allen Jenkins as Baby Face's bodyguard. A picture that's totally different.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER
A NEW LESLIE HOWARD-BETTE DAVIS FILM IS AN EVENT—WB

ONE of the smartest and gayest of the satirical comedies ever to come out of Hollywood, and you're a dope if you miss seeing it for there hasn't been so much fun in years. Leslie Howard plays a thoroughly self-satisfied Shakespearean stage star who for years has been pursued by adoring women, and who, alas, is quite susceptible to their adoration. He's in love with his leading woman, Bette Davis, who is also deeply in love with him, but because of clashing temperaments they cannot be together two minutes without starting a violent quarrel—usually over women.

The picture gets off to a furious start, with Leslie and Bette quite suddenly doing the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet," while women weep, when suddenly the two

CONFESSION
MOTHER love tears your heart strings—ONCE AGAIN—WB

KAY FRANCIS plays a cheap cabaret singer (and she sings, too) who marauds a famous pianist when she sees him making love to a young girl in a nook of her restaurant. At the trial it is revealed that the young girl is the singer's own daughter, and that the pianist once ruined her own life. Just how he dragged her down from being one of Europe's famous prima donnas to the dismal wreck that she is now is told in flashback. And, of course, her one idea is to keep her daughter from ever guessing her identity.

Jane Bryan gives a sincere performance of the young girl infatuated with the older man, and Basil Rathbone as the menacing musician exceeds even his previous excellent performances. He and Jane walk away with the acting honors.

Other excellent portrayals are by Dorothy Peterson, whom Jane believes to be her real mother, Ian Hunter as Miss Francis' war-time husband, Laura Hope Crews as a member of the opera company, and Donald Crisp and Robert Barrat as barristers.
stars begin hurling insults at each other sátó vozé while they play the scene to its dramatic end. The story then moves to the country home of Olivia de Havilland, Pasadena socialite who is madly infatuated with Leslie.

Olivia’s fance feels that he can end the girl’s infatuation if Leslie will come to her home and act as a boor, which he does, and more mad fun ensues. Brilliantly directed by Archie Mayo, this picture will be the promised land to those who love smart satire.

STELLA DALLAS
SENTIMENTAL DRAMA AT ITS BEST—UA

THANKS to the remarkable production, and the direction (King Victor) of the picture, and particularly thanks to Barbara Stanwyck’s great performance, the 1937 version of “Stella Dallas” is one of the greatest pictures you may ever hope to see. Barbara’s portrayal of the vulgar, pushing, petulant mill-town Stella, who marries into a good family but cannot adjust herself to her husband’s manner of living, puts right the top of those eligible for the Academy Award next year. It is without a doubt her screen masterpiece.

Second to Barbara in acting honors is Anne Shirley, who plays Stella’s heart-touching daughter. I’m telling you those mother and daughter scenes, as played by Barbara and Anne, will have all the women gulping, and the men won’t be too bright-eyed either. John Boles is good as the husband, and so is Alan Hale as the racing tutor. There are also striking performances by Barbara O’Neil, Marjorie Main, and George Walcott.

LOVE UNDER FIRE
A BLEND OF LOVE, REVOLUTION AND THE STOLEN JEWELS—20th Century-Fox

LORETTA YOUNG and Don Ameche are teaming in this number, which has to do with love and jewel thieves in Spain. Don plays a young Scotland Yard cop who goes to Spain on his vacation because he has heard that it is the land of romance, and sure enough hardly is he across the border before he meets a beautiful girl, except that she’s an English girl, not a senorita.

But his courtship of the fair Loretta hasn’t gone very far before he receives a phone call from Headquarters to arrest her for stealing the Peralta pearls. And then the Spanish Revolution breaks out, and it seems the revolutionists also want the Peralta pearls, and it all gets pretty badly involved, and terribly confusing.

A nice bit is done by E. E. Clive as the captain of an English tramp steamer. Frances Drake, Harold Huber and John Carradine help with the confusion. And Borrah Minnevitch is in it if you like him.

BACK IN CIRCULATION
A SWELL NEWSPAPER YARN—WB

JOAN BLONDell and Pat O’Brien are happily teamed in this comedy from the agile pen of Adela Rogers St. John. Joan, given a wide scope of action, practically walks away with the picture, and is particularly grand in her screaming scene, a definite high spot of the picture.

She plays a newspaper reporter who knows all the tricks of the trade, and can always get her story, but can never get her man—her man being none other than fast talking Pat O’Brien, the editor of the tabloid she works for. However, it is all tended to in the final fade-out when Joan frames him with one of his own tricks.

IT’S ALL YOURS
SEE THIS—JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT—Col.

LOVELY Madeleine Carroll comes across with one of the most delightful light comedy performances of the year in this brisk little yarn abut a millionnaire who leaves his earnest young secretary his fortune in order to teach his playboy nephew, Francis Lederer, a lesson.

Madeleine plays the earnest young secretary hopelessly in love with the devil-may-care Francis, who considers himself in love with Grace Bradley, a nitwit actress, and Madeleine’s deliberate and complete metamorphosis when she comes into the money, and the reckless and extravagant manner in which she proceeds to spend it, provide many hilarious moments in a film that is gaily told, and expertly acted.

Madeleine turns over the fortune to Francis in the end, but not until she gets him to mend his ways and, in addition, to fall desperately in love with her—and not before she carries on one of the funniest flirtations of the year with Mischa Auer, a penniless foreign nobleman.

SOULS AT SEA
THRILLING ENTERTAINMENT—Pat.

BASED on an authentic story out of shipping history of a century ago, the picture opens with the trial where Gary Cooper is accused of having wilfully murdered a number of people during a ship disaster at sea. Just as the jury announces its verdict of guilty an Englishman appears in court to tell the dramatic and true story which saves Gary from hanging.

Gary is at his best as the young merchant marine officer, who loves poetry—and Frances Dee.

Co-starring with him, and giving a grand performance, is George Raft who plays the crude ex-slave trader who has become Gary’s henchman, and who completely melts under the charms of the lovely Olympe Brana, a lady’s maid on her way to America and a new life.

Scene from
"Love Under Fire" with Noel Madison and Loretta Young.
Don Ameche is in the cast.
LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

1. We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2. Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the active "Skin-Vitamin"
FINALLY we gave Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: “My skin is so much smoother,” “My pores are finer!” “My skin has a livelier look now!”

Lines are disappearing”...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary “skin-vitamin” out of the skin. Now, Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in “skin-vitamin,” try Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the “sunshine vitamin.” Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not “irradiated.” But the “skin-vitamin.”

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond’s requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this “skin-vitamin” when put in Pond’s Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams!

In the same Pond’s Creams

The new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active “skin-vitamin” added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond’s Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND’S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths the powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; light off blackheads. Blanches; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. Now contains the active “skin-vitamin.”

POND’S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. Now contains the active “skin-vitamin.”

POND’S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quickly melting. Use for same purposes as Pond’s Cold Cream. Now contains the active “skin-vitamin.”
he loves ardent color...
he hates lipstick parching!

Making "Stage Door." Ginger Rogers, Ann Miller and Adolphe Menjou. Katharine Hepburn is the big name of the cast, or is it Ginger?

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 6]

ever taking her eyes from him, brings one of those cat-head balls from the pocket of her coat and hides it behind her purse where no one can see it.

"You may each call the dog," the judge announces.

"Come on, old fellow," Cary coaxes.

"Come on, Mr. Smith," Irene caresses.

