There's No Mortgage on Ginger Rogers' Heart
SO YOU WANT A LOVELY COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!

THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"

YOU SEE, WE HAVE VERY SENSITIVE SKIN

"If you think your complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"

WE MUST USE THE MOST SOOTHING SOAP

"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."

DR. DAFOE SAID ONLY PALMOLIVE

"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement: "For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for you? Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for our tender skin, it must be best for yours, too? Well anyway, our advice is, only Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

SO DON'T YOU THINK PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO?

"Why Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, makes complexions soft, smooth, young again. Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm Oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color. Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier, younger-looking!"

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

© 1937, M. R. A. Service, Inc.
She evades close-ups... Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Here is a girl who should own a smile like sunlight dancing on wind-swept water—a rippling, dazzling, flashing smile! The merest parting of her lips should reveal teeth that are bright, that glisten with a beautiful lustre.

But how distressing for her (and how shocking for you) if when she smiles she reveals dull teeth and flabby gums, tragic evidence of dental ignorance or deliberate and unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Don't let such neglect penalize you. Any time your tooth brush shows that warning tinge of "pink"—see your dentist and see him promptly. You may not be headed for serious trouble but it's safer to have your dentist's assurance. Many times, however, the verdict will be gums that are the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and exercise—and, very often, gums that will respond to the waking stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums when you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation quickens and stimulates the gum tissues—helps them to a new firmness that keeps them healthier. The theory of Ipana and massage is approved by many American dentists—is taught in many schoolrooms all over the land. And right at home Ipana and massage can be your dentist's able assistant in the care of your teeth and gums.

Start today to use Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth brighter. And your smile will then be a smile you can be proud of—radiant, winning, lovely!

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock E.D.S.T.

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.
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"
"Get a F - Pair of Joes"
"Everybody Sings"
and others
LET'S LOOK AT LESLIE HOWARD

Yes, let's look at Leslie and see what makes him tick. He's back in Hollywood... as popular as ever... and he has a lot of things to tell you in the pages of the September MOTION PICTURE. This issue also offers a full quota of all-revealing stories about Janet Gaynor, whose star is reborn, Alice Faye, Gypsy Rose Lee, Paul Muni, Adolphe Menjou, who has staged a sensational comeback, George Brent, Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, Sophie Tucker, Annabella, the European sensation... and other stars in the headlines. Order now from your newsdealer.


Edward Everett Horton has one of the show places in Hollywood. On Sunday, August 15, you'll be guests at his big cocktail party.

We'll Be Seein’ You!

Hurry and Hop Aboard the Movieland Special! The Stars are Waiting for You!!

A

ND now comes the last call for the last “traveling house-party” that will shortly wend its way Hollywoodward via the Northern Pacific Railroad. As you are reading this last call, the lucky group who have made the first tour are basking under the California sun by day and frolicking with the stars by night. They are well out of the heat of the middle west and east, and are enjoying breezes coming from the great, cool Pacific which gently caress Hollywood during the summer months, making it the vacation spot of North America.

But you don't need to read those words with the thought in mind that these pleasures cannot be yours, for there is still time for you to fill out the coupon below and assure yourself of the best time you have ever had in all your life. The Fawcett Hollywood office has been working hand in hand with the stars to make your stay a pleasant and enjoyable vacation. Just think, five great movie magazines are behind your vacation—they are MOVIE STORY, SCREEN BOOK, SCREEN PLAY, HOLLYWOOD and this magazine, and each one carries the magic little blank that will guarantee your leaving Chicago this August 8th with a crowd of good fellows all bent on seeing Hollywood behind the scenes.

Even as you step off the train Sunday morning on the fifteenth of the same month, the fun begins, for there will be screen personalities on hand to greet you and “give you the key to the city.” Imagine the thrills when, having seen the most interesting spots in north-western America and the national parks the Northern Pacific Railroad passes through, you finally land up right here in Hollywood.

On the same Sunday afternoon, Edward Everett Horton is expecting you all to come out to his place and have cocktails with him and his most congenial movie friends. Eddie, as all his close associates call him, has turned over his spacious ranch for the enjoyment of the tourists. Eddie has gone to endless detail to make his party give you the kind of send off your arrival warrants. To those of you who like to play tennis, Eddie extends a warm invitation to make use of his courts on that memorable afternoon. Eddie is a swell player, himself, and it wouldn't surprise us a bit if he didn't challenge some of you to a fast game.

A

FTER your party at the congenial Horton's home, you then go back to your hotel and prepare yourselves for another surprise, for, we have arranged for some of you to attend the famous Edie Cantor-Texaco broadcast and others of you to attend a show at the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Eddie Cantor has planned to be on hand that evening and greet you along with the rest of his guest stars. But let's try to get to bed early this evening, for the next day holds much in store for us. The next day, Monday, is Paramount day. . . .

[Continued on page 65]
JAMES ELLISON, whose career somewhat parallels Randy Scott’s, is one of the few western stars to leave those ranks for leads in top-ranking feature productions. Ellison hails from Valier, Montana, where he was born twenty-six years ago on his father’s cattle ranch. After his father’s death, the family moved to Los Angeles, where Jimmy, youngest of six children, was educated in Polytechnic High School. Jimmy, an outstanding student, was elected president of the school’s student body—no small honor in an institution of several thousand students. Always active in sports, Jimmy made the football team, but couldn’t play because of a broken leg received in the first game of the season. Jimmy is no slouch at tennis, swimming or riding. Ellison’s family wanted him to become a writer like his brothers, but he chose to become an actor. Still in his early twenties, Jimmy got off to a good start on the stage with a small part in a play at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena. Jimmy spent his evenings at the playhouse and his days working in the laboratory at Warner Bros. A Warner scout saw him and arranged a screen test. Jimmy knocked off from his job in the “lab” long enough to take the test and then hurried back to work and had the unusual experience of developing and printing his own test. Jimmy made two pictures, but soon after returned to the stage where he appeared as Billie Burke’s leading man. Jimmy was later signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but soon after bought up his contract with that studio to take a job in the Hawaiian Islands. Upon his return, he went to Sequoia National Park and was about to become a ranger when Harry Sherman signed him to co-star with William Boyd in the Hopalong Cassidy series. Ellison’s third entry in pictures brought him to the attention of Cecil B. DeMille. The rest is history, for Jimmy’s part as the youthful Buffalo Bill in The Plainsman has gained him recognition as a top notch leading actor. Jimmy has just finished 23½ Hours Leave for Douglas MacLean—a part which MacLean once played himself. At present Jimmy is slated to make a picture a year for both MacLean and C. B. DeMille, aside from being under contract to Harry Sherman. His next picture is for Sherman entitled, The Barrier, which Mr. Sherman is making for Paramount. Jimmy was married recently to Gertrude Durkin after a whirlwind courtship. Jimmy is six-feet-two-inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has blue eyes and dark brown hair.
It becomes news when Marlene Dietrich bursts into song as she does here in an off moment. Director Lubitsch accompanies her while Bart Marshall registers astonishment.

REALLY not as short-lived as you might have cause to believe are these Hollywood marriages. Anyway, not ALL of them. Because, in a recent MOTION PICTURE AND CLASSIC, OL' Man Tattler recorded the impermanence of love in movieland, this month he wants to list for you a few instances to the contrary—

Consider the Leslie Havards—twenty-one years married!! George Burns and Gracie Allen, ten years. Florence Eldridge and Freddie March, ditto! The Basil Rathbones just celebrated their eleventh anniversary. Chester Morris and Wifie Sue, another decade-married pair. Dick Arlen and Jobie Ralston, eleven years.

And the heroes of all—Jimmy and Lucille Gleason, who've been anniversarizing regularly for twenty-eight (1) years. Joe E. Brown's been the same woman's husband for twenty-two years. The Harold Lloyds have fourteen years on the books, as have the Warren Williams. Exotic Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons have been married eight. Ditto Bob Montgomery. Bing Crosby, five. And that's only some of them.

And now that OL' Man Tattler has done his monthly good deed for Hollywood, let's go peeping . . . !

CUPID'S COUPL ET:
Joe Rivkin and Leah Ray,
Boy, oh boy, are they that way!

MOST interesting cupidean news of Hollywood's month (to Garbo, anyway) was the marriage of George Brent and that Australian actress, Constance Worth. It marks publicly what most Hollywood insiders have long known—the end of another Greta romance.

Now he's broken both rules he set for himself. That, dear ones, MUST be love. Anyway, she's not a Hollywood actress, George . . . !

CUPID'S COUPL ET:
Rich lad Tommy Somermeier and pretty Ella Logan
Seem to be quite well on fire; that's not any jokin'.

OL' TATTLER wishes to blazes that Nino Martini and Elissa Landi'd do something besides just make enigmatic replies to queries. Ten to one it's as hot a romance as Hollywood's ever seen, yet they blab about "he's the sweetest fellow I ever knew," and "she's the grandest girl I've ever met"—and then they coldwater it all with: "But we're just the best of friends—interested in music, you know." Puddle-duddle!!!!!

MOST amusing manifestations of Hollywood ways are those staged by Marlene Dietrich, for one, and Errol Flynn, for the other . . . Both are married, yet consistently step out with others. Marlene has been the almost constant companion of Doug, Jr., since his return from abroad, with Director Fritz Lang and Willis Goldbeck as runners-up. As for Flynn, since he returned from being more or less "wounded" in the Spanish affair, he has been seen squirting both Simone Simon and Mona Maris out the niteries.

(Continued on page 12)

Before studio hair-dressers went out on strike, Basil Rathbone had his raven locks put in place for One Hour of Romance.

But besides that, it's interesting too, in view of what George told your Tattler not very long ago. He said he didn't want to marry for at least five years (this was hardly two years back), and anyway, if and when he did, he didn't think he'd want to marry an actress. Anyway, not a Hollywood one, because—well, he didn't seem to think much of the intellectuality of most of them.

—Fairchild Photo by Rhodes

Rochelle Hudson begs Phil Harris, whose orchestra opened recently at the Cocoanut Grove, to get hot with Johnny One Note.
Darlin’,

promised you a lot of beach clothes ideas for this month’s fashion-letter, didn’t I? Oh—here goes. But let me warn you beforehand. Don’t expect to hear all about the brevity of swim and play clothes—because that’s not the latest trend . . . This year Hollywood gals are definitely covering up in a big way when they take the sun—sun suits, long blouses instead of halters . . . It was down at Malibu that I got my eyes and eyes full of this fashion talk—and from no less a person than Joan Crawford herself . . . Joan was wearing a long beach coat of navy blue picot—full length with tight bodice and a gathered skirt. The coat was lined with gaily flowered chintz—and the play suit she wore beneath, her large sun hat and beach bag were all of the same bright print . . . But right in the middle of my initiation into the latest in the Crawford wardrobe, we both stopped to gasp when we saw Dolores Del Rio coming toward us! Because Dolores was wearing the most eye-striking costume I have ever seen—a white linen beach coat hand blocked with the largest, brilliant red roses outside an aquarium! And if a gal with the form that Dolores has will wear a coat that completely covers it—that must be style . . . But don’t think you’re going to have to make your budget lean to purchase hand-blocked linen outfits—because just as exciting to our fast-growing fashion conference was Rosalind Russell’s coat of blue and white stripes follow-ticking. And if you haven’t grown very much since the last time I saw you—you’ll probably be able to do something with those two pillows in the guest room . . . All these complete-coverage jobs and the sunburn on my neck were getting me down, and it was a relief to see Dixie Dunbar come running across the sand toward us. (Where that gal gets her pep?) Dixie was wearing the cutest overalls ever—purple denim, the trouser cuffs came just about the knees. A cotton skirt of purple and white stripe completed her costume.

If you sit on the sand at Malibu, and wait long enough, all Hollywood will go by. And it wasn’t long before Maureen O’Sullivan and her pet, Dolmazian, Roger, joined the gang. Maureen denied it when I accused her of dressing to match her dog—but if her white linen sun suit, blouse and shorts, polka-dotted in black, didn’t match Roger’s coat—I’m busy . . . Wendy Barrie and Claire Trevor came down to the sand to cool off (of all things!) after a fast game of tennis. And whether or not those gals can play—they can certainly dress the part . . . Wendy’s tennis shorts were of suede—pale pink, and white, and over them she wore a cashmere sweater of a sort of bluish-thistle shade . . . You’re fairly talking a little better, because her shorts were of Chinese red silk-linen, lined up the sides in white. Her white cotton-knit shirt was laced at the neck in red.

I don’t know who started it—but as usual the talk changed from clothes to the gags and accessories worn with them. Maybe it was Una Merkel, because Una was wearing her latest invention—celluloid gloves! The gloves are quite short, fastened snugly about her wrists and the fingers are bound with brightly-fretted etroies. The purpose of all this seems to be to protect the hands and fingernail polish from a day at the beach.

Virginia Grey (that new M-G-M cutie) proudly showed us her latest version of the charm bracelet—a charm-adorable. Made of braided strands of multi-colored raffia, the bracelet has charms carved from bits of cork. And it wasn’t long before Virginia had all the males in the group hunting for cork and slipping their fingers in an attempt to carve.

If you think Rosalind Russell’s coat of pillow ticking was queer, wait a minute. I had luncheon with her at the Vendome a few days after that, and she was wearing her newest golf ensemble made of burlap! And that still means the same thing it did when we lived on the farm—a gummy—back. You’d never know the potato-plant in its newest guise tho’—because it is cut in a two-piece suit with both jacket and skirt buttoning all the way down the front with large, natural-colored wooden buttons . . . That must have been a day for goofy materials. Elissa Landi, who designs her own clothes, came into the room wearing a two-piece suit of white turbid traveling! And when I write next month it’s going to be a preview peek into the very earliest of fall clothes!

Mlle. Chic.
AND now, what about David Niven, Merle Oberon, et al? Particularly the et al. Now, after it was all decided that Merle and Davie had split, and Merle was Brian Aherne-ing around England, while Davie was satisfied with Loretta Young, Dorothy Haas and others, comes the about-face again. From England comes the report that Merle and Brian have split, but definitely. And although in Hollywood, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are probably Hollywood's happiest couple now. Wed recently, they're honeymooning.

IT'S SMART TO USE HOLD-BOBS

In glamorous Hollywood, where a hairdress must always be ready for the camera, HOLD-BOBS are the favorite bob pins of the loveliest stars! They have known HOLD-BOBS for a long time... and know that these bob pins keep coiffures always at their very best. You need a perfect hairdress to be a picture of perfection... at the office, where looks are so important... on the beach, where you're the center of many eyes... on the dance floor, where your partner sees your hair in a personal close-up. That's why you should use HOLD-BOBS. Remember, they're the only bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs... one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. These superior bob pins are sold everywhere. You'll know HOLD-BOBS by their brilliant gold and silver cards.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-87, Chicago, Ill.

HOLD-BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
• Rochelle Hudson and Lee Bowman, 'Round the nite-spots always roamin'.

AMUSED is Hollywood at Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets' indifference to time, place, circumstances, when they want to go into romance. They'll hug and coo anywhere when they feel like it. Nice to be so affectionate though married, isn't it?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
• Natalie Draper and Tommy Brown
May wed ere this in print is down.

FRESH Giggle in the Loretta-Sonja-Tyrone threesome: Tyrone Power moved not long ago, taking a house quite near that of Loretta. Of a sudden, Sonja decided that she, too, should move. She looked for a house. And would you believe it?—the best one she could find to satisfy her was one nearer to Ty's than Ty's was to Loretta's. And she with skates to give her added speed.

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
BEN BERNIE and Zeppo Marx are responsible for this young man's star in the theatrical world. ... One gave him his poise and theatrical finish, while the other secured for him his first job in pictures and his present contract with Universal ... Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 1909, King gained his preparatory education at Cincinnati public schools ... He attended the University of Cincinnati after being graduated from high school. ... John's ambitions in those days led him to take up a general business career. ... However, John never put his education to practical use for, as soon as he finished college, he went to work as a stoker in a grain elevator ... In time he became a clerk for a radio concern, a furniture salesman, a chauffeur and a candy salesman ... to top this all off, he later became a lumberjack in Old Mexico and a ranch-hand in New Mexico. ... 1930 found King returning to his home town. ... By this time, his fine baritone voice had become greatly improved because it was John's habit to sing as he went about his labors on the great western ranch. ... Through a friend, John gained an audition in a radio station in Kentucky and a job resulted. ... On these programs King soon became chief entertainer, singing popular songs and ballads. ... Friends soon convinced him that his voice was too fine, so he turned to his prominent voice teachers for serious instruction. ... Eight months later found John as chief announcer and featured singing star over his home town radio station in Cincinnati ... he spent four years at this job. ... Ben Bernie's chance listening to John's program turned his career and soon after he was on the Or Maestro's pay roll as a featured singer. ... John's experience with Bernie developed his poise and confidence. ... By February, 1935, Ben Bernie's band landed in Hollywood, and it was here that the band leader told King that he was ready for the screen. ... King was unwilling to leave the man who had given him such a start, but after a talk with Zeppo Marx, John changed his mind and took a screen test at Universal ... the result brought a long term contract. ... After a good performance in Three Smart Girls he landed the top part in The Road Back. ... John is an accomplished baseball player and is better than fair at golf. ... He is a camera fan and has made some excellent portraits in his spare time. ... John is six-feet-two, weighs 180 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes ... rumored to be engaged to Binnie Barnes, but don't take this too seriously ... Binnie is in Europe!
**QUEST...**

is completely effective
ON SANITARY NAPKINS

- Why take chances now that complete protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named Quest that positively destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

- Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate the skin or clog the pores!

- Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.

- And Quest costs no more than other kinds...only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it today at any drug counter.

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**SMART lad is Glenn Morris, the new screen Tarzan.** When press agents suggested that, to enhance his appeal, he start stepping out with this and that cutie, Glenn held up a hand, shouted "No sir, not me...!"

- But it'll get your name in the papers, they told him.

- "I know. That's just it. My wife's coming back to town next week!"

- So onscreen, Morris will be romantic as they want him to be. But offscreen, Mrs. Glenn Morris will do all the playing opposite him.

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**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**

Cynthia Hobart and Russell Gleason; Looks like wedding bells this season.

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**MARSHA RAYE** has just decided between Bill Morrow and Buddy Westmore. She eloped with Buddy the other night.

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**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**

Al Kingston and Mary Maguire; 'Way in the clouds, and going higher.

---

**NOW June Lang and Vic Orsatti have gone and made a fibber out of Ol' Man Tattler...**

- After busting their engagement into infinitesimal bits not so long ago, they've suddenly reconciled, straightened out whatever obstacles were in the way (rumor said is was family objections) and became mrandmrs with a honeymoon in Honolulu...

- O-kay, June; Ol' man Tattler isn't sore. He's just glad you're happy again.

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**The TALKIE TOWN Tattler**

[Continued from page 12]
AND now Tattler is going to ask for another wallop. He’s going to tell you that Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., who cooed most ardently not long ago, are iced. They’re not even talking. That’s true—at the time this is written. But by the time you read it, they’ll probably be married. Hollywood’s like that, ma!

FOR the sake of his love for Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Stewart has waged a grand—and successful—battle to play opposite her in Radio’s Vivacious Lady. Cast with her, he was suddenly out when illness hospitalized him just as the picture was about to begin. Often, Ginger (who says she’s not going to fall in love for quite a while yet) visited him in the hospital. Convalescent, he pleaded powerfully for the role, stayed away from his home (MGM) lot because he was afraid they wouldn’t loan him to Radio, spent much of his time at Radio studio, even took a test with Ginger (only a coiffure test for Ginger). Finally, all concerned broke down. Vivacious Lady has been postponed until autumn to allow Jimmy to do his M-G-M schedule, then come back to Radio on loan to play opposite Ginger. And if that ain’t love, what is it?

[Continued on page 58]
THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TODAY OWE THEIR SLIM YOUTHFUL FIGURES TO THE QUICK, SAFE WAY TO REDUCE... PERFOLASTIC.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson.

"Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Dver.

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 agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLimmer!

1 You appear inches smaller at once, and you 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 first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other PERFOLASTIC wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDuces SAFely... QUICKLY... WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

2 You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make PERFOLASTIC delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will increase pep and energy.

Send for Ten Day Free Trial Offer

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

SUMMER IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 78, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new PERFOLASTIC Girdles and Brassieres, also samples of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
Address

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertising Brand!
Al Jolson feels as proud of his Ruby ("yassah, my Ruby") as he does of his Mammy (still sings it) in the way she has danced to stardom. Who can resist the lilt of her Irish eyes—or that smile as she gives you the old "come on"
The new Hollywood glamour girl is no sudden New York "discovery," nor any European sensation. She is Marguerite Churchill, who, with her new coiffure, streamline figure, dash and verve, is now being re-discovered as an actress deserving of the better things since she made a hit in the Broadway play, And Now Goodby. She's one of Columbia's best bets.
This exclusive portrait of Fred is in order since going Exclusive (his next picture) on us and co-starring with Frances Farmer. Time was when you (all six foot three inches) were perched on a podium leading a band and toot-in' a sax. But sure as tootin', you're now sittin' pretty on the soft berth of stardom—with a large fan public all your own.
No Mortgage On Ginger's Heart

The smartest girl in Hollywood is Ginger Rogers. She's not only protecting her heart from a beating it took, but she's also salting her money away for a rainy day

By DAN CAMP

IN YEARS of watching Hollywood's wheels go 'round, from the inside, I've naturally heard dozens of nominations for the title of "the smartest darn' so-and-so in the movies"...

I've heard the title wished on plenty of stars—Harlow, Garbo, Lombard, Gaynor, others. Up to now, I've been content to let others do the nominating, while I did the picking-to-pieces. I said "it wasn't Harlow; it was her press-agents!" I protested "it's not Garbo; it's a habit!" Gaynor?—"thank her producers," I objected.

Jimmy Stewart is as near as anyone to having a mortgage on Ginger's affections now
Each time, I was howled down with: "All right, then. Who IS the smartest dame in Hollywood, if y’know so much!?"

Fine! I’ll answer that. I’ll stand up on my hind legs right now, and point to Ginger Rogers (that red-haired, green-eyed, lovely-legged honey!) and tell the world that there, bar none, is the smartest gal in pictures. What’s more, I’ll even tell you why:

It’s because of what you can call the All-For-Ginger-Rogers, Hundred-Per-Cent Self-Insurance Closed Corporation! It’s the keenest-brained, most armor-clad system for taking care of one’s own little itsy-bitsy self that I’ve ever seen. Smart-headed Rogers has taken a crafty look at Hollywood’s people, at herself, and at her past record (including the blotches), and she’s worked out a plan whereby she has insured herself against just about anything that can happen to knock a movie-star into blazes.

Maybe Lombard’s laying herself wide open to grief with her one-man all-for-Gable setup, but lil Ginger has her heart doubly protected against being busted again. Maybe Alice Faye is letting herself be typed into future obscurity as nothing but a hey-hey-hotchacha mama, but Ginger has a definite system against that sort of thing for Ginger. And so on—she’s got her own insurance plan worked out against poverty; against the boredom of shallowness and emptiness when stardom eventually fades; against the uncertainty of the future; against, even, the unpredictable but never-impossible catastrophe that may in one fell swoop destroy stardom at its height.

And if you want a closer look at the inside workings of Ginger Rogers’ All-For-Ginger Self-Insurance Company, come on and see:

Ginger is building a hilltop home which will have a tennis court and a big swimming-pool

FIRST of all, her HEART: Ginger’s pretty darn careful about that. She’s had her heart shattered once; she doesn’t want any more of it. I don’t think it’s quite healed, even yet, from the beating it took when her “ideal romance” with Lew Ayres went wham! Ginger idealized Lew; Ginger believed, with all her heart and soul, and with no trace of that cynical skepticism that underlies so many Hollywood marriages, that her marriage to Lew would be one of those forever things. But it crashed. No use rehashing the details. But I know that never in all her life had Ginger suffered as she did when the smash came. I know that she never intends to suffer like that again. So what? So Ginger has insured herself against that possibility.

In the first place, you see. Ginger isn’t divorced from Lew. What’s more, there isn’t even a divorce action in the wind. It’s a legal separation. From what I know, that’s okeh with Lew, too. He feels pretty much as Ginger does. And so, undivorced but still legally separated and free to enjoy the company of other Hollywood folk, Ginger and Lew can go their way. Ginger can step out with any Hollywood lad on the list; the gossips can point and say there’s romance in the two-some. BUT—don’t forget that Ginger is still tied, legally and morally. Even if she should, by some combination of circumstances, lose control and want to plunge headlong into matrimony again, she couldn’t. She’s insured against it. It’d take weeks, months, maybe a year, to get a [Continued on page 76]
Hollywood's Mad Hatter

You'll go for this story of the Don Ameches (the Mad Hatters of Hollywood)—and how they get a kick out of everything. Some fun!

By MARY DECKER

In the first place Ameche's monicker isn't Don at all. It's Don. Short for Dominic. And in the second place, it isn't exactly just marriage. It's a riot. Short for riotous.

In speaking of the collective events that go to make up the marital state of the Don Ameches, some one aptly termed them the Thin Man couple of Hollywood. Certainly Nick and Nora in their wildest moments never lived such a casually informal existence as the Dominic Felix Ameches.

Strangely enough, the Ameche lad could have chosen the "Nick" end of his name just as easily as "Don," misinterpreted by young and old as D-o-n. And the "Honore" of Mrs. Ameche could just as easily be translated to "Nora." I'm almost certain it is in certain localities.

All they lack, these two, to complete the Thin Man idea is a good murder mystery, and even at that I'm not sure they won't have one soon. Without the mystery. For Mrs. Ameche has blithely and openly threatened to commit mayhem on the auto-driving mailman whose carburetor chokes twice every day directly in front of their house. As a result, he keeps honking the horn while both Ameche children howl, Sheila the dog goes mad, and the Belgium house boy bursts a spleen.


This occurrence interrupts other various explosions of varying degrees of violence, just twice each day. Which should give you a small idea of what goes on in a valley called San Fernando—in a house of the Ameches.

The surrounding shrubbery undoubtedly thought it had seen everything when Bill Fields formerly lived within this same secluded house. But Bill and his little chickadees were nothing compared to the Ameches and their little pecadillos.

Don's lack of memory contributes greatly to the confusion. He forgets to answer phones, return calls, send wires, change his shirt, and never under any circumstances remembers appointments. Which made it anything but cozy when the Ameches woke up at eleven one morning last week to find studio photographers neatly grouped about their bed. Don opened one brown eye very reluctantly and gazed at the boys. Mrs. Ameche's blue eyes opened wide with some semblance

[Continued on page 78]
No type is Tala Birell. She can do a Theda Bara as well as a Mary Pickford and without having to effect the dainties of one or the slinky, clinging models of the other. Tala, the beautiful, does it from inside and that is why all Europe toasted her. And we toast her for her role in As Good As Married.

A winner, she! Jean Rogers' first victory was when she was selected the winner of a beauty contest. Then she won the admiration of Universal who made her a feature picture star. And now she is winning us all with her splendid performance in Night Key. Her latest victory is the lead in The Wildcatter.
Six Things a Movie

If you’re a tycoon’s wife or just the helpmate of a humble worker don’t envy movie stars’ wives. Pat Paterson reveals that they have problems, too

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY
Wife Must Forgive

If you are the wife of a big business tycoon or merely the helpmate of a humble bank teller, don't envy the wife of a film star. She has just as many problems as you have. More, perhaps. The lush sub-tropical climate of California which produces out-sized vegetation, works the same miracle on marital difficulties. Small flaws become gargantuan in size. Big enough to become problems. Big enough to forgive. Thus our theme for today, you avid readers.

Hardly the spokesman for all of Hollywood's forgiving wives because her marriage of three years-plus to eloquent-eyed Charles Boyer is still ecstatically perfect (and why not?), Scotch "Pat" Paterson is nevertheless canny enough to see the danger signs that flicker on Matrimony Road. And to avoid them. You have to hand it to these small, slim, five-feet-two girls, with honey-colored hair, green eyes, and sense of humor.

"Monotony is one of the greatest things to overcome in film marriages," stated little Miss Paterson, soon to appear in Walter Wanger's 52nd Street. "You may think that monotony flourishes only in non-professional marriages where the husband is in trade and his wife manages the household, but that's before you stop and think that even glamour, if it's continuously served, can become so tiresome that you would like to scream.

"Glamour in small doses is all right. Every life can stand a little enchantment. But theatrical people, particularly film people, are by necessity thrust up to their chins in glamour. To be beautiful, unbelievably lovely, is a part of the business of selling film entertainment. But to have to live drenched in glamour for twenty-four hours of the day... well, that's a different thing. Did you ever try living on squad and truffles and all the richest, rarest foods? You soon lose taste for them. It's the same way with glamour," says this wifely realist.

Then how to avoid monotony? "Oh, that's easy," answered Pat in her crisp British voice. "Try for a laugh. Surprises. Once you get a good laugh started, get back to the good old fundamentals that make for perfect companionship—I mean fun and common interests and that sort of thing—then you are saved. For a while, at least.

"You ask me to be specific about surprises. All right, here's one. My husband is about to enter into a 'mood.' I daresay in ordinary life all husbands have 'moods.' The wife of a business man probably calls her husband's silences 'the blues,' figures that the grosses of this month's business have not been big enough, and let's it go at that. The movie wife, because her husband is an artist, has 'moods,' not the 'blues,' with which to contend and to forgive.

"I'd rather do something about them than to let them run their courses," continued Mrs. Boyer. "But first I must be..."
The other day I approached Bill Powell with what I thought to be a new "angle" for a hot story about him. He has made a reputation for himself as the screen's perfect romantic husband. Well, couldn't he tell us a few things about his many screen wives? Give us his personal opinions on the charms and merits of such lovely peaches as Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Luise Rainer, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur, Rosalind Russell, with perhaps a few anecdotes and fond reminiscences thrown in. Tell us exactly what makes them click as displayers of movie glamor.

Bill smiled wearily. "I value their friendship too much," he said, "to talk about them for publication. Either I must say exactly the same thing about every one of them, in exactly the same words, or not say anything. I prefer not to say anything."

To find a new angle in the case of a screen veteran like Bill, who has been asked all the questions and whose life story is an open book to cinemaddicts, is a stroke of pure genius, no less. And as such strokes have escaped me all my life as a reporter, I gave up my mental struggle and confessed my inability to think up another angle about him, something that hasn't been done before. Could he help me?

He smiled again his weary smile. "I wish I could. But let's forget about angles and let me talk as one man to another, say anything that comes to my mind, without any forethought. That's my idea of a pleasant and real interview."

This is a freakish business I am in. Because there is a world-wide market for motion pictures, actors get big money—although by no means as much as the publicity department would have you believe. "The old law of supply and demand," he continued, "operates in this as in any other business. Being well paid for their work, actors lead so-called glamorous lives. They have mansions, yachts, go to expensive nightclubs. They are put on pedestals, made superhuman creatures, gods and goddesses, paragons of virtues, oracles of wisdom. A constant barrage of publicity keeps them constantly in the public limelight. I am supposed to be at Arrowhead Springs when as a matter of fact I am resting in bed reading a book. Interviewers seek the opinions of movie stars on every conceivable subject. They learn the intricate game of 'angles' and are quoted on things they don't know a damn thing about. It's all so phoney."

"Frankly, I don't sub- [Continued on page 72]

Bill doesn't know whether he will marry again but Hollywood is betting that he'll marry Jean Harlow.

From Now On I Want to LIVE—BILL POWELL

If Bill could live his life over again he wouldn't be a movie star for all the money in the world. It isn't worth it. And as for marrying again, Bill can't make up his mind.

By LEON SURMELIAN
Just a Grown-Up Shirley Temple

There's something about Sonja Henie that reminds you of La Temple. She has the same disposition and mannerisms. And like Shirley she knows what she wants and how to get it

By MOLLY CASTLE

Two little baby-faced girls arrived at Twentieth Century-Fox from Europe about the same time. While Americans were learning to pronounce their names, they were learning to pronounce American.

After a while we got so we could say Sonja Henie and Simone Simon as if we were born to it. They learned things, too. Both of them continued to look ten years old, but there was nothing juvenile about their European shrewdness.

They had different ways of expressing it, though. Simone thought up a plan to stamp her foot and open her mouth and get ready to scream. She learned how to say: "Get me out of this picture!" They got her out.

What Sonja learned was something different; or maybe she had known it all along; maybe it was the technique she had discovered when appearing before a bunch of judges who all spoke different languages and were out of earshot, anyway. What Sonja knew was to put her head on one side and smile and then show them. She wanted to be a champion on skates—so she showed those judges she could do it. Now she wants to be a champion off skates, and she's proved her ability there, too.

No need for her to go into a tantrum and crack the ice and shout "Take me off skates, I want to act!" She said it in such a low, sweet voice it was almost a whisper. She said it by proving first that she could act and act well. Then they forgot that giving her more and bigger dramatic parts hadn't been their idea in the first place. The result was the same; it was just a question of method.

You can't judge a thing by appearances. If you think that way you can take one look, or two, or as many as you like, at Sonja and see what there is about the little grown-up Shirley Temple that puts her in the championship class and keeps her there.

Watch her as she is sitting at the head of a lunch party given in her honor. It is a long table and she looks first down one side and then down the other and back to me again. I am sitting [Continued on page 66]
MELVYN DOUGLAS

If Melvyn Douglas is wearing the look of the cat that swallowed the mouse it's because in Captains Courageous he fairly ate up the role of Freddie Bartholomew's dad and turned in the performance of his career.

CHESTER MORRIS

There are actors who pick out spotlights—and spotlights that pick out ACTORS. Chester Morris is one who is spotlighted because of one fine performance after another. And the spot shines on him anew in Depths Below.
Like the Kid Next Door

Stardom rests lightly on Freddie Bartholomew. Being neither precocious or spoiled, he's like the favorite boy in YOUR street.

There was a knock at the dressing-room door, but when I went to open it, the knob had turned prankish and refused to budge.

"That's Freddie gamboling," said his aunt Myllicent—more than his aunt now, for a few weeks ago Freddie became, with his parents' approval, her son by adoption.

The knob was stealthily released. Outside stood a pleasant-faced young man. The twinkle behind his glasses indicated that he wasn't above playing tricks, but a sidelong glance betrayed the fact that he'd merely connived at this one. The glance brought a small head peering round from the shelter of the wall.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the treble voice. "I thought it was Cis. She's used to my ungodly ways. I hope you didn't mind."

Freddie's smile revealed teeth clamped in braces which, if they added nothing to his beauty, gave him that comically engaging appeal of all small boys in the same plight. His soft brown hair tumbled free. His hands were on the grimy side, his knees criss-crossed with scratches, and one leg above the knee was decorated by a large patch of mercuriochrome which disappeared under the brief brown knickers.

So colorful was the patch that your eyes were inevitably drawn to it. "I see you're looking at my badge of honor," said Freddie, having seated himself on the arm of his aunt's chair.

"Horse. Rabbit-hole. This. Also this." He extended a black and blue thumb. "That, sir, is not dirt." He was addressing Mr. Van Scoyk, the young American with the twinkle behind his lenses, who is Freddie's tutor. Freddie's blue eyes beam on him affectionately, much as a father's might on a favorite son.

From his aunt rose a murmur of doubt as to his latest statement. "It's not dirt, Cis. This time it's not. I challenge you. I'll go wash it off and prove it. On second thought, why bother?" He started rubbing it ferociously.

"Darling!" Cis protested. "It's sprained. You'll hurt it."

"Well, do you surrender?" Cis surrendered. "O.K., my love. I'll desist. But I won't desist riding, Cis. I warn you. Rabbit-holes or no rabbit-holes, Buck Bartholomew rides again. It's absolutely necessary for me to learn how to leap astride a galloping horse and then swing down under. I'll probably have to drive a few nails in his spine to hang onto. I saw Errol Flynn do it in The Charge of the Light Brigade. He's taller than I am of course. Which might make a difference."

"That's just it," wailed Cis. "If you'd only ride like a normal child. You remember how it was with your bicycle. You always had to ride standing up, or your feet had to be perched on the handlebars. It's going to be the same way with horses."

"Well," reasoned Freddie, "I don't see why anyone should want to ride who couldn't do tricks. [Continued on page 74]

By IDA ZEITLIN

Freddie, like every boy, has his pets. And two of them are his cocker spaniels, Con-col and Toby. They recently recovered from mange

Freddie gives the performance of his young life in Captains Courageous, acting his role with magnificent feeling. Next is Kim
If this were a bathing beauty contest we would expect to see Laurie Douglas, way over, wearing a sash across her bathing suit inscribed as "Miss Come-Hither."

On the other hand, Jane Hamilton, left, can be called "Miss Streamliner." Her figure is so curvaceous that she puts most girls in the shade of her shadow.

**Miss HOLLYWOOD—by-the-Sea**

**(EIGHT of 'EM)**

Janice Jarratt displays two reasons why she is one of the most photographed beauties in the world. The Honolulu hat keeps the sun from a face it would love to touch up with freckles. She’s “Miss Look-Me-Over.”
Be brief and comfy says Betty Grable, left, displaying scrumptuous curves as "Miss Neat Trick"

Take note that Simone Simon, above, has good table manners. She keeps off the warm sand that has a way of getting wet and nasty. Simone is "Miss Ummph-Ummph"

Apparently, Carole Lombard teases Old Man Sun to do his stuff and give her a veneer of mahogany. Take it easy, Carole. Tag her "Miss S. A."

The last word in minimum protection from the sun is worn by Emily Lane, who becomes EXHIBIT "A" in Hollywood's beach evidence. We hope she never has to hide her lovely figure. Oh, "Miss Summer Dream!"

June Travis turns her back on the sun so it can do its dirty work in the spinal region. You have to give "Miss Sunny Disposish" credit for getting back to nature
In the search for new faces the studios are fast signing the country’s leading models

By CYRIL VANDOUR

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD is becoming a model city. The country’s most eye-fetching models are swinging their stuff before motion picture cameras. In their frantic search for new faces and figures that spell Box Office, the big boys of Beverly Hills are raiding dress and millinery shops and the morgues of commercial photographers, and recently several models have been put under contract and are being groomed for stardom.

Walter Wanger is producing the first edition of his Vogues, a lavish Technicolor picture featuring 14 models from New York. Paramount is shooting Artists and Models, with the intention of making it an annual feast for the eyes. The philosophic Charles Boyer is slated to produce The Man with Twelve Models, which he wrote himself, and in which, of course, he will be the man. Other model pictures are coming up. Remember that Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Jean Arthur used to be models. Among the new players, Paramount has Marsha Hunt, Dorothy Lamour and Terry Walker, M-G-M.
Way to Hollywood

Betty Furness, Columbia—Joan Perry, 20th Century-Fox—Delma Byron, the Brethren Warner—Veda Ann Borg, Universal—Lynn Gilbert—all models. B. P. Schulberg, independent producer for Paramount, who has discovered no less than 20 stars, thinks he has two new features for his cap—Orien Heyward and Judith Ford, both models. Neither has had any dramatic experience, but they are getting more money than many established players. Orien is a blonde of alabaster loveliness, while Judith is a dark Southern beauty. Unquestionably, we'd have had another cinemactress if Lillian Lamont hadn't preferred to be Fred MacMurray's model wife. She was in *Roberta* with Delma Byron.

Be the girl on the magazine cover or in the pages of the feminine class publications, and you are sure to get a break in Hollywood! We can't think of a better way of crashing the studios without dramatic or radio experience than modeling.

**Walter Wanger** thinks he has four or five potential stars in his Voguettes. In a special classroom at the United Artists Studios the Voguettes are taking dramatic lessons every day, their teacher being Harold Curlman of the famed New York Theatre Group, which gave Franchot Tone to the movies. The other day we attended the Voguette class as a guest of Teacher Curlman, to get acquainted with the girls. "I am trying to teach them the fundamentals of acting," he told us. "None of them has had any experience on the stage or screen, with the exception of a few who have appeared in musicals.

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Orien Heyward, famous style model, will appear for Schulberg-Paramount
A white tie, top hat and tails—and Fred Astaire are synonymous. Not forgetting the boutonniere and walking-stick. With the Duke of Windsor out of the sartorial sweepstakes Fred is NOW the world’s best-dressed man. With the highlights setting off his clubfellow finery he assumes a typical Astaire expression as he ponders over aiding a Damsel in Distress, the picture that follows Shall We Dance in which he steps his steppingest with Ginger as partner.
Everything Is Rosy Now for ANNA STEN

Still more passionate than glamorous, Anna Sten, the Soviet Cinderella, returns to start a new film career

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

EVERYTHING is rosy for Anna Sten. Following a lull in her American screen career, the glamorous Soviet star is resuming it by starring a gay comedy-drama, appropriately entitled, Gorgeous, in which she will sing, dance, wear beautiful costumes, and—laugh! It is the laughter that pleases her most. She is weary of the intense, emotional roles she has been playing and hopes that in Gorgeous and the picture, Two Who Dared, which she recently made in London and soon to be shown over here, she will establish a new screen personality. Anyway, she insists on versatility, and now that her husband, Eugene Frenke, is her manager and producer, each picture will be carefully chosen to suit her personality and particular talents.

Anna should play comedy for she is irresistibly, irrepressibly gay and happy. That there has been a break in her career, that the Hollywood plans did not turn out as brightly as they prom-

ised, have never overshadowed her happiness. Perhaps this is because she was reared amid the tragedy, the terrific hardships of war-torn Russia and experienced its unspeakable miseries. Nothing can matter much after that.

Film fans will recall the spectacular story of Anna's coming to Hollywood several years ago. She was already famous throughout Europe because of her Russian, German and French films when Samuel Goldwyn suddenly decided she had the fire and color, the passionate glamour that he wanted in a star to play with Ronald Colman in an English version of The Brothers Karamazov.

Within twenty-four hours the Goldwyn scouts had located Anna Sten in Berlin, and within a couple of weeks, she and her husband, who laid aside his own business, that of architecture, to accompany her, arrived in the movie capital amid the greatest publicity fanfare of recent years. But the radiantly beautiful girl and skilled actress [Continued on page 68]
BUCK BENNY Rides Again

By BETTY HARLAN

This story tells why in 5 years of radio Jack Benny has shot to the top and STAYED THERE. And been voted tops 3 years in a row

JACK BENNY has just celebrated his fifth anniversary on the air. For three years he has been voted tops by a national radio poll. What's more, he's the highest paid entertainer in the business today. And that's the guy who upset a whole nation with his everlasting business of Buck Benny rides again.

The question of whether Buck Benny rides again has become a national issue. Smart diners in the smartest restaurants, Congressmen in the Senate, men at work in sewers, children on playgrounds, women in beauty parlors, today are all interested in the one vital question: Will Buck Benny ride again?

It has become more than a national issue really. It has become an epidemic. It has spread like measles over the face of the radio world and people love it. Him and his six delicious flavors!

When a man has a way of creeping into the hearts of the nation the way this Benny has, there must be a darned good reason for it beside the fact he's funny. There are other funny men the world laughs over and then promptly forgets until the next time.

But this Benny now! We went to several representative men in Hollywood who know the man well and put it to them plainly. "Why does the world of America love this clown so devoutly?"

And here's the answer each and every one of them gave me. "Because Benny has a simpleness and kindliness of heart that's seldom found in so successful a man today. He's human before he's anything else. He's never gotten away from the simple, the true, the real, and people sense it and love him for it."

"Of course you know a guy with a reputation like that isn't exactly good copy, Mr. Benny," I told him as we sat on the set of Artists and Models.

He sat and pulled his left ear. "Oh, now, see here," he said, "There must be some rat in me."

"All right, let's have it," we urged.

He thought a moment: "Well, I played the violin in vaudeville once."

To begin with we may not have had any Benny at all if some individual, blessed be his unknown name, hadn't walked into his father's clothing store in Waukegan, Illinois, some thirty years ago and tried to buy a pair of shoes from young Jack without having changed his socks since the sinking of the Maine.

"Why make my living this hard way, Father?" he protested.

"There must be some less trying"

[Continued on page 81]

On the screen, as on the air, Jack always plays the underdog. After finishing Artists and Models the Bennys will vacation abroad.
And faces, too. Keep your head covered till six, but let the sun play on your face. Hollywood stars do and they are not only fashion leaders, but beauty wise as well. To check, let's go around the sun dial with Hollywood's younger set, starting at the highest point with Betty Furness. By the way, Betty has a reputation built on hats. The mad hatter wears a rolled-brim printed crepe hat to match her wood-green frock. A green ribbon is laced through the brim and tied at the back. Alice Faye dons a sporty panama plaided in brown and turns the brim up. That accounts for her sunny disposition

Jean Parker's naivete is emphasized by her heart-shaped leghorn trimmed with blue and red field flowers interspersed with natural straw daisies. And if you want to feel sixteen wear streamers down your back like little Miss Parker. Martha O'Driscoll goes formal and selects a lacquered straw toque with a coquettish veil. Color is added by a cluster of rose-buds at the side. While Shirley Ross professes to be no angel, she prefers a halo hat for sport. It's made from two crepe kerchiefs, pleated and tied in a knot over the forehead
1. Orien Heyward starts the day in a printed linen coat dress of her own design. Blue, yellow and green are the predominating colors. It's cool and crisp looking and it's tub-able.

2. Madge Evans' smart two-piece sports ensemble is in the new shade of summer tan. It's lightweight wool—and white pique trim adds dash. Her hat is white grosgrain with tan stripes.

3. Red and white or white and red are Betty Grable's favorite colors. So she uses both in a checked pattern. A short cape matches the skirt, collar and cuffs of the red background.

4. A dressier note is felt in this season's sport togs—witness Wendy Barrie. She wears the new high-waisted culottes of a new tropical fabric and she tucks in a gay printed cotton blouse. Over it she wears a skirt length robe.
5. Black is chic around the clock and the calendar. Madge Evans selects it for the background of her bright print afternoon dress. Tiny pleats run all 'round the skirt. Black accessories complete the smart, but simple costume.

6. The peasant motif is subtly adapted for Betty Grable's black and white linen dress. Note the puffed sleeves which are cut on the bias. The short bolero is lined in white. The belt is black.

7. Jean Rogers feels as cool as a cucumber in her green sharkskin two-piece dress trimmed in white. The wide buttoned down lapels are white and fastened with novelty green buttons.

8. Another Orien Heyward creation is modeled by its designer. Orien's afternoon suit is of crisp black taffeta. A lace trimmed jabot with a black ribbon adds softness. She's one smart girl!
OLIVIA MAJORS in “HOLLYWOOD”

Having majored in Hollywood’s “arts and sciences,” Olivia de Havilland has learned more than she ever would in college

By JAMES REID

THE first year is the hardest. You’re oppressed by what you don’t know. The second year, you take yourself much too seriously. You’re impressed by what you do know. The third year, you’re past both of those phases. You’re beginning to take life in stride, and enjoying it more. You’re beginning to live more outside yourself.”

Olivia de Havilland said that. And, having said it, she smiled, amused by an afterthought.

“That was intended to be a serious summing up, in a few words, of my three years in Hollywood,” she added. “And so it is. But it’s funny, too, in a way.”

“Suppose I had gone to college, instead of into the movies. I might be saying the same thing now, just as seriously—about life in college.”

The notion was not preposterous. After all, though Olivia may be a star, she is only twenty today. She was only seventeen when she signed her first movie contract. And she gave up a scholarship in college to do so.

I wondered—out loud—if she had ever been sorry.

“Yes,” she said, and I hastily fumbled for paper and pencil, just in case Olivia, of all people, should be on the verge of making a blast against Hollywood.

“During my first year, I was sorry,” she explained. “I’d get the most marvelous letters from girl-friends in college, girls I might have been with, telling me all that they were studying, the good times they were having—and I’d turn green with envy. I seemed to be missing so much. Stimulating friendships. Carefree good times. And—most important of all—an education.”

“And now—?” I prodded.

“Now Olivia doesn’t feel that way any more,” she replied, with another smile—one that left no doubt about the matter.

“I couldn’t have found better friends anywhere than some I’ve found in Hollywood. I’m mad about my work; I’m happy. And as for education—I have even had that.

“Not the same sort of education. There’s all the difference in the world; all the difference between the theoretical and the practical. There, I would have studied abstract things. Here, I’ve learned useful[Continued on page 89]
In Joan Fontaine, who gives her first interview for MOTION PICTURE, Hollywood has something. She's a born natural!

A Star is Born

JOAN Fontaine

When Katharine Hepburn saw the first rough print of Quality Street, the best picture that she had made since Alice Adams, she came out of the projection room with a reaction that needed telling. And she lost no time getting to the Front Office, and telling it.

"I don't know whether this picture will be a hit or a dud," she said, "but I'm sure of one thing; you have something in Joan Fontaine. I hope you know it. I want her with me in Stage Door—in a role that will really give her a chance."

When a star goes out of her way to say something like that about a newcomer, an unknown—well, that newcomer bears watching. RKO executives made a mental note to be watchful. Meanwhile, they promised Katharine that Joan would be with her in Stage Door. It sounded like a generous promise—then.

That was less than six months ago.

Joan was so new to the studio that some of the executives had not yet met her, or even seen her. Quality Street had been her first picture. There were several things wrong with the first rough print of the picture. One thing was that Franchot Tone had a romance with another girl, neglecting Katharine the cruel way. It destroyed sympathy for Franchot, made him less likable. There was nothing to do but to leave that romance on the cutting-room floor.

That was, for a few days, a bitter blow to blonde, gray-eyed Joan Fontaine. She had played the role of the "other girl." She had tried hard, and what had her trying gained her? In the final print, she was seen for only a passing moment—not long enough for anyone to notice her or get an impression that she might be able to act. She had heard about the heart-break of Hollywood. And now, after one picture, she was encountering it in person.

The public didn't notice her in Quality Street; it didn't have a chance. But executives noticed her. They saw the first rough print. One of them, reacting as Hepburn had reacted, said that Joan might be a newcomer—but she was already of leading-lady calibre. He proved it by casting her opposite John Beal in The Man Who Found Himself. It was a minor production, but in it Joan made a major impression. She was immediately given another leading role—opposite Preston Foster in You Can't Beat Love.

This is being released only now, but M-G-M is already asking to borrow Joan as leading lady. [Continued on page 91]
DEAR MISS GARBO:
Beware of Jean Harlow. Insidiously, she's stealing your stuff! Know what? Why, Einer Nerman, the famous Swedish artist now in Hollywood, said this about Jean: “Miss Harlow most completely, of all Hollywood stars, exemplified the Swedish ideal of beauty!”
And that, Greta, from a fellow-M-G-M-er, too. And the artist didn't even say a thing about you. Honest, Greta, you ought to speak to Jean. If you ever speak, that is.

Mailbaggings

MOST Extraordinary Fan-Mail Request of the Month: To 5-year-old Baby Juanita Quigley, from her fans, 23 separate requests for her fallen-out baby teeth for bracelet charms. Dutifully, Juanita will send one to each asker, but is keeping for herself the first which came loose. She's got it set in gold, and hung on her bracelet.

Most Practical Fan-Mail of the Month: To Robert Taylor, from his fans who read of the ranch he is building and stocking, gifts that include over a dozen Rhode Island chickens, three bantam roosters, several ducks and one goose, a lot of rabbits which are more than a lot since he's got them because that's rabbits' habits, some doves and a brood of baby chicks. Bob wonders when the cows'll start arriving.

Strangest Fan-Mail of the Month: To J. Carrol Naish, letters from a firm of artificial limb manufacturers, offering to replace his fingers so perfectly that no one could tell they weren't real. Amazed, Naish wondered why the letters—until he recalled that in Robin Hood of El Dorado he'd played the role of three-Fingered Jack.

Most Particular Fan-Letter of the Month: To Leah Ray, from a man in Indianapolis, asking for her lip-prints on a napkin. But no ordinary napkin, no ordinary lip-print would do. It must be, he wrote, a Trocadero napkin, and indelible lipstick!

Jean Parker isn't trying to imitate a seal by choosing rocks for a parking place. She prefers rocks to sand.
Allan Jones’ equine pal, Smoky, isn’t going into a tap dance here. He crosses his legs like Allan to rest his aching “dogs”

Cub Back And See Me Sometime

When Radio’s Barbara Pepper received a mountain lion cub from her uncle in Nevada, the studio bosses made her send it slappy right back!

Hats On In Front

PREVIEW tragedy for Joan. Wearing a new hat, Joan Crawford went to a preview, took it off so the people behind could see, laid it on the next seat, got interested in the picture. When she looked beside her again, a man was sitting in the seat. In the dark, he hadn’t seen the hat. Beyond repair, the hat is a warning to Joan not to be so darned considerate of the people in back, hereafter.

Can He Press Pants?

NOT un-foresighted is Bob Taylor. Right now, at the height of his career, he’s looking forward to its ebb, preparing himself for it. Regularly, he invites to his home studio cutters, technicians, all experts of production. Then he talks profoundly with them, learns avidly all they have to tell.

“When the time comes for me to retire from acting,” he explains, “I want to be a producer.”

Bob will have to learn to draw million-dollar figures on hotel table-cloths.

Like kids on a city street, Billy and Bobby Mauch know their marbles—and take time out to play on all occasions

When the cameras stop grinding as they did on Parnell, Clark Gable scurries off on a hunting trip. When not bagging wild game he bags good yarns like Saratoga

Most girls take to the sand to acquire that tan, but Bette Davis flops on a springboard where she catches up on her beauty sleep if she doesn’t roll off.
Johnny (Piano Whiz) Green kids Betty (Hats) Furness over the posies in her hats by offering a new flowery decoration. Here are Jeanne Dante and Martha O'Driscoll. The object, center, is a water spaniel. Or don't you care?

—Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Can This Be Garbo?

Garbo-news of the Month: Is she going to become an American citizen? Because today, on the heels of her recent "ay tank ay go home" attitude, she has gone definitely American—building an American house in Hollywood, wearing modern American clothes, showing ungarboesque interest in U. S. news events and movies, even using American slang more and more. Looks as though she don't tank she'll go home any more.

And she's more and more giving up her aloof exclusiveness. On the set, she plays games, chats. Off the set, she goes out much more than she ever did before, doesn't seem to mind crowds. She even joined the Screen Actors' Guild. And most astounding of all, signed a youngster's autograph book. Can THIS be our Garbo?

Powellsy-Wowellsy

Arned mad. That's what Eleanor Powell is. Because there are just too many Powells in Hollywood, and they get mixed up when they shouldn't. Wanta know the reason for her perturbation? The other day, she got a bill for something Mrs. Dick Powell had bought; next day got a suit Bill Powell had bought. She kept neither. And is thinking of changing her name to asafoetida, or something distinctive like that.

Meanwhile, she provides other good items for the gossip hounds (thank you).

They're even wrapping up the girls in Cellophane. Here's a closeup of four "packages" in Broadway Melody of 1938.

Tears From Kindness Later

In New York, 4-year-old Joe Collins fell down an elevator shaft, went to hospital uncryin'. Amazed reporters asked him why he didn't bawl. "Aw, Buck Jones wouldn't've cried," the lad replied. The news came to Buck. At once, the cowboy star sent Joe a cowboy suit and radio. Now there's a jar on Buck Jones' secretary's desk, into which everyone must drop a contribution for the kid. Then Buck'll send him that too, to do with as he pleases. He'll probably cry—from sheer happiness.

Out Of The Doghouse

Sweetest gift of the month:—from Vic Orsatti to June Lang, whom he married after all, having made up their broken engagement. It was a tiny gold bracelet charm: a small doghouse, with a dog emerging saying "thanks." The marriage of Vic and June was the climax of a romance that began four years ago when they met at a dinner dance.
Hollywhittlings

Because she wears out so many cars driving all over sightseeing, Luise Rainer has bought five new cars in two years . . . her last coupe showed an average of 4,000 miles per month! . . . when actors on Director John Ford’s set show signs of temperament, dignified John breaks into a perfectly hellish hula; it stops the peeves, gets laughs and happiness again . . . Sonja Henie comes whirling into the long entrance street of 20th-Fox studio so fast in that glittering big car of hers, that studio cops have to jump for safety. Then Henie giggles . . . not that it matters at all, but Claudette knows of 274 babies that have been named after her . . . Alan Baxter plays gangster roles in movies: Alan Baxter is one of the few Phi Beta Kappas in movieland . . . Simone Simon spends four hours a day studying English, another four hours studying singing . . . Fernand Gravet, newcomer to Hollywood, is already in second place in fan mail on the Warner lot . . . Shirley Temple gets a tiny golden statuette of some famous composer from her teacher, every time she collects five stars for good grades in her school work on the set . . . Bill Powell says he’s going to take a six-months rest from the screen, to cure his eye trouble . . . Ernst Lubitsch hates cheese; his wife hates cigars; so Lubitsch never smokes while close to Mrs. and Mrs. never offends Ernst with even the whiff of cheese . . . new game: Wendy Barrie and Sally Eilers play tennis on roller skates . . .

Sun Shines On Sophie

To Joan Crawford, suntan is an old perennial story. To Sophie Tucker, who spent all her life up to now playing in theatres and sleeping through sunlit hours, it’s an EXPERIENCE! She got a beautiful coat of it, sitting outside a stage at M-G-M waiting to be called for her takes in Broadway Melody. So excited is she that she actually hired a natural-color photographer to take pictures of it, so she could always see it and could send her friends pictures of it, too!

Water Is Still—Water

Talk of Hollywood now is Louis B. Mayer’s new bathroom. It would turn a DeMille green with envy. It’s said to have cost $60,000. The room’s made of Italian marble. The fixtures are gold. Bet there are a lot of guys who could get clean for and with a lot less than that. Now someone can build platinum fixtures and outdo Louis B.

[Continued on page 60]
Forward With

Jean Rouverol and John King, newcomers, provide the love interest

A bit of No Man's Land makes one of the vivid scenes in The Road Back

The sequel to All Quiet on the Western Front brings home vividly the utter futility of war

By DON BLACK

This is the Western Front... it is early November, 1918. Four years of war has made a shambles of the countryside and of the boys who have been taught to shoot to kill men they had never seen before... they have been given bayonets, rifles, mustard gas... everything that was intended to kill and kill quickly.

Mercilessly real as this once was, it has been brought to life again at Universal studios where James Whale is directing the picturization of Erich Maria Remarque's World War novel, Th. Road Back... The sequel to All Quiet on the Western Front...

Night has fallen and in the eerie shadows helmeted heads bob...
up and down the trenches are full of German soldiers about to receive a command to go over the top. Guns chatter out their staccato song. A machine-gun nest in a farmhouse must be taken. Churned up earth, a succession of shell holes and craters half filled with stagnant water in which from time to time is reflected the soft glare of lights and cannon flashes as they rise and fall near the front line trenches, lends further atmosphere to the scene. Suddenly all is quiet and the command is given to charge.

The men who crawled out of those trenches on that charge have attained their manhood in the filth-infested trenches. Four years ago they were boys living peacefully, harming no one. Take Ernst for instance. He has the face and soul of a poet and Albert would never harm anyone! Neither could Bethke or Geisicke, and certainly Willy never would.

The story of The Road Back concerns the experiences of a group of German boys who are suddenly thrown into the [Continued on page 96]
You can’t tell Walter Brennan how to become a star. He knows all about the work-your-way-up-the-ladder business as he’s one extra who reached the top.

DIRECTOR HAL MOHR pointed to a rather elderly man wearing eyeglasses and a rather bushy moustache. “See that fellow over there joking with the soda jerk? There’s one guy who hasn’t forgotten how big ten bucks can look.”

I didn’t recognize the man the director was talking about, and he looked like an Iowa dirt farmer on his first trip to the Hollywood studios. We were sitting in the Universal Pictures commissary watching the passing parade of stars and extras, directors and producers.

“That’s Walter Brennan,” the director continued, “the one man who knows Hollywood from every angle—including top and bottom. And believe me, even if the Academy did throw an award at him, he’s still the same unaffected, honest Walt that used to cry like a baby and bray like a jackass.”

And between those two sounds—baby and jackass—lies one of the most human and poignant stories Hollywood has to offer. Every picture star has been written about from the “down-to-earth” angle. All players like to believe they have it; few really have. But Walter Brennan is one Hollywood actor who has retained his earthiness and simplicity above all others. He’s just the same as when in boyhood he swept out the Swampscott, Mass., classrooms for spending money.

LIKE many another star Walter got his earliest theatrical training in the army during the war. He got the acting bug at barrack amateur shows. A young man by the name of Osgood Perkins, now one of Broadway’s leading luminaries, was his associate in these earliest theatrical enterprises.

After the war Walter found his way to Guatemala in search of work, opened a pineapple farm, prospered, and made money so fast he couldn’t spend it. After raking in enough money to retire for the rest of his life—though a young man in his early thirties—he came to Hollywood.

At the time Los Angeles was enjoying a wave of land speculation and Walter invested his money hoping to ride high on the crest. Unfortunately, he had to sit by and see the backwash of the bubble that burst drain off the fruit of many years’ work.

The money dwindled fast. With a wife and three children to support Walt decided that something had to be done and done fast. Aside from growing pineapples in Central America and soldiering in France the young man had little qualification for any sort of labor. Then he recalled his career as an actor in the trenches. After [Continued on page 94]

By ROBERT JOSEPH

Walter Brennan, top, as “Old Atrocity” in Barbary Coast. Center, in Come and Get It, the award winner. At right, as he looks off screen.
Accent On Beauty

Down beauty by-paths with heart-faced Sylvia Sidney

By DENISE CAINE

THE scene is Sylvia Sidney's New York apartment. When the curtain rises there sits your beauty editor, thinking up questions to put to the actress when she appears. Door at left opens and in comes a small, vital person with dewy skin and starry eyes.

"And whose little girl are you?" the beauty editor asks, when she realizes it's Sylvia herself! This was no illusion created by a determinedly teen-age dress or one of those off-the-face baby bonnets. Sylvia was wearing a simple tailored suit, check blouse and a casual felt hat, which could be worn convincingly by a 40-year-old or a 16-year-old. It was the amazing freshness of her skin, the restraint of her make-up, the directness of her clear gaze that did the trick.

Other qualities that contributed to the general effect were a soft and natural looking coiffure, a rather shy smile and small stature. Sylvia weighs only 104 pounds and is five feet two inches tall, so she has several definite ideas about dressing to appear taller. When I asked her about her wardrobe, she beckoned me over to her clothes closet and said, "See?" There in a neat row, was one of the simplest array of frocks, in material, design and number—that I have seen in any woman's closet, movie star or no. It was easy to deduce that Sylvia prefers dark colors—black, navy and brown leading—and hard-surface crepe materials rather than nubbly wools, flaring taffetas or billowy chiffons. She knows that tailored, clinging fabrics accent height, while the others are inclined to accent width. Her theory of line was sound, too.

"I love tailored suits, but always have them made in a solid-color material," Sylvia explained. "No pronounced checks or plaids, no skirts and jackets of contrasting colors or patterns... They're very smart and becoming for the tall girl, but not for me. I think any accents of width or fullness should be at the shoulders, but never at the bottom of the skirt or at the hips—and certainly not at all three points!"

Probably, not many of you have as perfectly a heart-shaped face as Sylvia's famous one, but even so, her theories of make-up and hairstyling may prove interesting. She always wears her hair off the forehead, to accentuate its width, then draws it slightly off the lobes of the ears and away from the cheeks, so that the line from broad forehead to pointed chin is not obscured. I noticed that the only jewelry she wore was a microscopic pair of earrings that seemed perfect for her tininess and the shape of her face. I commented on this and was told, with a grin, that earrings—but small ones!—are one of her passions.

"I found that most modern earrings, fastening in the usual way, are too heavy and large for me," she said, "so I had my ears pierced! Now I can wear very small, inconspicuous earrings that are much more suitable. And I don't have to worry about losing them, either!"

A splendid idea, it seemed to me. At least it works [Continued on page 93]
Let's Have Some Ice Cream!

Luscious recipes for delicious ice cream desserts

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

AMERICA makes the best ice cream in the world, and probably that is why it is the favorite national dessert of young and old alike. History tells that during the Revolution some enterprising young Italian set up a store and advertised "cream ices" which became the rage and which set the fashion for all the delicious frozen desserts that followed. In other countries, this chill refreshing dish is sometimes called a "frozen custard," or "ices," but in no case do they approach the richness and smooth velvety texture of our own good ice cream.

To crank, or not to crank, that is the question! In the crank type of freezer, as the dasher revolves in the turning can, the contents are continually subjected to the chill of salted ice—and thus ice cream is born! Today the crank freezer has been especially improved, and it now takes far less time to make up a delicious can of home-made cream. Let the children "crank their own"—and let the family share the delights of good old-fashioned frozen desserts.

The automatic refrigerator also makes ice cream an easy, everyday dish. In making ice cream or any similar frozen mixture, a preliminary beating of ingredients replaces beating during freezing, as in the crank type of freezer. Use rotary beater and beat and blend mix thoroughly before pouring into freezing tray.

Again, after the mix is partially frozen, it must be scraped from the bottom and sides of the tray, beaten again and replaced to finish freezing. The third point in connection with this automatic process is that in order to gain creamy texture, a large proportion of whipped cream must be added. In general, the cream is whipped stiff and then lightly folded into the mixture in order to secure the greatest sponginess.

But when I make desserts in my refrigerator, the mixture comes out full of icy particles which make unpleasant eating. How can I secure the velvety texture you speak of? True, probably the one difficulty to guard against is this same splinterly icy result. But to prevent this involves a knowledge of a little chemistry and household physics. Briefly, the more sugar in any mixture, the less danger of it breaking up into icy particles. And further, the faster the mixture is frozen, the less likely this undesirable result.

Hence, we make all such mixtures exceedingly sweet by cooking the sugar and some of the liquid down to a syrup before freezing. This must be done if the mix is to be prevented from going back into a granular or sugary state. We may also add a small amount of glucose or corn syrup, or cornstarch, or white of egg, or gelatin to act as a stabilizer of the mixture. When such [Continued on page 84]
Clark Gable flees from dignity when he goes on hunting trips.

Fay Wray is caught off her dignity on the set of Once a Hero.

Warner's new eye-filler, Jane Bryan, roughs it in the rough.

There's no putting on the dog when Ida Lupino plays quack.

A hot dog—not mumps—causes John Boles' face to look swollen.

Include Dignity Out

Grace Moore and husband, Valentin Parera, include dignity out whenever a camera becomes candid. It's the "gypsy" in them.

Ted Healey, Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane chuck the dignity stuff when they step like collegians on Varsity Show campus.
Kid Galahad has all the earmarks of being one of the best fight pictures ever made. New York sports writers call it the best. It has human appeal, romance, laughter, action, everything that goes to make a picture highly entertaining. Fight fans will love it. The fight sequences are staged in the most realistic way possible. Wayne Morris, a comparative newcomer, cracks through with a performance that will surely lead him to quick stardom. Wayne is a fighter who is discovered when he is a bellhop by Edward G. Robinson. Wayne's rapid rise to the championship of the world, combined with his love for Robinson's sister (Jane Bryan), turns in a sympathetic, grand performance. Humphrey Bogart, as gangster manager of the rival boxing faction, is swell and gives the picture the suspense such an action picture needs. Keep your eye on Wayne Morris for his performance in this picture proves he has what it takes.—Warner Bros.

Claudette Colbert's best picture since It Happened One Night and It Takes Two is I Met Him in Paris. There are brief moments when it moves a bit slow but for the most part it goes rippling along and the to-dos of the scene have more than one gasp thrill in them. The story concerns an American department store buyer who goes to Paris to find his lonesome artist. Claudette Colbert is delightful as the Paris belle and Robert Young is amusing. Young is the man for Claudette, and Claudette realizes a lot of things, especially when Young appears on the scene. She happily returns to Paris and finally realizes that Robert Young is the man she really loves. I Met Him in Paris has entertainment magnetism and you'll love it if you resist it.—Paramount.

A powerful and dramatic indictment against war—picturizing the transition of carefree youths into ruthless men. The film moves at a steady, relentless pace, relieved by brief humorous episodes, leaving you breathless and tense at the fadeout. Spencer Tracy gives the most superb performance of his career as the circus Barker who is his war activities as a necessary evil. There is love with Gladys George, who falls in love with Lou Costello in a scene that is sure to make you laugh. This picture introduces Luise Rainer in a skilled, dramatic performance as a woman who performs a service to the war effort. Her activities are upon the power of a gun in hand, eventual escape, and a gripping denouncement that will stick in the memory of every person who views the picture. Gladys George gives a beautifully sincere portrayal of the war nurse. See this!—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CARD INDEX OF
PARADE

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

—AAA—

The historical background of the infant years of the Twentieth Century lends color and glamour to this detective melodrama, based on a true story, then known as The McKinley Case. It is strong in suspense and intensely romantic. And the costumes, sets and direction by William A. Seiter warrant encomiums. The balance is perfect, being interspersed with the gaiety of the music-halls of the period, the reserve of Washington and the thrill of war on crime. It deals with a gang of bank robbers, supposedly led by an important government official, who terrorized the country. The President interferes and sends Robert Taylor, a young naval officer, on a secret mission to uncover the gang leader. He meets Barbara Stanwyck, the sister of gangster Brian Donlevy and the sweetheart of gangster Victor McLaglen, in a music-hall, where she entertains with songs, and falls desperately in love. Robert Taylor is very satisfying in his role and Miss Stanwyck pleases in her usual style.—20th Century-Fox.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU

—AAA—

One of the smartest, most entertaining films seen in a long time is Wings Over Honolulu. From its “love at first sight” beginning to its clever conclusion, the action races along at a terrific pace and never once does it lapse into the ordinary, over-worked situations frequently seen on the screen. The story isn’t so much, but it’s handled so well that it adds up to a slap-bang hit. It is injected with delightful bits of business and rip-turing comedy sequences. H. C. Potter’s direction is commendable, and Wendy Barrie and Ray Milland give the best performances of their careers. Both will gain many admirers as a result of their appearances in this as neither has appeared to such advantage before. And Kent Taylor, William Gargan and Polly Koveles also give excellent accounts of themselves. The supporting cast upholds the tempo set by the leading players. Rest assured, it keeps you interested and you’ll enjoy every minute of it.—Universal.

THERE GOES MY GIRL

—AAA—

Keyed for summer entertainment, There Goes My Girl hits the spot. It is light and breezy and the brisk performances of Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern give it zest. The story of the rivalry of newspaper reporters of opposite sex is rather frail at the edges, but this is injected with some grand situations and plenty of laughs. It’s pleasing to the eye for in addition to the comedy Miss Sothern there is Marla Shelton, a delightful, lovely, and Joan Woodbury. And the girls will be intrigued with the attractive costumes worn by their sex. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, reporters, are about to marry, but Ann’s managing editor has different ideas and is determined to prevent the ceremony. He fakes a murder just when they are about to be pronounced man and wife but the nuptials. But if you don’t take your murders seriously, but enjoy the nonsense of this farce, you’ll be amused.—RKO-Radio.

THE LATEST MOVIES
Vacation Days

Will be made all the more enjoyable if you've got a copy of the August Movie Story Magazine, with its choice assortment of free tv story versions of the most important new films.

You'll find the complete story of Robert Taylor's new starring picture, Broadway Melody of 1936, with Eleanor Powell op- ponents -- Fred MacMurray and Frances Farmer; It's Love I'm After, with Bertie Fauss and Olivia de Havilland in may comedy roles; Topper, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett, and Every Day's a Holiday, with Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

Buy a copy of Movie Story Magazine at your favorite newsstand for the best summer reading of all—and remember, it's only ten cents.

That I May Live—AAA—A human interest drama appealing strongly to the emotions. About a young lady who gives up to the wrong company and his struggle to go straight. Moral support is lent him by his young bride, Rochelle Hudson. Robert Kent is sincere as the young lad and Edward Bromberg scores as the sympathetic friend of the young couple.—40th Century-Fox.

Mountain Justice—AAA—This is kind of hard to take, but if you like your melodrama, don't miss it. Another one of Warners' productions based on yesterday's headlines. This one concerns the Edith Maxwell murder case. It is a shocking drama, but it is skillfully executed and has an excellent cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson, George Brent, Robert Barrat and Guy Kibbee.—Hard Times.

Turn Off the Moon—AAA—Our stars are being ruled by the stars in their films, now that astrology is the latest phase to hit Hollywood producers. The story is good, and yes, you will enjoy the musical-comedy-romance injected in it, Eleanor Whitmer and Johnny Downs will delight you with their song and dance numbers. And Chester Ruggles is as funny as usual, being a victim of the stars.—Paramount.

The Thirteenth Chair—AAA—A spooky mystery with a splendid cast consisting of Dame May Whitty, Malvina Evans, Lewis Stone, Ethel Austin and a full of suspense—scene, in particular, in which Dame May Whitty presides at a seance to uncover the murderer. If you thrill to thrillers, see this.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Behind the Headlines—AAA—Depicts the rivalry between newspaper reporters, one in particular, and a radio news broadcaster—Lee Tracy. The freshness of the subject, its excellent direction, plus Lee Tracy's fine performance adds up to an interesting mystery picture. Audrey Totter and Diana Gibson, a newcomer, and Joan Blondell, although her part is less sympathetic than Tracy's.—RKO Radio.

Houli Haywire—AAA—A delightful farce packed with wonderful laughs and a lot of good acting. The subject is astrology again, with Leo Carrillo as the seer, turban wearing, turban wearing, more in fun and doesn't go serious once from beginning to end. Lynne Overman and Spring Byington are swell as the couple who find themselves in trouble and consult the seer only to add their troubles. Others in the cast arc Mary Carlisle, Henry B万千, Porter Hall and George Barbier.—Paramount.

It Happened Out West—AA—An outstanding film with loads of action and plenty of humor. And, romance, of course. The quality cast is headed by Paul Kelly and Judith Allen. Beautiful scene work and production values help this better-than-average western.—20th Century-Fox.

Border Cafe—AA—The talents of Harry Carey, John Beal, Armstrong and 1. Carrol Naish distinguish this western from others. There is the usual gun-play, romance and comedy, plus some old Mexican lachadas and dances by the vivacious Arminda.—RKO Radio.

Killers of the Sea—AA—If you go for films of the adventure type, go and see this with Captain Bob Caswell, who fights sharks, whales and octopi. There are some fine shots of undiscovered lachadas. This is just what it was intended to be, an adventure film without a story, but Lowell Thomas narrates in his usual interesting style. It packs a—grand National.

Hollywood Cowboy—AA—Summer's here and you can roam outdoors in Hollywood's output of seasonal westerns. This is a novel one, as the cowboys aren't cowboys at all. They're just moom-pitcher stars on a vacation. You'll enjoy this even if you're not a wild west addict. George O'Brien is our hero and Cecilia Parker his heroine.—RKO Radio.

Night of Mystery—AA—A rather weak mystery that doesn't deliver 8. S. Van Dine's successful story, The Green Murder Case. Grant Richards is an earnest Philo Vance, but he is handicapped by having to fit into a role made screen famous by William Powell. However, he's a personable young man and labor's hard to overcome the weak spots. Other members of the cast are Roccos Karmas, Helen Burgess, Ruth Coleman, Elizabeth Patterson, et al.—Paramount.

The Frameup—AA—An expose of another one of the rackets infesting the country. This one "shows up" the illegitimate bookies and the gaugers who invade the race tracks. Paul Kelly represents the law and Jacqueline Wells acts as his secretary and assistant.—RKO Radio.

Come On, Cowboys—AA—Just what the title suggests—another western. The story is interesting and as it is deftly handled you will find yourself enjoying it. Robert Livingston, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune, The Three Mesquiteers, head the cast. Maxine Doyle supplies the romantic interest.—Republic.

Motor Madness—AA—A sporty, romantic film with a boat race background. An onboard regatta furnishes some exciting sequences. It's colorful and diverting and has its happy ending when boy wins race and girl. Allen Brook and Rosalind Keith are pleasing in the leading roles.—Columbia.

Helping and loving mates in 20th Century-Fox's That I May Live are Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent.

Michael O'Halloran—AA—A sympathetic, sentimental Gene Stratton Porter story of domestic life set in modern day. Medium length and the part of the husband and Wynne Gibson, the iring wife. Warren Hull is the humanitarian doctor and the children are played by Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt.—Republic.

Law of the Ranger—AA—Another western for the consumption of those who like the wide open spaces. It is well made and contains a wonderful scene. Bob Allen is at his best and Elaine Shepard is pleasing to the eye. Brent and Tracy are attractive. Opera music is used throughout. The scenes are shot in 400 Grand country. There's gun-toting, riding humor and comedy to the story. It's a tryout for Robert Kent, too. It has human interest appeal.—Universal.

Guns in the Dark—AA—Johnny Mack Brown roles the slams again for his western fans in a livelier and better version of Rio Grande country. There's gun-toting, riding humor and comedy to the story. It's a tryout for Robert Kent, too. It has human interest appeal.—Universal.

If you haven't seen the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, put these down among your "must do" lists. Here's a survey of them! A Star Is Born—A gorgeous Technicolor film that is an all-time winner in every sense. Anna and Janet Gaynor are superb in their roles as elegantly eloquent in their roles... Shall We Dance—You can't possibly pack in more fun in two hours than you do when you watch Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Eddie Eagle and Anna Sten in this latest quick with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin... Dreaming Lips—Drama so genuinely done that one finds oneself slightly embarrassed by the depth of their emotions. Elizabeth Bergner is the star supreme... Woman Chases Man—Let yourself in for a delightful romantic time. Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Charles Winninger let themselves "go" and consequendy, you have one of the funniest, most riotous, screwball comedies of the season... Captain Corcoran—An exciting and stirring film adapted from Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea, Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore earn many for their excellent emotion... Call It a Day—Walter Brown has taken a good play and turned it out a better movie. It's toss in every sense with a fine cast including Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp, George Arliss, Paul Henreid and Bonita Granville... The Good Earth—Probably one of the greatest films ever produced with Paul Muni, Anna May Wong, Luise Ranier and Paul Muni... Last Frontier—A beautiful photography adapted from James Hilton's famous novel. Actor Ronald Colman, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin risk rave.
SO, HE HAS IT IN HIM

$15 Prize Letter

NO ONE can top Robert Montgomery when it comes to handling the smart, sleek, sophisticated comedy roles. But it seems a shame to keep him ballyhooed to this sort of role when Night Must Fall showed us a new and brilliant actor—a man who is capable of portraying deep characters who possess more than an engaging personality. I still find it difficult to believe that wise-cracking, playboy Montgomery is Danny, the murderer. Danny is a difficult character—a genial, self-satisfied four-flusher who is an accomplished liar of superlative imagination; a character who is a little mad, perhaps, but who covers his criminality with a veneer of light good humor and taking ways; a creature who might be akin to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. His facial expression and pantomime add subtle detail to a pantomime that no spoken word could impart. Night Must Fall is a macabre story with spooky situations, but the chief thrill is the one which Robert Montgomery hands us. Surely he is deserving of a curtain calls for succeeding in his attempt to give us something new.—Mary F. Doner, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.

JUST A BOWL OF GOLDFISH

$10 Prize Letter

IN THE June issue of MOTION PICTURE, a sigh in the form of a letter appears. It is breathed by a reader who seems to think very highly of the dear old days and the dear old ways and the dear departed silent pictures. That anyone living could actually prefer to look at actors who move their lips, like goldfish in a bowl, emitting no sound, instead of listening to dialogue by William Shakespeare, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton and scores of other brilliant, if less well-known writers, presents a psychological enigma of the first water and makes me realize that there will always be Die Hards. No, no—a thousand times no! Sound added to pictures is as great a step forward as the train over the stage coach. Well do I remember the joy of those silent films; times when the trot slowed to a walk and we yawned and wished we were dead. Even at their best, how handicapped they were! How the actors had to struggle to overcome the fact that they were goldfishes and couldn’t do a thing about it. Those uninspired subplots—necessarily mediocre and terse—and the over-emphasized and exaggerated acting.

Granted that there were some great, dramatic silent pictures—but, they were great drama in spite of their silence, not because of it.—Diana Eden, care Mrs. A. M. Evans, 8311 16th St., Silver Spring, Md.

GRANTED

$5 Prize Letter

SUPERLATIVES are usually permitted usage by motion picture critics only, but as an ordinary fan I should like to borrow a few in praise of A Star Is Born. To me it was one of the most surprising and entertaining pictures of the year. As a story it had everything—the sentiments and heartaches of success stories placed in an ever fascinating locale. But the addition of color made it pulsate and glow with life. The lines of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell delivered by Lionel Stander gave it sincerely savage comedy and laughter. And Janet Gaynor and Fredric March contributed two of the most amazingly brilliant and unexpected performances the screen has ever known. From beginning to its superb finale A Star Is Born gave us a human, understanding portrait of Hollywood in an intelligent, adult manner—a portrait of which it can be very proud.—Floyd Miller, 149 Guya Run Rd., Harmarville, Pa.

HATE AKIN TO LOVE?

$1 Prize Letter

IN DEFENSE and praise of Joan Crawford has always been a matter of wonder to me. But, such is the case, for criticism we do hear and often. But, just as often, praise. No one seems to be indifferent to her, either they like her tremendously or they can’t stand her at all. It surely places her far above the mediocre to be able to create in others such strong likes and dislikes. Does some emotional quality of her personality strike discordant notes in many others? I have never been able to answer this even to my own satisfaction. But, I do believe that most of the criticism directed at her is unfair, undeserved, and prompted by jealousy. I can think of no star of today who deserves as much credit as Joan. She has come a long way, stayed with us a long time, and improved herself and her acting every step of the way. My hat’s off to you, Joan, and my heart warms to you.—Elizabeth Huntsman, 110 Glendale Ave., Alexandria, Va.

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

$1 Prize Letter

PERHAPS you Americans are interested in a Dutchman’s opinion of American films. Well, I just made up my mind what pictures I liked best among the few I saw in my life, and finally selected seventeen of them. Eight were of Hollywood origin, two were English, four French and three German. And still, I think, we Europeans under-rate the American people in an artistic respect. Your pictures become better and better and often have something to say. However, it’s not in drama that the American film excels so much, for some European things attain the same height as your best dramas, but when it comes to comedy, hurrah for the Capra school! Nothing’s comparable to that. Good stuff in itself, superlative scenarios, swell actors and invaluable directors who spread the whole with that unique touch of warmth, sincerity and humanity we find almost exclusively in American comedies. So, here’s to you, Hollywoodians!—J. van Gelder, 67 Wallstraat, Amsterdam-South, Holland.

A BOOST

$1 Prize Letter

SCREEN comedians may come and go, but W. C. Fields still rates as a top-ranking performer. The older he grows the funnier he seems to get. His presence saves a poor picture and adds distinction to a good one. W. C. Fields’ understanding of life is profound and as a result his humor runs deep. A laugh with him is a laugh close to the heart. Though no mere pie-thower, he can trip on a rug and we chuckle—not with the guffaws of ordinary slapstick, but with full understanding of man’s frustrated existence.—A. B. Oliver, 1133 3rd St., N., Fargo, N. D.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded each month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
A MONG the most unpredictable off-again-on-again couples in Hollywood are Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump. Maybe you’re tired of reading about ‘em. But anyway, after having patched up one spat, they’ve spattered again—or anyway, agreed to disagree again. The very night they said goodbye, Owen was with another girl at a nite club. Later they both announced they’d decided to call off their engagement and just be good friends. Oh, that phrase, “good friends.” The words must be positively in a state of collapse from overwork in Hollywood.

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C UPID’S COUPLET:  
Dorothy Day and Allen Lane,  
Dancin’ to heaven with might and main!

---

S TARS of the silent days are giving the boys and girls a treat at the niteeries. Betty Compson, looking as gorgeous as in her heyday, was at the Cinnabar with a boy friend; Madge Bellamy, just as lovely, with ditto at the Brown Derby.

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R OMANSWERS to your questions:  
Sylvia Sidney, although she’s been going out with quite a few Hollywood men, really left her heart in New York on the last trip . . . they insist that Howard Hughes is still asking Katie Hepburn to be the Missus, but all the same he was stepping out with honeycheat Filip Wilder the other night . . . Noah Beery, Jr., is going the rounds with Barbara Read, who was one of the Smart Girls . . . while Loretta Young was sending funny postcards from Bermuda to Tyrone Power, her ex-flame, Eddie Sutherland, was earnestly beaing Mary Brian around and still is . . . when will Miriam Hopkins marry Director Anatole Litvak? . . . Dick Purcell didn’t know how expensive love was until he got a $275 phone bill for the calls he made to June Travis at Palm Springs, and since that is only an 85-cent call distance in the first place—well, draw your own conclusions . . . nobody at all was surprised when Bob Burns quaintly announced he was going to marry his secretary, Harriet Foster; everybody in Hollywood knew it weeks and weeks ago . . . Bushy Berkeley is going to rush right from the divorce court to the marriage judge with Bonnie Bannon, it’s reported . . . when Cary Grant left on the same plane with party-loving Countess Dorothy Frasso, everybody suspected another romance, but as usual, they were just “good friends,” ho hum . . . Herbert Marshall (Gloria Swanson’s big ex-moment) and Lee Russell are still twosoning . . . Tommy Warner is in South America, but Suzanne Kaaren gets at least two cables a week to remind her he’s on earth . . . they say Jack Coogan’s having mama-trouble in his aims to become the hubby of Betty Grable . . . there’s no limit to what Elaine Barrie Barrymore’ll do—he even showed up with TWO escorts at a nite club recently . . . but maybe she figured it’d take two to make up for one John B . . . !

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Continued from page 15

Sir Harry Lauder, who is on a world cruise, stopped off in Hollywood to meet Shirley Temple: After she sang Auld Lang Syne he called her a “braw, bonnie lassie”

---

Lynn Gilbert, besides walking a pogo-stick, plays a mean game of badminton

Wayne Morris, who used his “dukes” so well in Kid Galahad, enjoys aqua-planing
WINDPROOF LEKTROLITES!

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When answering advertisements, please mention August Motion Picture 59
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

Tiger-Hiss-Boom-Rug

NOW it's tiger-hunting the movie biggies are aiming at. Planning one, in Sumatra, are Gilbert Roland, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Darryl Zanuck. Alluded to in the party will probably be Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Zanuck, Constance Bennett, the Countess Di Frasso. A tiger'd probably just beg to be shot by an aggregation of importance like that. A chance like that comes to so few tigers. And later to have his "rug" stepped on by Hollywood nobility.

Lupe—Button Switcher

NO GLUTTON for extra work is Lupe Velez. When she found it took a lot of punishment to turn on different radios in different rooms, she devised another system—she had installed a complete system of loudspeakers in the various rooms, even around the grounds. They're hooked up to the central, big radio in the living room—a combination which can be tuned in on a favorite program or set going with two dozen records for non-stop playing. Then, anywhere in the house or grounds she may want to hear it, all Lupe (or Johnny, one supposes) need do is switch a button—and presto, out comes the program.

More Hollywhittlings

YEARS ago, down to his last dollars, Buddy Ebsen spent 'em to buy a pair of white shoes in order to apply for a chorus boy job. He got the job. Now his one superstition is these same old white shoes. He still has 'em, still insists on wearing them now and then, believes as long as he does, he'll stay up toward the top . . . to reduce, Michael Bartlett hired a trainer to put him through rigorous exercises. After he had, Michael weighed five pounds more. He has stopped exercising . . . because they hate so to be bothered, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire make it a monthly habit to duck out of Hollywood for at least three days without telling anyone, even the studio bosses, where they're going . . . interesting note on how things change is that the new honeymoon home of Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford will be on Santa Monica Beach, three doors from the home of Mary's ex-hubby Doug Fairbanks, Sr. . . . ah, the whimsies the stars have; like Nelson Eddy's when he forgets his lines; then he starts to sing (to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner), "Oh Say Can You See What Is Happening To Me?" Ducky, isn't it? . . . another whimsy: because Charles Gornin, the featured singer in MGM's Broadway Melody thinks the salt air is good for his lungs, he insists on parading the beach, practicing his airs; and how jealous the sea-gulls must get! . . . Bruce Cabot is arranging to turn his 300 acres of desert land over to a charitable outfit for a tuberculosis sanitarium for poor people . . . Ann Dvorak is just nuts about lectures; she goes to as many as she can—from the most interesting to some of the driest, and loves 'em all . . . The Madras Film League of Southern India has just taken its annual popularity ballot, finds that in ALL the 16 cinema theatres there, Shirley Temple leads females in popularity, Freddie March is the most popular male. Thank heaven that's settled . . . Stuart Erwin's idea of a grand joke is to go into a movie biggie's office, switch the receivers of all his phones (they all have at least two) and then stand outside and hear what happens when he tries to call someone up . . . brave is Leah Ray; she fell on the street bound for a radio broadcast, broke her ankle; despite the excruciating pain, completed the broadcast before hospitalizing—another illustration of the good trouper's creed, "The show must go on!" . . . such a golf nut is Bing Crosby that he had his tailor come out to the links with him to show his new samples of clothes . . .

Us Fans—So Forgetful!

ONE of those things that just burn stars up happened to easy-to-burn Nancy Carroll. A fan stopped her on the street and said, "Oh, Miss Sallie, I think you were just grand in your last picture. Please sign my autograph book." Nancy signed it. She signed "Mary Pickford."

Repaid For Not Holding Trunk

JUST found out a nice thing about Bruce Cabot. When he was down on his luck, he lived in the back room of an old lady's house. She had no extra cash—but when Bruce (as frequently) couldn't pay the rent, faced hunger, the old lady came through not only with the free room, but free eats. Bruce never forgot. He vowed that when "some day" came, he'd square accounts. Now he does—

There's a standing order at his bank for a monthly draft of $100 to go to the old lady. That's all. But we thought you'd like to know. The moral here is, if you're a landlord, be kind to your tenants. You never can tell . . .

What! A Horse-Blanket?

LUPE again. Lupe and Johnny. Always cards! Lupe knitted him a sweater. As a knitter, she's a good actress. Done, it came down to Johnny's knees. But Johnny's got to wear it because Lupe says so. And when Lupe says so, Johnny'd better do it. Fights are worse.

Truth Dodgers

RUMOR-MONGERS of a-c-idents have been busy in Holly-wood again. Every once in a while they break loose—misguided fools who think it's funny or clever to shoot out a report that Such and Such a star is dead, or hurt, or anything. Latest victims: Monte Blue, who was reported to have died suddenly in a report that came by phone to a newspaper. Monte wasn't dead. He

Pogo-sticks are back in style after fading for a few years. The fad has been taken up by pogo-stickers (l. to r.) Dorothea Kent, Fay Cotton, Lynn Gilbert, Catherine Hughes
was just down to the store, shopping for his wife.

Toan and Franchot Tone. They were sitting listening to their radio when they heard a broadcast announce that an unverified report had come in about their being seriously hurt in a car crash. They called the station and said they hadn't really heard about it.

Still More Hollywhittlings

NORMA TALMADGE is returning to movies—but as a story editor for David Selznick, not before the cameras... was Simone Simon surprised when a troop of seven uniformed motorcycle boys arrived in front of her house, went through a series of semi-military maneuvers, and then rang her front door and brought her flowers from Raquel Torres, who originated the gag... when Anita Louise lost her dog, she asked a neighborhood tot to find it for her. An hour later, seven neighborhood tots were at her door with dogs. None was Anita's—but she treated them all to ice-cream cones just the same...

...Rubinoff has a "standin'" for the $150,000 violin he plays at 20th-Fox; it's just a cheap $15,000 Testoril!... Binnie Barnes is a first rate billiard player... Bette Davis knows all the Psalms by heart, and now can you say Hollywood is a wicked, wicked city... because she likes to hear them tick, Josephine Hutchinson has her home filled with scores of clocks... Tom Brown owns scores of pipes. But they make him ill, so he doesn't smoke them. He smokes cigarettes... Flash! Big News: Pat Ellis can balance a full glass of water on her head. Ah, these clever, clever movie maidens... because she once had the porch of a house destroyed by ants, Irene Dunne went into a huddle with experts before building her new one. Result: under it, there's a miniature moat, completely around the foundation, which is continually filled with ant poison... because she can't forget when, as a child in Russia, they rarely had enough to eat in the house, Anna Sten has fitted a room in her basement as a storehouse; keeps therein almost a whole grocery store-stock of foods—enough for several months... Director John Stahl's little daughter uses a photo of Clark Gable as a dress-up doll, like those you used to cut out of the Sunday papers, remember?...
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Bring out the full radiant luster of blonde or brown hair with New Blondex. the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural luster hidden there. the following highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex keeps hair and scalp healthy and is absolutely safe for it contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Typ it today. New combination package—SHAMPOO WITH RINSE for sale at all stores. New one at all the counters.

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On the Sets with the Stars

In this scene from Broadway Melody of 1938 the camera crew is adjusting lights and lenses on Eleanor Powell and her bubbly background. Bob Taylor is in this picture

ON M-G-M's Countess Wilckeaba set Garbo, daily, has broth made of spinach, carrot, celery, parsley juice! . . . she's giving dancing lessons—teaching Charles Boyer the mazurka! . . . Reginald Owen got chills because he wore ox- forks during the "retreat from Moscow"—learned from a cutter on the set that banana oil would cure it. It did . . . George Givot got a new title—the "man who makes Garbo giggle"—with Greek dialect monologues and Hollywood's famed "double talk."

ON 20TH-FOX'S Love Under Fire the troupe chipped in three cent-apiece for Loretta Young—to buy her a new pair of blue slippers, because they were tired of seeing her prehistoric pink ones! . . . Don Ameche is a hell-o-a husband!—because when he had to but hot Loretta up the back (I mean her dress, you silly!), it took four takes before the much-really-married Ameche could do it quick enough to satisfy Director George Marshall.

ON COLUMBIA'S White Heat never did a star's many-thousand dollar costume cause as much production woe as Don Terry's costume of an ancient pair of pants and a dirty leather jacket—because after two days' shooting with them, Don's Negro valet got conscientious, sent them out to be cleaned—and the real trouble was they had to be specially dirtied up later to "match up" with previous takes.

I T COST PLENTY ON Paramount's Angel because Melyn Douglas only brought one shirt to the studio for takes of torrid close-ups with Marlene the Dietrich. Every time he went into the close-up with Marlene his shirt got so mussed (wrinkled, you dopes!) that it took a half hour wait to press it out again for the next takes.

ON UNIVERSAL'S Armored Car gophers on the north bank of what Los Angeles quaintly calls its river wish the Universal troupe, shooting on location nearby, would finish soon—on account of those being high-powered rifles used in the picture—and the cast, including Bob Wilcox, Cesar Romero, Irving Pichel, Judith Barrett, think they're marksmen—on the gophers.
FOR M-G-M's Broadway Melody they used whipped cream for the prop sweat George Murphy rubs off the winning horse in the hoss-race. They ribbed Bob Taylor when he walked on the set and found no portable dressing-room, a star's prerogative. But Buddy Ebsen and George Murphy had one between them. A good guy, Bob didn’t protest—and didn’t learn until the second day’s shooting that Buddy and George had appropriated his star dressing-room. Now they’re out, Bob’s in. For a big scene they built an all-glass curtain 100 feet wide, 120 feet high, weighing nine tons—it’s in the form of steps, and as it swings open, Eleanor Powell taps it with George Murphy and 100 dancers.