Mr. Smith doesn't budge. So Irene squawks the ball. It is a very tiny squeak but loud enough for Mr. Smith, who is familiar with the sound, to hear. He tears toward Irene. She looks at the judge as though to say, "You see?"

"Custody of the dog is awarded to Mrs. Warriner," Mr. Solomon Stanton decrees and, before Cary or his lawyer has a chance to object, he adds, "Silence!

This is one of the swellest scenes I've seen in many a day. And I forgot to inform you that Mr. Smith is none other than Asta of "Thin Man" fame.

"Come on," says Marge the moment the scene is finished and before I even have time to say "hello" to Cary, "I can't have you upsetting the players with your gibberish." I bet that Fanya put a bug in her ear before she left.

But on the next set I meet our old friend, Dick Arlen, who is making his first picture on his new Columbia contract. It is called "Park Avenue Dame" and co-stars him and Fay Wray. Raymond Walburn and Gene Morgan (than whom you couldn't find two finer couples) are also in the cast, as is Wyn Calhoon (than whom you couldn't find a more pulchritudinous blonde) and Scott Colton (a newcomer from the New York stage—and quite a dish for you girls, too).

Last on this lot is la Moore—Gracie, the Grand.

She's making an opus called "I'll Take Romance." This scene I watch is in an opera house. Of course, the audience is all in full evening regalia because in pictures no one ever goes to the opera or even to a first class night club in anything else but.

And that about winds me up, not only with Miss Moore but with Columbia—for this month at least. Accordingly, I betake myself to—

Grand National

HERE, "Jimmie the Gent" Cagney is making his second film for this outfit. It's called "Something to Sing About" and the title sounds alarmingly like one of Bobbie Bren's efforts. However, on reading the synopsis I am reassured.

I wouldn't miss this picture for all the rice in China. Not only has it James Cagney, and there are few acorns on the screen today as versatile and convincing as he is, but it also has a gent whom I consider the greatest dancer in the country. His name is Hurlan Dixon. He and his partner were the first of the "class" dancers (well, not the first because they came after the Vernon Castles, but they were the first of their kind). After they split up, Hurlan went it alone and let me tell you when he was in his prime he made Fred Astaire look like a cake of soap after a hard week's washing. I don't know how he is now because I haven't seen him in years but I'll bet he'll still give Mr. A a run for his money. DON'T MISS THIS ONE.

I never saw such a month. As I look down the list of productions I have to see today my heart stands still. I only wish that some of you from Out Yonder, who pine and sigh for a glimpse of the studios and the stars at work, could cover some of these sets for me. However, there's no use moping. We'll just have to get going and we might as well beat it to—

Warner Bros.

THERE is certainly no rest for the weary here. We have "Twentieth" starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. At the moment the title has been changed to "Tonight Is Ours" but regardless of that it still has Claudette and M. Boyer. It seems strange to see Claudette laughing and joking on this picture which is being directed as I have already told you, by Anatole Litvak who is the fiancé (so they say) of Miriam Hopkins, who is Claudette's arch enemy. That is no sham because Claudette because Miss Hopkins is the arch enemy of practically everybody she has ever worked with and I can understand it. Miss Hopkins socially is as plus olive but on the set she is a perfect terrapin. Now!

"Submarine O-1" which has Pat O'Brien, George Brent and Wayne Morris in the
Lady in danger...

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Bathe with Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SILVER SCREEN

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Karns, to say nothing of Josephine Hutchinson, but the set is closed. "Sophie Lang Goes West," with Gertrude Michael and Lee Bowman, is supposed to be on Stage 13 but isn't and no one knows where they're working. The "Bulldog Drummond" picture with John Barrymore and Reginald Denny is on location. So that only leaves "Ebb Tide" with Mr. Homolka, Ray Mil- land, Lloyd Nolan and Frances Farmer.

When the "Ebb Tide" scene is finished Ray says, "Come on with me and see the rushes of the shots we made over at Catalina Island. You'll see some of the hammiest acting you've ever seen."

"Meaning you?" I query.

"Meaning me," he agrees.

But it isn't as hammy as Ray fears and he is so delighted I don't agree with him that he asks me to lunch. But Alice nuances, good old Paramount pays for the chow.

So now, having got the wrinkles out of my middle and there being nothing more to see here, we'll proceed to--

R-K-O

"ANNAPOLIS SALUTE" with Harry Carey, James Ellison, Marsha Hunt, Arthur Lake and Ann Hovey is on location. But "Stage Door" is here and as that certain person whom I don't like on this lot is not working today I get on the set. There are Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou in all their glory.

It's a dressing room backstage, and they're preparing to make a close-up of Menjou. So he sits there while they focus the lights on him. I don't know where his stand-in is. He keeps up a constant flow of wise-cracks, telling the electricians to hurry up because the material in his suit is apt to fade. Finally they get the lights set and Ginger takes her place out of camera range to feed him his lines.

If Menjou could dance like Ginger he wouldn't need lines. I'm of a mind to point this out to him but my guide hurries me away to the next set, which is--

"Music for Madame." This is Nino Martini's starring picture with Joan Fontaine in the lead, opposite him. This, too, has a novel plot or, at least, the plot has novel twists to it, which is almost as good. But it is too long and complicated to go into. The scene I see has no dialogue. Nino and Joan are working as extras on a set and they're all listening to a playback the tenor has made of a number. He isn't singing it very well and Nino keeps picturing himself in the part.

M-G-M

THERE'S plenty doing out here. Too-too much, in fact.

"Black Lightning" with Bruce Cabot is on location.

"The Big City" starring Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer is on the back lot. When I get out there I find a whole crowd of extras working and in addition there are a couple of old friends who have been seen all too seldom on the screen lately They are Reggie Toomey and John Arledge (Crockett's Own). Both of them are fine actors and it is a reflection on casting directors that they don't work together.

But to get back to our mutton, Spence and Luise have just been married. No, that's wrong. They were already married but as they are coming out of a church (now don't start asking me why they were coming out of a church because I don't know) a couple of dicks step up and start to lead her away.

"You're Anna Benson?" one of them asks. She nods, "You'll have to come with me," he informs her.

"What for?" Spence asks, stilling for time. "What's she done?"

"We wouldn't know about that, Buddy," one of the dicks says. "We were just told to pick her up."

"But what do they want her for?" Spence persists, really bewildered now.

"I think they're sending her out of the country," the cop answers.

Rainer's eyes widen with fear at this and there is a buzz of resentment from the group around her. "Jeez!" she wails to Spence, but he can't answer her. He is struggling with the frustration he feels.

"They want to send me away, Jeez," she moans, her voice rising.

"They're not sending you anywhere, honey," he answers quickly, putting his arm around her. "Look here, Mac," the detective says to Spence, "we've only got a job to do like anybody else. We've got to take her."

"I won't go! I won't go!" Rainer screams. One of the detectives puts his hand on her arm trying to calm her. "No use making it tougher than you have to, sister," he tells her.

"Jeez, don't let them," Luise screams hysterically. "I won't go! No! No!"

But the detectives drag her down the steps toward the car. Just as they reach the car she breaks free and dashes back up the steps into the church through the path the crowd quickly opens for her. As soon as she is in the car the crusty police roll up again and the cops can't get through. No one resists them—they just refuse to give

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CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

It's thrilling to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's exciting to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth"... And it's satisfying to get this luxury at so low a price... 28¢.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

April Showers Perfume in parfum-size—28¢, 50¢, $1.