20TH-FOX’S You Can’t Have Everything found opening scenes calling for Alice Faye, hungry, to eat three plates of spaghetti in an Italian restaurant. Gallantly she ate her way through a lot of real spaghetti for two days’ shooting—then swore she was off spaghetti until 1939. Next day, they gave her a birthday party in the studio cafe—piece de resistance was a gorgeous white birthday cake—thrilled, Alice cut into it, found that the studio publicity gang had had it filled with spaghetti—now she’s off publicity. Oh, yeah?

ON WARNERS’ Ever Since Eve Patsy Kelly doesn’t think they do things in the right sequence—one day she had to brush her teeth for takes most of the day—next day, she had to eat lots of popcorn—well, you know popcorn!

ON SOL LESSER’S Make a Wish Bobby Breen is a good singer, but a slightly addled trouper. After a few days’ shooting as a long-haired cozy joker, Bobby calmly went out, got a hair-cut, forced a one week’s postponement in shooting schedules.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS Irving Sandler, property man, helped construct streets for movie sets—on each street he built, he added a personal touch, put the sign “Sandler & Co.” unobtrusively on some store window or sign on the street—in Dead End he again built a street—this time, on a delicatessen store window, appears the legend “Sandler & SON”—inquirers learned that just recently, there came to the Sandler domicile, a son.

ON 20TH-FOX’S She Had to Eat just before the noon recess for lunch—they shot a scene in which Jack Haley and Rochelle Hudson are arrested, handcuffed—then Director Mal St. Clair called lunch—they couldn’t find the key to the handcuffs (anyway, that’s the property man’s story)—and so Jack and Rochelle had to go to the studio cafe, struggle through two one-arm lunches.

NEW-TYPE CREAM DEODORANT Leaves no grease on skin or clothes—checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

UNTIL now you just had to put up with them. Cream deodorants were greasy, sticky, ruinous to clothes—no wonder women complained!

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RICHARD THORPE is one of Hollywood’s youngest and one of its most versatile directors. If an interviewer were to ask him “What have you done in the movies?” he could truthfully answer “Everything.”

Having passed his thirtieth birthday not so very long ago, Thorpe has directed thirty-five feature pictures since the advent of sound. And he found time, in his rapidly sprouting career, to precede this activity as director with about twenty other kinds of jobs around the studios. He has been everything from extra man to studio manager.

Born in Hutchinson, Kansas, Thorpe went to school in Wichita. He received early theatrical training with stock companies, musical comedies and vaudeville. During the World War he served overseas in the Headquarters Intelligence Detachment of the 88th Division. After the war he remained in Paris to enter a musical show at the Theatre Champs Elysées.

Returning to the United States, he began his picture training as an extra in the New York studios, graduating to bits and parts. Then he worked into the writing department and became a scenarist and “gag man.” He was with Johnny Hines during the entire Torchy series, working variously as actor, gag man, assistant director, cutter and studio manager. He remained with Hines in a number of feature-length pictures and then embarked on a career as a leading man. He appeared with Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Gish and Constance Binney, making Three O’Clock in the Morning, and other successful pictures.

California beckoned him, and he came West to play the lead in Flames of Desire. An opportunity to direct suddenly opened to him, and he seized it. In the ensuing years he made seventy-five feature westerns for Pathe, several serials, and a number of other silent features, among them College Days, Jocelyn’s Wife with Pauline Frederick, and The First Night with Bert Lytell.

Since the advent of sound he has directed thirty-five features. They include Probation, Love Is Like That, Escapade, Last of the Pagans, The Voice of Budge Ann and Tarzan Escapes.

THORPE enjoys golf and swimming, both of which he does well, and likes horses and dogs. His greatest ambition, he says, is to “continue making good pictures.”

The two most interesting pictures he has ever handled, Thorpe will tell anyone without any hesitation, are Last of the Pagans and Night Must Fall, both for M-G-M.

The former was produced on location in the South Seas, with native players as extras, and Mala (hero of Eskimo) in the male lead. It involved months of arduous and ingenious effort to capture the full beauty of native backgrounds, tribal rites and adventurous exploits. It is particularly to the young director’s credit that not one member of the big location troupe incurred any injury or serious ailment during the entire expedition.

Night Must Fall, an adaptation of the London and New York stage thriller of the same name, constituted a milestone in Thorpe’s directorial career in that it marked a completely new and divergent role for Robert Montgomery. The suave, sophisticated, bantering star of No More Ladies, Potomac Fever and Piccadilly Jim, appears in this new production as a homicidal maniac.

It was when making Last of the Pagans in the tropics that Thorpe developed an amazingly adroit flair for candid camera photography. He made hundreds of snapshot shots in the South Pacific, put most of them away in his album and forgot about it. Then one of his assistants enlarged some of the shots, showed them to an art dealer. The next day Thorpe received a visit from the dealer, who begged to be permitted to handle all of his photographs. Many of them, subsequently, were nationally exhibited. Since then Thorpe has made an equally attractive series of group shots dealing with early California mission homes. If he ever decides to retire from directorial work, the candid camera magazines will deluge him with offers.
Monday, one of Hollywood's most famous studios, Paramount, throws all formality to the winds and invites you to lunch and a tour of the lot...right behind those "hard to crash" studio gates...and, better still, they have invited you to attend a preview that evening in their own private projection rooms, that is, after you have attended your second cocktail party. Fay Wray has arranged for you that afternoon, attended, of course, by her close friends.

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Tuesday night is your grand finale, for we have made it possible for all of you to attend one grand dinner party at the Wilshire Bowl where Mr. Warren Hull will be Master of Ceremonies. We can assure you that all the stars will be there, and our entertainment committee has planned some special features that will really surprise you.

And oh, yes! We almost forgot to tell you that special busses await you to whisk you away on a complete tour of the stars' homes the first day you get here.

The rest of this story remains to be seen by those of you who are lucky enough to make it this summer.

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LET YOURSELF GO!

A girl party—laughter and excitement—
you are happy and thrilled—but be careful.
Tingling nerves stimulate perspiration glands...
body odor sneaks up on you. "He may notice!

Be safe with DEW—the deodorant that
remains effective at all times. DEW allows for excited
emotions... gives you lasting protection in
spite of stress or exertion.

DEW stops perspiration instantly... keeps
under-arms dry... protects flocks.
And it cannot irritate sensitive skin.

Costs no more than usual de-
odorants. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug
and dept. stores.

Just A Grown-up Shirley Temple

(Continued from page 29)

SH E got her contract. She was to make
two pictures a year for five years at a
fabulous sum (from $125,000 to $300,000 a
picture are said to be the high and low
probabilities). It was the sort of contract which
every film aspirant who has ever done a two
browns and a large diamond bracelet.
ning club's Christmas pantomime plans to sign. It
was the sort of contract stars, who have been
tops at the box office for years, never hope
to achieve. It was the sort of contract that
made everyone else want to get out of the
film business. They knew they could get away with less. But film executives
recognize a champion when they meet one.

Sonja was it.

She started in to make her first
picture. Twentieth-Century-Fox had paid
big money for her and they put her in a
picture with a big story and a big supporting cast. To make her glamorous they decreed
a special make-up which took an hour-and-a-
half to apply. They made her an ice rink
out of milk and gave her an English teacher
—and they made her work.

"Never," she lisped to me in that new
almost childish voice that I had worked so
hard for any championship. Once I had
to do one spin 39 times and at the end it
was no good. They wanted me to stop the
spin right in front of the camera and it
couldn't be done."

"Why 39?" I asked. "Why not 49 or 29
or even 30?"

Sonja shrugged her shoulders. Directors
are like that, said the shrug. No wonder
she will be glad to take off those skates.

"The worst of it was," Miss Henie con-
tinued, "they cut out all my best figures, the
ones that are hardest to do. I would like
just to put them into my next picture. And
other things, too," she added.

SOMEONE asked if she meant to stay in
America and she told about the house
she is building: a large Colonial-type man-
nion with a swimming-pool and a tennis
court (because in spite of her present
shyness, the hereditary call to overtake
will be ready to pop out if Miss Henie gave them a chance). I asked if she would miss her family and
she said: "My mother is in America, but
I miss my home in Norway. It was my brother
who first taught me to skate. He's good at skating, but he
skis better." (Brother has joined her.—
Editor.)

(Sonja's father, Wilhelm Henie, died re-
cently in Hollywood. He was a native of
Norway and had taken out his first citizen-
ship papers. Editor.)

And you? I asked, "do you like skating
as much as skating?"

"It's a very good sport," she said in a tone
that implied that after all she is something
a little less than world championship
form at skating.

But being a world champion at one thing
gives a person a little something that the
others haven't got at everything else: a
little extra poise, a little more self-con-

sonja

While you...
Sonja Henie loves white and Tyrone Power loves Sonja. So when Tyrone dates Sonja he wears a white dinner coat. Now Sonja loves Tyrone.

they. I spent a whole day at my home while they took the pictures—and not one of them did they use. But when I was having a holiday at Palm Springs, they came again with their cameras and they put them at very funny angles when I was playing a game, and the pictures have come out so strange.

"Don't you mind?" I asked.

"Perhaps it is a pity," she said in much the tone of voice she might have used when she found that she had drawn the worst position in the Olympic Games, when, out of 16 competitors, she had to go on first.

What's your ambition now? I asked. "Do you want to play in Shakespeare?" (They almost always do.)

"No, I just want to be a star," she said. The best is good enough for Sonja.

"On or off the skates?" I asked.

"It is all right if there are some skating sequences in my pictures—I have a skating troupe you know—as long as they do not keep me on skates the rest of the time, as long as I have plenty of opportunity to do some big dramatic scenes."

Sonja is willing to play ball, or rather to turn pirouettes on skates. Her skates brought her to Hollywood and she's not going to throw them out of the window straight away. But someday...

Meanwhile the name of her next picture is Thin Ice. If you get a title like that with Sonja Henie's name above it you can safely stake your phoney dollar there's going to be some skating somewhere. But as Sonja says there'll be other things, too. They've taken her off her skates all right, they've put her on skis.

with  • Lowest summer fares ever offered
  • Fleet of luxurious new Super-Coaches
  • Complete and courteous trip information

IF YOU HAVE THE DESIRE for a cool and thrilling vacation, Greyhound has everything else it takes! Certainly, expense is no longer a barrier—for Greyhound fares average only one-third the cost of driving your own car—far lower than those of any other type of transportation. And it's eight times as safe as private car travel, with none of the fatigue or bother.

New Greyhound Super-Coaches are a joy to ride in—smooth-est-rolling vehicles on the highways, especially designed for increased comfort and better observation. You can reach every desirable vacation area in America this way—going by one scenic route, returning another, at no extra cost.

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Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information office listed above. If you want an interesting pictorial booklet and travel facts about any of the following places: New England, Michigan, California, All the West, Across America through Colorful Southwest, Great Northwest, New York and Pennsylvania Alps, Great Smoky Mts., Central Atlantic Cities, Atlantic Beaches, Pan American Exposition at Buffalo & Fort Worth Frontier Fairs (please check which one).

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention August MOTION PICTURE 67
Everything Is Rosy Now For Anna Sten

(Continued from page 37)

who had captured Europe, couldn't speak a word of English!

So, Goldwyn and his plans had to wait until she learned a new language and discarded a few excessive pounds. Months passed. Ronald Colman left the Goldwyn studio, Karamov was laid aside, and at last, Anna came to the screen in two elaborately produced pictures, Nana, *We Live Today*, and *The Wedding Night*. All revealed her beauty but not her talents, and in the course of readjustments, Goldwyn and Anna parted.

I HAVE no quarrel with anyone, she told me as we talked in the shady patio of her Beverly Hills home. "I am grateful that I could have the kind of career that was very, very kind, but I felt that the material of those pictures was too heavy, and also, did not carry the right quality of sympathy. I was crushed, subdued under their weight. Now, with our new plans, all this will be changed. I want very much to become a popular American actress because I belong here; my husband and I will receive our United States citizenship papers soon. Always now, this will be our country, our home.

"We are overjoyed with the privilege of living under the Stars and Stripes and, in my new happiness, comedy seems to be the right outlet for me to some laughter to the life of today. The one thing that keeps the world moving is the universal desire for happiness, so why delay this realization with make-believe tears?"

"I feel that a woman at this period in the world's progress for me enjoy all the feminine privileges along with a man's opportunity of developing any talent. This is a beautiful America, with such a glorious future. Oh, I hope that it will never get into war!"

Hollywood has done much for Anna. It has given her polish, a new pliancy, a finer taste, while it has not changed her appeal. She's still more passionate than glamorous; she's vibrant and earthy. Her mouth is full and sensual, her eyes are wide and very clear and through them are mirrored emotions that run riot or are restrained, as she pleases.

She still has a Russian accent, which is an intriguing asset, and she's acquired an amazingly colorful vocabulary. She's fairly tall, being about five feet, five and a half inches, and, today, there are no extra pounds for she weighs but a hundred-and-fifteen. She thinks she is too slim, but she looked graceful in a clinging white frock, with a scarlet sash that matched her lips and finger nails.

IT WAS at Kiev, in the very heart of Russia, that Anna was born in 1910. Her father, a carefree, strolling dancer, whose laughter was silenced by a bullet during the Revolution, gave her the heritage of imagination, dramatic talent, and a love of color and movement. Perhaps, from the Swedish mother comes the spirit that has carried her and won her from thousands of other young Russian girls, to screen fame.

"I'm a natural gambler," explained Anna. "I am not afraid to take a chance because I feel I can always throw the dice for another try. Too, I have Cossack blood in my veins; my grandfather belonged to that light-
"From now on I shall play both comedy and drama. Pictures should be like life, full of surprises. You can't repeat the same emotion too many times and still give it the thrill of reality—the spontaneity dies out. Too, I never wish to sign for more than one picture at a time. In this way, each stands on its own. Naturally, if it is good, other pictures will follow, a contract may merely prolong an uncongenial association."

A WILD bark from Druža, Anna's pet dog, heralded the arrival of Mr. Frenke and there was a demonstrative reunion between the three. Mr. Frenke was also born in Russia though educated in Germany, and their romance is a drama of true love—they were married in Berlin during the autumn of 1930, following a year's courtship. It is easy to see it is her husband who guides and leads Annia, as she leans on his strength.

He is tremendously interested in her career though he hastened to tell me: "I am not producing her pictures solely from sentiment and because she is my wife and I adore her; it is because I consider her a great artist. She has a tremendous following in Europe, and I believe with the right stories she will take her place among Hollywood's foremost actresses. Her art blazes through even mediocre material; she has intelligence, ability, excellent training and natural beauty.

The Frenkes are in perfect accord. Putting business aside, they told me about selling their Santa Monica house to the Ian Hunters, and all about the rambling home they are now building on three acres in the Brentwood Hills. They have their own little group of congenial friends and frequently entertain, though they seldom go out.

"We are to be very gay tonight, just by ourselves," said Anna. "I've invited my husband to dine and dance as my guest, this being one of our special, secret anniversaries. We'll dress up and go to the Coconut Grove, where the music and dancing is always good. Eugene has taught me ballroom dancing and I love it."

Then, she added, quietly, "Life is too short, too precious to sell it merely for fame. Or even money. To love, to work, to play—this is Life's happy formula. Nothing else really counts!"

Recently returned from Europe are Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke. He will guide her pictures.
Remove Unsightly Hair the modern, feminine way

Are you letting unsightly hair-growth spoil your feminine charm? Here is the dainty, modern method of removing hair on arms and legs without a razor. Use NEET—easy, sure, effective! Like a cold cream in texture, you simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how soft and delightfully 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 10¢ stores.

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Expectant? Consult your doctor regularly before and after baby comes. Ask him about easily cleaned Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. New patented ridge prevents nipple collapse. Tub keeps nipple germ-free. Don’t take chances. Invest in Hygeia, the safe nursing bottle and nipple.

Six Things a Movie Wife Must Forgive

[Continued from page 27]

Sure that my husband really wants to be gay. Sometimes he is happiest when he is silent and meditative. Again, he may be thinking about his next characterization. These are not the times to be cajoling. Most film wives, because many of them are also professionals, realize this. But there are moments when my husband needs his spirits raised, and that is where NEET comes in.

"The surprise I have for him at this time is silly. He knows it. So do I. That’s why it brings an instant laugh and the ‘moody’ is gone. It’s a box of French confectons, the chocolates that I know he loves. It’s absurd, of course, that an artist should be lured from a Gorcki mood by having a box of sweets waved under his nose, but it’s the absolute truth.

Life, full of hot bowls and good times, seems to be a perpetual honeymoon as lived by the Charles Boyers. Their Italian villa, high on a Hollywood hillside, is the scene of as many idyllic’s as the Art-thur through which I have witnessed. Being intolerably curious, the colony forever ponders upon the success secret of the Boyer marriage. It is no secret. It is formulated on the old-fashioned principle that Charles Boyer is the head of the household, as it has been for thousands of French years. His Scotch wife is content to be ultra-feminine and witty. “And the French and the Scotch get on the most wonderfully well,” says the descendant of the Clan MacDonald. “History proves it.”

TO FIGHT the deadly monotonous germ one needs more than history. One needs intelligence and ingenuity. Pat, the Scotch bird born in Kirkcaldy on an April 7th, fortunately has both. “Never forget always to look at the girl that he fell in love with and married,” cautions. “It’s too easy for a woman to be lax about herself. In too short a time all the things that delighted a husband in the girl he courted are gone, and in his place is a stranger who does not interest him.”

At about this period in any marriage comes the famous hugaboo, infidelity ... the most important thing a wife must forgive, if she can. With Hollywood free, Hollywood finds reasons for it. Proximity of one lush stellar attraction to another dilates Proximity. They are thrust together in emotional sequences under the strong arc lights. How can they help it if some of the emotion spills over into off-screen hours? And Monsieur Boyer has appeared, filmically, with the potent Dietrich, charmers Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Jean Arthur, and now as Napoleon to Garbo’s Countess Walserus.

“No, there’s not a chance to ‘forgive’ anything like that because, really, it is so rarely ever exercised. ‘You forget the important thing. Making films is a business. The preservation of a career is stronger than mere romance—with exceptions, of course. A real artist is usually too preoccupied with giving a faithful characterization to have time for romantic passages. Another thought takes it beyond personalities. I am always glad when a talent responds and works with me in a film because I know his presence is going to add that much prestige to the finished film, and give it that much more assurance of success. An actor’s work is always better in the glow of working with a person who is particularly gifted.

W HAT is much more vital in the married life of professionals is the terrific fear that overtakes them when confronted by the sudden realization that the wife of a business man seldom has to meet. A business man has decisions to make, yes, but seldom does he have to make a decision that may make or break his career. The reason is that the wife of a business man has been charged with taking decisions that may make or break his career for some years. He is going to be put upon by film and by theater and by the stage every time he undertakes a new role.

“With films, I do, and I do, and I do, gladlly, because it is no one’s fault but my own. I have never been protected from the demands of film. I have always been able to work out in the evenings without my husband. I do it, and he wants me to, but often I do it with keen regret that Mr. Boyer is not an ordinary business man, maintaining a farm or the like. The impression that I am his descendant as his forefathers did. Then we could enjoy the parties we are invited to. This way I often leave him at home to study his lines for tomorrow’s shooting, when I am not working in a film and leaving him too.

And on these occasions, please understand, no handsome Hollywood male is Mrs. Boyer’s escort. She attends festivities (in Schiaparelli originals) with a married couple or two. With John Boyer, William Fawrers (Morane O’Sullivan) are their great friends. So, too, in the small clique that Charles Boyer and his wife call their “inlaws” are grouped the French Jacques Deval (author of Tovarich), Jacques Thery, Anatole Litvak, Simone Simon, Fernand Gravet and his wife, when in Hollywood. Into this Gallic group Pat has introduced a few New England friends.

“One of the things that I made up my mind to do when I married was to try and like all of my husband’s friends,” Pat went on to say. “I would ‘forgive’ him friendship with men and women that I didn’t like because I know that they must have traits that he admired. It’s an important feature in the married life of any woman, film wife or not. Perhaps I am particularly lucky because I haven’t had to exert any generosity of spirit over my husband’s friends. They happen to be rare persons whose friendships I, too, would try to win and keep.

A WORKABLE marriage code between professionals is the last thing that Pat (christened Patricia Elizabeth) should have had time to examine during her courtship by the French star. Even in Hollywood’s storm-swept annals the Paterson-Boyer romance set a new high for tempestuousness. Two days after they were married, he went to meet her, but refrained because they didn’t think it “quite proper.” Three weeks later, on St. Valentine’s Day 1935, failing to secure seats at a local theatre, he suggested a better scheme, Marriage. They were wed a few hours later at Yuma, Arizona.
If the marriage hinges, as elsewhere indicated, on Old World tradition, it also functions smoothly because of the natures of the participants. Boyer, a decade older than his young, twenty-ish bride, has a mature outlook on this, his first, marriage. He brings to it education, culture, everything that his upper bourgeoisie family could give him. He has a Sorbonne degree in philosophy. Pat, reared in London, touring the provinces at fifteen, brings good spirits, wit, vitality, to the union.

Nothing could speak more eloquently of the success of the marriage than to say that Boyer's French cook, with him since his bachelor days, remains in the Boyer kitchen today, despite the advent of a wife. At noon, with Boyer at the studios (both Pat and her husband are under Walter Wanger contract) Madame Boyer indulges her appetites in her favorite English puddings, Yorkshire and haggis, and roast beef, frequently preparing the dishes herself. Otherwise the cuisine is entirely French.

"Inattentiveness is another thing that a film wife will meet," declared Madame Boyer, breaking into our musing. "Every wife has that, I daresay, but it is intensified in our world. No new frock or hairdress is going to be seen by a husband when he is learning lines or orienting himself in a new role. And film wives have long ago learned to accept such lack of interest with good humor. Those of us who are professionals accord the same treatment to our husband's new putting irons when we, in turn, are learning our lines."

It would seem, then, that in the dizzy sphere that is the movie world a film husband has a few things to forgive, too.

The Boyers—Charles and Pat Paterson Boyer—played hookey from line studying and were present at the Hollywood premiere of A Star is Born. Charles should have been studying for M-G-M's Countess Walleska and Pat for Wanger's 52nd Street.
scribe to the idea that personal publicity is necessary to make a player popular with the public. My every utterance is against giving the kind of interviews I am asked to give.

"There isn't an actor who doesn't want to be popular. We all need the public's good will. But I'd rather be popular and gain that good will by my work on the screen, and not by any publicity ballyhoo.

"If my pictures," he said, "can't stand on their own merits then I have no business being a star and drawing the salary I do. I shall be perfectly out of my mind if my pictures are announced to the public through paid advertisements, and I am not asked to give my opinions on subjects I know nothing about, yet I'm interested in the picture and in me. Garbo's popularity has not suffered by her persistent refusal to play Hollywood's publicity game."

NEVER in all my years of interviewing the movie great have I heard such frank and same words from the lips of a top-ranking star. The Travelers Aid Society of Los Angeles will tell you that Bill Powell is the chief reason why most girls leave homes to go to Hollywood. These girls prefer Bill to Bob Taylor.

Bill reigns supreme like an emperor in the biggest and richest studio in the world. Yet he remains a regular guy in all the grand meaning of that term. What's more, he has the courage of his convictions, which few have in this town. He is too honest and sophisticated to indulge in false modesty, and here is what he thinks of himself:

"Time and again I've asked myself the question: Why I am a star and so-and-so isn't? What's the difference between me and a number of other actors who are only featured players, although I have neither their looks nor their acting ability? Of course, I can readily see why a markedly bad actor isn't a great success. But there are many splendid players who are all relegated to the background. It's a mystery I can't explain.

"Sometimes I think that perhaps I manage to get my name up there because I have a stubborn streak in me to stick to my principles and convictions. I get myself into many arguments over my productions, and some people think I am a very difficult person to get along with. But how can I sell something if I don't believe in it myself? How can I make the public buy something I don't know how to sell?"

YES, indeed, he knows what he can do and should do and what he can't and shouldn't do. His screen personality is neither that of a pretty boy hero nor of a bad man, and he packs his roles with conviction because he remains a real human being, and not a movie idol. That is the reason why stars come and go, like Old Man River and the well-known brook, but Bill Powell goes on forever. More than in the case of any other player it is the man behind-the-scenes who shows such a tremendous sock on the screen. In other words, he is a definite individuality, and has succeeded in preserving his personality on the screen—a man of smooth, devilish urbanity commanding a devastating supply of precisely enunciated and hard-hitting words; a good man with a slightly villainous exterior. That is the secret of his charm.

As I met him in his dressing-room he was superbly tailored after the fashion of Con-
making too many pictures,” he added, “because of the heavy income taxes we have to pay. I have worked hard enough, and from now on I want to live. If I could live my life over again, I wouldn’t care to be a movie star for all the money in the world. The price I’ve had to pay to be where I am today was too big. No professional success of any kind is worth so much sacrifice and grief.”

SUCH is the irony of success in Hollywood.

Does Bill Powell’s new scheme of life include a wife? His first marriage lasted ten years, which speaks mighty well of the man, Bill Powell. Bill Jr., is the apple of Bill Sr.’s eyes. Temperamental differences ended that marriage, and he let himself be divorced in 1930, went to Europe to loaf a few months on the Riviera, rest and forget. On returning to Hollywood he met, wooed and married Carole Lombard, this second marital venture lasting only two years. Will he marry the delectable Jean Harlow?

I asked him, indirectly, if he intended to marry again. “Frankly, I don’t know,” he said, “I might marry again, and then I may not. I know no more about it than you do.”

Ten, fifteen, twenty years ago Mr. Powell was an authority on feminine charms, love, romance, marriage. Today, he has the skepticism of true wisdom and sophistication about those intriguing topics.

“The more I live the less I know what kind of woman I’d like to marry, what kind of woman makes the ideal wife.”

Which should be considered an adequate answer to the question: Will Bill Powell marry Jean Harlow?

A surprise party was tendered Lionel Barrymore on his 59th birthday and present were Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow. The ladies presented Lionel with kisses. Oh, if we were only 59. The party took place on the set of Saratoga.

“WATCH YOUR STEP”
EVERY DAY IS A WILD CAT!

WHAT a penalty people pay for being mean and nasty-tempered! They forfeit friends and romance! They’re their own worst enemies!

Still, they’re not always to blame. You know, yourself, that you can’t escape being nervous, irritable, crabby, if your system is clogged with toxic wastes. So if you really want to be light-hearted... popular, fresh-looking... be sure that your bowels move regularly. And whenever Nature needs help—take Ex-Lax.

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The “gentle nudge” system is a simple, easy, effective method of giving you a thorough cleaning-out. Ex-Lax just gives your intestines a gentle nudge at the point where constipation exists. Evacuation is easy, comfortable—and complete. You’ll feel clean. You’ll feel more alive. And you’ll be grateful for the absence of the strain and nausea that make the action of a harsh purgative so unpleasant.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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Chicago-trained nurses all over the country are earning as much as $35 to $45 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing homes. This easy-to-understand career is successful for 25 years and enabled by physicians employable men and women 16 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Most of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first exam before completing the 7th grade and earned $400 in three months!

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Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name

Citi. State. Age.

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**Like the Kid Next Door**

(Continued from page 31)

It's grandpa coming out in me, Cis. You said so yourself, and you can't go back on that. It's grandpa," he explained. "He still gets headaches on rainy days. He was in the Boer war cavalry and a horse kicked him in the center of the forehead. Is it forehead or forehead, sir?—thanks the courtesy of the forehead. That's why I'm so proud about this." He cycled his paw again. "On rainy days I'll probably have a thumbache when I see a horse."

It was on the donkeys in David Copperfield that Freddie got his first taste of riding, and took to it like the grandson of the cavalryman he is. "But I don't remember much about it," he says. "I was a young boy then. Only that they have very sharp spines when ridden bareback. Anyway, donkeys aren't the thing for a real equestrian. For the higher type of equestrian, as yours truly," he gave us a modest bow, "a horse, a horse, his kingdom for a horse."

And if you've any critical notion that Freddie was bragging, put it out of your head. He wasn't, because that's what looks and smells like a donkey. In fact, it would have made a good pet for the older one of the great-grandchildren to whom I'm supposed to have given these words. But anyway, that's the story, and I'll give you that nickel raise you've been shouting for."

"Yes-say," said Freddie, to whom American saying was what wonderland was to Alice. "I couldn't possibly do that. I'd rather ride under the horse's stomach. And besides, I've been trying to promote that raise so long that when it comes, I'll probably get heart failure and won't be able to use it. You see, Cis is a lady, and therefore thinks that because we had a mere small accident, I'm bound to be squashed any moment now.

"We were riding along, and the horse must have hit a rabbit-hole, because the only thing I saw was his head going down. His head was going down and the ground was coming up—I didn't realize it, it was too indistinct, I suppose, and then I was under the horse's stomach. And I had to call a prayer, I'm like my granny. Granny always says a little prayer just from force of habit when she sees a car coming that might just possibly hit us, but it tried very hard but actually wouldn't, and I think I said the same thing, I don't know. But the horse fell over and my leg was under him, of course, and he bragged to me about a few inches till I hit the ground. Since Van was so fast the horse had to go, and the very first part of it was that we arrived at the stables, was that just where he wanted to go, and he couldn't find it. So he did us a good turn, and we did him one, all unwittingly, and everyone was pleased."

"Except Cis."

"Well, if grandpa were here, he'd be on my side, you know he would, my lamb. We could go on safe for hours. And she's a nurse who was on their departure. Grandpa gave me some lessons in carving. If Edward did the carving outside, grandpa would say: "Aha, that's ragged."

Cis would say sorry, and Mr. Van thinks it's my duty to learn to carve. I haven't learned much yet except that it's against the rules to put it on the floor and put your foot on it."

"Grandpa's a splendid old gentleman, though 75. He boxed and ran races with me and won, yes, really he did, without any indulgence on my part. But I never could get him to ride the motor bike. After a half hour's sermon on how safe it was, grandpa would say: "Mn-nut."

I thought Granny would have accepted, she's an adventurous soul, that's why I didn't sermonize her. I used to go in and tickle grandpa in the morning, he was a real old soft one and he used to laugh by a bystander, and then tickle me when I wasn't looking, and then she'd laugh and laugh. She likes to laugh, and she dearly loves a good laugh with small pillows, and, of course, I never say anything, but it's so much and gets so happy about it, doesn't she, Cis? I suppose you'd say Granny was just a romper at heart."

I ASKED after his dogs, Concol and Toby, and whether his activities allowed him much time for them. "Their activities don't allow much time for me," he laughed.
“They’ve been at the vet’s three weeks with the mange. Do you have a dog? Well, I advise you not to let him have the mange under any circumstances, not that there’s much you can do about it. They have to be shaved, you know, and clipped, and sera injected into them. It costs a lot, too. But that’s all right. That gets paid out of Cis’s allowance. I’ll tell you something funny. When we visited them, they were both in the same cage, and | went past them, and | thought: ‘What funny-looking dogs, I wonder where my two are’. And | went past them and | went up and down and they were whimpering but didn’t rouse my suspicious, so | asked the man: ‘Can you tell me where my dogs are?’ and he said: ‘Right there on your left’, and | said, ‘Those!’ Because they were quite bally and | didn’t recognize them. Then they went wild, and | went wild, too, and there was quite a lot of noise. Cis, do you think you’d recognize me if | were clipped bald with the mange? Cis, may | take my airplane to Reginald Denny’s to be fixed tomorrow? Thank you very much, bear witness to that, please, Mr. Van.”

Mr. Van, being scrupulously fair, refused to be bamboozled. “I only heard her say: ‘I suppose so’.”

“I SUPPOSE SO is yes to me,” said Freddie, and hurried on, before the point could be argued. “I think I’ll have just enough money left to pay for it. Cis owed me twenty-eight dollars in the first place, | made some money writing a story for a magazine, and | borrowed three, that leaves twenty-five, it’s really my own money but the only way | can get it back is to borrow it, and fifteen dollars for a Mother’s Day lamp, that leaves ten. New spark plug, two and a half, battery, a dollar, and a tail section and that’ll probably cost the rest of it.”

His face turned thoughtful. “Of course the last time | went down, Mr. Denny positively refused to take any money. If that should happen again—don’t put that down, oh, please don’t. You see, Mr. Denny gave me the airplane in the first place, it’s a business he’s in, and that was enough for any man to do, without the upkeep. Well—all right, if you’re sure it won’t estrange him against me. I don’t know why | let myself go this way, I think | am too easily persuaded. I should control myself. | should bare my teeth and say: ‘G-r-r’, ‘G-r-r’. It looks particularly ferocious with braces, doesn’t it?”

“I’ve grown quite fond of these braces, attached to them, you know, they’re attached to me, too, that’s a joke, pretty funny, isn’t it? | I’ll rather miss them when we start Kim next month. ‘D’y know, Cis, Kim will practically be Captains Courageous all over again, because of Mr. Lighton and Mr. Fleming and Spencer Tracy. Oh, yes, Spencer’s going to be Abdu-something-or-other, and | shall be able to borrow nickels from you again to buy him candy.”

“That reminds me. May | borrow another twenty cents that you owe me, Cis, darling? To buy nickel-size ice cream cones—one for a little, one for a lady, one for a gentleman, one for a scholar.”

Auntie and the lady begged off. The gentleman was about to. “Sir!” | declared the scholar. “You’ll eat an ice cream cone and die with me.”

Next moment | one eye was gleaming at us through a crack in the doorway. “I’ll be seeing you,” he called genially (British version, in case you don’t recognize it of ‘Be seein’ ya!’) and was off down the corridor, leaving behind him that special blend of warmth and laughter which is Freddie’s gift to the world.

**A young star who has equestrian abilities as well as thespian, is Freddie Bartholomew. Here he is astride Smoky**

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**WHY DID HE CALL ME “A COLD WEATHER GIRL”?**

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**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION AUGUST MOTION PICTURE**
divorce—and in that time, Ginger could know whether she was heading for disaster again. And she could save herself.

(It reminds me of the time Ginger, riding, suddenly felt the horse take the bit in its teeth, run away; Ginger loves riding; she'd trusted that horse; had trusted her safety to it. Now she found the truth suddenly misplaced. The horse headed for a cliff—blind in its runaway frenzy, it was going to take her with it, and unless she could stay on its back, take a chance in the crash—or throw herself off. She had time, even though a split second, to weigh the chances, decide. She stopped. Ginger, she'd be a fool to ride it and chance another fall, or whether to step out while the stepping's good.)

ANYWAY, even with that not-yet-di-

darved insurance, Ginger's still not taking chances, and has worked hard to be as safe as possible, just in case. For one thing, Ginger's going to take all care possible with that damaged heart. She's not giving what's left of it, all to one man, by a named sight. Ginger, even though besiegged by at least three men who are crazy over her, is going to tell them all to take just their share. There's Alf Vanderbilt, who has more millions than even Ginger can ever hope to earn; there's Jimmy Stewart, whom she likes very much; there's Carly Grant, who'd give anything to have the other two guys in Tomorrow or somewhere.

Personally, I believe Jimmy Stewart is nearer to having a mortgage on Ginger's affections as anyone can hope to get now, as But Ginger knows it. And so Jimmy gets no more than a third of her available dating-time. That's self-insurance, isn't it?

Maybe, some day, Ginger will take that altar-walk again. I hope so. She's a girl who'd make a great wife; who has a right to the loveliness of married happiness. It's probable that she'll find it. But—take this as drivel only. The result is that Ginger's going to be all-fired, hundred-per-cent sure before she tells any other man "yes." And she's insuring that, as I've told you. All right, that's her Heart-Insurance.

Now, here's Ginger. Ginger knows that’s she’s in a big danger—the danger of being typed as the other half of the Astaire dance team. Or, even of being typed as just a dancing-and-musical gal.

We happened to Fred Astaire's career—if, for example, he decided to retire, as he may and probably will, very soon—where would Ginger be if she was just half of his team? Why, she'd have to start again; she'd have to earn her way and that—not once, but several times. She's had her career crumble after a good start, before. Ginger's not going to have it again.

SO GINGER stood up and bellowed. She bellowed definitely and firmly—and sensibly enough so that even movie producers could understand the words as well as the music; it's starting to pay off. Ginger says that before she goes into any more pictures as "that gal who dances with Fred Astaire," Ginger will make two other pictures. And she won't tap a foot again.

The first of these will be Dangerous Lady, in which Jimmy Stewart was to have played opposite her. But illness interfered, laid Jimmy up in bed (which irked Jimmy no end, because he'd been looking forward to playing all day long with his lady-love). Currently, Radico studio is looking for a top-rank leading man to cast in Jimmy's place. Anyway, after Vivotious Lady, Ginger goes into Stenotype, which-as Ginger has heard-honors with Katharine Hepburn. These two films will definitely divorce Ginger from the hey-hey-and-toofing stuff for the time. And then—but not until then—does she intend to have anything to do with the screen besides being just the echo of Astaire's pedal rat-a-tat-tat. And then, when either Astaire quits screening or the dance-and-song-film vogue passes (as it always has and will), Ginger will still be tops as a straight dramatic or comedy actress.

She's straightforward about it. There's no illusions in her mind that she's another Bernhardt. It's just plain business sense. One of the things Ginger's very careful with that damaged heart. She's not giving what's left of it, all to one man, by a named sight. Ginger, even though besiegged by at least three men who are crazy over her, is going to tell them all to take just their share. There's Alf Vanderbilt, who has more millions than even Ginger can ever hope to earn; there's Jimmy Stewart, whom she likes very much; there's Carly Grant, who'd give anything to have the other two guys in Tomorrow or somewhere.

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the girl (who chanced to have just finished reading that very book) decided to trip Ginger up. So she began to ask Ginger about certain very abstruse passages in it.

"And darned if Ginger hadn't actually read the darn' book!" the girl spat at me later. "She made me feel like a fool...!"

When Ginger grows out of stardom, she'll have things to live with—things that nothing but death can ever take from her, because they'll be part of her, part of her mind, of her soul. That's pretty good self-insurance, isn't it?

Too, her hobbies. That's an old story, but behind it is the untold story of Ginger's realization that in hobbies and in learning what they teach, she is adding self-insurance, too. Right now, she is going heavy for sketching. Later on, you'll see her dressing-room lights burning. You burst in on her, and she is at her drawing-board, sketching away. And not badly—in fact, so well that a big national magazine has asked permission to reproduce Ginger's portrait of her mother as a work of art, not just as a Hollywood curiosity!

SO FAR, Ginger hasn't agreed. "It's not good enough," she says of her work. "Maybe, dan or twenty years from now, I'll be better."

Materially, as well as mentally, Ginger is insuring her future happiness. There's that home she's finishing, now. It's going to be her home—not a Hollywood architect's and Hollywood interior-decorator's idea of what a movie-star's home should be!

It's on a mountain top, between Hollywood and the great San Fernando Valley. Ginger, from its windows, can look on the magic town that gave her fame and fortune; she can look to the rich valley on the other side; she can look far off to the sea and its mystery—and then, without the distractions and dimmings of sun-arcis and neon signs and marquee-lights, she can look up—"all the way to God," she once told an intimate friend. Reverently, honestly, without a Hollywood smirk...

Anyway, that's going to be Ginger's home. It's part of her All-For-Ginger Self-Insurance Plan. No matter what happens to her as Movie-Star Rogers, she can always go there as just plain Virginia Rogers, and live a full life—and never once go near a movie studio again, if needs be. Let accident, catastrophe of any kind, come. Ginger will have her future—enough money to live on, her own home, her mind, her heart (unless, by then, she shall have given it into the keeping of some man who, by the very safeguard she has thrown around it, will be the man to guard richly her heart)...

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Hollywood's Mad Hatter

[Continued from page 24]

of surprise. Nothing really daunts her too much.

"Friends of yours?" Honore inquired of Don.

"I forgot," Don moaned. "We're to have our pictures taken.

And with photographers setting up paraphernalia, children weeping in and out, the dog throwing a fit under the bed, Honore finally got into her house pajamas and Don into his make-up. A comparatively mild incident, or a day of the mad batters of Hollywood.

They were sweethearts at thirteen. Dominic, son of a prosperous salonkeeper, had been sent to a boy's school in Dubuque, Iowa, and there Father Sheehy introduced him to the local family of Pren
gers. Honore Prendergast, bright red
e
eyed, yellow-haired Dominic looked at her.

"Love at thirteen?" you're probably hooting. "Rubbish!"

Okay, but how do you laugh off the fact that Don Ameche is the most devoted headover-heels-in-love husband in Hollywood, and has been for years. And is also the proud papa of two boys? Explain it, go on.

The affair, hectic as Hector's pup, lasted several years. As long, in fact, as the Academy, which had put up with good old Honore who wasted time and got nowhere. Except to the Prendergasts. So from Dubuque he was sent to other schools—to monkey around some more. But, oh, the memories of those teen years in love! I listened to the two of them out on the front lawn as they sat and talked.

"Don, remember the time you ditched the date with me, and—"

"I never ditched a date. You—"

"You did so, Don. And I went with Ed Miller for sodas and you walked in the drugstore and saw us. My heavens, Don, your corps crossed, you tried to be that nonchalant."

Don leaned back in his chair and roared. "Dommit," one year old and a miniature Man Mountain Dean, snapped stuffing the dog's ear in his mouth. 'laren.

"And Don, yesterday I came across the letter you wrote me the next day. 'It isn't any other girl or any other boy of yours', you wrote. It's just that my care for you is dying out."

With a yell Ameche went clear back over the chair onto the lawn and lay roaring. Honore howled, the dog barked, Dominic screamed and the mailman drew up and choked his carburetor. Memories!

It was seven years after Don had left Dubuque forever that Honore, who was a district nurse in a Dubuque hospital, went into Chicago to have that offending molar extracted. Stepping from a train she ran into Ed Miller. "Say," he said, "remember Don Ameche?"

"Remember Don Ameche? Remember him? As if she could forget him, ever. In the seven years the letters had somehow just died out. And there were years she had heard only through mutual friends that Don had been busy. busy for some time."

And yet another. That he had joined a summer stock company.

Remember him? Dark eyes, Italian eyes of his Italian father. The sweet boyishness of his smile. Remember him? She wonndered with some surprise as she stood there. Why only for a single moment she had really forgotten him?

"Yes, I remember Don," she said.

"Well, say, he's broadcasting here in Chicago. Belongs to a radio cast called First Nights. Come on, we'll call him on the phone."

"Over to the Drake," Ed phoned to Don. "Got someone I want you to meet."

He came after the broadcast. The little skirt from life that followed should really be called just Seven Years Later. Honore's red-yellow braids were still there. Only wound closely around her head. No attempt had been made to cover the freckles. The same Dubuque freckles. Don had changed. He was a man now. But the eyes were the same. The mouth. The smile.

"You will marry me?" he said as they danced that night. And, of course, she did.

"I had to in order to get some sleep," she explained. "Please find me practically all my time from then on riding a train through from Dubuque to Chicago."

But you see what makes the Ameches different. It's not what happened there, the fun and the romance only began. Life is a gay, young adventure for Dominic and Honore. It's the life you and Joe or you and Jim way off from Hollywood once dreamed or twice in passing and then lost, forever, in cares and troubles that reduced the dreams to ashes.

And they come to the Ameches, too, those cares and troubles, but it's the spirit of them, the way they try to use the rope together that makes marriage for Don and Honore so gloriously different.

Honore's babies must be born. Desperate illness in the little Italian that meant Honore must be bedridden for weeks, was never dreamed of as a calamity because she and Don were taking it in his in his stride.

And Don, oldest son, hit the bull's-eye of radio and movies.

For them, on, Felix Ameche was taken care of. And let me tell you this. Young Don Ameche owns not a single acre of land or even a two-room shack of his own. But Dad does. Dad and Mother and any of the seven brothers and sisters who cared to it. And Dubuque, his farm home in the valley for his parents with all the money he had.

Less than half a mile from Don's home lives Don and Mother. And twice each day, the little Italian makes his way to Don's house. Beets clutched in one hand, broccoli in the other. And the pride in Don's eyes, the love in Honore's, as they introduce Felix, the beets and the broccoli, to their guests.
in the cellar hell bent for heaven on the family wash.

"Well," Honore will sigh, rolling down her sleeves, "thank heavens, I've got the wash out of the way for another week."

You see, they have theories about servants. They're against them. "Children of the poor," Honore says. "They never become slaves on servants."

So they have a life-long pal of Don's one Gabe, to take care of Ronnie, just three, and a little girl whom Honore has long befriended to look after Dominic. Honore does the housework including their family laundry.

"I can get done by noon easily," she says, "if I'm not interrupted too much." From noon on, then, it's "well, now what can we get into?" with the Ameches. And usually it's a poker game at a friend's house (Honore plays a swell game) or a tennis toursome, or a round of calls that ends at three in the morning.

Meals? Never, by the wildest stretch of a fever-ridden imagination can you picture the meal situation of the Ameches.

It's whoever gets to the store first that prepares the breakfasts and luncheons. It might be Gabe or Honore or Don. It's never the same person twice in a row, I promise you. The boys' meals are regular and perfectly balanced, but the adults—I'm gasping.

For one thing, Don refuses to eat dinner at home. "There's no romance, no fun to it," he explains. If you can accept that as an explanation, I mean. So along about three every afternoon Don begins mentally to prepare his dinner.

"I'm going to have something spicy tonight. Think I'll order chili," he'll say.

"Uh-huh," Honore will say, "that left-over feeling from last night, eh?"

So along about seven the Ameches will set out for the Derby for dinner and along about 10:30 they'll manage to get there, having paused on route to look in on friends.

The excitement of setting out for dinner each evening together is there, you see. As Don explains, they often see Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanywick, and once Gary Cooper and his wife, and "oh, boy, you know, gee, it's fun," he says.

THE only possible way Honore can keep Don at home on Sundays is to cook up a pot of spaghetti that would reach from here to Arrowhead. The sight, the smell, the very feel of spaghetti subdues the lad like a whip does a tiger.

"It's the way in him," Honore explains. So the spaghetti feasts take place of a Sunday, but even then they're not normal. Art may come who chooses, only there aren't places for them at the table or cutlery enough to eat with if you do choose, but who cares? Certainly not the Ameches.

Spaghetti is combined with spoons, butter-knives, baby-forks, and anything that happens to be lying about handy. Spaghetti plates of a Monday morning are found under beds, pepper trees, and bath tubs. Just wherever the guests choose to dispose of them, and that's all right, too. Honore can have the whole mess raked out by noon Monday, anyway.

They claim no possessions to weigh them down. "Except, of course the half a can-opener to which they cling tenderly. Some one gave the Ameches that can-opener which promptly broke, for a wedding gift. It represents their sole shackles." If Don grows restless with a house in six months time, the Ameches simply grab up the babies, their clothes, and can-opener and they're off for fresher spots.

There is no clinging to possessions that hamper, hem in, and eventually become master, for the Ameches. They're free, young and deeply in love.