Scene from "Music for Madame." Nino Martini, the star; Joan Fontaine and Lee Patrick. Nice title.
We get nowhere arguing, so I leave Spence and proceed to the set of "The Bride Wore Red" starring Joan Crawford and with Franchot Tone and Robert Young in the supporting leads.

I get in on almost the last scene of the picture. Joan is an entertainer in a cheap cafe. A wealthy nobleman gives her a lot of money, sends her to a fashionable mountain resort and tells her to be a lady for a month. He paves the way for her by wiring his friends there. One of them falls madly in love with her and just as she is about to get him to marry her, a telegram comes revealing her true identity.

It is a beautiful set, with the front of the hotel and the balcony overlooking the gardens and drives. As I stand there Joan comes out of the hotel wearing a dark cape. She marches down the steps and down one of the drives, her form growing smaller and smaller in the distance. The deception is over. She can be herself again.

When the scene is finished, Dorothy Arzner who is directing the picture and whom I have never seen smile, says to Joan, "You look like Napoleon coming out of that door and marching down the steps in that cape."

So, for a joke, Joan does the scene again, pauses dramatically at the head of the steps and slings an edge of the cape over her shoulder in the manner of Napoleon.

"My Dear Miss Aldrich" starring Edna May Oliver is next. Maureen O'Sullivan is sitting on the set when I arrive and she begins kidding me about this column.

"I can tell you what you'll write about this picture," she informs me.

"What?" I demand.

"You'll say, 'Not much doing on the Aldrich set so I didn't waste much time there.' Went on the next stage where the glamorous Myrna Loy was holding forth, etc., etc.' Why don't you marry the girl?" she finishes.

"Where did you hurt me when you talk like that," I tell her.

"Isn't it true?" she insists.

"No, it isn't," I snap, "and if you think I'm slighting people on this lot, why don't you write the department yourself one month."

"I'd love to," says Maureen, so next month, if God willing, M.G.M will be covered for you by Miss Maureen O'Sullivan and I'll be on hand to see that she writes it up personally instead of letting the publicity department do it for her.

Just then the director calls her for a scene. She and Edna May have been having an argument when the phone rings.

"You just make trouble for everybody," Edna May snaps. "Shall I answer the phone?" she asks suddenly as it keeps ringing.

"You might just as well," Maureen says. 

"That's why they're ringing. When they don't want you to answer that's when they

DENTYLE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white!

LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR! Just taste Dentyne for yourself — that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature) — made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.
FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative"... "Ex-Lax is everything a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products better. And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to IMPROVE Ex-Lax... to make it even better than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

**TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

**ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even more effective! It empowers the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

**MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but easily and comfortably.

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, hollowness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

**FREE if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense.** Write for free sample to Ex-Lax Dept., S107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**NOW IMPROVED—Better than Ever**

**THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

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*Don't ring.*


"New York?" Maureen repeats in visible agitation.


Miss Aldrich seems to be having troubles with her lines as well as her niece (Mauren) so I wave goodbye to Maureen and proceed to the "Double Wedding" set, just as she predicted. But the glamorous Myrna Loy isn't working today and neither is the suave William Powell, nor the juvenile John Beal nor the beauteous Florence Rice. In fact, nobody is working but about three hundred extras and I don't think even the director could tell you what they're supposed to be doing so I don't waste much time there. I move over to the next stage.

"Love, Live and Learn" is in work here.

This stars Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell and has the snappiest dialogue of the month. The stars have just been married and Bob brings Rosie up about five flights of stairs to his room. As they reach the top of the stairway Rosalind, somewhat out of breath, says, "I can't see why people waste money climbing in Switzerland when you can get the same thing here—and so much better."

"Would you mind carrying me over the threshold?" Bob asks plaintively.

"It's a woman's world," she sighs.

"I've never seen any Women-At-Work sign on the roads," he protests, picking her up and carrying her into the studio which is lighted only by the moonlight. Once inside, he kisses her. Then he puts her down, goes to the light switch and speaks severely: "Well, here it is. You asked for it."

He snaps the switch on, revealing what is really a dump.

Rosalind looks around before speaking. "And you told me it wasn't nice!" she expostulates, which just goes to show you that LOVE is REALLY blind. You tried to sneak out of marrying me by lying," she goes on accusingly.

"For a girl like you it's squalor," Bob lamently.

"It's nothing of the sort," she retorts indignantly.

"Won't you walk into my squalor said the spider to the fly," Bob paraphrases.

"Face the facts, Julie," he goes to a corner of the room and draws aside a curtain revealing a twoburner gas ring and a Ricky icebox. "Your kitchen," he explains.

"Well, it's compact," she concedes. "At least, I won't have to get myself out tonight from that horrid place.

"He goes to another corner of the room and opens a door revealing a small tub equipped in a wooden frame with a water heater on the shelf above it. "Your bathroom. Part of it's just off the hall."

"It's what I'd call 'The Bathroom Friendly,'" she exclaims.

Just then the door opens and Robert Benchley lurches in. He motions Bob back with a scornful gesture and walks with supreme dignity to Miss Russell. Having reached her, he takes her hand, bends down to kiss it and falls flat on his face.

"Oscar," Bob commands, "get up."

"I don't think he's playing," Rosie opines. "Who is he?"

"Well, he sort of lives here," Bob explains.

"Shall I get some water to throw on him?" she offers.

"Wouldn't do any good unless we decide
to drown him," Bob tells her, knowing Bob—or Oscar, I mean—of old.

"Once more," the director calls, "and, Rosie, this time try to get a little more surprise into your face when Mr. Benchley enters."

When the scene is finished I go over to say hello to Rosalind. "What are you doing on this set when Miss Loy is working?" she demands in simulated surprise.

"She ain't working," I answer pettishly and move on to the next set, there seeming to be no limit to the "next sets" today.

This next one is a re-make of that old tear-jeker "Madame X" which catapulted Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett to fame. Gladys George is playing the Madam and she has just come in from a rendezvous with a friend, hoping her husband isn't home yet. But he is. And what's more, he's waiting for her in her very own room when she snaps on the light. Her doom is in his eyes—she sees it there! (the script says).

"Get downstairs," he orders, "I want to talk to you."

"No, Bernard," she says quietly—desperately, "I can't—not tonight."

"Tonight—now," he insists harshly.

"In the morning—when I'm able to," she pleads desperately.

"Who is this man, Jacqueline?" he asks, his tone deadly-even.

"Bernard—help me—please help me," she whispers.

"Help you?" he echoes quietly. "It's all I can do—not to kill you."

Her reaction to this surprises him. He doesn't know she has just seen a murder.

"Who is he?" he insists.

"If it would make it any easier for you, I'd tell you," she whispers, "but it wouldn't! Only hurt you more—and I've hurt you enough." He nods grimly and she continues, "I'm hurt, too. Horribly! But that doesn't matter. It's you. If I made full confession—could you forgive me? It would help you—to a little.

She is very eager and concentrated about this. He looks at her a second. In his mind is only the picture of her unfaithfulness—some other man's arms about her. "Not the slightest," he finally admits.

"Then I can't tell you," she says, utterly crushed, "I can't tell you anything, if there's no pity, Bernard. I need help.

"It's too late to ask for that," he mutters with a gesture of disgust.

"Can't?" orders the director.

It seems strange one minute to see Miss George pleading for her life almost and the next minute, when the camera has stopped turning, to see her saunter over to a mirror, adjust her gown and give a pat or two to her hair. But, for a woman, I always say, while there's life there's make-up and where there's make-up there's always hope.

Yeah, there's even another "Next Set." This one is called "This Is My Wife" and it features George Murphy and Josephine Hutchinson. But I'm not going to tell you about it because I see almost the end of the picture and the time you read this you'll probably have seen it yourself. But the scene I watch is really gay, Maizie,

GAY.

I wish I could say "See You Next Month" but there's still—

Twentieth Century-Fox

There's more doing here than I like, too. The most important, of course, is "In Old Chicago." "You never come on the set of a picture where I'm working, when I'm working," Andy Devine yaps as I make my exit. "I'm not in any more scenes today and you'll miss me again."

"All right," I agree, "that's the first break I've had today but as long as I don't

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Silver Screen
A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, that girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of under-arm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need special daily care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "the girl who needs Mum." Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

have to really watch you. I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out a good scene from your script and I'll pretend I watched you make it.

"You're a cad," Andy announces and then adds hastily, "but I'll do it—for your public's sake."

"Your public's sake is what you really mean, isn't it?" I counter.


So here is the scene I'm supposed to have seen.

Clarence Wilson (a shyster Lawyer) and Tyrone are walking down the street towards the courthouse. "The District Attorney said if you're worried, he'll lend us some of his own witnesses to prove Mitch hasn't been in Chicago in two years," Wilson laughs.

"That's the kind of prosecutor I like," Tyrone agrees.

They turn into the courthouse yard and Andy runs (that lumino running!) down the steps to meet them. "It ain't fair," he yells, his voice breaking in all directions.

"What's the matter?" Tyrone asks.

"The District Attorney," Andy sputters, sore as hell, "And after we had him all fixed, too!"

"What are you talking about?" Tyrone demands, grabbing him roughly by the arm.

"He went and fell down and broke his ankle and he ain't here!" Andy squeals, his voice rising to the upper regions.

"The fool!" Tyrone squawks, "Don't he even know how to walk straight!"

"And the judge has appointed somebody else to take his place—I don't know whom," Andy continues.

"What's that mean?" Tyrone wants to know.

"It just means it ain't fixed," Andy finishes sadly and turns to me triumphantly as they finish acting it out for me in Tyrone's dressing room: "Ain't that a cute scene?"

"Mr. Devine, it's super-colossal," I agree.

"Aw, gwan," says Andy, "you wouldn't even know good acting if you saw Booth and Mansfield rolled into one."

My dears, if you're still with me, you're going to cover the other two sets on this lot faster than three sets were ever covered.

First there's "Look Out, Mr. Moto" and my blood begins to boil. The scene isn't important but what makes me mad is this:

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are co-starring in "The Awful Truth." This scene is in the court room, but Cary really needs a balcony here.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration.

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a-buying—just like hot-cakes!), and her latest is a black orchid, which is actually a dark, greyish black in color and very tawny, and came clear from the uplands of the headwaters of the Orinoco River in South America.

Greta Garbo's sideline is that of being "landlady"—imagine paying your rent to the great one! Anyhow, she owns several model apartment houses in an industrial section of Stockholm, Sweden, which are principally rented to factory hands and other working people at very low rentals. Her company has another surprising front: the venture came to light many weeks ago when the company, under the name of the Consumers' Co-Operative Society, applied for permission to issue stock.

Garbo, too, owns Hollywood property, but not her own home. Neil Hamilton owns it and rents it to the Fair Greta. Recently returning from a two-year stay in England, Neil reported Garbo to be the ideal tenant. He said that she not only has her garden but the sail always ahead of the payment date, but she has planted many lovely trees and flowers and shrubs on the grounds, and built a high and broad wall on the outside of course, her presence in the neighborhood has not weakened the value of the neighborhood any!

John Boles' commercial tie-up is most unusual. He operates a big chicken ranch in his spare time and you can sometimes see him making a personal delivery of eggs at the market at La Cienega and Beverly boulevards! Into each carton goes a little printed slip carrying Boles' picture and the name of the new film in which he will appear! Cute, eh?

Investing most of her huge earnings wisely in Government bonds, Mae West also has built a vast, beautiful estate behind a, just about, 1 acre board of diamonds, believing them to be a good investment. But in doing so she has virtually become a diamond expert, and has often been told

**Cashing In On Their Fame**

Continued from page 51

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin." They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

**How do they start?**

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleaner. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

**Switch to a Penetrating Cream**

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

**Write now for your free supply**

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

---

**WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?**

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By Lady Esther

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**Silver Screen**

63
by professional jewel appraisers that they would engage her in that capacity any time. Mae loves all gems and is seriously thinking of opening a smart jewelry store when she retires from her current job.

Deanna Durbin and Jane Withers both draw nice royalty checks from lines of dresses named after them. Shirley Temple's line comes from the dolls, dresses, books, gloves, socks, undies and hair ribbons bearing her name amounts to something like $5,000 a week, which is really something if you ask us!

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez own and operate the surf board concession at the Catalina Island, and have two Honolulu beach boys to teach the art of keeping an upright position while riding the waves.

Edmund Lowe raises grapes on his big ranch and by the way Lewis Stone and Paul Muni both own citrus orchards at Encino, Muni opening also a bumper crop of walnuts; Spencer Tracy's avocados bring him in a good sum, and Louise Fazenda yearly markets a tremendous crop of oranges and lemons.

Randolph Scott owns and operates by remote control large orchard and cotton interests in the South, and has a part ownership in one of Virginia's most profitable horse-breeding establishments.

Gloria Stuart, long loving the field of newspaper work, has been quietly buying a Northern California newspaper to which she will be moving shortly. It is in the role of actress, publisher when she feels her film work is ended. Meanwhile, her brother operates the paper and reports to her regularly.

Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell joined hands and started, as a sideline, The Racquet and Tennis Club at Palm Springs. It was more of a gag than anything else. But that was several years back. Today, imagine their surprise to find themselves in possession of a $100,000 business.

In experimenting to find an ideal cold cream for her own use, Constance Bennett suddenly made the discovery that she was a cosmetician of expert rating—and so she opened a smart cosmetic shop to put out champagne cold creams on the market. With her business ability, she'll probably clear up a million.

Conrad Nagel owns a food market and once in a while, for a lark, he personally waits on his customers! Bebe Daniels owns a beauty parlor and an exclusive dress shop.

And Charles Bickford retains an interest in his "ladies lingerie" business.

Reginald Denny makes a lot of spare cash with his store, which is a Hollywood vending machine model airplanes. Apart from this, he has another sideline that's little known.

He revealed to us recently that he is working upon a radio-controlled flying bomb which can be hurled against any target within a radius of 50 miles, thus making America invulnerable. Incidentally, he has been playing with the idea for several years and a goodly slice of the profits he gets out of his latest film, "The Great Gambit," will go into future experimentation which he believes will later bring him in great revenue.

No matter how young or how old your Hollywood star, it seems they all have their special sideline. Even small, 8-year-old Virginia Weidler is also a business woman with a sideline. For example:

"Buy a chance for a dime?" she recently asked director Frank Lloyd on a set at Paramount.

"A chance for what?" Lloyd wanted to know.

This stumped Virginia, but not for long. "Oh, for a lot of money," she vociferated.

"How much money?" insisted Lloyd.

"Depends on how much I collect today," Virginia replied with withering scorn.

Virginia won. Lloyd paid. But the payoff is not yet!
When Rubino played his violin in "You Can't Have Everything," the audience was glad to see the celebrated radio musician. The screen welcomes any artist who can do his stuff, and even forgives a bit of mugging.