CATASTROPHES, of all sorts, however, are the order of the day. Dominic, the one-year-old, creates his share of confusion by walking up the bed slats and calmly dis-appearing. Once he was gone a half hour in which time the Ameche group went slightly masturber than usual. It was Gabe who discovered a can of baked beans was also missing. Sheila, the dog, was brought into play and sure enough, far under the kitchen stove, calmly sitting like a little old man, with the can of beans in his arms, sat the youngest of these surrealists of Hollywood—Dominic Felix Ameche, Jr., who says "No," to everything. Including Don's plea to say "Daddy." They're prowlers. House prowlers who roam from room to room long after the clock has struck two of a morning. And even at three, Don will be aimlessly prowling from room to room. It's midnight before he can possibly tear himself away from the business of room roaming when busy on a picture.

So many things that happen to the Ameches happens wrong side to. For instance, the entire kit and boodle of them decided to go to Arizona to escape the "flu" epidemic. Bags were packed, Dominic was scooped out from under the stove, Ronnie

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**My Life Made FRONT PAGE SCANDAL**

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DON'T TEMPT THE CONSPIRACIOUS SCANDAL

They began to talk of Rhonda's work. "I want you to meet Mr. So-and-So," they said.

"They're another brother in college. Learning to be an architect. Don is seeing to that. There are two girls away at boarding-school. Don is seeing to that. There is a little sister, just twelve, at home. Getting everything she wants. Don is seeing to that.

**THE** spirit of cheerful giving may be traced to a certain framed document that hangs in a conspicuous spot in the Ameche home. Quite simply and beautifully it states, for all to read, that the family of Dominic Felix Ameche is given over completely to the Lord's care.

It's the foundation, you see, firm and secure, on which the Ameches have built their house of love. A foundation of faith—so secure it permits freedom for happiness, joyousness, and fun. Another secret of their security in love, and then we leave the Ameches . . . They have, after five years, never ceased to feel the thrill of romance.

IT WAS early springtime when the two decided to make their first trip to the desert resort of Palm Springs. They sat there on their front lawn and told me about it. The boys chasing the dog in and out between our chairs as we talked.

"It was springtime," Don said, "and the first time I had ever smelled real orange blossoms. It filled the air, soft and well, gee, it was just a grand smell. The breeze was gentle and the mountains had that twilit look and . . ."

He had stopped talking and was looking over at Honore. She was looking at him. Brown eyes into blue. And there was something in the way they just looked at each other, something so doggone beautiful I just got up and went home. I don't think they even missed me.

---

While Honore and the little Ameches go gallivantin' around Don Ameche (Hollywood's mad hatter) takes advantage of peace and quiet and relaxes in the living room. The better to concentrate on his new picture, You Can't Have Everything, Don says
way of getting ahead in the world.” It was while his father was away on business and Jack had charge of the small town emporium, the fact that Jack was no Marshall Field was pretty well demonstrated. While one hangdog customer drew Jack’s attention elsewhere, the long underwear department to be exact, his accomplice calmly walked off with three pairs of pants, all wool or I’m lying yet. So Jack took his violin and went on the stage.

His father, in Hollywood for a visit, and I sat on Jack’s set and talked about those days. Talked and laughed and sometimes we were close to tears. We learned that Jack, a lad in his teens, came into his father’s store one day after he had been invited by the teacher to get out of the school and get fast, and announced he was going on the stage:

“No, son,” his father told him. “Not my boy. You’ll get in bad company. You’ll be a bad boy.”

I can see the scene. The kindly parent and his only son, facing each other in that little shop. Outside was the familiar faces passed by. Inside was drama.

“All right, but you can’t come home if you go,” the father said.

“Well,” said Jack, “I’ll be just a bum, I guess.” That settled it. “You go then,” his father consented, “and be a good boy.”

For years he toured the little theatres, his violin under his chin. Every day of life a letter came to his father and mother from the boy. Whatever money was left was when his expenses were paid he enclosed in a letter. If less money came one week than the other, the detailed explanations of why and how followed.

The background of those small towns and of his own Waukegan, that understanding of all small towns and small town people, is the actual keynote behind the smooth sophistication of Benny’s unsophisticated humor today. Sounds incongruous, doesn’t it? But when Jack began broadcasting, he remembered the easy flow of banter among the gang down at Stub Wilbur’s garage, of the keen wit and showwise humor of this and that small town character, and he never made the mistake of playing down to them. He’s played np to every hick in the country from the day he began. Probably because Jack Benny, himself, is the smallest town guy in the biggest dough business today.

Now you know why in five years of radio he’s shot to the top and stayed there. And been voted by radio editors as top three years in a row.

It’s strange but I’ve never heard one person address him as Mr. Benny. He’s “Jack” to extras, prop boys, and the president of Paramount. He’ll sit next a moth-eaten old extra between shots and chat as easily and as comfortably as he will with a star. More so.

He’s the one man (and I verified this) in show business that rates no envy, no jealousy, no brick-bats from his fellow-players. A weakness, such as being too sentimental, can hardly grasp the full meaning of that fact. Everyone in the business is for him. “Know Jack Benny?” they’ll say. Why, he’s my most intimate friend.” And although they may have met him but once or twice in their lives, they believe it.

Corny jokes (vaudeville for sake) upset his stomach. But even then he’s kind. If someone suggests a pretty corny piece of business to Jack he’ll say, “Yes, it’s good, but there’s only one thing the matter with it.” Gently he lets them down. He dies laughing at other comedians. Just one hour with George Burns and Gracie Allen (his closest friends) and Benny is ready for a sanatorium. The drollery of Burns literally, and I mean it, rolls Jack on the floor.

Humor is his god. He worships at its shrine. If you’re funny, it’s all Benny asks. You can be a Negro maid, a Swedish gardener, or the president of a bank. If you’re funny, you’re all equals and all friends of Benny’s. He isn’t crazy about money or what it stands for. Never has been. Never will be. To see him in that Dorothy (Countess) di Frasso place he rents out in Beverly Hills is—well, it’s something, now I’m telling you. I mean you don’t walk in the front door of a Beverly Hills mansion and yell, before you’re even warm in, “Doll, what you got for dessert tonight?”

I mean, what’s the neighbor’s butler going to think? Obviously, Benny doesn’t care, for Benny goes right on yelling it. Every night, too.

“Doll” is his pet name for Mary Livington, his wife. Her voice just naturally softens as she tells of him. “Ten years we’ve been married,” she’ll say, and pretends that smoke gets in her eyes. Jack’s love for Joanie, adopted by the Bennys when she was just four months, is something to see. “Joanie Ben-neece,” he’ll call, prolonging the last syllable and ending on a rising inflection. Pit pat go the feet at the top of the stairs. A tiny blonde head peers through the hambiter to Jack, below.

“Jackie Ben-neece,” she’ll call back. Her little voice rising shrilly at the end.

He’ll knock at her door of a morning. At the first tap she’s off for one certain corner of a couch to hide while Jack must hunt. Kissing, teasing follows. And then comes the business of selecting the neckline for the day. Carefully baby Joanie goes over his ties. “Is one, daddy,” she’ll finally cry and if Joanie selects a red tie for Jack to wear it with a greenish tweed suit, let it be a lesson to you if you think Benny reneges. He wears it. All day, too.

Then he’s off to the studio. But not down the front stairs. From the back stairs Joanie has discovered she can see him through the grill work as he drives out. He’ll pause deliberately now and then on the way out to look back at her. It’s the last thing he sees every morning as he leaves home. A wee golden head and two blue eyes peering after him.

“Jack Ben-neece,” her little voice carries out the driveway. “Jack Ben-neece,” and it will be lost in the whirl of traffic. But not in Jack Benny’s heart.

Another secret to the success of Jack Benny is his consuming passion for work. He’s miserable without it. Work, I mean. Gets to looking hang-dog, even sour-pusy through vacation time. But give him work and he’s happy. No sooner is one weekly broadcast finished than he gathers the gang about him to discuss next week’s program. Suggestions are offered by the crew. Everything in life, all the natural
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happenings of the day become potential radio material. If Mary has had her tonsils removed, for instance, you can bet Jack will seize on that for broadcast material.

His mind is constantly at work. In the middle of the night he’ll call over to Mary, “Doll, wake up, it’s funny.”

Mary will rouse herself from sleep to listen. “It’s a riot,” she’ll say.

“All right,” Benny says, “remember it for me, will you?” And Mary remembers.

One night on a trip from New York to Los Angeles Jack awakened in the night with a great idea. “Mary,” he called and repeated the gag.

“Remember it, will you?”

“Nevah, Mr. Benny,” the porter called back. “I’ll tell you about it in the morning.” And he did.

Gag writers Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin along with Jack’s secretary, Harry Baldwin, and Dr. Perry Birns, a friend from old vaudeville days, will gather with Jack each noontime in the actor’s dressing-room for a gag session.

In a notebook, Baldwin writes down in shorthand everything made by everybody there. Such quaint sayings as “How about Uncle Tom’s Cabin?” or “No, let’s put on a minstrel show” all go down in the little notebook.

 Nights the group will move to Benny’s home or to the home of one of the writers. More business goes down in the notebook. On Friday, the notes are transcribed into English, and the work really begins in earnest. Benny, a great editor, cuts and cuts and cuts and cuts again.

The finished copy is then mimeographed and taken to the one radio rehearsal on Saturday afternoons. Again it’s edited, cut, wept over, fiddled over as choice lines come out. But the line may come, natural flow of conversation. Many a grand gag lies buried in the Benny honeycomb because it just didn’t fit. Down, down, down, the seeds of continence. Eleven is given to music and commercials. Three minutes are reserved for laughs.

The behavior of Benny at a broadcast is something else. The most fun goes on before they ever hit the air with Benny prancing across the stage. Kidding the audience, getting them, as he terms it, relaxed. Kidding the players. And kidding himself. Beneocrinating is the key. Keeping the humor flowing and bubbling along.

For this he’s paid the sum of $12,500 a week. Out of that sum he pays his writers, his secretary, and any extra talent he brings in. The sponsor pays the orchestra, the announcer, Mary Livingston and Kenny Baker, the singer.

“I don’t want to be tops in my work,” he explained to me, “it’s too wearing trying to stay there. At least I’m to be among the ten best. It’s all I ask.”

Jack Benny can no more keep himself from the top of the heap than he can fly. People understand Benny. They feel the warmth and humaneness of the man behind the quick, and a world, hungry for simple qualities such as these, lapes it up.

“What do you like to do best, next to work?” I asked him.

“Travel.” Benny’s mind is a flash, and we had visions of Monte Carlo, San Moritz or Shepherd’s in Cairo. “Yes, sir,” he went on, “I love to get behind the wheel of my car and drive from here to Chicago stopping at all the little towns, talking to the boy, and eating all the hot dogs I want at the lunch stands. Boy, that’s the life!”

Hot dogs at a lunch stand, tch, tch, tch, tch, tch, tch.

The homecoming to Waukegan just recently of this radio star is quite an anticlimax, as nothing else can, to the man Benny. The town opened up its heart and its arms to the lad who came home after thirty years wearing the same smile and the same sized hat, but with a black bag for a world that had been so kind to him.

Two inch headlines in the local paper read “Welcome Home, Jack Benny.” Bands played, confetti flew, a quartette sang—and Benny couldn’t have been more pleased. He got misty-eyed as the bass zoomed against the tenor. He had gone to school with them and the other boys who stood and cheered. Jack Benny didn’t have to get acquainted all over again. If anything, he saw, he had never forgotten them, never failed to write or wire his pals in Waukegan.

He visited the Great Lakes naval base where, during the war, he had enlisted in the band.

“What do you play?”—the bandmaster finally got around to asking him.

“The violin,” Jack smiled. Two marines held down the band’s drummer, “and he wants to march in a band playing a fiddle,” the bandmaster screamed. “As far as I’m concerned the war’s over, I quit.”

So Jack had to take to imperromptu monologues during business hours to keep his job. His bits of chatter delivered at the camp shows, made even the bandmaster smile. So Benny tried it out in vaudeville later and it eventually landed him in Earl Carroll’s Vanities where he constantly kept his chatter clean. A state of affairs so unusual it undoubtedly helped drive Carroll baldheaded.

FROM the stage it was an easy step to radio and movies where we find our hero today. Which brings us to the “Buck Benny rides again” thing. He began the gag play merely about two or three weeks feature over the air. The public suddenly went mad over it. Letters, wires, messages swamped him: “Will Buck Benny ride again?” they demanded.

When he skipped a week or two, he wished he hadn’t.

The deluge put him under. It became necessary for Buck Benny to ride again or get his dogonned head bashed in by a threatening public. So whether he likes it or not, he rides.

In direct contrast to the feverish preparations for his radio broadcast, is his approach to pictures. He goes about his movie making as easily as he’s doing now. Only recently has he allowed his script writers to supply his movie dialogue as well. Their lines, he feels, suit him better. But on the screen, he’s as he always is on the air and on stage. The public can’t win. He made The Broadway Melody of 1926 and College Holiday, The Big Broadcast of 1937 and is now making Artists and Models which is to be released in 1938.

“How about this Artists and Models?” we asked him. “What sort of picture is it?”

“Well, I’ll tell you,” he said, “it’s a picture without Burns and Allen.” Which seemed to explain everything.

Benny is never the big noise anywhere. Sits quietly and absorbs. Or lets out a yell of laughter at something. But that’s all. Jack is always the audience. His mannerisms are screen. If you can’t get the least of the Benny that the air and movie audiences know, he’s just that natural. He even sticks out that tongue in real life, too.

“Hah,” he’ll say to Mrs. Benny, “You thought I couldn’t cat asparagus fixed that way. Well, I did—ah—” and out goes the tongue. His spirit is young. And although it’s a long road back to that boy in his teens.
Claire Trevor and Billy Bakewell have fun at the Coconut Grove. Are their hearts going boom like the toy balloon?

who started out with his fiddle under his arm, he has always remembered the words of his father:—"You be a good boy, Jack."

Each winter he sends his father from Waukegan to Florida for the winter. "Now don't be stingy, Dad," he'll write including a large check, "Spend this on yourself and have a good time."

I know what his father, Meyer Kubelsky (Jack's real name) means to his son. For after each broadcast Jack receives dozens and dozens of wires from his sponsors, friends, and the admiring public. But there's one he waits for eagerly. When finally comes, his smile broadens as he reads, "It was a good program, my boy." And it's signed "Your Father."

If the show is below par, the wire just doesn't come, that's all. And Benny works twice as hard next week just so he will be handed a wire from a very old man, exactly seventy-six years old, who means so much to Jack Benny.

No Story of Jack Benny is complete without Mary Livingston. It's Jack and Mary all the time. Theirs is a marriage that stands as an ideal to all Hollywood. They've been married ten years.

Now for the newest news on the Benny's. "I'm taking Mary to Europe this summer," he told me, "because I think she needs a complete rest and change. She's nervous and tired."

He didn't tell me, however, that before he even arranged for their vacation, he had financed a European trip for his two writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, just in appreciation. A typical Benny gesture. I had to find that out from other sources, however. When he returns, he'll again take up his broadcasting and movie making.

But here's the news—We hear from reliable sources that Mary has promised to appear in movies with him. Jack and Mary again.

And what do you mean do I know Benny? Why, I interviewed the man once and do I know him? Why, Jack Benny is my most intimate friend.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention August Motion Picture, 83
additional ingredients are added to the syrup, it is made more stable and more inclined to give the much desired smooth even cream.

A word more about the faster freezing. Every automatic refrigerator, naturally, has its own special handling in regard to temper-ature control. But the owner should learn to understand it to secure best results. In most recipes involving the use of cream (as opposed to water ice), the mixture should be frozen at the coldest point, as fast as possible. This will be equivalent to the fast cranking of the crank freezer, or to the rapid beating of eggs or similar mixtures by hand.

As EVERY homemaker knows, there are different types of frozen mixtures as follows:

1. Ice Cream—Mixture of cream, milk, sweetening, flavor and possibly fruits, stirred while freezing.
2. Mousse—Knows mixture to above, but frozen without stirring. (All automatic refrigerator ice cream.)
4. Sherbet or Ice—Mixture of sweetened fruit juices, stirred while freezing.
5. Pupee or Fropp—Mixture like sherbet only partially frozen, and very granular in texture.
6. Bisque or Biscuit—Custard ice cream mixture to which minced nuts, cake crumbles, etc., are added, frozen without stirring.
7. Frozen Pudding—Custard ice cream mixture as above, with the addition of fruits.

In making any cream mixture, the milk or cream must first be scalded. The reason is the one mentioned a moment ago, namely to lessen the amount of liquid and to increase the body of the mix. Scalded cream is richer and less likely to separate than uncooked milk. The sugar or sweetening should be cooked down to a syrup and allowed to cool. For fruit juices, flavors, etc., should be added last.

In making straight water ices, the same suggestions hold, that is to make a syrup of sugar and water, cool, and add fruit juices last. If you cook fruit juices, the flavor changes and the color fades. It may be necessary to add additional vegetable coloring to make the finished dish the right color.

Recently many products of a pre-mixed type or ready-to-use, have come to the housewife’s aid. These may be bought in packaged form, or come in a small tin. This mix contains sweetening, flavor and “body,” and is usually very easily added to cream or to a cream and milk mixture. Whole fruits are featured in one brand of mix, packed in tins. These products make ice cream such a simple task that everyone may prepare a dish a week, especially when used in the automatic refrigerator.

Sweetered condensed milk also is a most helpful and time-saving kind of milk to use in all frozen milk desserts. The fact that it is in such a condensed form with sugar and milk already cooked during the manufacturing process, enables it to be rapidly blended with other ingredients to which it provides sweetness. Some of the most delectable creams have a condensed milk base, and a recipe for one of these appears below. Marshmallows are another form of pre-cooked sugar and syrup which provide extra creaminess to the finished dish.

Here is a very easy recipe in which they appear:

**CANTALOPE CREAM**

27 marshmallows
2 cups ripe cantaloupe pulp
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Grains salt
3 drops oil of cinnamon
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
3 egg whites

Place marshmallows in top of double boiler. Add hot water, and heat until melted. Add melon pulp which has been forced through a sieve. Add lemon juice, salt and cinnamon oil. Chill. Add sugar gradually to egg whites, beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into first mixture. Pour into a tray and freeze at coldest point. Stir once or twice during freezing. (Serves 6.)

**OTHER frozen dishes not strictly desserts add much to the refreshment of the summer menu. Some of these are called salad-desserts, to which are added a cream base in which cut fruits, cream cheese, mayonnaise or whipped cream are incorporated. Tomato juice as well as sweet fruit juices may be frozen into a sherbet or ice. Whipped cream may be added to the tomato juice to make a most delicious tomato freeze to be cut in squares and served on lettuce. Chilled bouillon also is in this group of iced foods. And here is a suggestion: Use paper cups or small paper trays which fit into the freezing tray. Or there is a special new set of glass refrigerator tray dishes made expressly for freezing creams, etc. Pour into mixture in these individual paper or glass units, and freeze. When finished, these dishes may be taken out of the refrigerator. In some cases, the finished dish may then be served in the dish on which it was frozen. Frozen custards and Biscuit Tortoni are examples of creams always frozen in paper cups.)

The crank freezer produces what is to many people an ideal home-made ice cream. There is now available a special small iceless freezer unit designed to operate in the ice chamber of any usual automatic refrigerator. To do so, one removes the ice cube trays and the dividing shelves so that there is a larger compartment. Into this compartment goes the freezer can. The refrigerator door closes on the compartment, or it may then be plugged in to any electric outlet. In from one to two hours, the mixture will be sufficiently frozen so that it no longer needs stirring, and the motor (of the device) will stop automatically.

**THIS new iceless freezer is a smooth, small, narrow, cylindrical can, complete with tiny dasher. It fits easily into the refrigerator compartment and is a pleasure to use. Here’s a novel but simple recipe which lends itself particularly to freezers using a dasher!**

---

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**Let’s Have Some Ice Cream**

[Continued from page 52]
CHERRY CREAM SHERBET

1¾ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
1/4 cup lemon juice
2 cups water
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
Maraschino cherries

Combine milk, cherry and lemon
j uices, water and lemon extract, and
blend thoroughly. Pour into freezer
cylinder, and freeze. Remove dasher.
Allow to ripen one hour or more be-
fore use. Garnish roll of cream with
whole cherries. (Makes 1/2 quarts.)

Rum and coffee is a combination flavor
which seems particularly festive in any food.
And here it is featured in an ice cream, too
good to just give the family! Better save it
for your special guests!

RUM AND COFFEE ICE CREAM

1/4 cup confectioner’s sugar
1/2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon gelatin
1 tablespoon cold water
2 cups cream, whipped stiff
2 tablespoons rum and coffee extract
1 1/2 cups macaroon crumbs

Combine sugar and flour with a little
milk, to a thin paste, and add to re-
main ing milk which has been scalded.
Cook until thick. Add salt and eggs
slowly to hot mixture, stirring con-
stantly. Cook to consistency of thin
custard. Add gelatin soaked in cold
water and stir to dissolve. Cool. Fold in
stiffly whipped cream, together with rum
and coffee flavor. Pour into freezing
tray and freeze at coldest point. Serve
with macaroon crumbs dusted over top.
(Serves 6.)

In hot weather, ice cream is often all that
one wants or needs for lunch or supper.
If made of pure fresh ingredients its cream,
but ter and sugar can replace the same in-
gredients in other foods. Ice cream thus is a
genuine food, wholesome and nourishing, and
not merely a sweet ending to a full meal.

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The "Model" Way to Hollywood (Continued from page 35)

comedies. Many people BELIEVE actors are born, not made. That's true to a certain extent. But it has been my experience as a stage director that talent can be developed through training. Modeling is excellent preparation for acting. These girls have poise, charm, and rhythm of movement. They know how to walk, what to do with their hands.

Teacher Curzel had written on the blackboard, "Relax and Concentrate, or else." The 14 most photographed girls in the world impressed us model pupils. We met them again the next morning, to gather intimate facts about them.

Half a million photographs were considered and all the successful models in New York were interviewed before these girls were rejected. They are the cream of their crop. We'll try to describe them as soberly as we can.

BETTY WYMAN, is the No. 1 model of the country and gets more money for posing than any other girl, her rate being $25 an hour. She won the advertising model award for 1935. She was born in Kansas City and has been modeling for five years, chiefly furs before. Last year she has designed the fur used in Vogue. Thousands of young girls collect Wyman pictures, and she has a public which many cameractresses might well envy. A simple, natural manner is the only make-up technique.

Asked what she likes best about Hollywood, she quipped, "The gold in the sunshine." Her measurements are: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 108; dress size, 14; bust, 34½; waist, 20½; hips, 36. She is a brunette.

Frances Joyce, a magazine front cover girl, who has professionalized cigarettes on the back covers, has been repeatedly chosen as one of the ten most beautiful and best-dressed girls in America. Hers is a patrician beauty. How did she feel when she was picked to appear in Vogue? She was "astonished." Frances was in Earl Carroll's Vagabonds and has had stage and dramatic training at the Paramount studio in New York. But when her screen test was sent out to the coast, Paramount executives saw they had another Frances Farmer, and such resemblances did not look promising for Broadway. So they taught her new tricks in the same studio. But other producers besides Walter Wanger are interested in her, and if she can act, she should give even Marlene Dietrich a run for her money.

We asked her what's the chief difficulty she has had to overcome. "Knowing what to do with my height when I started growing up," she laughed. "That was my greatest struggle. I started out as a toe-dancer, but my height prevented me from trying to realize my ambitions of becoming another Pavlowa." Her modeling rates are, $5 an hour when posing for photographs, $15 an hour for fashion work. Her hobby is reading, "I read three or four books every week." She is writing a book based on her experiences as a model. Born in Allentown, Pa. Measurements: Height, 5 feet 7 inches (without heels, 5 feet 12½; dress size, 14; bust, 32; waist, 25½; hips, 35. Brown hair and brown eyes.

OLIVE CAWLEY is the daughter of a banker, her dad being connected with the Bankers Trust in New York. She made her debut in society a year ago. "I've been modeling for only seven months. After I made my debut, my mother wanted me to go to a fashionable school, but I wanted a hobby. Dad and I went to the Powers Agency for Models, where most of the Vogueettes were chosen. Mr. Powers hired her immediately, and the rest of her story is a matter of photographic record.

"It isn't much fun when they tell you to walk and show your dress off. Modeling taught me a great deal about myself, my good and bad points. The overpowering ambition to be an actress. She wants to marry and have kids. "I'd like to marry a carve-man. I don't want to be pampered, bowled down to, allowed to have my way all the time. You know, we models make good wives. A lot of the guys are proud to be married to models. We are very domestic." Olive has brown hair and melting brown eyes. She looks the shiest, but is one of the most outspoken. Height, 5 feet 5; weight, 120; dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 32; waist, 25; hips, 35.

Elizabeth Harben, whose enchanting smile and healthy pink cheeks make you think of a jolly red-breasted Robin. Day fete has grasped the covers of magazines for several seasons. "I did the cigarette posings, too." For a year she was secretary to an executive of a large corporation in New York. She says she does what she does as a model. "Modeling is really hard work. You rush around from one studio or store to another carrying boxes of clothes. Except when wearing expensive fur's and things like that, the model must supply her own wardrobe. I have seen a lot of pretty girls go into modeling, but failed to survive because they didn't have the required wardrobe. We models lead a hectic life in New York, but I've had a wonderful time since we've been out here." Her hobby is sailing, which she does all the year round. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches; weight, 109; dress size, 12; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34½. Light brown hair and brown eyes.

KATHERINE ALDRIDGE is the "girl with the perfect oval face." She has a vivid, virginal type of beauty. Her English is a delight. Brought up with three male cousins in a large model school, she learned to deal with difficult teachers. Admits blissfully, "I have kissed only two boys in my life." Elizabeth Harben, who is a close friend of hers (all of them are quite chummy), said Katherine would like to marry a minister, whereupon Katherine snapped, "But I haven't met a minister I'd like to marry." Her first job was being secretary to a banker, and she has been modeling for only a year. Her face is considered ideal by editors of women's magazines.

Every dollar she can spare goes into repairs on the old family steampump in Lyells, Va. She comes from a family of aristocratic Virginians now no longer rich, but proud as ever, "I want to be the salvation of my family," she said with passionate earnestness. Katherine will make an exquisite heiress, says one of the youngest Voguette, and one of the tallest. Height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 120; dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 32; waist, 23; hips, 35. Light brown hair, grey-blue eyes.

Dorothy Day, business woman in the city, the country, also famous for her hands, looks like Carole Lombard, and is full of fun and mischief. She is the main support of
Libby Harben, one of the most photographed girls in the world, took the "Model" way to Hollywood and you'll be seen' her in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*. Sailing is Libby's hobby so she wears a cotton playsuit with a sailboat motif.

Phyllis Gilman is recognized as the perfect lingerie model. Born in Philadelphia, attended a convent for two years in Florence, Italy, has lived in London, Paris, Vienna, speaks several languages. Was in Transatlantic Rhythm and Monte Carlo Polka, both produced in Europe. But this is the break she has been waiting for. Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 118; dress size, 14; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34½.

P H L I S S I L I M A N

Another industrious knitter is Ruth Martin, one of the shapeliest and prettiest Voguettes. Has visited France, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Hungary, Austria, etc. Society gal. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 110; dress size, 11 or 12; bust, 33; waist, 24; hips, 34. Ash blonde hair, blue eyes.

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dress size, 12 to 14; bust, 34; waist, 27; hips, 35. Brown hair, hazel eyes.

Mary Oak has been married twice. Her second husband was killed in an airplane crash. She lived two years in Honolulu, spending most of her time in airplanes. "When I graduated from high school my father didn’t have money to send me through college. I worked my way through the Art Institute in Chicago, selling ads, acting as hostess in a tea room, posing for evening classes at the institute. I believe I was the poorest student there, and I got the biggest thrill in my life when they elected me queen of the Mardi Gras, an artist’s ball. I had to count my pennies to save enough money to go to New York. I lost all my savings in the bank.

She is the staff model for editorials in a woman’s magazine, an assignment which covers every possible kind of specialized modeling from stockings to millinery. "You must have a sense of adventure to meet so many nice people, but you burn out sooner or later. However, some have been modeling for ten years and are still tops." Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 116; dresses, size 14; waist, 25; hips, 34. Brown hair, brown eyes.

MODELING is strictly business, according to the unanimous opinion of these girls who must know how to sell herself and cultivate pleasant relationships with the photographers and stores that employ them, but a reputation for moral laxity is fatal to success. The model must live a simple life and not make emotional storms and excesses of all kinds, always radiate vibrant well-being. Not one of these girls is a beauty, but they all have real charm and intelligence. Our only regret is that these girls are flotilla-headed among them. We are least widely that the ones who will click and develop into screen actresses will not lose their present fresh, unspoiled personalities.

Paradise has been choosing the models for Artists and Models from among Hollywood girls. Last night we sat with the three judges—Raoul Walsh, Leroy Prinz and Russell Patterson, the illustrator—to see how they pick ‘em. The Leroy Prinz bungalow at the studio was crowded with girls, professional models or film dancers. A man snooped around taking candid colored photographs of the younger ones when the girls walked across a stage, one by one, first in evening gowns or street clothes, then in bathing suits, and the judges graded them A, B, or C, the primary requirements being beauty, personality and quality of 'style.' This was one of the preliminary try-outs, a process of elimination.

At least a thousand girls will be examined before the models for the picture are chosen. No one seems to know every one of them personally, told them what to do on the stage: "Turn around slowly, please;" "Swing your stuff a little bit;" "How tall are you, honey?" Some of the girls were completely embarrassed, others took it in stride. The stage was flooded with lights and they couldn’t see it. It was a grand show. There is a 'Model's' club in Hollywood, with a clubhouse on Hollywood Boulevard. Here every Thursday night a review is held for studio casting and dance directors, commercial artists and photographers, manufacturers, jobbers, Sorum Inc., a year of the most beautiful girls we have ever seen have belonged to this organization. These weekly reviews are conducted in exactly the same manner as we described above. Josephine Seymour, co-founder of the Club (the other director being Doris "Ziegfeld" Lloyd) tells of their various qualifications to the assembled guests. The girls have merely numbers. Their names are not given.

The Club offers its members free booking service, classes in modeling, walking, dancing, singing, dramatics. Miss Seymour, who teaches the girls how to walk, was once A famous model and conducted a school for models on Wilshire Boulevard. She is the mother of three children. Recently we attended her class in proper walking. She was teaching the "French walk," which is used for evening gowns only, or for lovely stage effects in a fashion review. It is done to the count of one—two—three.

The Miss Seymour to her beautiful pupils: "Your evening personality is much more formal than the one you use in your regular walk. Your audience is not as important as the gown you are displaying. In an evening gown, you are a beautiful, languid, graceful. You are never the pursuer, but the lady at whose feet they gather to ask favors."

Doris Lloyd

DORIS LLOYD was glorified by Ziegfeld for nine seasons, from 1917 to 1926. "I’ve never been a beautiful dame," she told us. "Ziggly thought I had a terrific personality. Well, I always feel as if I’m on the stage. I find a lot of things to hide in my embarrassment on the stage. I’ve always been scared to death of people. When we first started this club I had to make a speech before the Kivivus Club. I took a step in front of a thousand people. It was as red as a beet. A newspaper man who was hanging around the place told me, ‘You are the first Ziegfeld Folies girls who blushes.’ Scouting for talent, she came all the way from Chicago to the world. I see some material here overlooked by the studios, girls who are potential screen stars."

The beautiful Breutzer Twins, fashion and photographic models, now under contract to 20th Century-Fox, belonged to this club when we first met them. There are many Hollywood girls who supplement their earnings as models by working in pictures now and then. New York’s Lynn Lamont, a statuesque beauty with blue eyes and reddish brown hair. She is a member of Vic McLagan’s Girls’ Troupe, composed of models from successful modeling firms. Under these models, she is versatile—and can dance, sing, design, whom a typewriter like nobody’s business. She is a graduate of the Los Angeles Junior College, where she took a course in photography. Pretty Virginia Dabney, who modeled in Fashion Folies. Turn off the Moon, Stolen Holiday and other pictures, is now in the cast of Mountain Music. She is a full-bodied girl, who can dance anywhere. When they say, ‘It’s a beautiful head,’ the girl who wears it is photographed along with it, and gets a chance to show her charm, beauty and personality. But in a chorus ensemble, she is just a lot of twenty- or thirty-year-olds kicking their legs. Extra work is still worse."

There is an increasing demand for models in Hollywood. Russell Patterson estimates there are over 100,000 more than was the case a year or two ago. Color photography has been a boon to models. So if you are thinking of breaking into pictures, consider the possibilities of modeling. It’s an incomparably better way of gaining recognition than extra or chorus work.
things. I know more about life today than I would if I were a junior in college. I'm reasonably sure of that. And I have a feeling that may mean more to me in the end—just as an actress, but as a woman.

"What would you have studied if you had gone to college?"

"English—I would have majored in that—and speech arts. I was planning to be either an English or a history teacher. I would have taken French and History. Everything a general arts course has to offer."

"And what have you been majoring in, in Hollywood?"

"Self-improvement, from every angle. That, and human relationships. Maybe you could call it Applied Psychology. I didn't know it then—a year ago I never would have—"

"But Hollywood taught me things about acting. I discovered, for instance, that on a sound track my 's's' sounded like the explosions of a steam engine. I had never noticed before how harsh those 's's' of mine were—but that made me notice—and do something about it."

"Yet if I've been in Hollywood, and it's something I might never have learned anywhere else: the terrifically important part her voice can play in a woman's life. Any woman's life, but particularly an actress' life. She's her radio alter ego. On the screen, your voice may distort attention from your voice; something seen registers more than something heard. But on the radio, you are acting with one thing alone—your voice. It has to be expressive, with a pleasing quality, or you're lost."

"I would never have learned self-criticism in college as I have in Hollywood; I wouldn't have had the opportunity. And I wouldn't have learned the axe to whet as I have here. I couldn't take it in high school. When you can't see the things others are criticizing, you resent their criticism. That's only human. I couldn't see them then. Hollywood has educated me to see them, and it has made all the difference imaginable in me as a person. I've outgrown that spoiled adolescent I used to be. At least, I hope I have."

**Olivia de Havilland**

"And there's no more unspoiled girl in America than Olivia de Havilland. If you can't take the criticism of people who want to help you, who may be trying to help you, you're in for some pain. Any advantage—no, you'll never gain in Hollywood. Or anywhere else, for that matter. I'm glad I learned that lesson young.

"But, before I'd want to know how to get along with people. Hollywood made me learn how. It sounds like a believe-it-or-not, but interviews have helped me more than anything else. I've had to learn to be at ease, and talk naturally, with total strangers—completely on my own. That is another experience I would never have had in college."

"I've been going out lately, for the first time in my life. (No, there isn't any romance—yet.) I never used to go to parties or night clubs. People wondered why. One reason was that I was concentrating on my career; I wasn't permitting any distractions. But that wasn't the main reason. The main reason was that I was ill with stagefright, every time I thought of meeting a whole group of people I didn't know, I would accept an invitation and then, determine to cancel that fear; I'd even get dressed for the party. Then the old stagefright would overwhelm me again. I would be violently ill. Literally.

"And do you reconcile that with your ability to act?" I asked her.

"I don't know—except that when I'm playing a role, I forget that I'm Olivia de Havilland. I'm that other girl, or at least my own pictures—and I couldn't do something fast enough!"

"Mother studied music six years in Paris, and worked with the King's music master in London. She wasn't a musician. During the depression, she taught tuition. But she never taught it to us—my sister and me. She encouraged us to read aloud, and discouraged us from using slang. But she never schooled us, as it were."

"I think I'm discovering, in Hollywood, and it's something I might never have learned anywhere else: the terrifically important part her voice can play in a woman's life. Any woman's life, but particularly an actress' life. She's her radio alter ego. On the screen, your voice may distort attention from your voice; something seen registers more than something heard. But on the radio, you are acting with one thing alone—your voice. It has to be expressive, with a pleasing quality, or you're lost."

"I would never have learned self-criticism in college as I have in Hollywood; I wouldn't have had the opportunity. And I wouldn't have learned the axe to whet as I have here. I couldn't take it in high school. When you can't see the things others are criticizing, you resent their criticism. That's only human. I couldn't see them then. Hollywood has educated me to see them, and it has made all the difference imaginable in me as a person. I've outgrown that spoiled adolescent I used to be. At least, I hope I have."
I'm trying to be. I'm concerned with what people are thinking of her, not of me. If so, I used to get terrible stage fright at stage shows in school—until I was actually out in front of the footlights.

I think one reason for that, and for my not keeping stage fright, was that I was too analytical. If people liked me, I tried to analyze their motives. And if they didn't like me, the same thing happened. College, in that respect, wouldn't have simplified things for me. If college does anything to you, it tends to make you more analytical. Every college student who takes psychology is an amateur psycho-analyst at heart.

"Hollywood, on the other hand, has made life easier for me. Hollywood is helpful to shy people, because actors are so informal, so friendly. Even more than most people, they like to be liked. They go out of their way to be friendly. Others haven't that graciousness, that ability to put people at ease, that friendly warmth, that un inhibited something. And that doesn't apply to only actors and actresses, but to everyone else in the business. There is a comradely something in them all that accepts everyone at face value. There is no snobbery in Hollywood, as there is apt to be in college. Not knowing how to get along with people, an actor is judged by a person by any- thing except your pleasantness. Your ancestors and your money don't matter."

"DO YOU think that Hollywood has given you more poise than college would have?"

"Yes, I've matured more quickly here. I've had responsibility earlier. I've come down to earth sooner. College, in a way, is an incubator for fledglings. Hollywood isn't. Here, I've been earning a living, not theorizing about it.

"You don't, by any chance, believe that the world revolves around Hollywood, in much the same manner that it revolves around the sun?"

"You don't flatter my sense of perspective. The answer is No. And, wait a minute—please don't ask it. The world doesn't revolve around Olivia de Havilland, either."

"If Hollywood widened your perspective?"

"On life—yes."

"Far more than college would have?"

"If it hadn't, my very sane mother would have attended to the matter personally. Whenever I get in a mental rut, she figura tively cracks me over the head, and my perspective widens again with amazing rapidity. But I wouldn't have had Mother with me in college."

"Do you think you would have fallen in love before this, in college?"

"I rather doubt it. I might have been more girlishly flighty, but, on the other hand, I wouldn't have known how to get along with anybody long enough for a real romance to bloom. And I think I would have been pretty career-minded even there. I grew up with the idea of trying to make something of myself, by myself. I wouldn't have lost that idea."

"If you had gone to college, and your sister had later won a scholarship to the same college, you wouldn't have had different names to make people think differently of you."

"No. There wouldn't have been any publicity build-up of the name de Havilland. Love attended to the matter personally as much with the name as I would. Maybe she would have here, too. But you can't blame her for changing her name. Put yourself in her place. You'd be sensitive, too, and believe you had as much talent as your sister, and probably more—to have people keep saying, 'Oh, yes, you're So-and-Soo's sister.' You'd want to do something about it, too."

I studied Olivia—pretty, intelligent, alert, poised, unspoiled—and wondered, to myself, how long anyone would have to search to find a twenty-year-old college girl to compare with her. Out loud, I asked:

"On the whole, and in short, you're willing to say that Hollywood is a pretty satisfying substitute for a college education?"

"In short, and on the whole," she said, "—yes."
A Star is Born
(Continued from page 43)

for either Robert Taylor or Robert Montgomery. While RKO considers the 
loa, Joan is playing opposite Nino Martini in Music for Madame. Then she will be 
starring— in Curtain Call. She will not be in Stage Door and my name is linked to 
this new Hepburn picture, Joan has become too important to be cast in minor 
roles.

After less than six months in the movies, she is a star being born . . .

HER studio, at Joan's own specific re-
quest, is avoiding all mention of the 
fact that she was born Joan de Havilland and that she has a sister named Olivia. She 
never mentions it herself if she can help it. She is fiercely "on her own."

She is not a blonde, gray-eyed version of 
brunette, brown-eyed "Oliv. " She 
always featured, she is one of the only 
fairest family resemblance. Joan did 
not win her screen chance because of it—or 
because she had a sister with talent. She 
won that chance by herself, by being her-
self. It is as herself as she is heading 
upward.

And it is as Joan Fontaine, star in the 
looking—not as someone's sister—that she 
 rates a story this early in her career. A 
story about something other than clothes to do with, 
and, for a newcomer to make her standing 
material. A story paralleling the first 
studio experiences of the heroine of A Star Is Born...

I went after that story and found that, 
Joan's case, there was no such story. But 
I came away with a substitute that is even 
more illuminating. A story about the 
possibilities that a girl's clothes create for her-
self in these our modern times.

Joan is nineteen. And one of the re-
freshing things about her is that she looks 
approximately nineteen. And acts it. 
Fifteen years, she is one of the most 
beautiful girls on the screen today. But 
do she stress the point? She is frankly 
embarrassed—in person. Her hair gives 
the impression that she has been out in the 
open air. Her clothes are not clingy. She 
is trying for no glamorous effect in her 
appearance. Her gestures are animated, 
impulsive. She is youthfullly intense, excited 
about life. She lacks completely the affect-
tedness of the sophisticate, the actress-al-
ways- looking-for-an-audience.

That kind of naturalness is so rare in 
Hollywood, where the biggest acts seem to 
draw the most attention, that Joan's dis-
covery at first wondered if it was real.

LET me tell you how that discovery hap-
pended. Or, rather, let Joan tell you:
"I had had to give up all my plans, and 
I was frantic for something to do. That was 
awful after we had moved to Los Angeles, a year or 
so ago. I had never thought of acting before—but now, suddenly, it loomed as a 
possibility. Perhaps I could act. I didn't know; I had never tried.

"I did know that the only place to do the 
trying, at first, was on the stage. The 
movies hadn't the time to trouble with un-
trained people.

"Henry Duffy, the West Coast play pro-
ducer, is a friend of the family. After weeks of 
screwing up my courage, I finally men-
tioned it to him. He was about to put on 
Call It a Day. He let me try out for the part of the girl-next-door. 
More than that—he let me play it. "To make 
things a little easier for everybody, includ-
ing myself, I took the name of Joan Fontaine. That was my own idea. Exclusively.

"Jesse Lasky saw me in the role and, 
and, arranged for an interview. At 
the end of it, he said: "We're looking for a new, unorthodox type for his con-
tract list—and that I seemed to have the 
qualifications. But first, before we talked about a possible contract, he wanted to meet 
my mother. He could tell about me in five minutes with her, he said, than he 
could in an hour with me. The qualifica-
tions I seemed to have might be only skill-
ful acting; he had no way of knowing.

But he did know I was the test. That 
would tell him whether they were a veneer or 
something likely to last.

"I had never heard of such a test before, 
but it did make sense. He met mother 
and signed me without making a screen test..." 

And then did the make-up department go 
to work, experimenting with her face, as 
the make-up department experimented with 
Esther Victoria Bledgett! in A Star Is Born? 

"No, it was the other way around. That was 
one of the reasons why I signed with Mr. 
Lasky... Two other studios had given me 
their screen tests, and for the occasion one of 
them had made me up until I looked like 
myself. But Lasky on the other hand, told me 
not to try to remake my face. Whether I 
was beautiful or not didn't matter; what matter was that I didn't look like some-
one else. Then he said his chance to be re-
membered.

"That also sounded reasonable. And it 
did two other things. It lessened my self-
consciousness about my appearance. It let 
me concentrate on my work.

BEFORE I was an actress, I had to 
worry very much about finding a new way to wear my hair, to avoid always 
being monotonously the same. Now the 
studio does the worrying a little better than 
I used to do. Also, it does a better 
job of finding the new ways.

"But nobody has tried to make me super-
clothes-conscious. Nobody has taken me 
aside and given me lessons in glamour. I 
still wear the sort of clothes I've always 
worn—although I'm a little surer now of 
what looks best on me, after talking with 
an expert dress designer like Edward 
Stevenson.

"Nobody has made me self-conscious 
about my figure. Nobody has said, 'You 
ought to diet' or 'You ought to gain weight.' Nobody has said, 'You'll have to improve 
your posture.' Nobody has told me, 'You 
must study diction.'

"I know that there is room for improve-
ment in all three departments. But the 
important thing is that someone has tortured me 
into desperate self-consciousness—which is 
something that newcomers must have 
suffered, once upon a time, from all ac-
counts. I've been allowed to feel natural. 
"Nobody from the New York city 
department has taken me aside and warned me to 
say this, or say that, when the Press comes to 
call. Nobody has asked me to do this stunt, 
or that. But the three names in the papers. 
Nobody has even hinted that I should put on 
some sort of act—any kind of act—to 
attraction to myself. Nobody has said, 'Be 
seen only with the right people, and in

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention August Motion Picture
"Mother" believed that everyone had a right to develop, talent, which ambition could develop. She bred that belief into us. But she did not foist ambitions upon us; she let us develop our own. She encouraged my art, always. Yet when I seemed to show some talent for dancing, she encouraged that just as much. (I studied ballet for a time, you know—which hardly hurt my posture.) The important thing, to mother, was—and for our having ambition and a determination to make something of ourselves.

"People wonder why I don't go out; why I don't have any boy-friends—or any girl-friends, either, for that matter. The answer is that, today, is the most important thing in life. On my own, I'm taking singing lessons and dramatic lessons—because I know they will help me. I'm studying at home, after I leave the studio. I don't crave, or need, any relaxation except reading and reading and long drives alone in my car, to think things out.

"I've seen other girls 'discovered' by the movies—pretty, intelligent girls—who have failed, and I have asked myself why. I think there is only one answer, in so many of the cases. They were not willing to work.

"They were discovered so suddenly and effortlessly that they thought they had a God-given something that would make them stars overnight. When they learned about the long, dull, dreary hours that stars had spent in study, in rehearsal, in this and that, they said: 'That kind of drudgery isn't for us.' And then, when stardom didn't happen, they blamed 'jealous stars,' 'stupid roles,' 'poor direction'—everything but themselves. Everything but their own unwillingness to work desperately to succeed.

Thus, Joan Fontaine—the newest star born in Hollywood—the girl who is a 'natural' if Hollywood ever saw one. You will be seeing her for a long, long time to come.
out well in Sylvia's case. She showed me other favorite earrings—a pair of minute diamond buttons, some gold ones shaped like tiny, full-blown roses, a pair of pearl drops. I wondered what, if anything, was about the pierced ear-lobes when playing a part that made earrings out of place, and she said the make-up men simply covered her ear-lobes with heavy make-up and that was that!

T O ACCENT still more the heart-shaped outline of her face, Sylviaarches her eyebrows so that they curve in the center, descents gently inward, thickening with the twin arches of her hairline springing up from the widow's peak. She concentrates mascara at the outer edges of her long lashes instead of applying it evenly all the way across, because that gives the unusual width between her eyes. They could be made to appear closer-set if she concentrated mascara at the inner corners, wore shadow close to her nose, but Sylvia realizes that what she wants in her heart-shaped face, should be played up. She has never worn artificial lashes even on the screen (because her own make-up so satisfactorily) and she often has to tone down the natural curl of her fingers by applying an almost white liner.

Because it has such definite edges, Sylvia's mouth can't be re-made with lipstick—even though anyone should want to change its lovely shape. She claims that filling in, and is only practical for women whose lips have a blurred, indefinite outline—and she's quite right. Instead of toning down the size of her lips by line, so that they are not too full for the small, pointed chin, Sylvia keeps her lipstick soft in tone and sparing in quantity. The result is a happy one, as you can see.

Sylivia is one of those rare and fortunate souls who can carry off, with satiny, creamy skin who still have no trouble in acquiring a becoming suntan. She never overdoes it, though, which probably accounts for the fact that the sun has not coarsened her skin in the least. Her method of caring for it is usual, consisting of alternating applications of soap and water and cream, with a once-a-day lubricant and extra lubrication when she has been out in sun and wind.

The Sydney nail looks much loving care because her hobby—amateur photography—is rather hard on them. She has oil manicures to counteract the effect of the developing solutions, followed by the application of a special bleach cream, and buffs her nails vigorously before applying polish. She's found that a thin coat of colorless polish forms an excellent foundation for the final layer of colored polish, which she usually wears almost to the tips of her nails. For prosaic reasons, she prefers a pale, rosy tone of polish, but for evening and dress-up affairs, likes to match her fingernails to her lips.

W ITH the help of cosmetic chemistry and a little discretion, you can acquire as fine and glowing a suntan as any movie star; or if a suntan makes you look grimy instead of glowing, you can remain pink and white and still not have to flee from every ray otherwise. For instance, if you are a fragrant concoction, one an oil that induces tan and prevents burning, the other a milky lotion that prevents sunburn and suntan. The oil does not stain the skin, and spreads smoothly and evenly without the stickiness of or
dinary vegetable or mineral oils... Apply it before going out, and always again after you've been in the water and returned to sun yourself on the sand. The more of the sun lotion you apply, the more protective your lily-white epidermis receives, so don't be stingy with it. It is absorbed like a flash and leaves no traces. The special ingredients incorporated in this liquid, after much laboratory testing, insure their producing the desired results, which is something you can never be sure of when you use an oil that belongs in the kitchen. The lotion is $1 a bottle. The oil, in two sizes, is priced at 50 cents and $1. Want the trade name?

It matters not how fine a tan you form nor how gardenia-like you manage to keep your skin during the summer, if you then proceed to use the wrong shade of face powder. One manufacturer has given this problem of matching sun-warm skin tones a great deal of thought, and has evolved a new summer shade to supplant two grand ones brought out last year. None of them is the old-fashioned cinnamon-brown type of powder that is so unbecoming. Besides their artistic blend of pigments, they have the advantage of thwarting the harsh glare of the sun, and the result, as you can see, is immensely flattering. One of the many nice things about these powders is that they come in ten and twenty cent sizes, as well as full size jars, so that you can buy all three sizes for testing purposes, and arrive at just the perfect shade for your skin. Or you can progress from one to the other, as your skin changes slightly in depth of color. Do let me know if you'd like the trade name. I know you will be pleased with the texture, staying power and perfume of these powders, as well as with their flattering colors.

I T ISN'T hard to guess, when you see a lovely skin like Sylivia Sidney's, that soap and water, as well as cream, played a large part in keeping it that way... A skin-worthy soap, especially fancied by the Hollywood stars, is so fragrant and delightful to use that it actually cools you to wallow in its creamy lather. Costing only a few cents a cake, it makes an ideal soap for the bath as well as for cleansing the face. With summer heat increasing the flow of oil and perspiration and heightening the danger of clogging facial pores, you should be particularly vigilant in cleansing your skin. Twice-a-day scrubblings with this soap will keep it clear, fine-textured and normal. I'll gladly furnish the name.

For those of you whose skin is inclined to freckle and become sallow in summer, I can recommend a fragrant cream that bleaches gently without any harsh action. Used nightly, as an emollient and clarifying agent, it has fine and speedy results. With the new feminine fashions in clothes turning us all into pretty minxes, a clear, unfreckled skin is as necessary as one that is free from coarseness, large pores and blackheads... This particular cream can be used, in small amounts, as a powder base, prolonging its effectiveness and keeping your face powder in line. Very inexpensive and on sale at most toilet goods counters. Write to me for additional information about it.

Those clear, starry eyes that are so much a part of any movie queen's beauty aren't faked. They are the result of caution, care.

[Continued from page 51]
Up From the Bottom (Continued from page 50)

all, Hollywood was a paradise for actors. So he began an invasion of the studios for extra work and bit parts. A young man by the name of Frank Cooper who was soon destined to fame accompanied him on the daily rounds. His name is now Gary Cooper.

After endless weeks of futile hammering at the portals of Hollywood, a friend of Walter's, Tenny Wright, now general manager of First National, then an assistant director at Universal, got his friend a job.

WALTER BRENNAN recounts with feeling that first day of screen work.

"Tenny got me the work. I earned $10.00. My first moving picture pay check. I was one of a mob at a formal party. An ape broke loose and we, the extras, were to break up and run in all directions. I ran into a water-trough looking over my shoulder according to directions, and got wetter than hell for ten bucks. But I was glad to get the dough."

That was back in 1925. Ten dollars was money, fifteen a good-sized fortune, and twenty-five spelled heaven.

And this wasn't rolling in every day either. Walter must have had misgivings over the failure of the studio gods to smile on him. The studios were filled with extras trying their best to eke out a living. Many were called, but few were chosen. Walter was lucky.

A HOLLYWOOD STAR CONFESES

Sometimes Hollywood means scandal and sorrow as well as glamour and glitter. In this yearning confession you will learn how love was tarnished for a glorymad girl. Straight from the pen of a famous star!

Also In This Issue:

LOVE AFFAIRS OF A LIFE GUARD
I WAS A MARRIED MISTRESS
LIFE ENDS AT 30—FOR A CHILD BRIDE

—and other sensational true stories

NOW ON SALE

10¢

Boris Karloff and wife rarely join in Hollywood's nite-life. They entertain their friends, mostly British, at home
"I did a little more bit playing," the Academy Winner continued, "always hoping to get a break. Pretty soon I met Hoot Gibson, and I started to do character parts and comedy bits. I remember the best picture I ever acted in with him was "The Lariat Kid." I got some swell critics' notices from that one.

"I earned as much as $150 a week—when I worked. That was about 95 cents an hour before sound came along. It brought a revolutionary change to the motion picture business. There was a mad scramble among the old stars to assert themselves in the new field, and for a time it took some of them by surprise. I for one—myself—and the others in the business who recognize their talent—believe this period gave me the beginning of what was later to be the break."

The extra, destined some day to win the coveted Academy award, began the rounds of Hollywood studios and casting offices for work. One day he strolled onto the set of "The Crisco Kid," a comedy take-off on "The Cisco Kid," starring George Sidney and Charlie Murray. The director was trying to coax a jackass to bray at a certain place, but the animal being true to his disposition, refused to budge vocally. Walter stepped forward and volunteered his services.

"I can bray," he explained to the director. "Just listen to me. I'm one of the two great ter- rific jackass brayers that might have even outdone the best that the animal had to offer. He got the job and brayed at $10 a bray. For this he was given a bit in the picture for $25 a week.

Another time Walter was called on to cry like a baby. In Hollywood studios must pay the parents of babies used in films $75 a day, and the laws specify that no baby may be used in picture over two hours daily, and no infant may be before the camera more than two minutes of that two hours. This is done to protect the baby's health and to keep its eyes from glaring lights.

While shooting "Little Accident" in 1930 the director required a good healthy baby's cry. Walt was drafted for the job, and did it much better than the establishes. For this he was given a bit in the picture for $25 a week.

WALTER went keeping in the months that followed. A bit part here, a few lines there, a scene in a picture, mob extra. His family was fed and clothed—regularly and decently. There were many times when it might have been much easier to quit, to do anything else but sound effects, to take a big break and something of a turning point in his life when he was recommended to Director Victor Schertzinger for a part in "My Woman."

Walt appeared before the director, Mr. Schertzinger explained that what he needed was someone for a radio audition sequence. "Is it supposed to be good?" Walter asked. "No," replied Schertzinger. "It can be bad, so badly it'll turn Mr. Brennan." Walter has to have someone," the director explained, "who can give this radio reading in the worst possible fashion. It's got to be a lousy audition so that Victor Jory, the program director, can throw you out of the broadcasting studio with protest. Now, do you think you can do something like that?"

Walter Brennan didn't know how to say "no" in a situation like that, so he said "yes." He went home that night, thinking up a way to act so horrible that he'd be good. A rather odd twist of circumstances for a man who really was not the type to break he could. Then an idea came to him, he decided to pose as a stutterer, imitating various animals. He rehearsed several times before his family, much to their amazement, and returned to the studio the next morning ready to d-d-d-do or d-d-d-die. His audition was so bad it was marvelous. When the notices came out in the papers it proved true that Walter Brennan even then the picture by his short five minute sequence.

SEVERAL months later he was called upon for a role in "Rebecca of Sunny- brook Farm." He played the New England druggist. He did the part well, and was rewarded with splendid notices. But this, observed the bit player to himself, was the first time they had called for him. The name Walter Brennan was beginning to mean something.

One day a Mr. McQuarrie called on Walter Brennan. This happened shortly after the rave reviews on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

"I'm an agent," the caller explained, "and what you need right now is an agent. You're on the way up."

Mr. McQuarrie was the first person outside of a bit player to recognize something of the acting ability that everyone is so eager to recognize today.

The union of actor and agent was to be- come a firm friendship as well as a profitable business and casting offices for work. One day he strolled onto the set of "The Crisco Kid," a comedy take-off on "The Cisco Kid," starring George Sidney and Charlie Murray. The director was trying to coax a jackass to bray at a certain place, but the animal being true to his disposition, refused to budge vocally. Walter stepped forward and volunteered his services.

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FREE Send for the purse size package and it'll include FREE a copy of illuminating book, "Modern Method of Menstrual Care."

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those graying, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or rheumatism are really caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 4 to 5 pints of urine a day, and only 10 cents of waste. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, humpback, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney filters get out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.
great conflict. For four years they have been out of touch with the world, living and fighting like dogs. Then suddenly the war ends...they are sent home. There they find that they are greeted with suspicion, for the foundations of the German revolution are being laid. They are misfits. They are like a group of desert islanders returning home. Suddenly, to their consternation, they find that all the ideals they have battled for do not exist...at least everything that ever meant anything to them has changed.

There is starvation and want abroad in the land. Poetic Ernst finds no solace in his books; Albert is disillusioned; Bithke finds his wife untrue; Wiel, exponent of brotherly love, is killed by revolutionary soldiers in a fracas in the town square—and Giisicke is left to spend a lifetime in an asylum.

The world has slipped away and they find themselves unable to grasp it. Then Albert kills a man in whose arms he finds his sweetheart in a half-drunk condition. She has grown away from him in the years that have passed.

He is tried for the crime, but refuses to say a word for himself. He becomes so stunned that he is blamed for killing a man he had a right to kill—a man whom he hated when all these years he has been killing men he did not know.

Albert's friends speak for him—but he is convicted!

WITH all its preachments for peace in the future, The Road Back still offers laughs for the present. It is not without humor. No picture with the Andy Devine—Slim Summerville combination could ever miss its well-timed light spots. As usual, Summerville gets off some of his classic remarks to carry the day.

The Road Back has proved to be a picture that had to have the sympathetic touch of a great director to round it out into a perfect thing of its kind. The casting alone took months.

Universal Studios took camera crews onto every college campus on the Pacific Coast in an attempt to find the "perfect" types for this difficult production. In which is not one star. Any one part in the picture could have been built into the feature role, but it was the good fortune for John King that he was selected for the role of Ernst, for it has given him his start to stardom. John was taken out of serials directly into the main part of the picture. His portrayal of Ernst is a fine piece of acting, for the part is crowded with drama and sincere realism.

And Albert's court-room scenes alone are enough to put both boys in top running—the role being played by Maurice Murphy.

There is Giisicke, the sensitive youth unused to the ravages of war—who goes 'over the top' with fear in his heart, only to discover an uncontrollable lust for blood when he comes upon an enemy soldier at the point of killing his superior officer. A sudden rage urges him to lunge at the enemy. He forces his bayonet again and again into the body of the assailant. When his momentary fury subsides he realizes he has actually killed a man and the horror of it all drives him insane. Giisicke is played by Gene Farrick, a newcomer to the screen, but we predict that his film will start well on his way to a successful career as a character juvenile.

EVERY boy who has had the good fortune to appear in The Road Back will attract considerable attention to himself. Certainly enough effort has been put into the actual production. A look at a few of these production facts would establish the work and money expended on it.

Forty-six separate sets were required to film the picture—the Klosterburg set alone costing over $60,000 to complete.

Before it is finished, production costs will run well over $1,000,000.

Over five thousand extras and actors were employed in filming the various scenes.

Seven weeks of continuous night shooting were necessary to complete the battlefield and the revolution scenes.

Camera equipment, alone, cost over $80,000 and includes a specially-constructed crane used in filming the big riot and revolution sequences.

James W. Whale, the director, R. C. Sheriff, scenario, and Erich Maria Remarque, author, are all veterans of the World War. In addition every effort has been made to portray, in exact detail, every phase of this dramatic story.

Accent On Beauty [Continued from page 93]

and cosmetics. No movie star sits up reading until 3 a.m., lies in the blazing sun without protective sun glasses or indulges in any such foolishness. To combat even the unavoidable onslaughts of sun, dust, studio lights and work, the stars always resort to the frequent use of cleansing, soothing eye lotions, to the application of eye creams on the delicate skin around the eyes.

See to it that you follow their example. First, buy yourself some dark glasses. Second, a good eye lotion. I can recommend one of the new lotions if you like—six cents liquid that clears and soothes the eyes promptly. A single drop in each eye does the trick, washing away flecks of dirt, banishing bloodshot conditions and bringing eye-comfort quickly. The lotion comes in a tiny-trimmed blue and white bottle, with a handy dropper-stopper, and is so compact and tidy that it can be tucked away inconspicuously in a corner of the purse or travel bag. The price is 60 cents for this eye essential.

To keep the skin around the eyes dewy, soft and unwrinkled requires more effort than the stars put into their faces. The skin here is finer in texture, so that squinting is apt to produce lines. The logical remedy is a rich eye cream. A new one has just been called to my attention that seems to have all the merits of this type of product and is also very inexpensive. It's a blend of fine oils that goes on smoothly and disappears partially, instead of remaining on the surface, an unsightly misfit. Costs only ten cents a tube.
JANICE JARRATT’S bad luck was another bride-to-be’s good luck. When fiance Melvin Parvis, the former G-Man, and Janice spatted in Texas and he walked out, naturally the engagement was busted. Right on the eve of the wedding, Janice’s parents instructed the florist to turn her gorgeous bridal bouquet over to the first couple who came for a license on Janice’s wedding day. He did, and that made one bride too, too happy. But anyway, wasn’t it a nice gesture?

CUPID’S COUPLETT: Merna Kennedy and Glenn Tryon, They’re cooin’, holdin’ hands and sighin’

FUNNY yarn (even though it’s late) about Arline Judge’s Reno divorce. Seems her maid and chauffeur went along with her. They also “took the cure” as the natives say about getting a Reno divorce. And they got their decrees the same day Arline did. And then they right upped and married each other, on the same day Arline became Mrs. Dan Topping.


BUDDY ROGERS is stepping out with other gals.

But Mary still says she’s getting ready to marry him in June. And Walter Winchell still insists they’re already married. You guess, huh? Ol’ Man Tattler is tired.

More or less vital statistics from Hollywood’s LOVE FRONT: Miss Dietrich just got married. Not Marlene, but Carol, who looks so much like Marlene that she doubles for her. She married Ben Pollock, cowboy-actor, and said: “I’ve always liked cowboys: even the drugstore kind . . . .”

By the time you read this, that much-publicized Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding will be over (unless last-minute things happen). Jeanette set the date for June 16, with a big church wedding at which Nelson Eddy will sing, Fay Wray and Ginger Rogers be among the bridesmaids, Harold Lloyd and Johnny Mack Brown among the ushers, and flocks of Hollywood stars among the audience. It’ll be, from present indications, an even more super-coloossal all-star production than the memorial Dinner at Eight . . .

Ken Murray, the comiciker, rushed up the gangplank of a liner at Los Angeles harbor, stopped long enough to confide that on board was his fiance, a Florence Heller of New York . . .

After four long years during which their friends expected it at any minute, Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin finally eloped to Yuma, said their I-do’s, The license revealed that Jimmy Ellison’s name is really James Ellison Smith, of all things . . .

Jean Rouverol, that charming Universal player, married screenwriter Hugo Butler, after first finishing her role in The Road Back . . .

Joan Bennett and Gene Markley, once called the ideal married couple of Hollywood, found the end of the marital road, called it quits, moved apart, and Joan has sued for divorce . . .

Baby-Talk: The Kent Taylors, happy over arrival of a son, are looking for a name for him—the Lloyd Bacons expect Ol’ Doc Stork to drop in a bundle come fall—and Irene Dunne is arranging to adopt another little one, she’s so happy with her first.

French Treatment Beautifies Women From 16 to 60

Free: booklet tells you what to do for lines, pimples, enlarged pores and how to regain the bloom of youth. Look out . . . those lines, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show lines, pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is now on the market a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay or mud packs, no appliances, or exercises of any kind. SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific foundations in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results. They call it a “Face Lifting without Surgery,” others say it is the “enemy of pimples, wrinkles and blackheads.” Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet telling all about this new treatment.


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Second Prize
Edna A. Brown, 208 Stone St., Falls City, Nebraska—$200.00.

Third Prize
Josephine Zingone, 103-37 Astoria Ave., Corona, N. Y.—$100.00.

Fourth Prize
Mrs. Edith Stone, 431 E. Y., Indianapolis, Ind.—$50.00.

Fifth to Fifteenth Prizes—$10.00 Each

Fifteenth to Sixty-fifth Prizes—$5.00 Each
Miss Katherine Kinnaird, Lancaster, Ky.; Miss Winnie Sandburg, 53 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Linda B. Brown, 635 Lancaster, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss June Carroll, 122 E. Howard St., Girard, Ohio; Tex Brunston, 927 S. Spruce St., Casper, Wyoming; Miss Rose L. Neuman, Alexandria, Va.; Miss Hilda H. Barlett, 4063 E. 3rd Ave., Oakland, Cal.; Miss Nera J. Abern, Fortosta, Cal.; Clarence Ramstorf, Ada, Minn.; Miss Edythe Murphy, 1100 State St., La Crosse, Wis.; Miss Ethel Fetch, 212 Second St., Haysley, Ophiyand, Pa.; Miss Eleanor Moriarity, 43 Edison, Quincy, Mass.; Miss Viola M. Hokeason, Chatskian, Oregon; Miss Joan Wise, 439 S. Second St., Barter, Pa.; Alexander Field, 96 Colonial Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Miss Virginia Kapp, 3301 North Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Helen Tengdahl, 321 North Thirteenth St., Walla Walla, Wash.; Mrs. Kathryn Oester, 211 Jefferson Ave., Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Miss Alice E. Jones, 4743 N. Roschill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Doris May, 183 Ashland Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.; Dorotha M. Giffith, Galena, Maryland; Miss Blanche Burrow, Bethany, W. Va.; Mrs. Joseph Goffette, 332 Armistice Bivd., Pawtucket, R. I.; Miss Eva M. Hill, 1047 Koppers Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Frances Patrick, Waco, Neb.; Mrs. Julian H. Rosenfeld, 2757 Reservoir Ave., New York (Bronx); Mrs. F. V. Riche, 1105 Huffman Hill, Dayton, Ohio; Sally C. Sitzer, 1106 Mulford Rd., Columbus, Ohio; Gene Gabriel, 213 W. 85th St., New York, N. Y.; Thomas G. Mandell, 657 Selden St., Detroit, Mich.; Miss Jean Carlson, 4208 22nd Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.; V. H. McDowell, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Miss Caroline Vitez, 1012 Mechanic St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Miss Mildred L. Barber, 26 Sherry St., Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Angeline Capone, 88 Marshall St., Medford, Mass.; Jimmy Brown, 112 Tower St., Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.; Mrs. Eva L. Smith, 22 Armistead Ave., Hampton, Va.; Germaine Fels, Harmony, Minn.; Will Gidley, 34 Dorchester St.; Springfield, Mass.; Miss Mary Emma Mitchum, 2102 10th Ave., So. Birmingham, Ala.; J. B. Washburn, 1410 York St., Des Moines, Iowa; Gladys Flinner, Launclohr, Minn.; Mrs. H. C. Green, Seventh-Bernard, Spokane, Wash.; Louise A. Beall, 12 5th St., Worcester, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Buschizzare, 2145 Gladstone Ave., Louisville, Ky.; Martha M. Conlotta, 165 Calumet St., Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Irma Bergquist, 86 Dunkler, Concord, N. H.; Clarence F. Stahlmacher, 125 S. River St., Oswego, Ind.; Ruth Von Harten, 341 E. 2nd, So. Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Eun Wilbur, 915 3rd Ave.,73

Mrs. H. H. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y., wins $300 first prize
Edna A. Brown, Falls City, Neb., wins $200 second prize
Josephine Zingone, Corona, N. Y., wins $100 third prize
Marjorie Connelly, Upland, Ind., wins $50 fourth prize
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Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

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What a Truly Marvelous Improvement MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!
If it's mildness you look for

take Chesterfields

If it's good taste you like

stop with Chesterfields... They Satisfy
ALICE FAYE—THE GLAMOUR GIRL WITH A SOUL ARE THEY AMERICANIZING GARBO?
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AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdy built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay ... send in the coupon for complete details.

A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or graduation... one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a New Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.

Hollywood's Beauty Bath leaves me marvelously refreshed—

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?

When answering advertisements, please mention September motion picture.
Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!

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THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

GRETAL GARBO • 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 • LOY
DOUBLE WEDDING

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance . . . Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—'ill Myrna comes along!

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THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through ... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
TYRONE’S MOTHER ...AND THE GIRLS

Every mother is interested in her son’s romances. And Tyrone Power’s mother is no exception. And being a sensible mother—as well as one with a sense of humor—she takes a son’s romance in stride. This is but one of many interesting stories to be found in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE. Others which will intrigue you include: Hollywood’s New-Fangled Courtin’...Bob Taylor—Two Years After...Frances Farmer...W.C.Fields...Jimmy Stewart, the new sensation...Wayne Morris...and Gloria Swanson. Have your newsdealer save you a copy of the October MOTION PICTURE.


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President
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Secretary-Treasurer
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LAURENCE REID
Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1937
Volume LIV, No. 2 Twenty-sixth Year

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Cover portrait of Ginger Rogers by Mazer

AL ALLARD
Art Director
JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor
ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .
To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement . . . and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova) . . . are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .
Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta; and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.
ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS . . . BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio's Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen . . . the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of "Artists and Models." Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Public Melody Number One" . . . just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.
Wrapped in cellophane and delivered to you is blonde Dorothea Kent, Universal beauty

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joe Rivkin and lovely Leah Ray—
He'd like to wed, but she's saying "Nay!"

CONSISTENTLY Ludicrous, even to Hollywood, is the way this Caliban-and-Ariel thing goes on. And on and on and on... Only the other night, Elaine ex-Barrymore got up from her nite club seat to telephone John Barrymore. No dulcet-voiced phonester, Ariel was audible all over the cafe. For twenty minutes, she talked with her divorced Caliban, so violently that many of those nearby could even hear John yelling back into the phone. Seems John was protesting over Elaine's plan for a personal-appearance-vodevil tour with Harry Holman. Outcome of the telephonic row was a no-decision—but at this writing, Elaine isn't vodevilling with Holman yet.

John, however, consistently nite-clubs with lovely Sally Allen, who's been his pretty steady companion ever since the Ariel bust-up. As for Elaine, she appears here and there with different men. But the laugh-payoff came when L'om Janney (yeah, the child actor who turned 21!) saw her off on a recent trip to Denver, with his 21-year-old eyes positively moony...!

And then, to top even that giggle, Elaine got herself a starring role in a movie. Really! A movie—call it a quickie, better—entitled How to Undress In Front of Your Husband. Elaine showed how it should be done seductively and prettily. You can see it at your neighborhood theatre, if you haven't already. From ex-Caliban Barrymore came no public comment on Elaine's strip-tease technique.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Laurel and Wayne Morris—
Heading for that Mendelssohn chorus!

SEEMS that all the wedding-bells predictions for Band-leader Johnny Green and trick-hat-and-pajamas-wearer Betty Furness were all right enough, save for one little hurdle. That hurdle is: Johnny still has a wife... Such details are a mere nothing in Hollywood, as you may have guessed. Already being amicably arranged are details of the Green-vs-Green divorce. Johnny having gone East to settle the matter. Soon as Mrs. Green is the ex-Mrs. Green, it's pretty certain that Betty Furness will be Mrs. Green... Rumors that wedding-chapel organists are practicing playing Where Did You Get That Hat? instead of the Bridal March are uncorroborated.

HOUNDS for making a full day-and-night of it are Rochelle Hudson and 20th-Fox Adonis Allan Lane, when they step out together. Recent twosome-day schedule: 2 p.m.—Polo Game. 6 p.m.—Dinner at the Tropics. 8 p.m.—Softball games under the nite-lites. 11 p.m. to dawn—Dancing, et cetera, at the Clover Club.

[Continued on page 10]

Hollywood believes Nino Martini and Elissa Landi are engaged but they won't admit it.
A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls... music... romance... stars... comedy... fashions... all done in Advanced TECHNICOLOR so dazzling it takes your breath away!

WARNER 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

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention September MOTION PICTURE
WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No gripping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[Continued from page 8]

HOWEVER, no putter-of-all-eggs-in-one-basket is Rochelle, Allan Lane is just a boy friend, not the boy friend. There's no all-the-timer in Rochelle's life; she scatters her favors.... Another now-and-then Rocheller is Lew Ayres, still-undivorced husband of Ginger Rogers. Of 'Tattler doubts if Lew and Ginger head for the divorce courts for a long, long time. Both of them were deeply hurt when their marriage cracked up; neither of them is ready to try marriage again for a while. However, Danny Cupid plays violently sudden tricks in this ha-ha-Hollywood. Fiercest ordeal of all would be for Ginger to take the divorce witness stand. She's always told intimates that she'd find it next to impossible to swear to what divorce courts require, even in divorce-liberal California. "How could I?" she asks wistfully; "I don't hate Lew...."

At long last, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford are married—and honeymooning in Honolulu. Above, attending MacDonald-Raymond nuptials until Jay Henry, the bankroll man from New York, comes to Hollywood. Jay is No. 1 man in the Pepper life.

CU PID'S COUPL ET: Cy Bartlett and Judy Ford; When they're together, they aren't bored!

MAN-KILLINGEST matron in Hollywood is still Mrs. Rudolph Sieber, Marlene Dietrich to you.... Marlene, who sounds off haughtily that far-away-in-Europe Rudolph is a perfect husband, still

[Continued on page 12]

MEANTIME, Lola Lane (who was Lew Ayres' first wife, antedating the Ginger Rogers marital interlude) still dazzles Hollywood by her beauty. Lola's current night-club escort is famous gown designer, Orry Kelly.

INCIDENTALLY, giving the black eye to this pansyish talk about male designers, it's a fact that most of the men who design the creations Hollywood stars wear are steppers-outers with the very beauties who wear their designs. Consider Eddie Stephenson, another of the fit'em-pretty lads. Eddie gets around with lots of the cuties; latest twosome-partner being gorgeous Barbara Pepper.

BUT to tell the truth, Designer Stephenson is just an "until"—boy to Barbara. That is, she's glad to do the niteries with Eddie Man bites dog. Simone Simon stocked up on New York clothes to wear in Paris, the fashion capital. She spends her money in the U. S. A.
Maureen O'Sullivan and her dalmatian dress alike on occasions

Humphrey Bogart teaches his Sealyham to sit up n' beg

Carole Lombard's pets are a peke, cocker and two dachshunds

Benita Hume's cocker, Porgy, goes with her on motor trips

In Nan Grey's collection are a chow, scottie, two Boston bulls

Judith Barrett's collies are named Duke 'n' Duchess

Fay Wray's bodyguards are her two pekinese dogs. Here's an Afghan
In her own "covered wagon" Mary Carlisle pioneers for solid comfort in a play suit that dazzles the Hollywood niters by appearing with variegated escorts at the glitter spots. But she topped all previous performances the other night when she swept grandly into the Trocadero, escorted by—count 'em—Douglas Fairbanks Junior, monocled Fritz Lang, handsome Kurt Well, faithful Willi Goldbeck, and attentive Harry Edington. For even Marlene, five ought to do while hubby's away.

A NOther refutation of "you-can't-stay-married-in-Hollywood"—the Nigel Brucehood just celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary. Outstanding guest at the party was good old C. Aubrey Smith. Sixteen years ago, Smith best-manned their wedding.

A LSO don't be surprised if, by the time you read this, these wedding bells haven't pealed:
- Wally Reid, Jr., and Diana Beresford.
- June Clayworth and Sid Rogell.
- Lucille Ball and Director Al Hall.
- Beverly Roberts and Director Bill Keightley.
- Virginia Cherrill and the Earl of Jersey.

LATEST mother in Hollywood is—
hold your seats!—Loretta Young! Stop gasping; she's a mama by adoption... Into her home, she has taken two children—both girls, one aged 3, the other 2, both blonde, both pretty. But utterly shrouded in mystery is the answer to "where did she get 'em?" Loretta won't tell, informs all questioners that that "is a secret I never want to reveal..." She's enlarging her Westwood home with a nursery.

Deep in proxy-motherhood, Loretta has checked off her campaign for the affections of Tyrone Power, leaving Sonja Henie victorious on the love-battleground in which the two gals fought for months. Not as often as she used to does Loretta step out at the niteries now. And when she does, it's most often with David Niven, that blessing for escortless Hollywood gals. "Tyrone is just a good friend," insists Loretta. As for Eddie Sutherland, the director whom Loretta nearly married a couple of months ago before Tyrone barged into the scene—he is still hanging around Hollywood, taking out Mary Brian and Isabel Leighton. Apparently, the Sutherland-Young romance is cold... But note that Ol' Man Tattler said "apparently." Don't be surprised if, suddenly, Eddie and Loretta burst into flame again, resume their interrupted altar-march!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Douglass Montgomery and Lorraine Eddy—Once again, they're goin' steady.

LATEST-twowomes-in-Hollywood:
Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump have made up again, after their engagement-busting... so have Audrey Sutherland and Addison Randall... Dixie Dunbar and Assistant Director Bob Herndon, to the vexation of Dixie's mama!... Charles Butterworth and Toothpaste-Queen Hazel Forbes... Gene Markcy and Simone Simon... Mary Brian and Nino Martini (yes, and don't ask Ol' Man Tattler where Cary Grant and Elissa Landi were!)... Ginger Rogers, surprising everybody by stepping out with Pat di Cicco, a new swain for her... Drew Ebernon and Glenda Farrell, as usual... Mary Carlisle and Jimmy Blakely, making up after a quarrel... Jerry Hopper, ex-boyfriend of Martha Raye, and Marsha Hunt... Mayo Methot and Humphrey (and Addison) Bogart... Michael Bladell and (1) Ginger Rogers, (2) Miriam Hopkins, (3) Florence Rice...

BELTS are fifty-fifty as to whether Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan will marry this Fall, as they've been threatening to do for more'n a year, now... It looked like curtains for the Betty-Jackie romance a few weeks ago. They had one of those battles to end all battles: terminating with the return of the ring by Betty... BUT—only a few nights later, they were out again, at the nite auto races in Hollywood. And the ring was back on Betty's finger, like an auto headlight! Whispered none too gladsome over the immittance of nuptials is Jackie's mama.

—Fawcett photo by Rhodes
Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley are one of Hollywood's newest married couples. It's Marriage No. 3 for Bill; No. 1 for Grace

—Fawcett photo by Rhodes
No sooner had Harriet Foster married her boss, Bob Burns, than she became boss—and trained him to do the dishes
A membership in that select Hollywood society of actors and actresses who have inherited their talents from their parents—and there are very few today who can claim that distinction—belongs to the diminutive Mexican pepper-pot, the vivacious Armida. . . . Her father, Jouquin Vendrell, was for years a leading man on the Spanish and Spanish-speaking stages, before he settled down in the little town of La Colorado in the Mexican State of Sonora. . . . There six Vendrell kiddies first saw light. Maria, Angela, Dolores, Conchita, Joaquin and Lydia . . . there, too, came a seventh entertainer, Armida . . . a girl with sufficient personality for the State to declare a holiday whenever one of her plays or pictures opened in a local playhouse. . . . "I was only four years of age," said Armida, "when the manager of Pantages Theatre in San Diego wanted me to appear in his kid's show on the stage . . . my parents and the entire town of La Colorado were tickled pink to think that I should be sought out to perform in front of a real audience . . . and for money, too. . . . They gave me one hundred dollars for my very first appearance." But papa Vendrell didn't want his talented daughter to be hindered or helped by the name he had made for himself . . . so she was billed simply as Armida—with no hint as to whether that was her first or last name. Little Armida made such a smash hit in the show she was kept there for two years . . . her trouping blood came to the fore when her father's finances went bad . . . and she decided that she would try her hand at real stage work . . . from that point on, Armida's troubles were at an end. Gus Edwards, who discovered her in Los Angeles, took her to New York and placed her in one of his shows . . . so thrilled was the blase New York audience over this peppery actress they bought out the show for one year's run. . . . And that was all Hollywood needed . . . a talent scout approached Edwards with the idea of trying to catch the girl's chill flavor on the celluloid film . . . Armida's screen rise has been the steady building type . . . starting in General Crack in 1930, she appeared later with Frank Fay in Under the Texas Moon, then with Warner Baxter in Under the Pampas Moon. . . . She is presently up to her smooth little neck in camera shots and temperamental lines as the leading lady opposite John Beal in RKO's Mexican Quarter . . . and with Gus Edwards' coaching and the inherent talent from her father and the line of Spanish stage performers from which he sprang, Armida should have a long way to go in this business . . . and she will, too.

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

Tears won't bring him back!

She ought to try this lovelier way to avoid offending!

Don't risk losing love! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor so completely—and its lingering fragrance keeps you so alluring.

Life's so different when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10c cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 84 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

Marvelous for your complexion too! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear.

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap

When answering advertisements, please mention September Motion Picture 15
### You Know Your Movies?
#### Puzzle This One Out!

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**ACROSS**

1. Loreta Young and Tyrone Power played opposite in **Galahad.**
2. First name of male opera star now in films.
3. Hero of *You're in the Army Now.*
4. Charles Butterworth was born in South — In-
5. Bert Morgan in Mad Holiday.
6. Theodora Goes —
7. Star of Cherokee Strip.
8. Chester Morris (init.).
9. Hero of Fifty Roads to Town.
10. *I — Him in Paris.***
11. David Torrence (init.).
12. — Galahad.
13. — Galahad.
15. Short for Mr. Arnold.
16. *We Who — About to Die.*
17. Film in which Henry Fonda had title role.
20. Initials of one co-starred with Bob Burns in Mountain Music.
22. She Had to — Married.
25. Margaret Irving (init.).
26. He directed Mr. Deeds Goes To Town.
27. His last name is Jannings.
28. Star of Angel's Holiday.
29. — Lively, Jennes.
30. — Full Your Patches.
31. Lee Tracy had lead in *Be-
32. hind the —.*

**DOWN**

1. — Your Own Business.
2. Week — Millionaire.
3. I Promise — Pay.
4. Wings — Honolulu.
5. The Case — the Stuttering Bishop.
6. Swing High, Swing —.
7. Cecil Flinnridge in Shall We Dance.
8. Mr. Eddy's initials.
9. Donnie Leighton (init.).
10. Arthur Tracy and Anna Neagle played opposite in this film.
12. Title bestowed on May Whitty.
13. Guy Kibbee was Jim Han-
15. His last name is Sparks.
16. Middle name of Mary Minter, former star.
17. A Midsummer Night's —.
19. One of Tarzan's jungle friends.
20. Barton — Lane.
22. A star of Souls at Sea.
23. First name of Miss Munson, former film actress and ex-
25. He was Miriam Hopkins' husband in The Woman I Love.
26. That — Here Again.
27. Miss Sullivan's initials.
28. Mrs. Bing Crosby.
29. Star of Riding on Air.
30. Initials of Buster Keaton's ex-
31. Janet Gaynor's native state (abbr.).
32. Initials of feminine lead in Top of the Town.

### Last Month's Solution

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**Happy!**
Virginia may need sunglasses to protect her eyes when she parks herself for a tan. But you won't need to haul out your specs or a telescope to see Virginia. So easy on the eyes, she's a sure cure for those with failing sight. Her next picture is General Hospital.
As you bend over Carole Lombard and look into her day-dreaming eyes you will probably guess right the first time that she is thinking of Clark (Boy Friend) Gable. Or is Nothing Sacred? It happens to be her next picture — filmed in Technicolor — which co-stars her with Fredric March
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 ... lilting 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 ... give 'em room!

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

ARTHURTREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

LOUIS PRIMA
The trumpet king at his hottest!

AND HIS BAND

Don AMEACHE
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've In Love' 'You Can't Have Everything'

THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
Is LESLIE Giving Us the RUN-AROUND?

Between spots of tea Leslie Howard likes to spoof about giving up acting. But don’t you believe him!

By DAN CAMP

It’s my honest suspicion—aye, belief!—that there are few things Leslie Howard enjoys more than looking down that long nose of his, cocking a quizzical eye at us Yankees, and having a spot of spoofing at our expense. Just as he’d have his 4 o’clock spot of tea, you know...

And that’s why I don’t feel a bit depressed over Leslie’s all-too-serious assertions that he’s about to leave the screen forever—that is, as an actor. Oh, yes—forever and ever and ever and ever and be hanged to it! That’s what he says, you know.

If I believed the man, I’d be devastated. Like several million other movie fans who admire him, enjoy him and delight in his performances. But I think he’s giving us the run-around—and that for your criticisms, Leslie!!

As a matter of fact, Leslie, I much prefer to believe you were being really honest the other day, when you told a friend: “—I imagine that I will grow older and older and older, and finally I will be playing old men with long, white beards. Maybe by then I will be a great playwright. I still want to be, but somehow, that ambition has been sidetracked all along the way.”

You see, that’s what all the trouble has always been about, and that’s what the trouble is about right now, that Leslie Howard has come back to Hollywood to make some more movies. Oh, he’s  

Leslie is teamed up with Bette Davis in It’s Love I’m After  

[Continued on page 61]
With hubby Roger Pryor away
Doonie, the scottie, becomes
the privileged member of the
Ann Sothern household. Annie
isn't a bit sold on Roger being
so far away in Chicago leading
a band. But there'll be a day of
reckoning for that honeymoon
in Honolulu the minute Annie
finishes *Danger—Love at Work*
—Hurrell
Vivid memories recall the loyal and honest heart of Jean Harlow

Jean climbed fast to stardom after her first appearance in a Hal Roach comedy

MEMORIES, these are memories, selected at random... memories that come but will not go, I think, so long as the really heartbroken heart of Hollywood can remember anything....

JEAN said to me, less than a year ago: "If I should die tomorrow... if I should die tomorrow and I could take with me into the world to come only a few memories... I should like to take the memories of the little things those who love me have done for me—the little, homely things that loom so large when you begin to remember... the little things my mother has done for me, things which stud the whole fabric of her love for me as the sky is studded with stars.

"I should like to take away with me the memory of things Blanche (her faithful maid) has done for me... I think the memory of those 'little things' would comfort and warm me as nothing else could do." (And so that one gardenia in

At the height of her career Jean became known as the screen's leading glamor girl
IS IT too much to say that she also served, who honored the small humble services with her tender thought of them?

Loyal she has been called in all the heartfelt tributes which have poured forth since the morning when her studio—when all the studios in Hollywood—when Hollywood, itself, bowed its head in the deepest grief it has ever known, of all its griefs. For there was a silence over Hollywood on that sad morning such as I have never known.

On the M-G-M lot tears streamed without concealment down the faces of the men at the gates, waitresses, props, cameramen, publicity men, directors, down the faces of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, (who loved Jean with a special, friendly fondness) . . . all of them, great or small. Parties to be given that night were called off, premieres were cancelled, theatre tickets were turned back. On all the sets, in all the studios, there were faces that make-up could not help, yes and traces of tears no artifice could obliterate for the girl who had had no artifice in her

(Continued on page 62)

By FAITH SERVICE

Jean's last picture was *Personal Property*—with Robert Taylor

the midst of all the floral beauty—that one gardenia placed in her right hand, bearing the poignant message—"Goodnight, my dearest darling"—must have been the message which crept into her heart.

"No, when I am gone," Jean said, "it is not fame I want to remember, nor money, nor flattery, nor all the big excitements. . . . It is service I should like most to remember. . . ." And then Jean quoted to me that lovely, loyal line: "They also serve who only stand and wait," . . . and she spoke of the little things, of those who did the everyday chores for her, her laundering and mending and marketing, her cooking and pressing and serving. Small, unspectacular duties, she said, unheralded and unsung but "the duties which make it possible for others to do the spectacular things. . . ."

Twice in the past the Hollywood papers have headlined: "JEAN HARLOW IS DEAD" . . . mistakes arising from motor accidents and mistaken identity. After one of these occasions Jean said: "I'm still very much alive, but these things have made the idea of my own death seem a tangible, a positive, even an imminent thing. And I have thought that when I do die there are memories I should like to take with me. . . ."

Jean and Bill Powell appeared in *Reckless* and *Libeled Lady*. They were to be married
Barrymore has been in the movies for 27 years, yet Hollywood does not understand him. They've looked upon him as a lonely genius.

The BARRYMORE You Don't Know

Lionel Barrymore—the actor who never misses—stalks right into your presence in this story. And if you didn’t know him before you’re sure to know him now.

Up a narrow dirt road in the green Verdugo hills toiled a tall, stoop-shouldered, grayish man in need of a shave. He wore a baggy tweed suit, no tie. He walked with a noticeable limp. Under one arm, he carried a drawing-board. In one pocket was a box of paints.

He paused at the gate of a picturesque old farm with a tumble-down shack covered with climbing roses, flanked by weedy vegetable gardens, backed with terraced vineyards. He leaned his elbows on the gate and studied the setting. Finally, he took his pipe from his mouth and hailed the old man in overalls, sunning himself, his chair cocked back against the wall of the shack.

“Mind if I draw this?” he shouted.

The oldish farmer came over to the sagging fence, looked over the oldish...
artist, and opened the gate for him. As the man with the paints put the scene on paper, the other man watched. Finally, he could restrain his curiosity no longer.

"Say—what do you do besides drawing?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing much. An odd job once in a while."

"Well, pardner, if you'd be interested—I can't do all my farming myself any more. I need somebody to help out now and then."

The man painting looked up at the old farmer—saw that he was serious. "I'll remember that," he said, with a half-smile.

The old farmer didn't know that he was talking with Lionel Barrymore. It's the same when Lionel goes down to the harbor to etch marine scenes. The old men of the sea, sunning themselves on the docks, watching the boats and the sun-dappled water, don't know who he is—and they don't care. He yarns and etches, while they just yarn, but he's one of them. He talks their salty language. He talks about the boats he once sailed—and the schooner he hopes to buy, some day. He has the same dream they all have: the dream that some day his ship will come in, and he will get out on that sea again—a kicking wheel in his hands, a

[Continued on page 66]
Glamour Babe—with SOUL

You ask the reason for the “new” Alice Faye? It’s because she knows now, that Hollywood really wants her

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IF YOU’VE wondered about the “new” Alice Faye, here’s your answer. She guesses, at last, that the movie moguls really want her to act and sing and dance in their pictures.Yep, there’s yet naivete in a glamour babe.

When cuddlesome, chubby, platinumized Alice Jeanne hove into Hollywood’s view three or four years ago she was a member of the Rudy Vallee entourage. More than that, she was a Vallee protege. Being guileless (yes, absolutely) and nineteen, she was grateful to Rudy, George White, Mr. Fox, et al, for allowing her to sing a song, dance a step, in the George White Scandals of 1934, starring the Great Crooner. She didn’t figure she was an asset to any film.

And when blonde, European Lilian Harvey backed away from the leading femme role and five-feet-four Faye was rushed in to fill the breach, she was still grateful to Messrs. Vallee, White, Kane (the producer), Fox, et al. But she didn’t think she really belonged to this huge industry. People were just being kind to her because she was Mr. Vallee’s torch singer, via air, stage and screen.

Well, Rudy went back to New York, leaving in his wake some embarrassing publicity which he certainly did not stimulate. Nor did Alice. It was at the time of the divorce expulsions between the late Fay Webb Vallee and her singing mate, and Innocent Bystander Alice was billed in the public prints as the Future Mrs. Vallee. You can see how far wrong everyone was, because here it is A. D. 1937, three years later, and Alice Jeanne is still a victim of single-blessedness, unless she runs over to Yuma and marries another singer, Tony Martin by name, before this reaches the printer.

There she was, this Bronx cherie, a cuddly, dimpled darling who loved her native New York with its subways, its theaters, its night clubs (she was important in several of them—Palais D’Or was one), its teeming streets. All anyone could do in Hollywood was pick oranges from the tree and the hard bright sunlight made fret lines around your eyes. All she could do was to slap grease-paint on and do her stint with Lew Ayres in her second film She Learned About Sailors.

“I have made twelve trips across the continent since I’ve been in films,” says Alice today in her soft speaking voice. “But now I don’t care about rushing to New York. It’s funny but this country does something to you. Not Hollywood, because it’s theatrical, but the country itself. You don’t want to be sticky with make-up. It makes you want to be clean like you were fresh from a bath, and unsoiled even by powder. It makes you less restless.

“I’m always so glad to have a day off from shooting. I leave off all make-up, except a little lipstick and eye make-up, but no rouge, or powder. I feel like I had been taken from a box on those days when I leave make-up on my dressing table. That’s what outdoor life does to you. It seems to have deadened my intense longing to go East every time I finished with a picture.

“You remember how I looked when I first came out here? I had platinum hair and plucked brows. I hope you did notice the difference immediately!” Alice said with emphasis. “See, I’ve let my eyebrows grow in; my hair is darker. It’s darker than it actually is, for photographic purposes. My hair is naturally blonde. I weighed 127 pounds when I came to Hollywood. Now I am 115. And I dress differently. I think I’ve shed that Broadway look. I hope so.”

Alice’s evolution from a Broadway cutie lies deeper than the thickness of her make-up. It has been a slow growth and it has not yet reached full flower. Fans and critics began applauding the “new” Alice of the Bernie-Winchell film, Wake Up and Live; they sensed an emotional depth in the former torch singer that they had failed to detect before. Her intimates will tell you that the change commenced when film biggies selected her to play opposite Important-Star Warner Baxter in King of Burlesque.

It was then (1935) that Alice Jeanne, who has an inferiority [Continued on page 68]
A hit in Café Metropole, the well-dressed Adolphe scores again in 100 Men and a Girl

The Mysterious Shoes in Adolphe Menjou's Life, you might call 'em. They worry him, dreadfully. He cannot understand them. To all outward intent, they are an ordinarily fine pair of shoes, much like the scores of other shoes that are ranged neatly, like a bunch of cards in a card-index, in that extensive labyrinth that is the Menjou shoe-closet. But there's something utterly unholy about them. Those shoes, Adolphe is more or less firmly convinced, are haunted. Or something.

He hasn't worn them since that memorable afternoon while he was making One in a Million, at 20th-Fox, when they suddenly became uncanny. Ever since then, they've reposed calmly in their proper and assigned niche, behaving themselves. But Adolphe does not wear them. He shakes his head worriedly over them. You see, he was wearing them that afternoon. Up to then, they had served him well, as part of that most-amazing-wardrobe-in-Hollywood that is Menjou's great stock in trade. But that afternoon—

Well, the first thing he noticed came while he was sitting down. Suddenly, his right shoe pulsed oddly on his foot. It seemed as though it were tapping—tap-tap-tap-tapping. Adolphe looked down at it. The tapping ceased. He could see nothing out of the way with the shoe. He shrugged his shoulders, swung his foot idly, forgot about it. But only for an instant—suddenly the tap-tap-tapping was there again...