It's A Man's World
[Continued from page 30]

other hand, the patrician Mr. Tone sailed into his sooge role with complete abandon, making a roal idiot of himself and consequently stealing the picture (not that it was worth stealing).

You can't play comedy if you're afraid of making yourself look ridiculous. Remember Carole Lombard galumphing across the screen, dripping wet, screeching "Godfrey loves me!" Her new picture, "Nothing Sacred," gives full play to Carole's peculiar flair for making fun of her more stately sisters, their soulful expressions and dramatic poses.

Patsy Kelly, queen of low comedienne, has a dancer's expressve body. There is humor simply in her belligerent stance. Miriam Hopkins, most expert at light comedy, has never bungled a comic situation by worrying about her glamour, since her first success as the prim princess of "Smiling Lieutenant," maidenly but very eager.

Jean Harlow had all the instincts of the true comedienne. Her best characterizations, in "Redheaded Woman," "Red Dust," and "China Seas," were vigorous and straightforward sketches of a very real type, with delightful touches of satire.

It is not only comic portrayals that are hindered by the average Hollywood actress's desire to be glamorous on all occasions. Any violent emotion is bound to mess up your face. Most pretty young stars express terror with wide, rounded eyes or cry with drooping mouth and a few crystal drops sparkling down their unruffled faces. But Sylvia Sidney, most beautiful of film actresses, is not beautiful when her features are distorted by terror or crumpled with tears. And the reality of her emotion goes right to our hearts.

Men–the lucky wretches–are free to flaunt the individuality of their plain, handsome or ugly mugs before the lens. But women, as usual, are sternly regimented.

This preoccupation with conventional beauty is partly responsible for the incessant begging for sympathy that weakens feminine characterization. No actress, from

Subtle, exciting colors... and long-wearing Glazo doesn't fade or thicken!

For that Memorable Moment... that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefulest grooming, let one of Glazo's "Misty" nail polish colors climax your charm.

Choose one of these debonair new shades...Thistle, Old Rose, Russet and Suntan, Rust, Dahlia, Imperial Red, or Shell, Flame, Natural. Among them there are bound to be the perfect colors for you...to flatter your own skin-tone, to blend with your chosen fabrics.

Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty! Discover how poised, how sure of yourself you feel...conscious that you are looking your loveliest. Wearing Glazo's misty, smoky tints, you're Right to your Fingertips!

Smooth as a debutante's chatter is Glazo. Its satin lustre does not fade or peel; the last drop in that thrifty 25-cent bottle goes on as easily, as perfectly, as the first.
the great star to the little ingénue, would hesitate to play a lady of easy morals or a heartless coquette—provided the woman’s character never shows in her face.

However, as an exception, the shallowness of Ruth Chatterton’s Ira Dodsion and the flabby soul of Betty Davis’s Mildred in “Of Human Bondage” were marked in every line of their faces. Both actresses can be thoroughly charming; but they did not mar these two great performances by insinuation on looking beautiful and lovable.

Among the smaller parts, the tendency to slight feminine characterization is more noticeable. From all her screen roles, Aline MacMahon has had just one truly worthy of her rare ability—Lily in “Ah Wilderness,” a subtle and gracious portrait, concentrating into brief footage a delicate blend of humor and compassion.

One group of film players is dominated by women—the younger set of juveniles. Hollywood has no quartet of young actors to match Frances Dee, Maureen O’Sullivan, Claire Trevor, Frances Farmer and Ida Lupino. The pretty he-имени, and square-jawed nonentities so often trammeled with these girls, are put to shame by the easy performances and characterful as well as lovely faces of these feminine partners.

Of course, we must remember that the ranks of the all important people behind the stars are also dominated by men. Hollywood has women directors and many woman scenario writers, but our sex is definitely in the minority in this field. Looking back at such a film as “The Black Legion” and many of the magnificently acted parts in the speeches and actions of its masculine characters with the slightly stilted scenes given to its women, we might conclude that men just don’t understand how women think and feel.

Yet a majority of the screen’s finest performances by actresses were founded on characters created by men. Look at Katharine Hepburn’s Alice Adams and Helen Hayes’ Leora Arrowsmith. I hate to admit it, but some men do seem to have a good idea what goes on in a feminine heart.

But the brilliant actresses of Hollywood won’t get a real chance to catch up with the actors until we haul down all the unfair, foolish old conventions that block the women’s way.

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But the brilliant actresses of Hollywood won’t get a real chance to catch up with the actors until we haul down all the unfair, foolish old conventions that block the women’s way.
But Not So Wicked

(Continued from page 29)

Rathbone is noted for his suave tones.

As gentle and as courtly off the screen as they are deadly on, each is endowed with a love for nature that is surpassed by no other quality. Clannelli spends all his time between pictures in the open, either at the beach or tramping through the hills, and Rains and Rathbone both are confirmed likers.

Characterized, too, by dark and piercing eyes, and faces revealing dynamic personalities, whenever either of these three flash on the screen he completely commands the attention of the audience. There is something about them that instantly causes spectators to view them in another light than that focused upon the other players, and in this individuality lies one of the secrets of their respective success.

Ask Clannelli whether he prefers the stage or the screen, villain or comedy, and he replies, blandly ... "I like work." By that, he means the role's the thing. He wants to act, and he doesn't care in which medium it may be. He insists upon one stipulation only ... the role must be meaty. In this respect, he is borne out by Rains and Rathbone.

To converse with these men, the interviewer finds Rains both reticent and explosive, and inclined to be shy. He talks with bombastic candor, as a rule; again, almost in monosyllables. Rathbone is the very reverse ... he speaks in polished tones and words flow from his mouth with amazing rapidity. For his part, Clannelli still retains his Italian accent, but his words are deeply convincing. Comparisons again ... each possesses the knack of compelling the listener to hang onto his words, whether he will or no.

The future looms lustrously for this trio of players. Each a consummate actor, they already are firmly entrenched in the minds of motion picture audiences as villains par excellence ... and whenever they appear on the screen their presence is greeted with a feeling akin to horror. And that, my friends, is the highest tribute that may be paid to an actor's ability!

To Play Is The Thing

(Continued from page 25)

unknown came to her secluded home in Brentwood to play there. Carole Lombard's cannily made chums of professional whiz Alice Marble and Alice's coach Eleanor Tennant: that shows Carole's plenty smart! Occasionally she sweeps over to Claudette Colbert's fancy court for a glamour-girl get-together. But Claudette's helpless before those fast ones of the Lombard.

Badminton, tennis with a leather for your ball, is rapidly gaining new recruits. The Tones are Hollywood's most promising exponents. Joan has only to glance at an airy shuttlecock and her sporting blood's aflame. She's going to get that feather over or else. She and Franchot practice diligently on week nights so that over the week-end they can run their guests ragged. One Sunday the terrible Tone, bounding like a Tartar from the Steppes, let Madge Evans beat him. But Madge discovered afterwards that he was just being gallant.

When he announced Robert Taylor, probably Hollywood's second-best badminton player, Madge's face began to go into a violent

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They're soothing to your throat. Smoke 'em pack after pack ... or as a change-off brand ... the menthol adds a grand, refreshing flavor, yet it's so mild it never spoils the full-bodied tobacco goodness of this fine Turkish-Domestic blend. Get hold of K O O LS ... and save those coupons ... good in the United States for useful, handsome premiums. Yes, cartons carry extra coupons. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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LEICHER'S, an antiseptic white cream, keeps hair only when applied on the scalp and never permits hair to run down or control growth! And LEICHER'S permits you to have a permanent wave whenever you wish to have it.

FREE See for yourself how much a natural looking blonde hair can do for you today. For your free, beautiful sample of LEICHER'S, write to LEICHER LABORATORIES, 560 Fourth Ave., Dept N.C, New York, N. Y.

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Arthritic or rheumatic-like pain in the feet or legs; tired, achings feet, fatigue, sore heels and callouses—all are symptoms of weak arches. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports relieve pain caused by strain of the muscles and ligaments by giving a firm uplift. They are molded to your feet and soon restore the arches to normal. Expertly fitted and adjusted at Shoe and Dept. Stores everywhere. For free booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 5, Chicago.

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There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

Blush. She's still inclined to swallow hard every time she remembers how she defeated Franchot.

As might be expected, since Bob has a new in his backyard Barbara Stanwyck has one in her. Miss Stanwyck is Miss Crawford's rival for this particular career. With Dick settling temporarily in London, what about leaving the Dick Huntress all here, Joan? There's such a twosome about badminton, Gale Sondergard has special bleachers built up every time he plays. And Arlen won't attempt this game at all because he isn't a natural at it and he hates being beat.

A great deal of swimming has naturally been going on in the select star pools. At the Tones none of the company has ever demonstrated the grace and deftness of Joan herself. She is daily, employing the most perfect overhand I've seen; except when you beg her to show off she invariably wants to show how she can float! But with Johnny Weissmuller in Hollywood there isn't any choice as to who's tops in swimming. Buster Crabbe's obviously the runner-up. Eric Rhodes is third. Strangely, Eric read of Weissmuller's ability and swore to transform himself from a weak, puny fellow into a well-built swimmer. Eric, in his campaign, now has swum ten miles steadily in the pool. He's been tackling the Salton Sea's fifteen miles. The chemicals in the water of this inland sea, plus its extremely low temperature and savage currents, have stumped him to date. But watch out, Weissmuller! Norma Shearer is Joan Crawford's one peer among our lady swimmers. Not a swimmer at Lake Arrowhead among the pines, and with no studio to distract her she's pushed up her speed in the Australian crawl until now she shoots through the water. She might train with Betty Davis, who was once a lifeguard and who went to the beach for the summer and wound up with such success just having fun. Bowing, for example, is swell for waistslimming. Virginia Field has the edge on the actresses, for she's been dropping in at the Beverly-Wilshire Alley more often than Patricia Ellis, Ginger Rogers, and Alice Faye. When these girls vie I'm putting my cash on Virginia to win, place and show—with the tape measure. With the score, she's carefully acquired a flair for knocking over the pins that even worries Tyroen Power. "She'll be a dismal day when a woman bowls better than a man. He bowls there on Wilshire Boulevard two evenings each week; but when supper time comes around Allan Lane outsights Tyrone so far. Freddie March and John Howard have yielded to him, however. "When you can give that certain flick of the wrist," sighs Tyrone, "what a satisfaction you feel!"

Betty Jaynes, youthful singing star at M-G-M, is one of the champion bowlers of the film colony. Jackie Scarle is trying to argue George O'Brien into putting her on a riding meet. While Victor McLauglin, and George, and Ray Milland are all expected, horsemen, riding at the Riviera Club out towards the sea, little Jackie has taken more ribbons than any of his elders. He's another Tom Mix in kid's clothing—and is Jane Withers giving the glamour girls the grin! Jackie's her knight and warrior costume and true feminine guile she's requested that he teach her how to jump and gallop.

On an aquaplane it's Weissmuller, with Allan Jones runner-up. It's twenty miles between Hollywood and Catalina Island, but that's nothing to them. At croquet, in case you're not quite so energetic, it's Glenda Farrell for the ermine, she pulled that old one about fun being, to a girl can't laugh all the time.
Jeanette MacDonald

[Continued from page 23]

donna role in a child act he was forming. (At the time "child acts" were the thing.) Mr. MacDonald was rather secretly proud of his talented little daughter so he gave his consent for Jeanette, accompanied by her mother, to go on tour with the "act" which was composed of two girls and four boys.

The tour was a big success but came to an end and Jeanette had to go back to school again, where she became captain of the girls' baseball team and spent her afternoons batonning home runs and perfecting her soft shoe technique at dancing school. But of all her lessons she preferred her singing lessons.

In the summer of her fourteenth year her father took her to New York to visit Blossom, who was already a professional dancer, and while there Blossom arranged for her little sister to try out before the great Ned Wayburn. "What can you do?" Wayburn asked the little girl all done up in her sister's sealskin coat. "I can sing," said Jeanette and proceeded to do so. But she had barely completed the first verse of a popular song when Wayburn interrupted with, "Better go into your dance, child. You aren't going to go far as a singer."

That was the most depressing thing that had ever been said to Jeanette, and then and there she swore that Mr. Wayburn would some day have to eat those words, and that she would become a singer if it was the last thing she ever did.

But for the nonce, she became a dancer, a comedienne dancer, in one of Mr. Wayburn's shows, and finally landed in the chorus, second row, of her first musical comedy, "Night Boat," which had a long run in Rochester. She hopefully under-studied the prima donna and everybody in the show, but the entire cast was disgustingly healthy and Jeanette never had a chance to rush in at the last moment and save the show.

Because she wore cotton stockings, carried an umbrella if there was a cloud in the sky, and was never more than a few feet away from her mother, she was called "Elsie Dinsmore of the Night Boat," a name that stuck with her for quite a long time. Finally, fired by a fresh assistant stage manager who told her to "go back to your church socials, you'll never make an actress! (seems as if Jeanette made a fine out of a number of people) Jeanette next got herself a minor part in the famous "Irene" musical play, and continued there

---

Projections—

Jeanette MacDonald

Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland with Director James Whale (center) and Andy Kelly, a scribe, off-stage during the making of "The Great Garrick." The costume cycle is still very popular.
At eighteen she was a sensation as a dancer in "The Magic Ring" on Broadway. In "Tip Toe" she got 
800 weekly for dancing. No more cotton stockings and blue 
serge and dowdy 

umbrellas for Jeanette! She bloomed out like the glamorous 
actresses that she was, and was rapidly becom-
ing the toast of Broadway, when her deter-
mination to become a singer got the best 
of her and she announced quite emphati-
ically in the New York producers that she 
would sing, or nothing. It was nothing. "I 
want to sing," Jeanette told them. "I want 
to sing until my heart breaks, or until it 
stops because I have no voice!"

After months and months of her own 
personally conducted sit-down strike 
Jeanette discovered one dreary morning that 
she was fit for "I won't dance," 
Jeanette, and it later became a song.
She would sing, but nobody would listen. So 

in the middle of the hottest summer New 
York ever remembers Jeanette got a job 
modeling fur coats for out-of-town buyers in 
New York's famous wholesale district. 
That was zero hour for Mr. Mayer's future 
gold mine. Then came a primo donna role 
in the Chicago production of "Yes, Yes, 
Yvette," and, on Christmas day of that 
year, a Christmas present from the manager 
that she will never forget. Her name in 
lights! All of it. Jeanette MacDonald on 
the marquee of the theatre! Jeanette got in 
taxi and drove around the theater for hours 
just looking at her name in lights.
And she drove she remembered Arnold Daly's 
advice to her. "Shorten your name, Jean-
ette, it will never fit." (This is 
getting to be a running gag.)