Affrighted, Adolphe jumped up, stomped his foot. All was well. There was no more tapping. Puzzled, Adolphe sat down again, unlaced the shoe, drew it off, inspected it carefully, minutely. He bent the sole, he shook the shoe, he looked inside, outside. It all seemed kosher enough. Again he shrugged, put his shoe back on, gazed into space in wondrerment...

By HARRY LANG

Clothes Make the MEN-JOU

Adolphe attracts them with his clothes. Then he shows his talent

[Continued on page 84]
Having finished the love interest in *Wee Willie Winkie*, June staged a wedding of her own — with Vic Orsatti as the lucky man. The happy couple spent a honeymoon in Hawaii. At Home after July 1
FAREWELL for MUNI?

Paul Muni wants to get away from it all and catch up on some work.
But he isn’t saying FAREWELL.

By GLADYS HALL

IS PAUL MUNI saying farewell to the screen? The answer is “NO.” The actor who has worked, man and boy, for thirty years since young childhood on stage and screen: the man of whom Mary Pickford once said: “he is the most veritable artist the screen has ever known,” the man of whom Spencer Tracy recently said: “I would rather be like Muni than anyone I know, admiring his work beyond all others,” the man who won the Academy award for his superb portrayal of Louis Pasteur—this man is not leaving the work to which he has given not only most of the years of his life, but also the best there is in him.

Muni doesn’t dramatize himself. He talks about himself, if at all, with effort and only to be courteous and obliging. And he is untainted by any allurements whatsoever. Money does not matter to him. Fame does not confuse him. He strives to be and he succeeds in being, beyond any actor save, perhaps, Spencer Tracy, one (to quote Emerson) “through whom the soul of all men circulates as the common air through his lungs.” He doesn’t want to be Paul Muni in his work.

He said to me: “There are two ways of playing a part—the character can become Muni or Muni can become the character. I try to be the latter. I must. It is the only thing I have to sell. If I were to play myself, straight, I would not last six months.” And so the souls of all the men he has played—the unforgettable Scarface, the Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Wang in The Good Earth, Pasteur and now, Zola—the souls of all of these men have, in turn displayed the soul of Muni and circulated through him, as “the air through his lungs.”

He is Muni off the screen and stage. He is modest—unaffected. He is sensitive and shy. He is deeply intelligent and intellectual. He is the one and only actor I have ever met or ever heard of who actually asked that he be paid less money than his contract called for. Add this to the Seven Wonders of the World—and make them eight. But he really did.

He told the producer (it was Bella, his wife, who told me this of him) that he was not worth the amount of money the contract specified and that, further, he preferred to have less money and, instead, the right to have a voice in the selection of his stories, in the portrayal of his characters. He chose between his own integrity and gold. He really did.

He didn’t believe that he would get the Academy award... “I knew my name was mentioned.” Muni told me, “but among several other candidates. I had no idea I was to get it until the night of the Academy dinner. For as we entered the Biltmore the photographers cornered me—there were many other actors around—and asked to make pictures ‘for the papers.’ Then I—well, I wondered. And, of course, I was pleased. I hope it really...” [Continued on page 86]
Coy playfulness is but a prelude to a lingering kiss that'll be enjoyed by Jane Wyman and Kenny Baker in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*.

The technique of Loretta Young and Don Ameche in *Love Under Fire* is one of happy possession—the kind favored by lovers on a park bench.

The love technique of Olivia de Havilland and Leslie Howard in *It's Love I'm After* suggests the patching up of a lovers' quarrel.

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**SCREEN**

—but their Technique
It's a serious technique that's revealed by Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1938*—the kind that hopes things'll turn out okay.

HEARTS

**is—er—Quite Different**

The technique executed by Preston Foster and Joan Fontaine in *You Can't Beat Love* is a grand passion favored by artists and sculptors.

Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power enjoy a technique which is the real intense type—with eyes only for each other, in or out of *Thin Ice*.

Youth in its most undying devotion is indicated by Anne Shirley and Tim Holt as screenhearts in *Stella Dallas*.
The fact that Garbo has developed a sudden yen for swing music has started Hollywood asking, “Can it be possible that the Swedish star is becoming Americanized?”

It was on the Madame Walewska set at M-G-M that word got around about Garbo’s passion for swing tunes. The orchestra, engaged by the studio for the purpose of putting the star into the proper mood for emoting before the camera, had, it seems, been ordered to play nothing but swing music. Pennies from Heaven is her favorite selection. It is played again and again, while the star, in the seclusion of her luxurious portable dressing-room, goes over the lines of her next scene. It made no difference whether the scene that followed was dramatic, somber or gay. It was swing tunes that put her on rapport. From swing music Garbo went into the old-fashioned mazurka and quadrille in the spectacular ballroom sequence.

Although Garbo’s trailer-dressing-room is drawn up on the edge of each set, upon which, at the moment she is working, the orchestra plays for her ears alone. Ensconced in the space between her house on wheels and the high, black wooden wall that encircled it, the musicians’ muted [Continued on page 76]
The minute the Australian actress and George set eyes on each other it was love at first sight.

UNTIL George Brent met Constance Worth, he had a sizeable reputation as a hermit. He was rated as Hollywood's Damsel-Dodger Number One. Now the reputation has gone with the wind. He married the girl.

Before that surprise event, no one had actually accused him of being a woman-hater. But, until he met Constance, it was an accepted fact that he was afraid of women. Certainly, he avoided them as much as possible. It was an accepted supposition that he had been badly "burned" in the past—and, in the future, was staying away from matches.

Most scenarios being what they are—love stories—George couldn't avoid the female of the species in front of the cameras. But, behind the cameras, he could—and did.

Look for George between scenes, and you would never see him with the leading lady, or any other member of the dazzling sex. You would find him off in a corner by himself, a resolute recluse, unless some of the boys gathered around. Then, and then only, could he be called convivial.

He lived on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and spent most of his time there, in silent solitude. His favorite sport was solo-flying. His favorite vacation spot was an isolated desert ranch. He was seldom seen in public. On those rare occasions, in some restaurant or at the Friday-night fights, he was with a man. Never a woman.

One of his male friends once told me that George had said: "I'll never go out with an actress who earns less than I do. How would I know whether she was interested in me, or my money? And I'm not going out with any actress who earns more than I do. She might think of me as just another of her possessions."

He dodged interviews, because most of the would-be interviewers were women, and he was deathly afraid of them. One of them had once become violently amorous, giving him sixty uncomfortable seconds—till he made his escape. Oddly enough, he had a woman agent—Minna Wallis. So far as anyone knew, she was... [Continued on page 63]
They are faithful in their fashion while their love is still in bloom. Doug and red carnations are as synonymous as Joan and gardenias. Prisoner of Zenda is finished but Doug remains in Hollywood. Is la Dietrich keeping him?

After being pursued by Miriam Hopkins in Woman Chases Man, Joel reaches Dead End for his rendezvous with Sylvia Sidney in the picturization of Sidney Kingsley's play
Gypsy Rose Lee, who made the strip-tease famous, has been stripped of her name in the movies. She’s bundled up as Louise Hovick

By GRACE MACK

TO STRIP or not to strip: Whether ’tis better to tease the cash customers by demonstrating the gentle art of disrobing or to please the Hays office, and the censors, by wearing the prescribed quota of clothes—it’s all the same to Gypsy. She has even let the studio strip her of her name without so much as a yip of protest which, if you’re a discerning soul, should tell you quite a lot about this young lady. (Just try stripping Mae West or Joan Crawford of their names and see how they like it!)

“I’ve always thought that Gypsy Rose Lee was a very silly name,” she says, “and since it seems to have become synonymous with strip-tease, I say good-bye to it with no regret.”

The regret, you may be sure, is on the part of Twentieth Century-Fox. For while a gypsy rose by any other name may be just as sweet, there is no denying that Louise Hovick, spelled out in lights on a theater marquis, won’t be half so enticing as would the name of Gypsy Rose Lee. And I noticed that the autograph hounds who buzzed about our table the day we had lunch would have none of the Louise Hovick stuff. They insisted on having the good old Gypsy Rose Lee moniker. Louise Hovick, however, is the baptismal name of the celebrated strip-teaser and that is the name under which she will make her cinema bow.

The reason? Well, it seems that a lot of folks in this so-called land of the free became quite exorcised when the news got out that Gypsy Rose Lee had been signed by the movies, and, forthwith, began filing their protests. Apparently they overlooked the fact that the Hays office is still functioning, and that there was no more chance of Gypsy doing her body beautiful routine on the screen than there is of Mae West playing Lady Godiva. However, to quell all fears, Darryl Zanuck, smart showman that he is, came out with the announce— [Continued on page 82]
Now BACK at the HEAD of the CLASS

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

THAT superlative picture, A Star Is Born, is receiving extravagant praises throughout the country, being lauded as the finest example of Technicolor, and the truest story of Hollywood’s heartbreaks and triumphs, that has ever reached the screen. Bouquets, too, are being showered upon its stars, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, Director William Wellman, and in fact, everybody associated with this outstanding film. Yet, Janet, the star, is peeved. Quite definitely peeved.

Why? Because eight of every ten reviews referred to her in such terms as, “A new glamour star is born,” "Gaynor reveals a new glamorous personality,” and some even went so far as to call her a star ‘reborn’!

With her brown eyes snapping fire, and all of her five feet drawn up to its full height, she asks, “Why am I a new glamour star in this picture? Haven’t I had other glamorous roles? Haven’t I played rich girls in romantic dramas? Didn’t I wear beautiful clothes in Daddy Long Legs? And in The First Year, Servants’ Entrance, A Small Town Girl? And has everybody forgotten the lovely costumes of the Old South in Carolina? And what about the royal raiment as the princess in Adorable?

Being an idealist, Janet is sensitive and easily hurt, so for the moment, her joyous, buoyant personality is a bit shadowed, but wisely she is saying little about her resentment. Not wanting to be quoted, she has closed the gate to her beach home at Playa del Rey, some eighteen miles from Hollywood, very first time; her soft coppery hair with its golden lights, the deep brown of her eyes, the white luster of her throat, even the fascinating freckles that sprinkle her pert little nose and make her so warmly human—all these took on a subtle new quality that made audiences glamour-conscious.

Janet’s entire movie career has been unique. She is one of but twelve stars who ever came up from the extra ranks, and it was Hal Roach who gave her the first chance in one of his comedies. Six two-reel westerns at Universal followed, then a boy friend, a newspaper writer, inveigled a part for her in the Fox film, The Jolson Story, in which she had to weep and weep. She managed to look so pretty doing this that when Frank Borzage and Winfield Sheehan saw these scenes, they immediately decided she was exactly the one to portray the pathetic waif in their new picture, Seventh Heaven. Little did either of them realize that [Continued on page 91]

Janet had slipped from the top of the heap, but after A Star Is Born she bobbed back again in the first rank
A draped bow and melon slashes in the crown individualize this Sally Victor turban worn by Ida Vollmar in Vogue's

The Coronation influence is felt in Mary Oakes' high crown brimless hat. Decorative jet stones form an elaborate tiara

The feathers in Frances Joyce's shovel-brim hat are simulated aigrettes. The drape is very sophisticated and flattering

VOGUES OF 1938

HEADLINES

Sally Victor created these hats exclusively for Walter Wanger's Vogue's of 1938

Mary Oakes is obviously a high-hatter. Or, maybe her father's an Elk. Right, she wears a velveteen fez. Ida Vollmar (below, left) chooses a knitted turban with fringe to match her sweater. (This is not a Victor hat.) Center, Ruth Martin wears a coronet entwined skull cap to keep her page boy bob neat. It's fashioned of crepe. Ida Vollmar goes high hat, too, in a dressy broadtail fez. The crown is crushed and anchored with a shoulder veil
A New York model models a Hollywood creation. Mary Oakes finds the new shorter formal dress ideal for dancing evenings. The uneven hemline is the newest thing. Her hair-do is most piquant.

Mary Oakes wears another striking gown created for Warner's Yogues. Helen Taylor designed this bouffant gown of black organza. Bands of shirring fashion the shoulders and hemline.

Olive Cawley, left, and Katharine Aldridge, right, famous models, pose in formal gowns from Harry Cohen. Olive's is ice blue brocade and Katharine's billowy white net with a fitted upper section of crystal beads.
Right, Mary Oakes, one of the most photographed girls in the world (as you can see), wears a fuschia toned gown of crystelle velvet from Sidney Blumenthal. The flounced skirt is set on in zig-zag fashion.

Mark Oakes, above, selects a monkey fur wrap, styled by Jaeckel, to wear over her black organza bouffant gown (see opposite page). The wrap is finger tip length with loose sleeves. Phyllis Gilman, right, adds the silver touch to Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938. The lustreless black crepe dinner dress with silver kid scrolls and slashed skirt is from Harry Cohen.
It's three long cheers, a "tiger" and "locomotive" for *Varsity Show*—the new Warner musical which affords light entertainment for these outdoorsy days. It's a show that has Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. In fact the band-leader swings into a dance (top) with Priscilla Lane. That's frog-voice Pole y McClintock at the drums... At left, Priscilla Lane taps out a number—with the girls about to step in unison... At right, Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane carry on the vocal numbers and embrace the love moments with collegiate ardor... Below the girls of the ensemble go into a big swing number...
“This ANNABELLA—”

You’ll be seeing this Annabella in Hollywood pictures soon. The French star is Europe’s sensation

Paris, France

By MARIAN RHEA

Mr. Laurence Reid,
Editor of Motion Picture Magazine,
New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dear Larry:

Well, I have seen Annabella here in Paris. Besides that, I have been finding out things about her from friends and studio associates and I think I have learned all you wanted to know.

“This Annabella,” you said to me the day I sailed from New York, “is a wow in Wings of the Morning. Find out what makes her tick.” You were sure the readers of Motion Picture, once they had seen her in this, her first English speaking picture, would like to read all about her.

Well, I thought she was a wow, too, in Wings of the Morning. And now, after seeing her in person, I think she is more of a wow than ever!

She is coming to Hollywood, Larry, as you undoubtedly will learn before this reaches you, but I was the first to learn from her own lips that she had signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. This happened, in fact, only an hour before I drove out to the studio where she was making a French picture for Marcel L’Herbier, France’s ace producer.

“Me—I shall journey to your Hollywood!” was the first thing she said to me... That is, the first thing after she had introduced me to her gray French poodle, one Puddi, a very knowing little beast, who Annabella told me, proudly, "speaks ver good English."

Annabella, too, speaks "ver good English" in a voice that is as huskily intriguing away from the sound tract as it was in Wings... And don’t... [Continued on page 89]
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

Ronald Colman goes in for lantern-holding—not because he is looking for an honest man, but so he can practice up if he goes railroading.

PRIZE Fan-Letter of the Month:
—showing that even among the maids of the British West Indies, the "Clark Gable technique" scores, came a letter to Clark, himself, from one Enoch La Touche, head projectionist at the Empire Theatre in St. George's, Grenada. Wrote La Touche:

"I've made myself the local Clark Gable and feel great about it. I've grown my moustache like yours, and I've got two big dimples just the same as you, and a smile like yours, too. Like you, I treat my girl friends too rough and ignore them too much, but don't be afraid. They love me just the same."

Like Carvings On a Tree

LUISE RAINER'S new auto has her own monogram on one door; on the other, the monogram of Clifford Odets, her hubby.

Ay Tank I Go Yank

GIVING more nearly "hundred percent American" every day in every way is Greta Garbo, the Silent Swede! Latest red-white-and-blue trick of Garbo: When her pet cameraman, Karl Freund, returned to the Madame Walewska set at M-G-M after getting his first citizenship papers in a downtown Los Angeles court, Garbo had a reception all set for him. Atop his camera fluttered the American flag. In a corner of the set, a small orchestra, hired by Greta, herself, handed Cameraman Freund a wax recording of the entire proceedings...

Say Not "Goodbye," but "Okay Toots"

NO ORDINARY "goodbye from Peter Lorre when he finishes a telephone conversation. Instead, a

One of the prettiest faces in New Faces of 1937 belongs to Mary Frances Gifford a swelegant eyeful of nearby Long Beach

The rumor is that Garbo herself is going to take out American citizenship papers. soon.

Sound Effects—with Gable

LATEST to go for the record-yourself craze in Hollywood is Carole Lombard. She's wiring her house to a recording apparatus. She'd better see it's turned off when Gable's visiting.

Purty Drink For Pop

SWASHBUCKLING, hellraising Errol Flynn is carrying the corruption of Hollywood (so-called) to his native Ireland! He just revealed how he introduced his dad and his dad's pals to Hollywood's favorite tipple, the Old-Fashioned Cocktail. On Errol's recent trip abroad (the same one on which he wasn't shot in Spain!), he visited his Irish home, mixed up some Old-Fashioneds for his papa... After a row of them, Flynn peric and cronies told Errol it was the "purtest drink" they'd ever had.

The new sex-appealer for femme hearts is Jon Hall of Tahiti—who's in The Hurricane
roly-poly Peter chirps “Okay Toots” into the phone before he hangs up, regardless of whom he’s been talking with.

Competing With Tiffany

HOBBYST supreme of Hollywood is Ann Dvorak. Count that month lost whose end sees no new hobby or avo-
cation undertaken by Ann. This month’s hobby is silversmithing! In her San Fernando Valley ranch home, the Dvorak has installed a complete silver-working shop, where she spends hours between pictures making gold and silver ornaments—wrist bangles, bracelet charms, bits of jewelry, and so on.

As With “Hot Dogs”

BETWEEN-TAKES nibble of Joan Crawford is mustard, spread on saltines.

And Beer, Too?

TALK of Hollywood is the new nomenclature for hair shades. Passe are the old time, outworn “platinum
blonde” and “titian” terms. Mode in movieland is to go with a wine-color according to shade—
“Champagne” are Ann Jeffreys, Jeanette MacDonald, Sonja Faye, Madeleine Carroll. And Irene Dunne rate “cherry” as her favorite word for Jean Parker is Mary Russell and Ruth Wray, the term is “dubois.” Scared to death are those who think they’ll be called “primrose”!

Hope Hampton stages a comeback in a singing role in Universal’s Riviera

Get a Load of the Duchess

SELF-KIDDER is Barbara Stanwyck. Never feels sillier than when posing for those so-called “glamour” portraits. Embarrassed when a friend dropped in while she was being glamorous for the camera, up chirped Barbara: “Get a load of the duchess . . .!”

Medal for Tamales?

DEPEND on Lupe Velez to never let Johnny Weissmuller outrate her in anything. ANYthing! Even medals

One of the fairest of the newcomers to the screen is Mady Correll. She has that Certain Something . . . Paramount agrees

Immortals For Margo

NO HEY-HEY-HOTCHA stuff for the arty Francis Lederer and Margo, when it comes to birthday gifts. To Margo, Lederer presented an automatic phonograph with fifty symphony recordings.

Hollywhittlings

MOST expert cussin-Chinese in Hollywood is Wally Beery . . . to keep her poutage down, Simone Simon nibbles raw carrots . . . because neighbors complained, Deanna Durbin has soundproofed a room in her home, where-in to practice singing . . . runner-up to Myrna Loy for freckle championship is Elizabeth Allan . . . quaintest pet in Hollywood is Katharine Hepburn’s long-limbed gibbon . . . because she gets hoarse if she screams, Kay Francis has to have a double do her screaming for her when
Simone Simon drapes her chin on a cushion—the better to give you the world's most provocative pout. Simone is now in Paris for a vacation.

Jane Bryan, nautical and nifty—and lately of Kid Galahad—flashes her million dollar smile. After Confessions she'll be starred.

Spence Gives a Shower

Most embarrassing moment of the month came to Spencer Tracy when he turned on the lawn-sprinkling system at his home. He didn't know his wife was giving a tea-party on the lawn. Anyway, he says he didn't know...!

Cry With Garbo?

Irreverent toward their illustrious daughter are the Swedes. Ever since Camille hit the screens in Stockholm, newest piece of Swedish slang, according to a letter received in Hollywood is: "Ach—go cry it out with Greta!"

More at Home on the Range

To some players, stardom is a goal. To Dick Foran, it's a pain in the neck. Instead of being jubilant over Warners' plan to raise him from westerns to straight picture stardom, Foran bellyached. "What's the matter?" asked a press agent; "Don't you want to be a star?" "No!" bawled Foran; "I wanna ride a horse."

Prefers the Funnies, Mebbe

No respecter of mama's pianism is Joan Blondell Powell's 3-year-old son, Norman. The other morning, Joan offered to take him to the studio with her, to watch mama work. "Aw," lisped Norman, "I don' wanna. You'll jus' be actin' silly again...!" Home stayed Norman.

Yoo Hoo!

Talking of horticulture, Eleanor Powell got the flowerist fan-gift of the month—a thousand pansy plants from a fan who'd read she loved pansies!
Never Seed Anything Like It

ALWAYS clowning, these Hollywoodians... Consider the gag played on Barbara Pepper. She bought some zinnia seeds to plant in her garden, took them to the studio before going home. Paul Guilfoyle, who happened to buy some vegetable seeds to plant in his own garden, couldn't resist the temptation, mixed turnip seed with Barbara's zinnia seed. Now Barbara is raising hell with the seedman because she says they're the funniest zinnias she's ever seen...!

If the macaw knew publicity he'd tell June Lang that "here at Riverside's Mission Inn was planted California's first orange tree by Spanish settlers"... telephone-nutty is Ted Healy—can't pass a phone without stopping to call somebody up... nearly as bad is Harpo Marx—he has a phone even on his luncheon table! ... Greta Garbo won't let studio hairdressers coiffure her—she curls her... [Continued on page 59]
Mischa Auer and Akim Tamiroff of revolutionary Russia, played hunches to score in Hollywood

By Way

"I am a very poor Russian for copy," said Mischa Auer. "Because I am not a prince, I am not a general, I am not of the Imperial Ballet. I am just a Russian. Talk to Tamiroff. He is of the Moscow Art Theatre."

"I am not a prince, too," says Akim Tamiroff, "or a millionaire's son. True, I am of the Moscow Art Theatre. But I have not adventures. Talk to Auer. Auer, he is the one with adventures."

So I talked to them both—two men who came out of revolutionary Russia and landed by devious ways in Hollywood. A year ago their names meant little to you. Then Auer did a gorilla act in My Man Godfrey, Tamiroff played the general who died at dawn, and they came into their own.

Auer is long and lanky, and his mournful brown eyes under their heavy lids belie his antic spirit. He will fasten them on you in such grave melancholy, that you brace yourself for some tale of unutterable woe, only to be edified by a piece of information like this: "You see the suit I am wearing? Genuine antique, and the treasure of my life. I keep them hanging in my closet till they ripen, to my wife's annoyance. One hangs there now which will soon be ready for a beachcomber."

He wears the genuine antique for Universal's 100 Men and a Girl. On the set he pulls his ears to their widest and makes fearful grimaces at Deanna Durbin, as if he were ten and she five. She laughs, too, like a five-year-old—sometimes when she shouldn't. "It's Mischa's fault," she wails. "He made me." Mischa's shoulders rise to his ears, and his outspread palms plead innocence. "Kill me, if I said a word."

"You don't have to say it," Koster, the director, assures him. "Your face is enough."

Equally striking in another way are the eyes of the short and stocky Tamiroff. "In the sunshine they are green like a cat's," said one of his friends, as they sat in the restaurant.
of Russia

By IDA ZEITLIN

of the Moscow Art Theatre. An assistant director overhead, and Tamiroff was tried out and given the part of Cat in Maeterlinck's Blue Bird. "Before that, I got a part with one word—not one line, but one word. In Gorki's At the Bottom I was permitted to say: 'What?' 'What?' I said, and everybody was sure I had already made a great career. So imagine when I got Cat. This was no more a career, but a miracle."

The lashes shading those green eyes are the kind girls would give their souls for. "For the General," he says, "they were cut to the roots three times. I looked like hell. When I came to my house, my wife didn't want to let me in. 'The only good thing you have, your eyelashes, and they took it away.' 'Don't cry,' I told her, 'For this picture, I will cut not the eyelashes alone, but the finger.'"

Tamiroff's wife is Tamara Shayne, a Russian actress. Auer married Norma Tillman, an American girl, not of the stage. Their son, Anthony, is three—"with all the earmarks of a ham," says his loving father. "He already knows how to make exits and entrances and get his effects." The Tamiroffs have no children. "Only two cocker spaniels," he apologizes. "Not so nice as children, but still nice."

A CHILDLIKE quality characteristic of his race, and evidenced by his frank superstitiousness, makes Tamiroff seem the more purely Russian of the two. Auer is the more sophisticated—perhaps through the Hungarian strain inherited from his grandfather, Leopold Auer, the great violin teacher (who taught most of the present maestros). Perhaps, because he reached America at the age of fifteen and attended an American school. Both men talk fluently and colorfully, with that color so many foreigners seem to bring to an alien tongue. Auer is completely at home in the American idiom.

and his accent is faint. Tamiroff's is marked. Each has a story to tell about his English.

"I learned a little from my governess in St. Petersburg," says Auer. "But I brought it up to date when I lived with cockneys in barracks. You can imagine the kind of English they taught me—in polite literature it's spelled with blanks and dashes. When they sent me to school [Continued on page 74]"

Tamiroff got off to a flying start when he acted the general who died at dawn. He is a former member of Moscow's Art Theater

Tamiroff, a movie menacing man, plays a heavy in Paramount's King of the Gamblers
The Red Hot Mama is in the Movies

Sophie Tucker, who has "wowed" on the stage for 25 years as the red hot singing mama will "wow" them on the screen now

"Some of these days, You'll miss your baby!"

O YOU remember that song? You can still hear it today on your after-midnight recorded radio programs, advertising somebody's beer. But do you remember who first flashed it across the footlights? Some of you may. It was in 1911, at the Balaban and Katz Circle Theatre in Chicago. Its interpreter was Sophie Tucker. That song laid the foundation for Sophie's international fame.

And Sophie Tucker has come to town!

By "town," I mean Hollywood. And is going to town in Broadway Melody.

A few months ago, a line in a Hollywood newspaper gave me pause. It read: Sophie Tucker wows them in Hollywood night spot. The fact that Sophie Tucker "wowed" them didn't give me pause, for I had seen Sophie "wow" them in London and New York. It was only a few months before, that I had read of her organizing the American Stage and Screen Tribute to the King George V. National Memorial Fund at the Coliseum Theater in London. But more of that anon.

What did give me pause, was the fact that Sophie Tucker had come to town, and was entertaining at a Hollywood night spot. Now this particular resort is one of Hollywood's dressiest, and most expensive places to go after dark—don't mistake me; but I couldn't see how it could afford to pay Sophie the money she had been accustomed to receive. As a matter of fact, it couldn't! Yet, there she was—the famous red hot mama herself—doing her stuff for Hollywood's elite, and, apparently, enjoying it. At any rate, the cash customers were enjoying it.

I wanted to know, "How come?" I sought her out at the [Continued on page 80]
Beauty Is Kin Deep!

Margo makes the most of her Castilian Inheritance

By DENISE CAINE

MARGO’S Castilian ancestors did right by her when they bequeathed her those small hands and feet, that tawny coloring and unflawed eyes and mouth. But lots of women, whose forebears handed down good features of one kind or another, have not done as Margo has—made the most of them!

This little dancer-actress of the lone and lovely name, seen recently in Columbia Pictures’ Lost Horizon, has shown good beauty sense in playing up her best points strategically...

When I interviewed her, in her dressing-room, she was wearing heavy professional make-up, but it was still obvious to me that her skin was creamy and smooth, her lashes real and fabulously long and silky.

Margo wears a creamy powder with golden undertones that forms a perfect contrast for the deep-toned lipstick with which she outlines her generously curved lips, and for the greenish-gold color of her large eyes. She prefers brown shadow and gets a natural effect by smudging it between her thumb and finger before smoothing it over the lids. Black eyebrow pencil defines and elongates her sweeping brows and, because they do not match exactly, she draws one a bit higher than its natural line, in a slight, inverted V. When she makes up professionally she applies mascara lavishly, but otherwise merely touches the ends of her lashes lightly, for she thinks they should look as silky as possible.

Margo is fussy about caring for her soft, golden brown hair and has held out stubbornly against suggestions for bleaching it. She brushes it until it shines and once a week has a Castile soap shampoo. Because she has no time to go to beauty shops, she usually has her maid give her the shampoo and put up the ends on bob pins. With the ends rolled in flat curls and secured in this manner, she finds that she can sleep without discomfort. Besides, she likes the soft, fluffy effect that the flat curl gives when it’s combed out. Margo thinks that the texture and sheen of the hair is of major importance and her own well-groomed locks certainly bear out her ideas. Her favorite coiffure is the simple one she wore as Maria in Lost Horizon, with the hair drawn severely back to show her widow’s peak and curled softly behind the ears.

In summer, Margo protects her hair and accents her exotic beauty by wearing a colorful bandanna, turban fashion, whenever she is out in the sunshine for long periods. A firm believer in getting plenty of sun, she thinks the proper amount of tan enhances almost any girl’s attractiveness and, furthermore, gives her added vitality for the remainder of the year. When she has spent a long afternoon at the beach, covered with protective oil, Margo has a system for freshening up at a moment’s notice that deserves to be passed on. She takes with her a bottle of her favorite eau de cologne and some tissues, and when she is through sunning herself, removes the oil with tissues, then douses her skin with the cooling, cleansing cologne. A fresh application of lipstick—and she’s ready for the trek from beach to an impromptu party at a friend’s house, looking not the least bit oily or beach-worn.

THOSE of you who have not yet had your summer vacations or an opportunity to acquire a suntan, may be interested in knowing that a famous Hollywood [Continued on page 72]
PICTURE

THEY WON'T FORGET

Meaning you, and you, and you! They Won't Forget will be one of the most controversial films of the year. It is a stirring, dramatic indictment of the injustice of mob prejudice and the need for courage on the part of Merryn LeRoy, the producer and director, to produce such a dangerous subject. The film opens on Memorial Day in some section of the South. A young girl is murdered in a business college and here is the chance the ambitious district attorney, Claude Rains, has been waiting for to advance his career. The people demand an indictment for the murder and among the suspects a young teacher at the school, a Northerner, is singled out. During the trial it is held, the boy found guilty and lynched on a new criminal. This is one of the most extraordinary films of the year. Don't miss it. The cast including Gloria Dickson and Edward Norris, newcomers, and Claude Rains, Otto Kruger and Allyn Joslyn is outstanding.—Warner Bros.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Since A Night at the Opera, the last Marx Brothers' opus, there hasn't been a screwier, funnier, more hilarious picture than their new venture, A Day at the Races. The Marx Brothers (only three, now) go to town in their latest comedy. They leave you rolling in the aisles after almost two hours of continued gagging. The mad Marxes go wild and you go wild about them and their crazy antics. Director Sam Wood deserves credit for his splendid direction and George Seaton and Robert Pirosh are to be congratulated for converting the story—a most difficult assignment. A sanitarium owned by Maureen O'Sullivan is improved, is the background for the carryings-on of the brothers. And Alan Jones, as the son of Miss O'Sullivan, has the opportunity of exercising his vocal chords to your pleasure. An exciting steeplechase race in which Jones' horse is jumping for the purse to save the sanitarium is an excruciatingly funny climax. This lavish production is enhanced by a gorgeous ballet number and a musical interlude with a colored choir.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

WEWILLIEWINKIE

Shirley Temple is certain to gain many new admirers after the release of her current film, Wee Willie Winkie, for the Temple, at last, has outgrown her little whimsicalities and is now a fine actress of superior rank. Her extraordinary talents are even more emphasized, being freed from the cute tricks smart youngsters employ to attract attention. La Temple, however, has not lost any of her natural sweetness or charm while going through her roles of the India theatrical adolescence. Rudyard Kipling's colorful story of India is truly enhanced by the inclusion of the number one box-office attraction. And Victor McLaglen, Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Michael Whalen, Cesar Romero and Constance Collier and hand—some support to this stirring tale of the adventures and romances in the dangerous Khyber Pass. The martial spirit is inspiring and Shirley's affection for Sergeant McLaglen is most compelling. Wee Willie Winkie is packed with honest sentiment.—20th Century-Fox.

CARD INDEX OF
PARADE

SLAVE SHIP

20th Century-Fox didn’t spare the whip in depicting the brutal and sordid maritime adventures of the eighteenth centuries when trafficking in slaves between Africa and America was rampant. The dramatic qualities of Slave Ship have been pointed to such a degree that feminine flesh will probably shrink at the realistic lashings and cruel beatings inflicted on the slaves, as well as at the coarse humor. However, to compensate them there is a very appealing romance between Warner Baxter, captain of a slave ship, and Elizabeth Allan, a sweet, innocent Southern gal. When Warner Baxter meets the charming Elizabeth he falls in love and takes her for his bride. Determined to quit slaving and become a respected member of the merchant marine, Baxter brings his young bride aboard the ship only to find that he’s been tricked by his first mate, Wallace Beery, who has taken charge. Battles, murder and death ensue. The salty tang of the sea is trenchant throughout this powerful drama.—20th Century-Fox.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR

Alexander Korda, England’s top producer, has outdone himself in giving us Knight Without Armour, James Hilton’s story of the Russian Revolution. He has outdone himself in giving us very interesting and attractive players; in giving us Jacques Feyder; and in giving us such realistic material of the Revolutionary days. This tragic period is well represented from both sides—the White and the Red. The Dietrich is overwhelmingly beautiful, particularly in a bathtub scene. La Dietrich, a Russian countess, is rescued from the hysterical Red by Robert Donat, a British secret service agent who returns from banishment to Siberia at the outbreak of the Revolution. Free, he is appointed an assistant commissar by one of the Red leaders, with whom he had been exiled in Siberia. Sent on a mission to escort the countess to Petrograd he falls in love with her and endangers his life in plotting her escape.—London Films-United Artists.

THE ROAD BACK

The picturization of Erich Maria Remarque’s The Road Back has sacrificed the dramatic wealth the novel contained for comedy. A clown can find comedy even in tragedy, but it was a disappointment to see that the producers thought it necessary to inject so many comedy sequences in this film dealing with a very serious problem—the readjustment of the young German soldiers upon their return to the war torn Fatherland. Excluding this fault, The Quiet on the Western Front, The quiet unfolds in the early hours of November 11, 1918, in a German dugout. The strength of the picture lies in the grim battlefield scenes and in the soldiers’ sensitivities. Richard Cromwell, John King, Larry Blake and Maurice Murphy are outstanding as the perplexed young soldiers and Andy Devine and Slim Summerville with the aid of Louise Fazenda get those laughs, you just can’t help yourself.—Universal.

THE LATEST MOVIES
ANDREA LEEDS, who crashed the publicity columns by being kissed for a whole day by various actors in her first screen tests, is going to save all her real kisses from now on for Arnold Kunody. It'll probably be wedding bells soon.

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F R I E N DLY comicker George Chandler played host to Old Doc Stork recently. When the stork departed, he left Mr. and Mrs. Chandler a six-and-a-half-pound baby boy. Comicker Chandler announced it would be named Gary. Commentless was Gary Cooper.

Other stork-news—Having the Crosby nursery done over in pink is Dixie Lee, Bing's wife, as she waits for the arrival of Crosby child No. 4. The previous junior Crosbys being all boys, Dixie hopes the next one will be a girl, is pinking the nursery to bolster that hope. Wistcracking, Dixie vows that if it isn't a girl this time she'll divorce Bing and marry Eddie Cantor, whose children are all boys... dated up with Doc Stork for sometime-in-September is Doris Dudley, who is quieting down from her helterskelter life.

S O M E W H A T complicated, even in love-complex Hollywood, is the altar-mating of white-haired Bill Boyd and shining-eyed Grace Bradley... You see, it was only such a short, short time ago that Bill Boyd and Pretty Hazel Forbes were on the very brink of I-do-ing it! And as for Grace, only a very short time ago, too, Hollywood was wondering how soon she was going to marry Fred Lawrence. Not to mention Fred Kohler, Junior, son of the big bad man of the films, with whom she was stepping out only a few days before she and Boyd got their marriage license!

But things happen fast in Hollywood. The cupid kid is keeping the details a secret, but somehow, at a party, Bill and Grace, who'd known each other for a long time as friends, suddenly discovered each other as sweetie-pies! "I've known Grace," said Bill, "for a long, long time, but I never really knew her until a few days ago!" And so off they went, got their marriage okeh

[Continued on page 60]

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D E N I E D are rumors that Guy Bates Post and Lillian Kemble Cooper, stage-and-screen veterans who married last Fall, are heading riftward. Denials come from Post himself, who explains their recent moving-apart by saying that wifie had to move to an apartment house because the dampness of their own home bothered her sinuses. "And I'm trying to cancel the lease on our house so we can be together again," added Post.

Undenied, however, are reports that the recently-married George E. Stone's aren't finding double-harness comfortable...

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C U P I D ' S COUPLET:

- Ruth Hilliard and Jimmy, of the Rites: I'm betting they'll soon be mister and mizzles!

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L I K E the Grable-Coogan wooing, another long-time romance of youth in Hollywood is the unkillable Johnny Downs-Eleanore Whitney necking marathon. Like one of those round-bottomed figures with lead in its pants, you can't knock it down to stay down. Tiffs they have, but invariably, they kiss and makeup. And kiss... Latest kiss came when Eleanore got back to Hollywood from an eastern personal appearance tour. Leading the welcome-home crowd at the station was Johnny, lips all puckeredy up long before train time. Off the train st-ppq Eleanore, lips ditto. They met, lips first. Ah, ain't love grand?

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Ginger Rogers presents a mouth full of hot dog. Ditto Florence Lake, Pat di Cicco
Do You Take This Woman—This Man?
(and GENE and JEANETTE Agreed)

The happy couple, right, speed away in their car to Jeanette's home to entertain 1,000 guests.

Gene and Jeanette, below, leave the church a smiling couple en-route to the wedding reception.

The biggest wedding that Hollywood ever saw took place when Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were married. Over 1,000 guests attended the nuptials while 5,000 persons jammed the streets outside the church to get a looksee at the principals and other screen notables. Gene and Jeanette honeymooned in Honolulu.

The Raymonds, above, register a happy, but conservative clinch immediately after the ceremony.

—Fawcett Photos by Rhodes

The wedding party included such notables as Nelson Eddy, Harold Lloyd, Allan Jones, Ginger Rogers.
A tender scene between Katie O'Shea (Myrna Loy) and Parnell (Clark Gable)

Parnell—AA—The long awaited opus based on the life of the famous Irish patriot, Parnell, has finally appeared in the role with which Loyr Myra as his own dear Oscar, Saylor, the James O'Shea. M-G-M spent months of labor and a huge budget on this compelling, human interest story of the conflict between the Irish leader and the Prime Minister of England during the late Victorian era, but all they succeeded in giving you is an illad produced with an excellent cast. It lacks sincerity and the failure seems to lie in the unsupervised portrayals of the stars as the famed characters of the beautiful and great love that affected the career of a great diplomat. Supporting players are Edna May Oliver, Edmund Gwenn, Alan Marshal, Donald Crisp, Billie Burke and others too numerous to mention.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Slim—AA—Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay and Stuart Erwin give their best—which is top—in a fresh little story offering a wealth of pictorial punch. Pat O'Brien is a line-man working on high towers carrying power lines—a hard job. Just such a job, it seems, is the one that Henry Fonda has similar ambitions which Pat finally helps him reach. The movie is the best and one girl—no rare plot—but it's human and interesting. Stuart Erwin is a ground man and his inclusion adds much to the dramatic effect of the story. Erwin is sturdy and pays a heavy price for love. The Last Train from Madrid—AA—An unqualified treatise on the horrors of war using the Spanish revolution as a background. Actually, the war is only a background for a collection of romantic and dramatic episodes. The film is outstanding for the qualities of the characterizations portrayed by Lew Ayres, an American newspaperman; Gilbert Roland, Anthony Quinn, and the close sketches of Liz and Lavel, Mann, a commanding officer, and Olympe Bradin, Dorothy and Corbin, starring with the leading roles and Joan Davis is the maid who serves the laughs that come often.—20th Century-Fox.

When Thief Meets Thief—AA—Packed with suspense and action this is a British crime drama set in London with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Valerie Hobson. A splendid cast, excellent direction and a strong plot makes this one of the films you want to see. Doug, Jr., is a clever thief who is double-crossed by his partners, Alan Hale, who is ready to quit his illegitimate profession. He escapes, however, but swears vengeance which he satisfies before the curtain falls. An interesting romance is induced while Doug robs the home of Valerie Hobson, the adventures-squire of Alan Hale.—United Artists.

GLAMOUR

As only Hollywood can reveal it, is the keynote of the September issue of Movietone News. A delightful array of the stars of film magazine. You will find entertaining and romantic story versions of the main glamour Hollywood films of the new season, including The Prisoner of Zenda, starring Ronald Colman, and The Thief of Bagdad, starring the Produced in the same way that the Moving Picture World, which co-stars Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones, Mr. Dodd Takes the Air, with Kenny Baker and Gertrude Michael; and This Way, Please, which introduces Shelley Fabares of Livingstone—all for only ten cents in the September Movietone News.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre

Mountain Music—AAA—Martha Raye and Bob Burns score a lovely love and fine music picture. Slightly toned down but effective is Martha's outburst of song—and they are frequent—and Bob Burns is hilarious in his comedy romance with Martha. The stars perform with gusto and the story is strong. A score of Ernest Williams makes this a stepdil in elegant style. Terry Walker and John Herrdall give good contrasts to the unplechri- tudinous stars.—Paramount.

Married Before Breakfast—AAA—Clever dialogue, good gags and a capable cast add up to an amusing comedy held together with a tie of romance and conflict. Robert Young makes a fortune on an in- vestment and remembers his friends of less prosperous days. Engaged to marry "blue book" June Clark is his star to go away when he meets Florence Rice who is engaged to marry Hugh Marlowe. A little involved, but you'll get a kick out of it.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Born Reckless—AAA—Theatrical "protection" is the theme of this racketeering film with Rochelle Hudson, Brian Donlevy, Robert Kent and Barton MacLane in the leading roles. Full of action and thrills, this melodrama holds a speedy pace. Miss Hudson is given a splendid chance to show her dramatic abilities and that is different for her, and she comes through with a high score. Barton MacLane is effective, as usual, as the chief racketeer, and Donlevy is seen to advantage as the virile racing driver. Robert Kent shines in a small and mild part.—20th Century-Fox.

Armored Car—AA½—Either Hollywood producers can't staunch the flow of gangster stories from their writing departments, or the American public's appetite cannot be appeased for bloody meat. Universal is offering deals with a pack of gangsters who satisfy their lust by dynamiting armored cars. Excellent photography and direction add to the value of this film and robbers melodrama with a cast consisting of Robert Wilcox, Judith Barrett, Cesario Romero, Irving Pichel, et al.—Universal.

Speed to Spare—AA—If you seek a thrill go and see Speed to Spare, the engaging, racing story interspersed with romance and comedy. Charles Quigley, Dorothy Wilson and Johnnie Nudget are the major characters in this lively film depicting the story of two brothers, a girl, and a race for the championship for midwest auto driving. The race sequences are so full of action that you welcome a respite and robbers melodrama with a cast consisting of Robert Wilcox, Judith Barrett, Cesario Romero, Irving Pichel, et al.—Universal.

It Could Happen To You—AA½—The basic idea is a good one, but it goes haywire dramatically. However, if you "go for films of the racket type" you will be entertained. The direction and production is better than most pictures in this grade. A school for immigrants is the racket for the background of this gangster film. Alan Baxter, Andrea

Some kisser, Martha Raye! With Terry Walker, Bob Burns in Mountain Music

Leeds, Owen Davis, Jr., Astrid Allwyn, Walter Kingsford and Al Shean emotite in the leading roles.—Rex

Wild Money—AA½—A "snatch" case adds moment to this newspaper story cumlled from one of Paul Gallico's magazine yarns. Edward Everett Horton, a slightly comical newsmen, embarks on a vacation in the hothandlers, scores a kidnapping case and finds himself with $5,000 and the assignment to write the story. He proves himself a reporter and a sleuth besides. It has its contrivances, but the portrayal of Hor- ton's character is interesting to see. Others in the cast are Louise Campbell, an attractive and in- teresting newcomer, and Robert Lowden, Littlefield, Esther Dale and Porter Hall.—Paramount.

Small Town Boy—AA½—A sympathetic story about small town boy, who suddenly finds himself rich with $1,000. The acquisition of the money gives the boy backbone and he becomes a respected and likable citizen. He then finds out the money isn't real. Sue is convincing in the role of the hero.)—Paramount, the story of the real person. Joyce Compton is the love interest and Jes Prouty and Clara Ranke, the parents of a headline boy, are handsome. The boy, however, is an easy and good boy, and the story is a charmer.—Paramount.

Forlorn River—AA½—Short and snappy is this western drama. Dorothy Rice, who has been given a faithful depiction of the lassagin Nevada. Others are Harvey Stephens, Suzy Sylvester, June Maitland and John Patterson. The screenstory is such an enjoyable you'll be holding the horses throughout.—Paramount.

The Shadow Strikes—AAA—A murdered millionaire, an unfinished will, an old mansion and mysterious characters lurking in the shadows play chilly down your spine. The "Shadow" who has devoted a life time to tracking down the murderers of his father adds this crime to his decrypting career and clears up both mysteries. A capable cast includes Rod La Roone, Lynn Anders, James Blakely, Norman Ainley.—Grand National.

DON'T MISS

Any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: Last Horizon—a beautiful story, beautifully presented on the screen. James Hilton's famous novel is immortalized in the screen version. Credit is due Frank Capra, the director, and cinemators Ronald Coleman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe... The Good Earth—a truly great novel made into one of the greatest motion pictures ever produced. With 15% Academy award winners Paul Muni and Luise Rainer... Captain Courageous—Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea without a stirring and exciting film. Spencer Tracy, Fredric Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore earn raves for their superb performances... A Star Is Born—or a star is reborn—meaning Janet Gaynor. A gorgeous Technicolor film with an intensely human story, Fredric March and Miss Gaynor perform flawlessly in the screen version. There's been much controversy over the merits and demerits of Miss Elizabeth Bergner's latest opus. But don't miss it—just go to see Bergner... Kid Galahad—one of the best fight pictures ever made. With Edward G. Robinson, Jean Hersholt and Humphrey Bogart... I Met Him in Paris—particu- larly recommended. The ice sequences taken at Sun Valley are sensational. Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young score.
CELLULOID SERMONS

$5 Prize Letter

VERY gratifying it is to a former minister of the gospel to find the screen taking over in a fearless way the business of preaching. In *A Star Is Born* we had a very potent temperance lesson, and spiritual symbolism is evident in *Lost Horizon* and *The Green Light*, while Captains Courageous had a fine moral embodied in its story. The most recent example of a movie sermon was in *Make Way For Tomorrow*, which is a stern rebuke to callous governments that make no provision for old people to retain and enjoy the homes they have toiled a lifetime for, but on the contrary take these homes away, separate the old folks and break up families. Hundreds of preaching men in hundreds of pulpits could discourse from the text *Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother* with little result, but this celluloid sermon, reaching and touching millions, is a different matter, and has the impact of a blow. It is a plea, a challenge, and a heart-break. The individual is not human who can see it and remain unmoved at the spectacle of man's inhumanity to man.—*G. Bagot*, Box 503, Vancouver.

IN MEMORIAM

$10 Prize Letter

JEAN HARLOW, A-1 'glamour girl of the screen,' is dead! There are many who did not think Jean Harlow much of an actress, yet she gave pleasure to countless thousands by the sheer perfection of her youthful loveliness. And the pleasure she gave was genuine, for her attraction did not in the least lie, as is often implied, in artificial glamour or sexual appeal. Jean Harlow was nothing if not natural, and watching her one sensed that she felt real pleasure in giving it to others. She was always Jean Harlow, perhaps, but men and women liked Jean Harlow just as she was and delighted in her beauty as in that of any other lovely thing in nature—a beautiful flower or a glorious sunset. She was as real as that, and we shall long remember her as one of the most genuinely delightful personalities the screen has given us.—Beatrice Hammond, Lafayette, R 1.

MARCH MARCHES ON!

$5 Prize Letter

WHEN you complain that movie stars are personalities rather than actors, just omit the name of Fredric March. He doesn't place good looks and a few whimsical mannerisms in a showcase and exhibit them under different titles. He actually becomes whatever character he's playing. In *A Star Is Born* it wasn't Fredric March as Norman Maine whom we saw. It was a vital, lovable, yet wildfyl actor already started on the toboggan-slide of Hollywood fame. In *Anthony Adverse* March was the satisfying embodiment of people's imaginary Anthony—a unique achievement if we stop to consider that the book had over eight million readers! In *Mary of Scotland* we were always aware of Miss Hepburn, but Bothwell, that lusty, gallant, swashbuckling soldier really lived! It's the same story even if you start 'way back at *The Royal Family* or *Dr. Jekyll* and Mr. Hyde. His performances are always sincere and arresting as well as authentic to the part.—Frances Short, 207 Warren Avenue, Oldtown, Calif.

MASS EDUCATION

$1 Prize Letter

THE cinema deserves the gratitude of all for producing such fine biographical pictures. They have given us a keen insight into the lives of famous people. By showing filmgoers the spirit which prompted them towards their great achievements they have portrayed their essential humanity and made them kin with the rest of us. By making their lives and work absorbingly dramatic entertainment, films have made a greater impression on people than all the history books ever written. And how stimulating the lives of these great people are to ordinary, working individuals. Their fine human qualities illuminate their achievements, and act as an inspiration to all. I give many thanks to all concerned in the production of *Rothschild*, *Rhodes*, *Civic of India*, *Louis Pasteur*, *The Great Ziegfeld*, and *The White Angel*.—Mr. G. Livsey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W. II, London, England.

NO SISSIES, PLEASE!

$1 Prize Letter

THE writer wonders if it is asking too much that the trend of new leading men be slightly modified from the effeminate, cupid bowed, long eyelashed, extremely curly haired type, that now graces (if that isn't too grossly abusing the word) the screen? If it wasn't for good actors such as Beery, Gable, Laughton, Tracy, etc., that have been left ardent movie fans like myself, movie going would be a thing of the past. Beauty isn't everything, even in a woman for whom the word was probably created. Certainly when applied to a man, it should be a small item compared with the fine setting, good timing and years of experience required to give a truly fine and interesting performance. After all even tailor dummies have looks!—(Mrs.) G. Long, 3186 W., 86th St., Cleveland, O.

STILL A GOOD ACTOR

$1 Prize Letter

JOHN BARRYMORE is quite a fool in his private life. Jack of the Royal Family has had his inane peccadillos spread all over the front pages in the recent months, but Jack is still a good actor. In my opinion he ran away with the show in *Rouso and Juliet*. There is a sureness of touch in his work that is not found in any of his contemporaries. I hope the mythical bugaboo of public opinion will not prevent the producers from using him. He has entertained a lot of people in the past and still has plenty of fans for the future. Let us see him again.—*Katherine Ospool*, 1019 47th St., Emericville, Calif.

CALLING BROADWAY STARS

$1 Prize Letter

PLEASE, have the motion picture companies give us more plays and actors from Broadway! There is an almost flawless technique about these Broadway players. They have something more than looks and good diction. This fact was what made *Winter* the outstanding screen drama of 1936, in my estimation. Give us Helen Hayes in her *Victoria Regina*, or the Fontaine-Lunt duo, or try to persuade the matchless Katherine Cornell to make a talkie. There are those, like myself, away out here in the sticks who appreciate the best in drama, art, music and literature. Only, we cannot afford to go to New York once a year to see the latest stage productions. Nor can we attend opera. There are many fine pictures produced each year and I appreciate them. So give us more high standard, finished productions such as Broadway produces.—*H. H. Pickett*, 226 Cheyenne Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURES, 1901 Broadway, New York City.
On the SETS with the STARS

Goldwyn's Dead End, adapted from the stage hit, features six of the boys who were in the original play. The indoor set, above, represents the East River waterfront.

SWEETEST PIECE of work in Hollywood came during a hot spell, while they were shooting Stella Dallas at Goldwyn's. For a scene, 15 high school boys and girls were paid for sitting at a soda fountain, drinking ice cream sodas! They took up shooting a sequence for The Firefly at M-G-M two days after shooting the first part, in which Jeanette MacDonald did a fast Spanish dance. Next scene called for her to be talking, out of breath from the dance. To get her out of breath, Director Bob Leonard grabbed her arm, ran her around the stage until she panted; then he shot the scene so Jeanette's pants (breath, you dope!) matched the previous take.

FUN ON THE SET: For Universal's 100 Men and a Girl, Deanna Durbin and Gene Pallette had to do a serious scene. Gene's back was to the camera, Deanna faced the lens. Each time, Deanna in the middle of the serious take broke down and laughed. Reason: Gene was wiggling his nose at her. Not until Director Henry Koster bawled him out did he keep a straight face, let Deanna play the scene without laughing... What they don't have to learn to make movies—for Heidi, Shirley Temple, playing a little Swiss girl, has to learn to milk a goat. So did Janie Hersholt, who plays her grandfather, the goat-herd.

REFRESHING! About eggs and The Firefly, here's another yolk on Allan Jones, who co-stars with Jeanette MacDonald in the film: A scene called for Joel's face getting splashed by a bath. For lather scenes, real soap-lather dissipates too quickly under hot studio lights, substitutes are used. For the bathtub scene, they used egg-white. But a prop man, thinking to do Jones a favor, put hot water in the tub instead of cold. The hot water cooked the egg-white so that it took a curry comb and a forced stream of water from a hose to get the omelette out of Allan's hair!

BIGGEST POOL ever constructed specially for a movie scene is at the Sam Goldwyn studio, for Hurricane. The pool, which holds nearly a million gallons of water, represents the lagoon of a South Sea island. It covers an acre, is five feet deep, except for the edge where it slopes to a white sand beach. Between takes, it is popular as a swimming pool, for actors and technicians on the picture, these hot Hollywood afternoons. For sanitation, the water is chlorinated.

WHEN YOU see the hats worn by Ann Dvorak and other women players in the Schulberg picture, Let's Talk of Love, you'll be seeing hats actually designed by Ann Dvorak, herself. Ann, who designs her own offscreen headwear, got special permission to design the hats for the film, is now wondering whether she'll get screen credit as designer... Katharine Aldridge is one of the beautiful models in Walter Wanger's Vagabonds of 1928. For five days, she couldn't work because of a black eye and swollen jaw. So tired became Katharine of taking wisecracks and questions about it that she had a tiny newspaper-sheet printed, explaining how she got it: "Had a wisdom tooth pulled!" Some people believe everything they read.

IT MUST be true! Garbo must be getting human! For she's actually been playing catch with a baseball, with the crew of M-G-M's Madame Walewska between takes. Next thing you know, one of the grips will be slapping her on the back, calling her "good of Gary Warby!!"... Shades of household budgeting! For an omelette in M-G-M's The Firefly for Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones, and others, three dozen eggs were cooked...!!

AT 20TH-FOX, they had trouble with soap-lather and lights, too. In Too Much Limelight, Jed Prouty had to carry on a long conversation while shaving. In four takes, using real shaving soap, the soap dried on Jed's face, got baked off like powder. A prop man finally solved the problem by mixing the shaving soap with cold cream; the resultant oily lather streamed through the take... Now Janie Withers goes sex-appeal! For the first time in her screen career, she's going in for coquettishness. As the final scene of Wild and Woolly, she has to be kissed by screen-meanie Jackie Searl, with whom she makes up after fighting through the story with him. Red-faced, embarrassed, Janie complained to director Al Wertheim: "It isn't Jackie I mind; it's all these people who are watching!"

ITEMS FROM Sam Goldwyn's Hurricane—because Mary Astor tipped over in one of the outrigger canoes on the big lagoon tank and nearly caught pneumonia; because another player tipped over, ruined a $150 watch, director John Ford has prohibited boating between takes—florists had to provide the studio with a thousand gardenias a day, to be made up into leis for the South Sea natives to wear—because the strike of make-up men hampered making up extras with dark skins as natives, and caused costly production delays, Goldwyn bought ten therapeutic sun-lamps, ordered the extras to lie under them until they had real coats of dark tan, needed no further make-up jobs—but Dorothy Lamour took no sunbaths to get a black skin, so she had to set herself a 9 p.m. curfew during her work on the film, so she could get up at 6 a.m. each day to do the two hours body make-up work required—property man George Callahan had to keep special guard over the thousand cocomuts imported from the South Seas, because, unlike those you buy in the stores, they have their natural hulls intact. Nevertheless, members of the cast and crew made away with 20 of the cocomuts, ate them... [Continued on page 71]
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

A welcome respite from work in New Faces of 1937 is when the gong sounds for a spot of afternoon tea. And here are Harriet Hilliard, back in Hollywood for the picture, and Bill Brady (they play the romantic leads) getting that pick-me-up between scenes.

own hair, always, for her film roles...

working on a set full of chorus girls that he hides in a corner between shots... so predominantly a favorite of M-G-M stars is the color blue that the M-G-M wardrobe uses 500 more bolts of blue goods every year than any other hue... newest pet-protection stunt of Hollywood stars is to footprint their dogs; Una Merkel, Joan Crawford, Luise Rainer, Jeanette MacDonald, Eleanor Powell all had footprint records made of their poodles, filed them with the M-G-M studio police department, to serve as ownership-proof in case their dogs were lost or stolen... the monograms on Joan Crawford's personal stationery are invariably of her own designing...

—not complain about ashes on the floor and clothes not hung up.
—give him his favorite dish once a week.
—not complain about unexpected guests brought home by hubby.
—not sulk when he has bad luck financially.
—dress up because he wants other men to admire her.
All right gals, there's Clark's order. Can you fill it?

More Gable Gabble

S WELL gesture; hearing a property man bragging about his son, Gable asked if son had a bike. "Not yet, but when I get the money saved, I'm buying him one," said the prop man. Next day, Clark wheeled onto the set on a new bike. "How ya like it?" Clark asked the prop man. "Finest bike I ever see," answered the man; "whose is it? Yours?" Answered Gable: "Nope. It's your son's. With my compliments.

Literary aspirations: Gable has finished two screen plays—one about the oil fields, which he knows because he worked in 'em, the other, according to himself, a "sort of Horatio Alger thing." P.S.—Neither of the screen plays has been accepted by any studio.

Six More Years To Go

S MArt insurance idea is Deanna Durbin's. With her movie earnings, Deanna has bought a short-term endowment policy, which pays off when she's 21. With the pay-off, Deanna has already completed arrangements to purchase voice training and coaching from Europe's most famed maestro, to perfect herself in opera—Italian, German, French.

The European training begins December 4, 1943, on which date Deanna'll be 21. She'll take an absolute vacation of several years from screen, stage and radio, while taking European training.

Tougha Breaka?

TALK of Hollywood, indeed, is Bill Powell's finally-negotiated new contract. Bill was holding out, you remember (if you read this column regularly) for $200,000 per picture. He didn't quite make the grade. But what a contract, nevertheless!—it gives him $155,000 cool cash per picture, on a seven-year, no-option contract, which calls for two pictures a year to be made within five months, leaving him seven months a year free. More, he is allowed to do one picture per year for some other studio besides M-G-M, and he can do whatever radio work he wishes without studio interference. Poor Bill. Isn't life tough?

Not In Pa's Footsteps

F OR the first time, Leslie Howard and his son, Ronald, (who looks startlingly like him!), are decidedly at odds. Papa Leslie wants Sonny Ronald to go back East, join up with one of the more famous [Continued on page 92]
from the State of California. Revealed Bill that he'd been married three times; admitted Grace that she'd never been married even once.

Meantime, Hazel Forbes steps out with about-to-be-divorced funnyman, Charlie Butterworth, at the same cale where Grace and Bill are niteclubbing. And Fred Lawrence, apparently on-torch-carrying for Grace, hurries East to spend time with Margaret Swope, whom he's going to marry when she gets her divorce... Swing it, boys...

MAYBE you've read that Dick (cowboy) Foran is going to marry socialite Ruth Hollingsworth? Well, maybe it's true. But what Ruth herself has to say about the report is:

"I'm not saying yes, and I'm not saying no. Nice weather we're having isn't it?"

Yeah, Ruth; yeah. Swell weather for honeymoons.

MOST indefatigable witthstander of cupidean assaults is Cary Grant. Militant bachelor-in-Hollywood, Cary spends few nights alone, becomes annoyed when rumors of his twosomes hint romance, allows himself never to be drawn too definitely into any Hollywood gal's life... Nearest-to-steady for Cary has always been Mary Brian. No matter who else may share Cary's nite-club life at various times, you can always depend on Cary to ring up Mary some night, take her out dancing. That's what he's been doing.

In between Mary-times, Cary's been dispensing his personality on Ginger Rogers, Florence Lake, and the hi-de-ho Countess di Frasso, better known to Hollywood as Dorothy, putter-on-of-swell-parties.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Lovely Margo and handsome Francis Lederer—

Grace Moore and hubby, Valentin Parera, greet Met. tenor, Charles Kullman, who's in Hollywood to sing in Goldwyn Follies

Love each other well, but love careers better!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Buddy Adler and Anita Louise—There's a new twosome, if you pull-lease!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Ah, there, Sylvia Sidney; I saw yer Out stepping with that New York lawyer!

FROM the obscurity of militant manlessness, pretty Olivia de Havilland has been lured into dating, now and then. Olivia, who makes no secret of her preference for books and study, rather than boyfriends, has been dutifully to the plaint of her studio publicity bosses that "romance is good copy." And so, dutifully, Olivia has been going out now and then, once or twice with Phil Huston, once or twice with Johnny Arledge, both such nice lads... But don't take it seriously. Phil Huston, you see, is on the verge of marrying Julie Haydon. And Johnny Arledge isn't on the verge of marrying anybody, even Olivia.

CUPID'S COUPLETS:

Conrad Nagel and Wilma Francis—One of Hollywood's warmest romances!

MARRIED:

Martha (what-a-mouth) Raye and Buddy Westmore, Paramount make-up-man and member of the famous Hollywood Westmore make-up family, in a Nevada elopement that left Martha's mamma gasping. Said mamma: "At 26, Martha ought to have been thinking of her career, instead of marrying. Anyway, they promised me they'd wait for two years!" Nevertheless, mama is going to live with Martha and Buddy in their honeymoon apartment.

—Rita Hayworth, daughter of the Dancing Caminos, and rich Texas oilman E. S. Judson, in a Yuma elopement in which her papa played an unwitting part. He called Rita early, because, she told him, she had to report for early-morning retakes. Instead, Rita left the house, joined hubby-to-be, sped to Yuma, married, sent a wire telling papa it wasn't a retake.

—Bob (barooka) Burns and his secretary, Harriet Foster, as you all knew they would. For no reason at all, they eloped to Las Vegas, just as though it were all a great big secret. Happy for Bob and Harriet is all Hollywood, which knew their romance for months.

—Varying the Yuma-or-Las Vegas custom, Marla Shelton picked Salt Lake City (where the Mormons dwell) for her wedding to M-G-M make-up-man Jack Dawn.

—Irene Coleman, film actress picked by Artist McClelland Barclay as the girl with the most beautiful eyes in Hollywood, went to Mexico to marry Hollywood Doctor Edwin B. Glass.

—For the third time, one-time film star Colleen Moore takes on matrimony. In Crown Point, Indiana, she married Chicago broker, Homer Hargrave. Added Colleen: "I'm through with pictures."

—Vicki Palmer is now Mrs. Howard Lang. He's one of Hollywood's actors' Agents.

—George Givot, dialector, and Maryon Curtis, from Chicago, put on a big society wedding with scores of Hollywood celebrities present at the church ceremony. Tyrone Power, highly-pursued-by-the-gals, was one of the ushers. Flower girl was little Naida Curtis, stand-in for Shirley Temple.

DON'T be surprised if George Raft and Virginia Peine finally do it! There's a Mexican-marriage in the wind, backed [Continued on page 93]
Is Leslie Giving Us the Run-around?
[Continued from page 22]

making them with right-enough spirit. Say this for the lad, bellyache as he may about how little he likes his job, yet he turns to with a do-or-die spirit and works like the very devil—that is, when they can catch him (but more about that later.)

But over on the Warner lot, where he's teamed up with Bette Davis again, this time making It's Love I'm After, Howard is up to his old tricks of telling the boys and all who want to listen that film-acting is the very twaddle and piffle for serious thespians and that by this-and-that, he's done with it! Done for good between them.

As a matter of fact, this time he's giving Hollywood particularly Hail-Britainia! This time, you see, he's telling us that he's got it all set, and when he jolly well gets done with It's Love I'm After (and maybe another film or so) he'll shake the glare of the sun-arcs out of those twinking eyes of his, and never again set foot before the camera and attempt to produce another picture. And WRITE, by heaven, WRITE!!

I could have told you that, and made it a news story for you. I mean, good MG's got a mighty good screening, under my by-line, that Leslie Howard was doing his farewell appearance, and called it news. But it really isn't. It's piffle.

TWENTY years ago, Leslie Stainer—a skinny Tommy with a moody mustache and a newish war wife, came back from the trenches to London to recover, with vast distaste, the prospect of going back to his job in a bank and adding up figures. He envisioned endless columns of figures—guineas and pounds, shillings and pence... And he shuddered. And out of the bravery born in the trenches, the one-time meek bank clerk stuck out his funny little chest and shrieked: "No, no! A thousand times no. I'm going to be a writer. A playwright. A GREAT playwright...!" Then, in sudden realization that he had to eat, and so did his wife, he added, in a tiny voice: "—and in the meantime, I can live by acting."

That was 20 years ago, and his name was Leslie Stainer then. He's been saying that very same blankety-blank thing for every one of those 20 years in between has Leslie Howard... And somewhere around 1960 or so, I rather imagine some brash young interviewer will step up to Leslie Howard, as he comes off the set and ask: "Have you anything new to say, Sir Leslie?" And old Leslie, with that white beard he talks about, will quaver:

"Look here, my lad. I have a very great news announcement to make to you. I've always wanted to write, not act, understand? Well, this picture is the very last (he'll say last!) I shall ever make before the camera! There, now—is that NEWS for you?"

And the young man will utter a razzberry, or whatever the 1960 equivalent thereof may be. And Leslie will totter away, muttering in his long white beard: "Oh, hell—I never could get away with that gag, could I?"

ENOUGH of that, now. I'd rather tell you the kind of fellow Leslie Howard is, and how Hollywood thinks of him, and what he does there, and all that sort of thing. But first I'll concede him this: he really is going back to England with his family, after another picture, and begin producing. He's going to produce a spectacular film called Bonnie Prince Charlie, right in the historic Scottish backgrounds. "Oh, yes," he admits, "I shall probably act in it." He gives you that down-the-nose look and says, "Mind you, I'd much rather not." But ten-to-one, when you see Bonnie Prince Charlie, Charlie'll just be Leslie, all dressed up. Later on, he has the plan to make a picture of the life of William Shakespeare. For that, you can even bet he'll put on whiskers and tights and be the Bard, himself. He really did it once on the stage, anyway, so he'll be used to it.

But quit acting? Not Leslie Howard. EVER! ! !

Howard isn't really serious as he'd have you believe he is. In general, I mean. Good lord, if he were, he'd have to go being around all the time, posturing and being the bigshot. He doesn't. There are few things Leslie Howard more enjoys than just having fun. Plain ordinary fun. He isn't perpetually talking about, spouting about Art and acting and that sort of thing. No, no—ask any pretty ladies in Hollywood and they'll tell you no, no. He sounds pompous, on the character surface. He's anything but.

To his studio, he's a trial. Not as a box-office asset, but as somebody they have to work with. When they catch him, he works beautifully and hard and well, as you know. But what a job they have catching him...

There was the time they hounded him high and low for him, because everything was ready for a "take." Assistant directors (he gives three of them nervous breakdowns every picture!) scamped hither and thither. Finally they found him asleep in an automobile with his head on Genevieve Tobin's lap. Seems he'd been talking with her, there, between shots, and just got tired—and what could I do about it?" she wanted to know.

Another time, he was peddaling daily around the vast domains of the Warner back-lot on a mechanic's bicycle, while they screamed for him to come make love to Bette Davis for the camera. When not only the director, but the mechanic upbraided him, too, because he hadn't been able to find his bike, Leslie tash-tushed them both and said: "My dear fellows—yes, you really take life too, too seriously..."

They catch him in Peter-Pamish postures, watching the goldfish in the studio pool. They discover him striding back and forth across the studio lawns, being Hamlet. (They haven't caught him doing this, however, since last season on Broadway. He's BEEN Hamlet!) They wait for him to show up for carefully-arranged conferences, and then, after an hour or so, find out he's forgotten—so he says—and is out walking in the woods somewhere.

LESLIE is as independent as a 98-cent watch. Won't play a role he doesn't believe in. Even turned down a chance to play opposite Garbo with that famous: "Why, it wouldn't be fair to her. What's more, it wouldn't be fair to ME!"

Hobbies he has a-plenty. Candid photography. He's always scrambling around the catwalks of the set, risking his million-dollar neck to get a three-cent picture. Has almost as many cameras as Wally Beery. Probably, if he really ever meant that he was sick of acting he could make a pretty good living taking portraits.

He thinks he can sing. But not miltarily. He's always had a sneaking wish to sing in public, but valiantly downs it. Some day, though, he might break out like Joan Crawford—all of a sudden let them bring the microphone to his table at a nice club, and start crooning something about woo-woo-woo-where did you-o-o-o-o-o-o-i e a v e a heavummmmm! I mean, that repressed de- sire to sing out loud in public is dangerous. And then we'd have just another Bing Crosby instead of just one Leslie Howard. Nevertheless, he doesn't let modesty in-

[Continued on page 97]
Jean
[Continued from page 25]

Jean Harlow had a great affection for animals. And she showered deep affection on the wire-haired terrier, Skippy, which has the largest repertoire of tricks of any dog in the movies. Skippy is a very busy actor, but he has no desire to run away from it all honestly. Clark Gable went home that day. He could not work. And Kay Mulvey, head of magazine publicity in Jean’s studio, one of Jean’s dearest friends, said to me, over and over again: “I can’t believe it. I don’t believe it. I keep thinking in two weeks this will all be over and then I can tell Jean about it, how terrible it was.”

Yes, even in her own passing they felt—those who had never failed—the need to “tell Jean about it,” to go to Jean for their comfort.

Loyal she had been called, and too beautiful to live, and a truer and a pal and thought-ful and considerate . . . her good sports-manship, the simplicity of her personal life, her sunny and unspoken nature, her devotion, too deep for words to touch, to her mother . . . all this and more has been said. But out of all the tributes and attributes, one, to me, stands out beyond all others—her honesty. She was an honest heart. She never pretended, even to herself. She never faced a truth obliquely. Even in her great love for Bill Powell she didn’t resort to coquetties. She said simply: “I worship the very ground he walks on.” She said: “I have loved men before, of course. I have never been in love before.”

W hat dreams did you dream?” I asked Jean and Clark one day when they were making Wife versus Secretary together. We had been talking of what their ambitions were when, some six years ago, they played together for the first time in The Secret Six, starring Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone . . . beginners both, at that time, each with only one picture behind them.

“What dreams did you dream?” I asked them—and: “We didn’t,” they laughed, sim-
litudes of story, they didn’t. Jean was candid, because they didn’t have time to dream. They had time only to work as hard as they could in the hope that this job would go on and that another job would follow.

“At the risk of being called an Elsie Dinsmore,” Jean told me. “I was really thinking only of my mother, of the sac-
rifices she had made, of the family oppo-
osition when she faced when we came to Holly-
wood. I was just hoping from hour to hour that I would be allowed to keep on working for her sake. Just as I would feel if I’d been a stenographer or had any kind of a job . . .”

And Clark saying, then: “Jean has never changed. In the beginning she wouldn’t have thought of allowing a double to take the blows for her. Now, in this skating se-
quence where she has to fall flat on the ice—and fall good and hard, she doesn’t think of allowing anyone to take the fall for her.”

I think that is, undoubtedly, one of the truest things ever said about Jean . . . I think it explains so very much . . . she never allowed anyone to take the blows for her.

Y ES, you took the blows yourself, Jean, and took them smiling . . .

And again: “I still can’t think of myself as a star,” Jean told me one day, so beautiful a star in her chiffon-draped dressing-room on the M-G-M lot, slender in black satin, vital and lovely and natural on her jade green divan, her little dog bedded down on one of her evening gowns. “It sounds silly but it’s a fact that I never think of me as a star. I think of all the others, Garbo and Carole and Claudette and Joan and the others as big stars, glamorous and every-
thing, and then the thought comes to me: but you’re a star, too—and it doesn’t ring a bell. It doesn’t seem to be real.”

“I have the hope,” she said, “that after many many years and a lot of hard work I may develop into the kind of an actress I’d like to be . . . I know I’m not really a good actress now.”

I had made up my mind that she was to play opposite Robert Taylor in Personal Property she was as pleased and excited as though she had never made a picture before. She was timid of meeting Bob. She said: “And I’m so excited about working with Woody Van Dyke, I feel that I can learn so much from him. I’m going to listen with all my ears to every word he says. It’s such a big break for me to work with him, to play opposite Robert Taylor . . .”

One morning I went to have breakfast with her and found her reading Stalin: The Career of a Fascist. We discussed books that morning—the books that Jean loved more than all others, Wasserman’s The World’s Illusion most of all, then Gals-
worthy’s The Forsyte Saga and Sigrid Undset’s Kristin Lavransdatter and Jean Christophe by Romain Rolland.

She was honest, was Jean . . . she was so honest that her “professional personality” hurt her often. They had made upon her as a public character were, she told me once, “agonies to bear.” She was not, a “born actress.” She was not a “born” public character. She didn’t know, she said, just what she was born to be, but she thought, perhaps she might have fitted comfortably into the role of a little housewife somewhere in Kansas, might have been a helpful member of a Saturday Current Events Class. She had, she told me, no “public graces.” When she had to make personal appearances or sign autographs in a milling crowd she had to use a whip on herself, had to remind herself that others did it, had to say to herself: “Go on, do it, you’ve got to do it.”

S HE didn’t know how to fight, this girl who, as a child, used to take the blame for things she didn’t do rather than rise up in meeting and take her own part. She’d let the neighborhood children tell tales on her and get away with it rather than save her own skin at the price of heated argument. Yes, that was Jean to the very last breath . . . she’d take the blame for things she didn’t do rather than take her own part . . . She called it “being a sissy.”

She was too emotional, she told me, and let her emotions run away with her. She loved people without ever thinking to weigh them coldly on cold impersonal scales to find out whether they were worth loving . . . She was impractical, she said . . . she wasn’t born with any sense of the value of a deal, for she didn’t care for luxuries. She never saw herself as a glamour girl. She and her mother sold their luxurious home in Bel Air because they felt it was not the frame that fitted them. They didn’t give large and lavish parties. They ate in the formal dining-room only twice in a whole year. They had trays in the mother’s room. They combined all the things—the cozy, shared life. They were happy in the reasonably small home they “took” in Beverly Hills, where the dining-room was screened off from the maid’s room . . .

Jean said to me the first day I went to that new, smaller house: “I want you to see the divans in the living-room. Mother had them all done over . . . look, attractive, aren’t they? She paid 60 cents a yard for the chintz covering . . .”

Jean said to me the day I went to talk with her about the book she was writing: “I can only try. I have tried, I am trying. I have another book planned out to start after this one is finished. I have a few more days’ work on Tonight is Today . . .”

“I am trying,” she said . . . she always said “I am trying,” never “I am—this or that.” Six months she took to work on that book. And she bought herself a typewriter and bought herself a book and read faster, and without the help of a secretary.

And there was the day last winter, the day before she left for Washington to at-
tend the President’s Ball. She and I were in Kay Mulvey’s office. Jean was frantically [Continued on page 96]
the only man he trusted, with the exception of Greta Garbo.

Upon his arrival from Paris, Rudolph Sieber, hubby of Marlene Dietrich, had a joyful reunion in Pasadena with the star. They usually try to celebrate their wedding anniversary together, at least once a year. Take note of the gloves worn by Herr Sieber.

He thought first that I was joking. I wasn't. All around us were 100,000-acre and 150,000-acre stations. I suppose that is a bit difficult to assimilate, unless you've seen the incredible vastness of Australia. We used to go up to the station for the shearing and for holidays. I loved it—the freedom of it, the wide horizons, the horseback riding. I used to wish we lived there the year around, not just on holidays. I'm looking forward to our move to George's 'big' ranch—a few miles from Palm Springs.

But to get back to England.

Of all the things I ever thought of doing, I never thought of acting. As far back as the records go, no one in our family ever was on the stage. I liked movies—but all I ever dreamed about Hollywood was just seeing it. And that wasn't a mania. I had vague dreams of traveling. But no fixations about meeting some romantic movie hero or becoming a movie heroine, myself.

I'm afraid I accepted life as it was. School wasn't a hardship, and the station was fun. The thought of 'escape' never entered my head. When I was sixteen, I was sent off to a finishing school in Paris, where my sisters had been sent a few months ahead of me—and life there was even more decorous than my life, theretofore, had been. I didn't develop any mad, romantic ideas of becoming an actress there, either.

When I came back, I was officially introduced to Sydney society, and, of course, led a typical girl's existence. I engaged in charity work days, went to parties at night. I knew Errol Flynn rather well in those days. He was engaged to my best girl-friend.

We put on the play Cyne, for charity, and I was given the leading feminine role. A director of the Australian film company, Cine-sound, saw me and offered me the lead in a picture he was making—at seven pounds a week. Thirty-five dollars a week! I was overwhelmed. I had never earned any money before in my life. I thought I was made.

The film was The Squatter's Daughter, and was the most ambitious Australian film up to that time. They thought enough of it to send it on to England—and even to America, where its title was changed to Down Under. I made three more pictures—then I became independent, 'resigned,' and went on the stage in Sydney. I played leading lady to a succession of great stars from England, in a succession of hit plays, for two years—yes, two years without a holiday.

I was thin and haggard and worn out. I decided I needed a long rest. I'd take a boat trip to England—perhaps look into the London stage, and some of the English film offers. When I had gone to Paris, and again when I returned, I had traveled the Suez route. Though I had traveled the route, I decided to go the other way around, via America and the Panama Canal. I traveled with a friend of mother's, a Mrs. Mackay, who was also a actress.

We arrived at the Port of Los Angeles for a brief stop-over, and our boat was forced to stay over for weeks. There was a shipping strike. Not a ship left out of any of our coast ports for months. If we had been in a hurry to reach England, we could have trained across the United States, and sailed from New York. But there was no hurry, we were on our way. And California was restful. It reminded us a little of Australia.

While we were here, we decided that we might as well look around, see Hollywood and Southern California, which we did. I
Cakes Which Never Fail

Technique is the secret of success

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"DEAR Mrs. Frederick:
I don't know why it is, but my cakes always fall when I take them out of the oven. I follow directions but my cakes aren't light and fluffy. They fall in the middle. Please tell me, Mrs. Frederick, what to do about it. I will be so thankful.
Mrs. John Reader."

AND so many, many other "Mrs. John Readers" wrote letters asking about the same problem and how to solve it that I decided to prepare an article telling about Cakes Which Never Fail.
Of course every woman wants her cakes to be a success, and when she tries over and over, and yet the cakes have some fault of texture, taste or appearance, it is most discouraging. Cake ingredients and oven fuel must be estimated, and it is disheartening to waste not only time but money when the cake fails to please.
Your problem— "Why do my cakes fall in the middle and fail to be light?"
Our solution: Read this entire article carefully.

BUY QUALITY MATERIALS

The quality of any finished product can be only as good as the quality of the raw materials employed in its making. Nothing could be a greater mistake than to use third-grade eggs, renovated or "second" butter and inferior spices in cake making. "Bake with the best" is a good motto for the cake-maker to follow. Rather do without cake than attempt a fine product with risky ingredients. Use the best of butters, eggs which are genuinely fresh (stale eggs will never whip light and stiff) and genuine spices which have been recently opened from air-tight cans.

ASSEMBLE ALL INGREDIENTS AND EQUIPMENT

Much time and effort is saved if materials and equipment is assembled before the slightest attempt at mixing is made. On a table, get together the bowls, beaters and the right cake pan to be used. See that it is absolutely clean, and if it needs greasing, dusting with flour or lining with paper, do all this in advance. Be sure the pan is the right size for the recipe to be used; baking in a very thin layer may toughen a mixture which would be light and fluffy when baked thicker, etc. Look at the oven and get it ready to light. Also assemble cake ingredients in correct quantities in advance.

UNDERSTAND TECHNIQUE

The young housekeeper may not always be familiar with recipe terms and technique. Thus when it says "cream" the butter, it means to beat the butter over and over so that it does literally "cream" and become milky. When the recipe says "beat," it generally means the use of a rotary egg beater or a large cake spoon having slits in it to allow the entrance of air. When it says "fold" it does not mean beat: to fold means to incorporate one mass [Continued on page 78]
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.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

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 . . . liven's the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

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

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

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Duffy". . . 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."

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids
Pond's, Dept 6-CJ, 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 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention September Motion Picture 65
The Barrymore You Don’t Know

[Continued from page 27]

Elaine (Ariel) Barrie and John (Caliban) Barrymore make it up with a kiss after their divorce. They’ll try to be happy

heavy deck underfoot, sails billowing overhead.

They don’t think of him as a lonely genius, as Hollywood does. They give him credit for being an understandable human being. Hollywood doesn’t. Hollywood doesn’t understand his gruffness, his liking for solitude. And, in addition, Hollywood is awed by his very name—Barrymore. Why, he’s one of the Royal Family of Broadway! He’s a legendary figure, part of a great acting tradition!

"Bosh!" says Lionel, ever gruffer than usual. "This ‘Royal Family’ business is a lot of baloney. That’s what I said: baloney. Family tradition didn’t make us actors. We became actors in spite of ourselves. It was in the blood. If our father had been a grocer, instead of an actor, we’d probably have ended up in the grocery business, instead of the theatre.

"We all tried to get away from the theatre. John and I had ideas about becoming artists, until we started starring. Ethel wanted to be a singer. This acting thing, to us, is like a fellow who starts out with a flivver, then gets ideas about having a limousine. When the limousine keeps him broke—well, sooner or later, he goes back to the flivver."

IT WAS in 1893, when Lionel was 15, that he did his first acting. He appeared in two plays, then left the theatre because of ill health. He returned in 1897, stayed for five years, then left again. This time he had ideas about giving up a flivver for a limousine. He went to Paris to study art. Oil-painting, watercolor-painting, and—because he admired Whistler—etching. When his money showed signs of running out, after a couple of years, he returned to New York, to become a magazine illustrator. He chuckles about those days.

"Talk about your starring artists!" he says. "I was one of the fraternity, in good standing. So was John. He was a cartoonist on the Journal, till they fired him. We lived together, with a couple of other fellows—Walter Defenbaugh, who’s a short-story writer; he re-read Fred Butler, a reporter.

"Finally, John and I became hungry enough to think of acting again. We joined a traveling stock company.

Today, on his dressing-room wall, hangs a plaque such as no other actor has ever received—a plaque from the American Institute of Cinematography, honoring him for twenty-eight years’ distinguished contribution to films.

But when he acted in his first picture, back in 1909, his friends laughed. "Jeez, Lionel’s going in for leaping tintsy’s!" they said. His answer was: "I’ve a hunch the leaping tintsy’s are going to amount to something."

ASIDE from that, he wasn’t earning big Broadway money at that time. He could use the extra sums to be made from commuting to the Biograph Studios in the Bronx, making two-reelers. He also wrote scenarios, on the side. Another Biograph scenario writer was Anita Loos. Each used to wonder what the other earned. Neither knew, until they met again twenty years later, in Hollywood. Lionel received $25 per scenario; Anita, $20.

He carries a limp today because of one of his first movie jobs. He was athletic in those days—athletic enough to make Westerns. And he got that way from constant workouts in a gymnasium where he met most of the sport celebrities of the day. One of his proudest boasts is that he was once kayoed by John L. Sullivan, in person. And he wrestled with Zybsko. Wrestling with the Pole, who later became heavyweight champion of the world, Lionel sprained his knee. Afraid of losing his movie job if he revealed his injury, he kept it a secret, and went ahead with his stunting.

By the time he finally showed it to a doctor, he had water-on-the-knee. Ever since, he has had a limp.

As an actor, he wasn’t often mentioned in the same breath with his younger brother until 1917—when Constance Collier, whom he had met during his artist days abroad, persuaded him to forget vaudeville and films, and appear with John and her in the play, Peter Ibbetson. It ran a year. Then the same producer wanted Lionel and John to do The Jest Together. Convinced that Brackay was tired of seeing the Barrymores as a team, and that the play wouldn’t run more than ten nights, after which they could get away on a fishing trip, they agreed. The Jest ran a year-and-a-half. After that, Lionel and John went their separate stalling ways on Broadway, with Lionel still making pictures, in the East, between stage plays. Until 1926, when he finally bade the summons of Hollywood.

With every picture, Lionel’s screen fame grew. Then came talkies, in 1929, and, with his stage experience, he stood to become one of the movie great. But he discovered that Hollywood desperately needed directors who knew stage technique. He became a director, with Madame X, starring Ruth Chatterton, as his first assignment.

Sound engineers, out from New York, were the kings of Hollywood. Everyone did as they said, and they said that actors, in moving around, always had to remain at a certain distance from the microphones. Lionel Barrymore was the first rebel against their dictatorship. In one scene, Miss Chatterton sat at a table, drinking. Beside her, on the floor, sat a Negro with a guitar, singing. She ordered him away. Lionel wanted the Negro to rise and start walking, then start singing, then move away. The sound engineer said it couldn’t be done. When the Negro rose, he’d be too near the microphone. Lionel asked, "Why can’t we pitch the microphone to a rope, and pull it up when he rises?" The sound engineer started to explain why that couldn’t be done, either.

"Don’t tell me," pleaded Lionel, wrily. "You can’t do a thing like that. Just let me think of that thing as a tin ear, that I can do anything with except pin earings on it. Let me try moving it. If you’re right, and I’m wrong, you’re right and I’m licked."

So they pitched a rope to the microphone and raised it—and the idea worked. A microphone could be moved wherever an actor moved. Lionel made such a big noise that the sound engineers were kings no longer. Directors came into their own again—thanks to Lionel Barrymore.

FEW people know about him. Few people know also that he made another notable discovery as a director. The name of the discovery was Clark Gable. Lionel was preparing to film Never the Twain Shall Meet. Since the play was one of his favorite roles, he happened to see Gable in a Coast version of the play, The Lost Mile. He wanted Gable to make a test. Clark said: "There’s nothing in the movie game for me. I know. I hung around here seven years, trying to get a break." But Lionel talked him into the test. And the test put Clark into A Farewell, the picture that made him a director. "I couldn’t resist the role of the old lawyer in the story.

With his performance, Lionel won the Academy Award for that year. But he’s far prouder of the fact that he has a piece of the old film containing his jury speech is run off regularly at San Francisco Law College, as an example to embryo lawyers. I guess that makes me a law professor by proxy," he says.

[Continued on page 94]
THE HIDE-AWAY EST Party Hide-Away of the A Season: Cecil B. DeMille's "Camp Paradise," about fifty miles from Hollywood, where the famed harthub-and-glazour director threw week-end par- tyes for his favorites. Never big parties, but small (and carefully chosen guests only) groups are Cecil's invitees. No telephones, so they can't call Hollywood, Hollywood can't call them. Therefore, no interruptions. When the guests have arrived, a mammoth pencil is snapped on the inside of the gate, the key carefully concealed. Dressing-up is limited to tuxedo touns. Instead of the jackets, the he-guests wear Russian hose, provided by Host DeMille. Occasional piece de resistance at mealtimes is Cecil's favorite dish—oast peacock.

MOST Endurance Some-party of the Month—the Trocadero dinner at which the engagement of Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley was formally announced. Starting only as a one-evening dinner- and-dance party, it developed into a whole week-end party. Following the Trocadero fun, the guests, instead of going home, all drove out to Boyd's ranchito at Malibu Lake, where they continued the festivities until Monday and work-time!

IT WAS high-party time for the YoungEST crowd in Hollywood. Not the YoungER set, but really the youngest—for in one week those filmland tots celebrated their birthdays... First was when Irene Hervey and new hubby, Allan Jones, threw a kiddie party for Irene's little daughter Gill (recently adopted by step-papa Jones). For Gill's birthday, pops and mums threw a combination swimming and luncheon party at the beach, attended by most of the children of Hollywood's famous... Second came the big birthday party of Pat and Mrs. O'Brien's tiny daughter Mavourneen. This party drew a half-hundred of Hollywood's movie-tots to the O'Brien home in Brentwood, for Mav's third birthday. With them came their parents and mums, so while kiddies made merry, so did the grown-ups. It was a Mother Goose party, with the birthday cake in the form of a great Mother Goose nursery rhyme hook. There was a magician's temple on the O'Brien back-yard court. There was a pirate's fair. There was an Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe. And to add to the kids' glee, the master of ceremonies was Jimmy Gleason, Mav's godfather, and always a prime favorite with children. Guests on the list included Barbara Stanwyck and her adopted Dion; Irene Dunne and her adopted child; the Eddie Robinsons and theirs; Gracie Allen and her famous Bums and their bright two idears; Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby and the twins and the other one; Jean Blendell and little Norman and step-papa Dick Powell; Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson and the adopted ones—and just about every other pom-pom-tot combination in movieland.

THIRD-KIDNYE-event of the week was the fourth- birthday celebration of Ricky Arlen, son of Dick Arlen and Judy Keeler. The Arlen affair was a circus party, in contra-distinction to the O'Brien Ma Goose shindig. There was a real merry-go-round, a one-ring circus in a tent, with real animals and real clowns; a Punch and Judy show—and a pony for the children to ride. With the complements of Big Boy Williams. Fun-topper of the day was lunch—because at each place at the long table, there was a wild-animal mask for each tot to put on.

PHIL Huston is one of those guys who believes an actor ought to go to his previews—so he can bear suffer in solitary constrictions, or go astray in modest alone-ness. But Phil's friends don't feel that way. So they fixed up a "compromise" preview- party for the first showing of Behind the Foot- lights... Compromise was effected like this: Phil's guests (who had to talk furiously to talk Phil into the preview-party idea at all) occupied a reserved section in the second-deck section of the theatre, then the famous Julie Haydon, Jean Muir, Millie Roger, others BUT—Phil himself was not with them. Phil booked himself, in solitary aloofness, to a "snackback" seat in the balcony section of the theatre, whence he watched himself on the screen with no friends about to console or congratulate... However, after the show, Phil joined his guests for a whoop-to-do at the Cine Grill. And there they did their congratulating, while Phil blushed handsomely.

THEY opened their mail, one morning, did a number of Hollywoodians read: "How'd you like to go to the Devil?" They read further, astonished, and discovered it was merely a quart invitation-and-party idea by Merna Kennedy, for her ephemernally-named "Hades Party."

NOW THERE'S A GIRL WHO KNOWS HER WAY AROUND

"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!

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.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention September MOTION PICTURE
complex that is as big as an elephant, be-
gan to consider the matter of her film career.
"Surely," went the thoughts under that
blonde hair, "if they didn't really want me
in films, and just signed me to oblige Rudy,
they wouldn't put me in a leading part op-
opposite Carole Lombard. They had her
appearance in two Shirley Temple pictures,
The Poor Little Rich Girl, Stowaway. Class
A-plus films they were, and shrewd 20th
Century Fox producers were not casting
anything but personable, talented players
in the Wonder Child's screen plays. Be-
tween the Temple films Alice starred in
SIng, Baby, Sing. Alice's interiority com-
plex, which often threatens to trample her
(what would we moderns do without the
late Dr. Adler?) got a jolt when Alice
thought this one out.

"I still have an awful feeling of doubt
about my screen work," admits Alice, smart
in a tweedy beige woolen dress with em-
erald green coat, very military, in matching
material. "But it doesn't petrify me as it
once did. I do as well as I can and I con-
sistently try to do my work, and that's
about all that anyone can do."

More than that, Alice has had to break
down the impression that she was the Jean
Harlow of the Zanuck organization. Just
as the blonde was the real center of the
honey of the screen dramas, so it is with Alice. But because she is
shapely, blonde, slightly, with an extra
portion of "ummmmmmmmp" people built
up an undeserved reputation for her.
One Eastern capitalist was very much
afraid that his singing offspring would waitz
to the altar with the glamour babe of three
years ago. And said so. But Alice wasn't
interested. She has lived to have the laugh
on father and son. Her skyrocketing pop-
ularity did that trick.

Furthermore, Alice Jeanne is not out to
annex wealthy husbands. What could money
give her that she cannot afford to buy her-
sell? A sable coat, maybe. Well, yes. That's
one thing that Alice craves that she has
not indulged herself in. "I started with
raccoon," says Alice, smiling, "so you
might say I was working up to a sable."
Pups are only a truce, unless you count
poetry and song. She dotes on the
lighter floral scents; and has three dogs,
Pekinese Ching Ching ("not the sissy type,
she says, wrinkling her nose at the thought),
Bull, Buddy, and Doberman-Pinscher Ceto.

IF YOU got Alice aside for a moment, and
in a confessional mood, you would un-
doubtedly discover in short time that the
sweet, husky-voiced songstress would give up
her career in a minute for marriage. If you
asked her, point-blank, to declare her-
sell to that effect she would undoubtedly
shock her long bob and say "No." She
doesn't like to smear her private thoughts
over printed headlines. There is a reticence,
very charming, about the girl. She is gentle,
sensitive, and utterly feminine from her ox-
blood finger nails to the tips of her beige
sandal.

Being utterly feminine, Alice longs for
the utterly feminine state where no rude
things such as call sheets, early locations
(she was due at the make-up department at
6 A. M. the following day to prepare for
her newest musicinema You Can't Have
Everything). She longs, not maternally for
children, but rather for the fullness, the
companionship, of married life. Don Ameche,
co-star of her latest film, and his wife, are
the happiest married couple she knows. She
knows, as a matter of fact, no others!

Tony Martin, young radio and film singer,
is the gentleman most named, currently,
as the object of Alice Jeanne's affections, but
Alice shakes her head, with its center part
and soft wings of hair close to each temple,
and says "no" to the thought of marriage
with Tony. She murmurs something about
"conflicting careers."

"The latest rumor that we were married
started in fun," she explains. "Tony and I
were going to the Friday Night 'Fights' at
the Stadium and I was dressed in pale blue,
very bridal. We went into the Derby for
dinner and Lew Pollock, the song writer,
as a gag announced: 'They're just married!'
In a moment Walter Winchell rushed up
to us and started yelling at me in words that
I can't repeat. The idea was that I had two-
timed him on the story of our marriage.
'You've known you since you were fifteen,'
Walter shouted, which is true, and 'you
treat me like this!'

"When we told him it was only a joke
Walter calmed down. Usually when I see
Walter I never say a word. Sometimes he
asks 'Why don't you talk to me, Alice?' and
I can only think of what he once told me:
'Remember, Alice, I'm a newspaper man,
and if you tell me anything, anything at all
I'll have to print it. So be careful what you
tell me!' The result is that I never say
anything to Walter, and I like him very
much."

SOMEWHERE in the latter part of this
anecdote you will catch a glimpse of
the real Alice, as different from the bright
knowing baby of her cinema roles as vintage
is from vinegar. Her pals are in the fast-
speaking, fast-stepping theatrical crowd (the
Ritz Brothers are good friends) but Alice,
inwardly, remains unaffected by Broadway
brilliance. She is sincere, genuine, gentle,
sweet. Maybe it's soul. Maybe it's Bronx,
that vast middle-class section of New York
to which Alice is a native.

Of Irish, German, French descent, Alice
still counts the most dramatic moment of
her life as the one when her father died,
two years ago. It was an agonizing journey
for the girl as the train seemingly crawled
East at a snail's pace, planes being grounded
because of bad weather. Today there are
four Reyes, her mother, two brothers, and
Alice. Her eldest brother lives with her in
her swimming-pooled Beverly Hills home,
and manages her business affairs. He
frowns persistently at Alice's favorite pastime
of calling New York friends by long
distance phone when she has nothing
better to do.

TOO busy with constant film making to
relax (she will soon play at Universal
for Buddy de Sylva in his Young Man's
Fancy with George Murphy), Alice has an
overwhelming desire to visit London when
she gets a vacation. None of the Dickens
tales fire her imagination, nor a wish to
meet the Mayfair set. She just wants to
see London. There is something almost
occult in her impulse. Even Alice doesn't
know what prompts it. It couldn't be Rudy
Vallee's recent Coronation visit, for any
romantic flame between the two has burned
to the embers of good friendship.

"No one could possibly know Rudy with-
out admiring his tremendous executive
ability. He knows everything, and if he
doesn't know it, he can bluff it so that he
convinces you that he knows," says Alice
with the calm analysis of lengthy friend-
ship. She no longer rushes from the set to
listen to his Thursday afternoon broad-
cast, as was once provided for in a special
clauses of her contract.

"It can't be done when you are in the
middle of shooting. It might interrupt a
'take,'" she explains. You get the feeling
that this is her business and that she is
an integral part of it. That realization was all
that Alice Faye needed to change her
from a glamour babe—with a soul—
into the sensitive performer that she
now is.
Darlin's

I THOUGHT I had seen everything. All during the summer months I thought I had faithfully reported to you all the latest fads in Hollywood sports and play clothes. But I was wrong. Because only last week I saw what I have been missing all summer. I saw Sophie Tucker in slacks!

...A lunch of us were at the new Tennis Club in Beverly Hills, getting in a few side remarks about this fall clothes problem. We were oh-ing and ah-ing about Joan Crawford's new Adrian-designed madam suit, when in came Sophie wearing bright blue flannel slacks topped by a white cashmere sports sweater... We kidded her about wearing "pants" and Sophie (who knew all about curves before Mae West had any) broke down and admitted that she had finally gone Hollywood. She had just come from her tailor where she ordered her thirty-third pair of what she calls "Hollywood comfort". She said all the gals wear 'em—and I say more power to the Red Hot Mama!

BUT about Joan's slack suit, Joan has gone in head this year for play clothes and they are all designed by that ultra-fashion-designer of M-G-M, Adrian. The suit Joan was wearing consisted of very tailored slacks of white French flannel, topped with a halter of the same material. Over this she wore a half-length referee type coat, lined with marine blue taftena—a scarf of the taftena around her neck. Jeanette MacDonald played a strenuous game that afternoon but she looked more like a fashion model than a tennis player when she joined our clothes-talk. Over her tennis shorts she wore one of the new "tennis roles"—the same idea as the beach roles I told you about. Jeanette's robe was of heavy white shantung, made along princess lines, and trimmed all over with tiny blue tennis rackets... Wengly Barrie had all eyes on her with her Mexican-looking outfit. The dress, of natural linen printed in a design of brown peons and green cacti, was fashioned in the popular "Mexican" style—sleeveless, cutout, and full gathered skirt. The buttons and belt were of green raffia. Her large natural straw hat was made in the shabe of a sombrero and she wore raffia sandals.

A LOT of the gals are filling in these end-ofsummer days with darker-toned sport dresses—linen, from natural color to brown, seems to be the most popular material... Una Merkel was wearing one of the club, of natural linen, hand-blocked in gay-colored modernistic flowers. Her accessories were of the linen... And here's a tip Una gave me for those light-colored suits that need toning down to carry you over till definite Fall clothes time. Try wearing dark hose—blue, red, rust— with your light suits. And then make back collars of velvet to match your blouse, to be worn on the suit collar—and with your darker accessories, you're safe for another few weeks.

BUT if your wardrobe-budget is ready for Fall clothes— I saw some grand ones at the Brown Derby, the other lunchtime... As I wrote you last Fall (and will probably be writing every Fall for the next ten years) tailored suits are definitely the thing. Although my preview elance at the club gave me more variations on the suit than I have seen in a long time... Glenda Farrell, who is just back from England, was wearing a strictly tailored navy blue suit. Instead of the straight skirt of last season, the skirt of her light-weight wool suit was pleated—and quite short. Under her fitted coat she wore a linen blouse of the new ox-blood shade. Her sandals, purse and gloves were of the same color and her stockings were navy blue. Glenda insisted her navy blue felt hat is called a "boater"— but that's just the British influence on the ever-popular sailor-type hat.

WHILE Glenda and I were huddling about the English tailors, young Barbara Read came "swimming" into the cafe in a typically American suit. Her short, flared skirt and jacket with pleated pockets were of a very sheer, very cool wool. Her wide, kidskin belt, silk neck scarf and felt hat were all a brilliant-thistle shade... Anita Louise is another of the younger set who is always sure to be wearing something new and striking. That day at lunch she was giving us a pre-Fall showing of bright red and black sherbared-tailored flannel suit. The laurel and collar of the single-button coat were bound with black braid. Beneath the coat she wore...
VICTOR FLEMING
Director of Captains Courageous

VICTOR FLEMING became a director the "hard way." Today, with twenty-seven years in the film industry behind him, he looms as a result of his long training period and keen powers of penetration, as one of the most versatile megaphone wielders in Hollywood. A brief glance at the lengthy list of productions credits him the last few years with such diverse pictures as Blonde Bombshell (comedy), The Wet Parade (social drama) and Reckless (comedy-drama and fiction).

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that his newest contribution to film annals is an adventure story of the sea—the picturization of Rudyard Kipling's modern classic, Captains Courageous, with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore portraying the central characters.

It was as a cameraman that Fleming served a thorough and useful apprenticeship, beginning in 1910, when the cinema was starting to blossom into the nation's fifth industry; it was, through the beginning of this country's participation in the World War.

Fleming was a Los Angeles-educated schoolboy whose burning ambition was to become an automobile racing-driver. Fortunately, fate, in the form of photography, stepped in to engross the young dare-devil in this comparatively uncluttered, unpolished field, and Fleming took himself off from his native Pasadena and made the trip to Santa Barbara, where were located the old American studios. He applied for a job as a photographer and was quickly put to work.

Subsequently, Kalem, Griffith, Fine Arts, Douglas Fairbanks—many pioneer companies offered him work. Fleming kept his eye not only on his end of the business, but studied production from every angle. And all the time he was striving toward the birth he had picked out for himself—that of director.

It was only the overseas struggle that was able to turn him from steady pursuance of his career. He promptly enlisted and became a first lieutenant of the U. S. Army Signal Corps. He did meritorious work for the Intelligence service, and after the war re-

Vic Fleming tells Spencer Tracy how he wants a certain sequence played for Captains Courageous

turned to Europe as chief photographer for President Woodrow Wilson and the peace mission.

At long last, in 1919, he was back in Hollywood, and this time he was ready for the jump into a directorial capacity. It seems that Fleming was not alone confident in his own ability, for Alan Dwan, for years a friend and associate of Fleming, put in a good word with Doug Fairbanks, who re-membered Fleming's ability and signed him to direct one of his pictures. His success in his initial venture solidly entrenched him in the new field. From that time on, Fleming was in great demand.

He made such films as Woman's Place, Red Hot Romance, The Lone Tone Had No Turning, Dark Secrets, and many others. Just before the industry found voice he produced Rough Riders, The Way of All Flesh and Abie's Irish Rose. With the entrance of sound he produced The Virginian, Common Clay, Around the World in 80 Minutes (another Fairbanks film), The White Sister and Treasure Island.

The camera is, naturally, an important factor to Fleming. Still, he feels, it is the story that comes first. Camera angles, no matter how ingenious, he asserts, should never be permitted to thwart the story itself.

Camera possibilities are like laboratory experiment to the director. He will study his story, his players, his sets, and evolve a new formula for each picture. A sagacious mixture follows, and Fleming's photographers invariably find they have themselves benefited from association on a film with him.

Fleming spends most of his leisure time, when he is not on his ranch, flying airplanes. He shoots a fair game of golf, likes riding, plays a fast brand of tennis, and attends the legitimate theatre at every opportunity. Well over six feet tall, with brown hair and dark gray eyes, Fleming is a forceful character. And that force is ever evident in his work. His Captains Courageous is one of the best pictures ever made. It stands as a triumph to Fleming's genius.
On the Sets with the Stars
[Continued from page 58]

before Callahan realized his supply was being seriously depleted.

"PLEASE leave swallows outside" reads a sign on Universal's 100 Men and a Girl set. Explanation: Outside the stage, several families of swallows are nesting. Now and then, the young fall out of the nests. Tenderhearted actors carry the birds into the stage, where they chirp furiously for mama. Chirps ruin the sound track. So: "Please leave swallows outside."

In a scene in Universal's That's My Story, a gang of newspaper reporters start throwing ice-picks. Reporters include Claudia Morgan, Bill Lundigan, Eddie Garr. Toughest job on the set is that of Prop Boy Danny Fish, who stands just outside of camera-range, wearing a baseball catcher's mask and chest-protector, catching the flying ice-picks. Also during That's My Story, noted character actor Ralph Morgan and his noted stage-daughter, Claudia, met for the first time on a movie stage. Ralph plays the city editor; Claudia one of the sob-sisters. The first day papa Ralph walked onto the set while Claudia was in a take, she became so embarrassed because her dad was watching her that she "blew up" in her lines. "It's all right," papa told her; "I felt the same way when I first went from stage to screen."

DURING SHOOTING of Sam Goldwyn's Dead End, three crates of lettuce were used up each day. They were broken up, strewn on the water that looks like the refuse-stream surface of the river itself. Sylvia Sidney, Hollywood knitting champ, finished three sweaters between takes of Dead End. Neatest production trick of the month: At 6:15 p.m. one night, Allan Jones finished work at M-G-M studio in A Day At The Racer. At 6 p.m. the next day, he was needed to work on location, many miles away in the mountains, in The Firefly. Location was far from the railroad; to have driven there would have left Jones so tired he couldn't have worked. Solution: M-G-M hired an ambulance, let Jones sleep in it while being driven, overnight, to location, several hundred miles away!

WALTER CATLETT had the time of his life at 20th-Fox in the scene in Love Under Fire where he had to run wild in a hotel lobby, smash things. Furiously, wildly, madly, Catlett crashed chairs to the floor, tore up rugs, broke vases and lamps. After the scene, he exulted: "I've been wanting to do that for 30 years, but first my mother and then my wife kept me in line!"

Did you know that Romo Vincent has used the same hat in all his pictures for the past ten years?
THE TRUTH
ABOUT
Feminine Hygiene
CONSIDER DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is
modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!
2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical
research now brings you dainty, snow white supposi-
tories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate
the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For
Zonitors embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEP-
TIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet
are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.
3. Zonitors are safe and easy to use . . . greaseless,
snow white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial
. . . no clumsy apparatus . . . complete disinfection.
Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in
package. All U.S. and Canadian drugstores.
4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we rec-
ommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities have been
over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine
cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2
tablespoons of Zonite to a quart of water.

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Booklet containing latest medical in-
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GLASS VIAL
†1 FOR
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3,125,600 Used in 1936
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The Best
GRAY HAIR
Remedy is Made at Home
You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy
than you buy by following this simple receipt:
To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small
bottle of Barbo Compound and one ounce of glycerine.
Any druggist can put this up or you can
mix it yourself at very little cost.
Apply to the hair twice a week until
the desired shade is obtained.
Barbo imparts color to streaked,
faded or gray hair, makes it
soft and glossy and takes years
off your looks. It will not
stain clothes, is not sticky or
greasy and does not rub off.

Now—a night cream from old Spain,
home of smooth-skinned senoritas

Freshen up at the beach with eau de
cologne. Remove oil with tissues

Beauty is Kin Deep
[Continued from page 51]

Feminine Hygiene

there's no water for miles . . . In addition to
the original cologne, the manufacturer has
brought out three others, each with a different
perfume added to the classic cologne base.
One is geranium rose, a very feminine, quaint
and summery scent. Another has a more
glamorous, sophisticated odor, making it
ideal for formal occasions, and the third has
a fresh, vital outdoor quality that makes it
suitable for the active young woman who
wants to be dainty and feminine even on the
tennis court. These attractively packaged
colognes come in various sizes, priced to
suit any budget.

There is a comparatively new cream on
the market that hails, rather romantically,
from Spain. Among its ingredients are
beneficial mineral salts from a Galician spa.
The cream, which should be used as a lubri-
cant and softener is particularly recom-
manded for dry, sensitive skin or those
patched by too much summer sun. Its fine
oils help to soothe and normalize texture,
and the tonic effect of the mineral salts
stimulates the circulation. There is also
a face pack, containing the same salts, that
can be used to relieve an oily skin afflicted
with large pores and blackheads. A grand
facial pick-up when your skin looks sallow

Bob pins secure flat curls and
are comfortable while napping

and muddy and you want to pretty it quickly
for a special occasion. The cream costs $1
a jar and the face pack $1.50. I'll be glad
to send you the trade name.

One of the most deservedly popular dollar
lipsticks is out in an exciting new shade—a
rich, deep red that accent the lips frankly.
Now that we are going in for creamy-pale
skin with very little cheek rouge and de-
finitely accented lips, this particular shade
will be much in demand. The lipstick, in
a smart coppery case, lends itself well to
shaping of the lips, because of its depth of
color and staying qualities. You can get the
clearly outlined effect that the movie stars
achieve so well by applying the lipstick
generously, then tracing the outline of your
lips—or an improved version—with the end
of an orangewood stick. Done firmly, the
outline will remain all day, and for renewing
color, you have only to apply the lipstick
inside the original line.

The Best
GRAY HAIR
Remedy is Made at Home

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
What seems to me to be a sensible theory is that offered by a firm making a soft-base face powder that provides a smooth, natural finish for your skin. This firm offers samples of its five shades for you to test, so that you can determine which one is most suited to your skin under all conditions. Their idea is that you can arrive at a shade which, applied sparingly, will provide a flattering finish without forming a mask-like coating. In addition to its lovely, natural shades, the powder is clinging, soft in texture and delicately perfumed. Comes in ten and twenty cent sizes. Want the name?

Margo's idea for using bob pins to secure flat curls and smooth sleep alike, is excellent and if you'd like to try it, I can send you the name of some bob pins that adapt themselves very well to the situation. They have small, round heads and non-scratching points for scalp-comfort, and a firm grip for effectiveness. Come in two styles—one straight and one curved, which also adds to their comfort qualities. If you prefer round, sausage type curls at the nape of the neck, the same manufacturer has the answer for you in a metal curling gadget. You roll up the ends on this metal tube, then secure the curl close to the scalp with straight bob pins. The curling gadget with several pins costs 10 cents and so does a card containing a generous supply of bob pins.

Hats off to Miss Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina. She was selected by Hollywood judges as grand winner in the "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines! This charming and vivacious young southern belle is making her screen debut in Walter Wanger's new production—"52nd Street" at United Artists Studios.

Congratulations, Miss Jones! HOLD-BOBS are very proud of the part they played in making this glorious opportunity possible... first by being the sponsor of the "Search for Talent" contest... and secondly because these bob pins did their share in preparing you for a successful close-up and screen test.

You've discovered what Hollywood stars have known for a long time... what millions of women have found... that HOLD-BOBS will keep your hairdress always at its very best. HOLD-BOBS are invisible yet absolutely secure. They have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS and your hairdress will always be ready for a close-up.

* Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name...

HOLD-BOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention September MOTION PICTURE 73
Precious Moments...

Take Care!

An evening of romance with "him"...the intimate interlude after a waltz—are you sure of yourself? Hearts beat faster at such precious moments, until emotions cause excessive perspiration. Body odors become noticeable!

Use DEW, the deodorant that always remains effective...protects your daintiness in spite of emotional excitement or physical exertion. DEW stops perspiration instantly—keeps under-arms dry and sweet, without streaks from ugly stains. Effective yet mild, DEW will not irritate sensitive skin. 25¢, 50¢, $1.00 at drug and department stores.

DEW

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Do you want some delicious recipes free? Turn to page 79 and clip the coupon. You'll receive eight recipes for luscious cakes free.

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARN $400!

Mrs. P. Moll, (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week while learning practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet advertised in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $800.

Think of the things you could do with $800!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

enrolls you as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the recognized, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is conducted by physicians. 36th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Four national associations. Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $50 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 69, 110 East Ohio street, Chicago, III.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name

Clip... State... Age...

By Way of Russia

(Continued from page 49)

in New York, I was speechless. I knew what I couldn't say, but not what I could. I finally learned dining room English by the process of leaving out the words I already knew.

There was a time when Tamiroff felt he must perfect his English. "Because it was so awful, nobody could understand a word I used to say. So I got an idea of saving money, say four or five thousand dollars, and to go to university and learn the English language. So for this purpose I went to Chicago and joined a night club and saved the money. And I bought it on the stock market. You know why? I am a great saver, and I was sitting in the dressing-room and everybody made fun of me. They are making money and I am putting mine in the bank. So I was tempted, and I bought stocks and it was in 1929 and—fool! Then came Ratoff with a play called Candlelight, and he had to go to New York, and he put me in that play to play his part. So I engaged a teacher and had to learn that English. After the first performance came the manager: 'We are paying you money for your accent, therefore do not do so with your mouth.' So I decided to go to university and study. If they pay me for my broken English, let it be broken."

THERE is a curious analogy between the movie couple who are the two men. In picture after picture, Auer played freak heavies and attracted little attention. "I knocked down old ladies and stepped on cats, and I was always killed in the second reel. I was so stupid! Then I stayed for the third reel, there would have been nobody left to finish the picture. I would have murdered them all."

Till Mrs. Eric Hatch suggested to her husband, who was working on My Man Godfrey, that Mischa would be good for Carlos. Hatch relayed the idea to Gregory La Cava, the director, and he snapped it up. "We’ll put in the gorilla act," he said, knowing more Mischa's private audiences with that piece of immobility. "That’s for crazy people, not for pictures," Auer protested. "Maybe there are certain periods in your circle of friends," La Cava soothed him. "If not, we can always cut it out." Thus did Auer, the heavy, crash through in one picture by virtue of his comedy talents.

Tamiroff, on the other hand, played comic bits during his period of screen obscurity. When Paramount offered him the part of the General, "I was scared to death to play this part. I thought I am just a regular comedian. I could not even suspect that I had menace or power in myself. And I realized, too, with Milestone, that this part was one step from being a burlesque thing. I was walking just on the sharp edge of the knife. Imagine, for ten minutes, a dying scene. One step, and they would have laughed at me." But they didn't laugh. And Tamiroff, the comic, in that subtly sinister portrayal, emerged as a dramatic figure second to none.

It is Auer, the funny guy, whose way to this country led through tragedy. His father, a naval officer, was killed in the Russian-Japanese war when Mischa was born. During the revolution, he and his mother were with friends in the country, when word came that their apartment had been sealed. To escape, his mother, for the mother at least. They escaped to the south, where Mischa joined the British Army as a messenger boy, and learned "soldiers' English." His mother, trained in two wars to Red Cross work, basied herself with nursing. Eventually they were evacuated to Constantinople, where the refugees were herded together under such unspeakable conditions of life that the typhus epidemic broke out. An emergency hospital was organized, with Mischa's mother as head nurse. She caught the disease and died.

SHOCK drove from the mind of the fifteen-year-old boy all recollection of names and places. He knew that his grandfather lived in America, but that was all he knew. His grandfather had married an Italian lawyer and gone to live in Florence. If he could find her, she would help him find his grandfather. He sold two rings, taken from his dead mother's hand, and went to Florence.

He knew only the maiden name of his mother's friend. But in Florence, as in all European cities, a detailed record is kept of everybody who lives in the city, and the lady's name and the lady's son were there. He welcomed him, cabled his grandfather and, when the time came, saw him off to America.

His grandfather was in the country, and sent an assistant to meet him. This story Auer tells with a kind of baleful glee. "The assistant, being a Russian, missed the boat, and I was sent to Ellis Island. So my first impression of America, the goal of freedom after my odyssey, was iron bars and a half hour's walk every day, under guard of a gun with a guy. It took that three days to find me and get me out of lock."

He was sent to the Ethical Culture School. At one time his family had musical ambitions for him. "But I played for my grandfather, and he said better skip the whole thing. It was okay with me. Imagine how good a musician I’d have to be. If I didn't play better than Heifetz, which is practically impossible, they'd all yell: 'Ah, feh!' Any- way, I wanted to be an actor."

In his room he rigged up a camera, stuck pounds of putty on his face, and took snaps of himself, making appalling grimaces. He wandered an interview with Dudley Digges, remembered ten years until Mischa pulled out his snapshots. Then "he died—thought it was so cute, you know," says Auer, leering—and engaged him as an extra for The Wild Duck. He traced home to his family with the news. "Holy mackerel! I'm in the profession."

Eventually a tour with Bertha Kalich, "who taught me damn near everything I know," brought the American. A studio executive invited him to return when the tour was over. The day before he went back, the executive was fired. Mischa went looking for a job, and nobody got away. He set for Russia, put together a picture. He was fired that night because he wasn’t the Russian type. And so the grind began.

TAMIROFF had smoother sailing. As a Moscow Art actor, the revolution touched him more lightly. "Of course we lost the money, but everyone lost his money. Of course we starved, but everyone starved."

He continued his work, for the company, and was hired by the mother at least. They escaped to the south, where Mischa joined the British Army as a messenger boy, and learned
cried, “it was not my wife. She will read it and kill me.” Then he broke into, a broad beam, “I was only joking. All the young men fall in love once before they find the right one!”

He joined Balfe’s Chauve Souris, and when that closed, went to the night club in Chicago. With the Candlelight company, he finally reached the coast. “And if somebody told me that the time I would be myself in pictures, I would think he is a real nut.” Back in New York, he got himself a part with the Guild production of Miracle at Verdon, then toured in Al Jolson’s Wonderbar.

“I came here and my wife, who was at that time on the stage in New York, sent me three, four letters a day, trying to convince me to stay in Hollywood, saying she had a hunch. I said: ‘I don’t believe your hunch,’ and went back to New York. But my wife, she is a very strong character, and we bought an old Ford and we came here and I stayed nine months without work. Imagine how she felt when I said every day: ‘What’s now about your hunch?’ Finally we decided the apartment is unlucky. Of course I believe such things. You know why? Because we hired another apartment and when we came back for our things, they said: ‘M-G-M phoned you!’ This was brought out with an air of triumphant vindication. Then I cried myself anxiously. “Honest to goodness! If I am lying one word, let the car hit me and I will lead the money.”

One bit led to another at Metro, then to a bit with Gary Cooper at Paramount. At mention of whose name Tamiroff’s face shone. “Maybe you laugh if I say that Gary Cooper is my good luck. Listen. The first time I play with him, Paramount offers me long term contract. That sounds so marvelous to me, to be under contract, but by advice from friends, I say no. The second time I play with him, Paramount signs me. The third time I make a success with the General.

“Now I am that happy man, under contract. Since the General, all is different. A relative of mine writes me from Paris—of course it’s a joke—Before, when they used to ask me, is Mr. Tamiroff your relative, I would answer, yes, very distant. Now I myself say to everybody, have you seen my nephew?” And another thing is different. Now it is my wife who says to me: ‘Well, what’s about my hunch?’”

Here’s how Mischa Auer would appear if he could be a toreador and get into a bull-ring. Better stick to Russia, keed.
Are They Americanizing Garbo?

[Continued from page 34]

instruments cannot be heard in the section where the other members of the company circulate. How the fact that swing music would have played in Garbo's day.

However, the gay tunes which so effectively swayed the Swedish star's emotions, have not changed her attitude to her fellow workers. Aloof and serene, she remains a stranger amongst strangers. Her smiles and gayety are reserved for the camera alone.

When director Clarence Brown calls "Cut!" she makes no reference to the conclusion of her private domain. There, amidst the elegance of her ivory white boudoir, relaxed on her chaise longue, she reads detective magazines and the latest novels. Her selections are made from her private rack, always filled with current issues, standing inside her portals.

Hollywood, as well as the world at large, has been unable to understand Garbo's aloofness. She has been called a sham, an ingrate, a poser and an introvert.

Garbo never has been swayed by what people think of her. She has compromised in nothing. Apparently she holds with Elbert Hubbard who said, "Never make explanations. Your friends do not need them. Your enemies will not believe them."

A FRIEND of Garbo's maintains that she is too genuine to attempt to camouflage her real self. That she refuses to play up to the public by pretending she is something she is not. Garbo, he declares is a Swede, first, last and always. A Swede unable to adapt herself to American ways.

He insists that it was Hollywood's failure to understand Garbo that caused her to retire into her shell. That, extremely sensitive to ridicule and criticism, she built up a world of her own, in which move the few friends who understand her.

Garbo never has become a part of Hollywood. She never will. In magazines, in newspapers and in the film colony she is always referred to as the Swedish star residing in Hollywood for over twelve years, she remains an alien.

Each year Hollywood expects Garbo to pack her bags and leave for her native land, many Americans unable to resign to the thought of the Swedish star leaving. When it comes, there will be no previous announcement. On one of her visits home, she will fail to return.

The fact that Garbo has a yen for swing tunes is no indication that she has gone American. American swing music has swept Europe. Certain inherent characteristics, her habits of work, her withdrawal from Hollywood society, her manner of living, her love of her native land, stamp her as a true Scandinavian.

Although the rest of the company may think that the star is wasting precious time and considerable money by holding them all captive, Garbo, if she fails to give her best, the picture will suffer. In that event, she knows that Metro will lose money in the box office; a far greater sum than the delay for time taken to refresh herself.

She carries that policy further by refusing to work overtime. Promptly at five o'clock, no matter what action is taking place. If Garbo punches the time clock. Undoubtedly, she feels, that it is up to the director, who knows her rule, to see to it that she is not working when five o'clock rolls around. Her strict adherence to the five o'clock curfew was recently illustrated during a "close-up" of Walewska greeting Napoleon.

The set was an elaborate street location leading through the snow-covered village where Walewska dwelt. Soldiers of the royal guard of Napoleon lined the street on either side. Some hundred extras were in the places. Chabrol, who plays Napoleon, was waiting for Countess Walewska.

Garbo's car drove up. Without a word, the star walked over to it and stepped in. An American girl could have figured, "Although it is time to quit, I might as well go through with it, now that everything is ready."

IT IS doubtful if an American girl would refuse to answer a court summons in a law suit against her involving ten thousand dollars. Especially when the payment of said sum depended upon her testimony.

Garbo did that very thing when she failed to answer a court summons in the case of David Schatter, former European film producer. In his suit against Garbo, he claims that she has not returned money loaned by her in Sweden for promoting her career.

When Garbo did not put in an appearance in court, the plaintiff's attorney cried to the judge, "Your honor, witness is a foreigner, Garbo, who refuses to obey the mandates of the United States court?"

Garbo had no intention of defying the United States court. She preferred to pay the money demanded upon her testimony. She said, "I cannot answer to the summons. Hollywood is betting that the Swedish star will make settlement out of court, rather than answer to the second summons. In case she does not make a settlement, she will be forced to appear. She will face a jail sentence if she refuses."

Garbo's dictat for publicity has become a Hollywood legend. Her adherence for the American custom of plying into a star's private life is only too well known. Garbo once expressed her attitude on publicity to me, "I have no objection to honest praise or criticism of my work," she said, "But I am against having my private affairs paraded before the public." Garbo never will become used to the American method of ballyhooing public figures.

It is also a well-known fact in Hollywood that Garbo invariably chooses places which permit her to portray foreign girls, rather than American. In their foreign guise, she realizes that her impersonation of an American would not ring true.

The public is aware of the fact that Garbo's few friends are foreigners. With the exception of John Gilbert, every man
whose name has been romantically connected with the Swedish star was a foreigner—in cluding Ireland's George Brent.

Swedish food is served in Garbo's home, because she prefers it to American. Her clothes are typically European. Her much-discussed flat-heeled walking shoes, her loose woolen top coats, are typically continental. Many of her garments such as her sweaters, coats and socks, were purchased in Sweden. Garbo never has liked the bouffante, fussy costumes so popular with the American girl.

DURING the twelve years that Garbo has lived in America it is very apparent that she is not interested in becoming acquainted with the life and habits and conditions of various parts of the United States. She does make an occasional trip to the mountains or up the coast. She has spent a few days in New York before taking her boat for Sweden. Even then she patronizes her favorite Swedish restaurant.

It is to Sweden that Garbo speeds whenever her vacation will allow time for the trip. It is in Sweden, on the shore of the Baltic Sea, which she loves, that Garbo slips off her mantle of aloofness and reserve. Had Garbo any intention of becoming Americanized, she would have taken out citizenship papers long ago. Instead, she preferred to go through the red tape necessary to secure a permit to prolong her stay in this country.

The fact that Garbo has never owned a home in Hollywood is proof conclusive that she has no intention of settling down to becoming an American citizen. According to well-founded information, at present, her brother Swen, over in Sweden, is industriously engaged in developing and improving the great country estate of his sister's, in anticipation of the time when she will retire from the screen.

These broad acres, of lush fields and wooded groves, stretch down to Garbo's beloved sea. It is here, in the near future, that Garbo will forget Hollywood with its quaint American manners, its often heart-less tactics and its too swift American pace of living. It is in her native Sweden where the screen's most famous actress will revert back to what she always has been in her heart—a Swenska flicka. No indeed, Garbo is not becoming Americanized even if she does like swing music and occasionally indulges in a bit of American slang. For Garbo does have a sense of humor, and the American slang has comedy values all its own.

Today's Cinderellas are those who perform their own beauty miracles. For instance, popular girls know that the true secret of personality is glamorous hair. BLONDES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore and keep alive the radiant, sunny loveliness everyone admires. BRUNETTES use Marchand's to rinse gorgeous, glowing high-lights in their hair.

Fastidious women use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs invisible. Colorless. Odorless. Stainless. Complete directions with every bottle. On sale at all good druggists.
Cakes Which Never Fail

[Continued from page 64]

into another with a light over-and-over motion which will not break up the air bubbles. It is most important to know this term and to use it rightly. When it demands “sift flour” this indicates that the flour must be sifted before measuring in order to secure the right proportion. Be sure that your measuring cup is a genuine standard cup, with accurate level measurements indicated on one side, and that the measuring spoon is also a true standard spoon. Very frequently the so-called measuring cup is entirely inaccurate, often failing by several ounces of the right contents. A 1 standard measuring cup holds 16 level ounces. In making very fine or unusual cakes it is best to measure ingredients on the more accurate kitchen scale.

TWO CHIEF TYPES OF CAKE: BUTTER CAKE AND SPONGE CAKE

It must be borne in mind that there are two chief and entirely different main types of cakes. One is a Butter Cake, which as its name implies contains a considerable amount of butter as an ingredient. The other, the Sponge Cake, has no butter or other shortening, and is made with a different technique. Suppose we look for a moment at this simple Basic Recipe for Butter Cake, and see how we should mix and bake it:

BASIC RECIPE FOR BUTTER CAKE

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup of butter shortening} \\
1 \text{ cup granulated sugar} \\
2 \text{ egg yolks, well beaten} \\
1 \text{ teaspoon vanilla} \\
2 \text{ cups pastry flour} \\
3 \text{ teaspoons baking powder} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ teaspoon salt} \\
2 \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup milk} \\
2 \text{ egg whites, stiffly whipped}
\end{align*}
\]

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add beaten yolks and beat until well blended. Add vanilla. Sift together all dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk to first mixture. Fold in stiffly whipped whites. Use greased loaf pan, and bake about 1 hour, moderate oven (350°F), or use several layer cake pans and bake about 25 minutes, moderate oven (375°F). (Makes 1 small loaf or 2 9-inch layers)

I may say, parenthetically, that if you can make one good delicious and delicate butter cake, you are able to make a hundred variations of it! You may bake it in one loaf or in several layers; you may add various chopped ingredients to the mix; you may flavor it differently or color it as you please; and of course you may entirely change its character by the type, color, and texture of frosting its surfaces.

10 Secrets of Success

1. Cream shortening. Never melt it, but with a cake spoon, soften and beat the butter until it looks milky.
2. Add sugar slowly. About 1 tablespoon at a time so the sugar crystals will become incorporated fully.
3. Add egg yolks, one at a time. And beat well after each addition.
4. Sift all dry ingredients together 3 times, to achieve the most perfect blending.
5. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk or liquid, to avoid the lumps which might occur if added too suddenly.
6. Add flavoring.
7. Fold in stiffly whipped whites. Beat until whites begin to stand in peaks and whip can be removed dry.
8. Pour into pan greased with a non-salty shortening. Fill pan only \(\frac{3}{8}\) full to allow space for rising.
9. Bake at specified temperature for cake of its type.
10. Cake is baked when it shrinks from the pan when it springs as it’s lightly pressed with the finger, and when it allows a straw or wire tester to “come clean” after being inserted in the cake.

And now for the other type of cake, the Sponge Cake:

BASIC RECIPE FOR SPONGE CAKE

6 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup granulated sugar, sifted grated rind, \(\frac{3}{4}\) lemon
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 egg whites, whipped stiff
1 cup sifted pastry flour
\(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon baking powder
\(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks with wire whip until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add sifted sugar, beating continually. Add lemon rind and juice. Using a large platter and a wire "shoe" beater, whip egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold half egg whites into first mixture. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together 3 times. Fold in remaining egg whites. Pour into greased tube pan. Bake about 50 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Remove from oven and invert to cool.

It may be noted that when beating eggs for sponge cake mixtures, it is advisable to use the flat or "shoe" type of beater rather than the more familiar rotary beater. Also, by beating the whites on a large platter, and adding small quantities at a time, what amounts to a marvelous achievement. This is just the mixture which is really the basic foundation of all "sponge" mixtures, including the souffle which is baked in a caserole.

Another point: butter cakes require that the baking pan be greased, floured and even lined with paper. Sponge cakes are always baked in an ungreased pan so that they will not "stick." Invert the cake pan to cool so that the sponge cake "hangs" while cooling. This shrinks the cake, and makes it easier to remove from the pan.

And now for this particular "why does my cake fall in the middle?" question of our Mrs. Reader. Here are many reasons why cakes fail. Suppose you look through them carefully and see if you can locate the particular trouble of your particular cake:

Failure—Cake "falls"; Probable Cause—Too little flour; or too much fat; or too much baking powder.

Failure—Cake has cracks or lumps; Probable Cause—Too much flour; or too little baking powder.

Failure—Cake is heavy and gummy; Probable Cause—Too much sugar; or too little sugar; or egg yolk.

Failure—Cake has moist sticky crust; Probable Cause—Too much sugar.

Failure—Cake is coarse grained; Probable Cause—Too much fat; or too much sugar.
baking powder; or too little mixing; or too slow baking.

**Failure—Cake has mottled “macaroon” crust; **Probable Cause—Too much sugar; or too slow an oven.

**Failure—Cake is dry; **Probable Cause—Too much flour; or too little fat; or too much baking powder.

**Failure—Cake has uneven color; **Probable Cause—Too little mixing; or too fast baking.

IN SHORT, most of the failures in cake making are caused by two main reasons:
(1) the proportion of ingredients one to another is incorrect; (2) the baking is handled wrongly.

I have spoken of the importance of accurate and correct measurements in order to secure a right composition or blending or formula for the cake mixture. Too often the baker handles the ingredients in a careless manner, though she may not think so. An ounce more butter or two ounces more flour or a heaped-up cup of sugar may be sufficient to unbalance the recipe, and then, alas, the cake "falls."

And now for the second reason, that of right baking. Today, with heat regulators on most improved ranges, there is little excuse for guessing at temperature. The old way of putting a piece of white paper into the oven and watching until it curled and became brown, or of putting your hand in the oven to feel the heat, are as outdated as they always were unscientific guesswork. Any woman with a good modern range can easily know her temperatures. Butter cakes require the oven to be pre-heated, so that the mixture begins to cook as soon as it is placed within. On the other hand, sponge cake mixtures, especially angel cake, should be placed in a practically cold oven, and the heat brought up slowly so that the eggs will rise and infuse as much as possible before the mixture is really baked and thus "set."

If your range does not have an oven regulator, use a portable oven thermometer which may be set on the rack. Study your oven and learn the best place for special heating requirements.

**TEMPERATURE CHART FOR CAKES**

**Angel Food—Put in cold oven, and gradually raise to 300-325 F.**

Sponge or Sunshine—Put in cold oven, and gradually raise to 300-325 F.

Chocolate or Devil's Food—350 F.

Plain Loaf Cakes—350-375 F.

Plain Layer Cakes—350-375 F.

Thin Sheet Cakes—375-400 F.

Cup Cakes—375 F.

**WHAT KIND OF FLOUR SHALL BE USED**

A question asked frequently by readers is what kind of flour to use in cake making. For making cakes which call for a spongy or fluffy texture, always use special cake flour. Such flour is put through special machinery and sifting through fine cloth so that the product is fine, even and light. It gives fine-textured cakes which are tender and retain their moisture for considerable periods. When making cakes like the heavier butter mixtures, use either cake flour or pastry flour which has been well sifted. Do not use bread flour which, while excellent for bread-making, is not so satisfactory for cakes, owing to its gluten (sticky) content which tends to make the dough rubbery or bread-like.

And the frosting? Ah, that is a whole big subject in itself, and lack of space will make it necessary to devote an entire article to it in the near future. Frosting is to cake what make-up is to the complexion! But the cake's the thing, and if you have enjoyed or benefited by this little chat on Cakes Which Never Fail, then you will surely wish to send for the recipes on the following coupon.

---

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Let me send you the 8 SUCCESSFUL CAKE recipes, including Queen of Hearts Cake (so suitable for Valentine, Bridge, Engagement or Bridal Parties), Cream Cake with Fruit Filling, and the Black-Eyed Susan Cake. Just paste this coupon on a postcard and send it to Mrs. Christine Frederick, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. This offer expires September 15, 1937.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get to the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Liver Livers pills to get these two pounds of bile out in two days. People would like you feel "up and hauling." Hairless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Liver Livers pills by name. Stubby, only containing anything else, 25c at all drug stores.

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Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—why she freckled. And how freckles made her self-conscious and made her at fourteen — how she gave up hope of ever being popular again. Only one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream, and, oh, it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving skin clear, soft and beautiful.

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The Red Hot Mama is in the Movies

[Continued from page 50]

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where she was working in Broadway Melody of 1938. She was wearing a kind of print thing; her hat was just right, and she looked all right. A woman who knows her work tells me that every performance of Sophie Tucker is "stylist stout." Well, I don't know, but I'd say she was stylish all right. I think she's pretty, too.

But I wanted to know what she was doing singing at this particular night spot. I asked her.

"I wanted a career in pictures," she told me, simply and boldly. "And when I have anything, I've gone after it methodically and logically. People who know more about Hollywood than I do, told me that to do is to get a job at this place, and show my wares, (or shall I say samples?) to the assembled executives."

"But you're Sophie Tucker," I protested, "you're—"

"Oh, yes, I'm Sophie Tucker, all right, but I've a lot to learn about this motion picture business, and I'm going after it in the most logical way I know. I'm not a 'knowledge-all,' and when people in the know advised me to go to Hollywood what could I do, I took their advice. It worked, didn't it?"

I was compelled to admit that it worked very well indeed. It worked to the extent of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer term contract— which studio is sparing no expense in acquiring stories for her. They have found one, Molly, Bless Her, by Frances Marion, and dedicated to the memory of Marie Dressler. It is a part that Marie could have done. It was probably conceived with Marie in mind. But Sophie Tucker denies strenuously that she is stepping into Marie's shoes.

"I? Take Marie's place? I couldn't!" she told me. "I know what I can do and what I can't do. Our mothers are different."

Well, here is the beloved red hot mama in possession of the coveted contract. Does she rest upon her laurels? Not on your tin-type! After thirty years in the show business, she goes out and takes dramatic lessons from Louis Hart. And, to prepare herself for her new career.

"I know how to put a song over," she said with a shrug, "and you've got to have a little acting ability to do that, but pictures are new to me. I've got to learn—and keep on learning. I want to make good. I always have. And I'll do anything that I think will help me. When your gal Sophie wants to be a picture star, and go legitimate, she'll have to start at the beginning, and learn what it's all about."

That, more or less, is your gal Sophie's recipe for success. Make up your mind what you want to do, and then learn how to do it. The only things Sophie ever had handed her on a platter, were orders of Billy Rose's, and such delicacies, in her father's little two-by-four restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut, where she was waitress, cook, and handy "man," and in our studio orders to be very good in the kitchen. These vocal exercises were the only ones Sophie had ever known. The Howard Brothers, of vaudeville fame, happening into the little restaurant one day, and hearing this performance, kidded her into believing that she had a marvelous voice.

"I didn't know they were kidding, at the time," confesses Sophie, "but when I met them, on the same hill at the Orpheum some time afterwards, they confessed that they were fooling me. As it turned out, they had heard me a little while ago. I took them seriously at the time." She grinned, engagingly. "I was very young, and very gullible."

"So," I took them seriously, and landed in New York with five dollars. My first job was at the Old German Village cafe at 40th and Broadway. Fifteen dollars a week, and what pennies were thrown at me by the cash customers, Looking back upon it, I think it was really a—er—joint. What could be called a hustler's joint. But next came Tony Pastor's on the Bowery. Now, at that time, Tony Pastor's was some place to work at. Now, it's just a legend. People sat at tables, and there was a stage at the end of the room."

In Holyoke, Mass., Florence Ziegfeld spotted Sophie, and signed her for one of his early Follettes. The opening night was an artistic triumph and a financial disaster—for Sophie. She stopped the show! The program declined to get up a back seat while this "coon shouter" (as they dubbed her) walked off with the laurels. Ziegfeld had to fire her to keep his company together.

"I was just young enough to take 'nothing from nobody,'" reminisced Sophie. "I told him exactly what I thought of him. But afterwards, we became the best of friends. Dad, Pio! There'll never be another like him."

Then came Louisiana Lou, in which she was featured with Trixie Friganza and Alexander Carr. One of the chorus girls in this show was Lenore Ulric! It was a success. By this time, Sophie had "dug in her cleats." She was getting somewhere fast. The first salary that Balaban and Katz paid her was $150.00 a week; her last check from that organization was $8,500.00.

"Didn't you make a short subject when 'talkies' first came in?" I inquired meekly.

"A piece called, I believe, Honky Tonk!" she said after a moment, "and she flashed. 'I prefer to forget it!' I thought, maybe, that I'd better forget it, too!"

It was in 1926 that Sophie Tucker made her first invasion of England. And the walls of London came tumbling down! The English people took her to their hearts immediately. Every two months, she makes this tour, which lasts anything from three months to a year, "I look upon London as my second home," she told me, "and I love the people." I don't wonder at it, for they love Sophie.

On her last trip to London, a few months ago, she organized the American Stage and Screen Artists for the mammath midnight performance at the Coliseum, in aid of the King George V National Memorial Fund. The prize was a $200,000.00, which Sophie turned over to the Lord Mayor for this worthy charity, and received from that dignitary, an inscribed gold cigarette case, as a token of appreciation from the English people. The drama of this event lies in the fact that it took place on the eve of King Edward VIII's abdication!

"It didn't seem to be so 'difficult,' in view of the wave of emotion that swept England that night?" I asked.

"Well, of course, people were thinking
of little else that night. I felt the tension, even before the curtain rose. I told the boys and girls to work three times harder than they had ever worked before. They did, God bless 'em. We came through all right. The audience was most enthusiastic."

"What would you say was the high spot of your career?"

Sophie replied promptly. "The Royal Command Performance at the Palladium Theater in London before King George V and Queen Mary. It was one of the most impressive occasions I have ever attended. There was such splendid dignity; yet there was a warmth that made you 'feel at home.' You know, somehow, it meant more to me than to their own Harry Lauder, George Robey, Beatrice Lillie, or Harry Tate, to mention only a few, who have known Command Performances."

Sophie Tucker took a cigarette from the Lord Mayor of London's gift, lit it, and puffed a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Tell me of your plans for your picture career," I suggested.

Sophie's foot, (quite a little foot, too) did a tattoo on the rug, and she spoke with an almost fierce determination. "I'm in pictures to stay. I'm going to make good in pictures or... ."

Sophie has said before, "I'm going to make good or... ." and I'm betting on her to turn the trick in Hollywood.

"Are you satisfied with what they are giving you to do?" This is a question that would arouse a storm of grouchess from a lot of our luminaries. But not so with Sophie.

"Perfectly," was her response. "I loved my part in Broadway Melody of 1938, and my next picture, Molly, God Bless Her, is a gem of a story. It's just been published in book form, and I want to send you a copy."

She sent me a copy. I have read it and it seems to me that Molly is Sophie Tucker. You won't see it for some time, yet, but I think you will agree with me.

THIRTY years in the show business, Sophie Tucker confesses quite frankly, that she doesn't "know it all." There aren't many like her. She is, in effect, going to school again. She will never go around moaning, "My lines are terrible; the story is worse; they are not giving me the right things to do!"

"Story tellers and dialogue writers," she told me, "know far more about their craft than I do. Why should I try to tell them what to do?"

Yes, Sophie Tucker has come to town and is in the movies—and the town is welcoming her with open arms. She has run the gamut from kitchen helper to a friend of royalty. A warm-hearted, lovable woman, this Sophie Tucker. She has known want—desperately—and keeps very loose purse strings for others less fortunate than herself. (She didn't tell me this herself, however.)

It may be that Sophie Tucker, the red hot mama, is giving some pointers to Bob Taylor on how to put over a song number. One thing is assured—Sophie goes to town with songs in The Broadway Melody of 1938—while Bob takes care of the love interest.

HER SMILE WON HIM
...But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?
HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN... BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT!!
SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH... OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... dissolves 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 new brilliance to your smile!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S... AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!

MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH.
I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention September Motion Picture
To Strip or Not to Strip

[Continued from page 37]

ment that "Miss