Then came successful seasons as the 
prima donna of "Sunny Days" and "An-
gels" on Broadway and "Boom-Boom."
Chicago, and of course all of this led up to 
a screen test and Mr. Lubitsch dangling 
a nice fat Paramount contract. But 
Paramount and Jeanette come to the partic-
ing the ways in 1932 because Paramount 
decided that singing pictures were no longer 
good box-office and that Jeanette in the 
future would be cast for straight roles. 
"I 

want to sing," said Jeanette and left for 
a concert tour through Holland, Spain, 

Switzerland, Belgium and France. She spent 
Christmas of that year in Antwerp and 

found staying at the same hotel 
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, and it was 
during the holidays that Mr. Thalberg 
received a letter that the public once more was clamoring for musicals. 

So he promptly signed Jeanette on a Metro 
contract, where she has been ever since. It was 
"Nineteen, who-in she 
starred with Nelson Eddy, that sent her 
stock soaring. Today she is Hollywood's 
number one songbird.

Her love life she started at the tender 

age of nine when she fell in love with the 

little boy who sat across from her and who 

had hair as red as her own. Finding him 
interested she proceeded to write love 

notes to him, which would have been all 
right, but it just so happened that she was 
copying her love letters from a famous 

branch of promise suit that was being aired in 
the Philadelphia newspapers at that time. 
One day the teacher intercepted one of 
these letters, and little Jeanette was sent 
home to talk over things with her mother.

With a career on her hands Jeanette had 

little time for boy friends, though there 

were a couple of comic strips, Gertie, 

handsome New Yorker, with whom 
her name was connected romantically for 
many years, became her agent when she 

married. In pictures, but her first real 
romance it seems was Gene Raymond, whom 
she met nearly two years ago in the 
fore-
court of the Chicago Theatre. Their 
eng-
agement of a year finally culminated in 
Hollywood's most spectacular wedding last

throughout its Chicago run.

You, too, can add that enviable, youthful 

brilliance to your hair ... safely and easily.

Nestle Golden Shampoo makes your hair 

look years younger and more alluring by ac-

centuating the highlights. It thoroughly cleanses 
both your scalp and your hair — and imparts a 
delightful golden sheen.

For those whose hair is darker, there is Nestle 
Henna Shampoo, made 
with pure Egyptian Henna. It takes away that drab, 
listless look from your hair and 
gives it a vibrant, allur-

ing sparkle without chang-
ing its natural color.

For assured safety, al-
ways specify Nestle.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE ...

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump 
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flow-
ing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays 
in the bowels, gas builds up your stomach. You get 
constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick, and the world looks poky.

Laxatives are only make-shifts. A mere bowel 
movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those 
good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 
two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you 
feel "up and up." Happily, getting them is 
in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little 
Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything 
else. 25c.
June. Jeanette was determined to have a church wedding with all the trimmings and, by golly, she had it. She set the date far ahead and with the usual MacDonald determination and her knack for scheduling her life she kept the date—even though she had to go back for "re-takes" on "The Littlest Rebel."

Because of her quick, staccato-like mind Jeanette is called "Mrs. Wanger" by her close friends. It seems that one night she went with them to a preview of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Before the name of the producer could be flashed on the screen Jeanette impatiently announced, "I thought it was a Wanger production." Even pictures, it seems, are not reeled off fast enough to keep up with her quick thinking mind. Although she doesn't mind nicknames for herself, she would never call any one else by a nickname. Inasmuch as she does not swear she has a most peculiar vocabulary when she becomes angry. A mixture of "fibberity gibber" and "holy mackerels" and a jargon all her own—but those who have seen and heard the MacDonald flare-ups assure me that the effects are just as devastating as a flock of "damsns."

Her fast thinking mind, which is always a jump ahead, often gets her in trouble, as witness an incident that happened last year at the Santa Anita race-track. Jeanette invariably gets an idea that her horse is not going to win and proceeds to tear up her ticket several seconds before the race is over. "Don't do that," Gene told her several times, "miracles can happen in the last second of a race." So, one day, Jeanette as usual decided that her poor nag hadn't have a chance so she tore up the ticket. The "miracle" happened that Gene had been telling her about and her horse won. Jeanette, blushing from ear to ear, admitted that she had torn up the ticket and it was in shreds all over the floor. But again she proved herself master of the situation, of any situation; she got down on her knees salvaged all the bits, called for a waiter to bring her some flour and water and pasted the ticket together. When she proudly presented it to the cashier. It might be interesting to note that it was a two dollar ticket and that she only won a few pennies. The Scotch in her no doubt.

When "Stella Dallas" played in New York City, the important metropolitan reviewers all complimented Anna Shirley for her brilliant performance. Two years ago Will Rogers said she was as fine an actress as he had ever worked with. Will usually called the turn.
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bathing in water soft as rain...enjoy
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ness...and Bathasweet gives water greater
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softened—gone are the drying effects that hard
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sands of treasure women insist on the benefits
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and department stores—10c sizes at "dime" stores.

EY-GENE

The Hateful Part of Hollywood
[Continued from page 17]

Shirley Temple, on a va-
cation in Honolulu, drove
through lanes of cheering
thousands of Hawaiian fans.
unburdened themselves. Studios unbur-
dened themselves of them in a very
short time.
The basic thing about "playing politics" on
the West Coast is the fact that you
would have to be a seer to do it success-
fully all the time. It is all very well for a
player or writer to establish himself with
the right people in a certain company, but
the right people themselves are likely to be
on the skids when he wakes up some
bright morning. As a matter of fact I
don't believe anyone ever achieved a mea-
Sure of lasting fame or fortune by playing
politics without the talent to make
good on his or her own account. The
trouble is that it is apt to put a false inter-
pretation on even casual encounters and
innocent gestures. It breeds suspicion
and distrust in a group of people that
should have all its energies free for mak-
ing pictures.
One of the most amazing tales I have
ever heard was told to me by a top-flight
director whom I must keep anonymous. He
was given the job of staging the first pic-
ture in which a newcomer to the screen
was to appear. She was more of a personal-
ity than an actress and not without fame
outside Hollywood. The first morning on
the set he spent getting acquainted with
her and putting her at her ease. At lunch
time, her business manager accompanied
him to the commissary and slipped him an
envelope. Before he went back to the set,
he idly opened it and nearly jumped out
of his chair. It contained $2,500 in crisp
new bills.
He didn't go back to the set, but went
instead to his office and called his pro-
ducer, telling him of the incident. That
obliging fellow told him to handle the
situation himself. He summoned the busi-
ness manager who had handed him the
envelope.
"Just what is this all about?" he asked.
"Just a little pay-off to see that
everything goes all right with the picture,"
was the answer.
"Oh, I see," said the director.
He went back to the set. When he was
alone with the aspirant for stardom for a
moment, he handed her the envelope as
unexquisitely as possible, with the firm
statement that there had been a mistake.
Needless to say, she was surprised. There
is a nice ending to the story. She is now one
of the biggest stars in movies, she's given

Silver Screen
up bribing people and she and the director are the best of friends.

So far this catalogue of dislikes has been in very general terms. It is not a pleasant atmosphere that is bred by an overwhelming emphasis on success, by instability of existence, by fear or favoritism for favors, but it is peculiarly unpleasant on the part of screen people than it is the manifestation of a frantic professional and personal existence. It is my firm conviction that Hollywood will become an increasingly pleasant and friendly place as the public increasingly accepts the screen as the most significant and vital medium of our time and its practitioners as skilled artisans of a complex art form.

I can still name some distinctly personal dislikes. I think of myself from my visit to the West Coast. There is, for example, the show-off. It is probably inevitable that a dramatic medium should spawn these exhibitionists, but they are particularly offensive in Hollywood. They can spoil a party faster than celluloid will burn and they can make life generally unbearable little or no encouragement. Few of the really distinguished people in films are among their number, but there is scarcely any place you can go that you won't run into them.

Then there is the arrant parasite, who fastens like a leech to an important person. Although giving for value received and survives solely through the kindness and mistaken charity of his vic-
tims, you can detect him usually by the way in which he becomes the name of the great, with whom he is always on the most intimate terms. His ilk varies from straight deal beaters to blackmailers.

The gossip is another Hollywood type that gave me the creeps. He or she, as the case may be, is always ready to relay juicy items of personal or social every-
one. Most of the stories are founded on such evidence as a couple of stars having lunch together or "I have a cousin who knows someone who actually there and saw it with his own eyes." The professional gossips—the paragraphers—frequently use these lurbid tidbits without making any effort to check little or no encouragement. And, in many instances, they do irreparable harm. It is a case of envy and malicious gone wild in a community that must of necessity court publicity.

There are others on my list—the up-stage notables, the practical joker who doesn't know when to stop, the coy ingenuity who really believes that is a substi-
tute for artistry and the leading man who thinks he is irresistible to all women. None of these offensives is peculiar to Hollywood, of course, but in the close-knit society that exists there, they are almost impossible to avoid.

The rest of my dislikes are milder and are the sort that would be shared by most Easterners. For geographical as well as other reasons, such as the enormous con-
centration on one small area, there is a re-
omechanics about the film capital that makes one often stop and wonder what's going on in the rest of the world. There's a lack of variety to the physical scene and to the climate that bothered me at times. And the sheer business of getting from Culver City to the valley, and vice versa, to homes meant too much time in an automobile for my pleasure.

If this series of impressions gives you the idea that I dislike Hollywood, I have failed to explain myself clearly. On the whole, it is a vastly stimulating, hospitable and interesting community. Most of its unpleasant features, too, are matters, are being eradicated as the business of making films becomes more mature. In the mean-
time I am prepared to state that to live and yet I can think of no place I would rather visit.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

A CROSSED OUT.

14. Lovely newcomer in "High, Wide and Handsome"
17. She sings in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
21. In "They Won't Forget"
22. Smaller quantity
25. A most entertaining film comedian
27. Circle around the sun
29. In "Born Reckless"
32. Paralytic victim in "Let Them Live"
34. With Gloria Stuart in "Escape from Love"
36. Bird
37. Disobey
38. A formal order
40. The captain’s charming daughter in "The Go-Getter"
41. In "Time Out for Romance"
43. Co-starred again with Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"
44. Lament
45. Open declaration
55. King of Crooners
56. Delightful heroine in "Escape from Love"
57. Complier
59. Diane in "Seventh Heaven"
61. Juicy, edible fruit
63. In "We Have Our Moments"
65. Lail
67. Suffic
69. Endeavor
71. Interpretation
73. Regarding
75. Indelible article
77. Symbol for tantalum

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

The Final Flight

The theaters showing pictures are like airline terminals.
We went into one recently on Broadway, and such is the perfection of our picture-viewing technique that we were carried away . . . the lift of a sailing vessel out at sea, and the endless wastes of water reaching to the horizon seemed convincingly real . . . "Souls at Sea," of course.
And we visited the Himalayan frontier troops, a little later, by seeing "Wee Willie Winkie."

Do you lose yourself in a picture? If you do, and can let yourself go until the scenes seem to be part of you, that proves you are blessed with imagination and may have the talents of an actor, artist, writer or musician.

We have been in theaters when an overworked member of the audience has cried out. The degree of self-consciousness which enabled that person to be thus emotionally moved is a very valuable quality. Writers having this temperament give us stories of great reality. Inventors who are able to shunt the world outside of their dreaming are the ones who solve their own problems.

Do you hate to be spoken to while the picture is showing? So do we.

The other evening we went to a double-bill theater and, for a change, saw one film from first to last and enjoyed it tremendously. The two feature plans give the audience at least one picture in correct sequence. The entire evening gave us more pleasure than a one picture bill could have supplied. Of course, it was the last picture of a program, and, when we returned to the street, the characters of the story were still moving before our mind's eye.

Do you prefer single or double bill? Two pictures or one?

In Kenny Baker's picture, Alice Brady plays a temperamental diva with such gusto and spirit that her scenes awaken the whole picture. Even Kenny himself catches the gay mood of make-believe and is much better in his scenes with Alice Brady. She is one of America's few great actresses and on the screen she has no equal. Alice Brady is a great artist because she plays a scene. She can be surrounded by "atmosphere" and a cast of real players, but when the character that she represents is in the clutches of emotion, Alice Brady is like one possessed.

Never miss a chance to see her.

With this issue Silver Screen completes its seventh year and we are very happy to say that recently this magazine has received approving letters and complimentary newspaper comment.

The staff thanks you. That makes the next one a Thanksgiving issue.

Editor.
Complexions with GLAMOUR need this Special care

"I use Lux Toilet Soap to guard against Cosmetic Skin"

JANET GAYNOR

This girl knows Hollywood's Beauty Secret too!

I found out long ago men like girls with soft, smooth skin.

So I always guard most carefully against cosmetic skin. I use cosmetics of course...

But always before I go to bed, I use Lux Toilet Soap. Its active lather prevents stale make-up from choking the pores.

I use cosmetics, and you must use cosmetics, but I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Many a happy girl is following lovely Janet Gaynor's advice! "I use cosmetics," she tells you. "But I remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. I never take chances with Cosmetic Skin!"

Foolish to risk this danger—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's active lather removes the dust, dirt, stale cosmetics that might otherwise remain to choke the pores. Before you renew make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed—use this gentle care.

REMEMBER, 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE THIS SOAP.
CYCLING is a favorite sport of Miss Wendy Morgan (left, above) debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan, Jr. Following her bow to society at the Hotel Pierre, Miss Morgan cycle-toured in Ireland and the Tyrol. After a spin, Miss Morgan admits that "cycling does take it out of you ... but Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

IN THE STATES, Miss Morgan enjoys sports, mural painting, and an interesting social life. "You'd think," she once remarked, "that such a busy life would tell on my digestion. Not a bit! For one thing, I smoke Camels with my meals. And Camels help digestion!"

TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER SET WHO GO IN FOR VIGOROUS OUTDOOR SPORTS

MISS WENDY MORGAN
OF NEW YORK

BADMINTON, riding, sailing—Miss Morgan enjoys them all! And whatever the sport, Camels keep her company. "I'd feel lost," she says, "if I didn't have Camels along. Their delicate flavor never tires my taste."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS! Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand. Smoking Camels at mealtime does much to help digestion.

CANADA to Wendy Morgan means "good trout fishing"—at Murray Bay or the Morgan island in the St. Lawrence. Expert in casting, she says: "I don't want to do anything that would be hard on the nerves. I smoke Camels. They're mild. They never jangle my nerves."

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Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

Miss Joan Belmont, New York  Mrs. Nicholas Riddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston  Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd, Boston  Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., Philadelphia
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York  Mrs. Nicholas Gardner, Philadelphia
Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Philadelphia  Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Raymond Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL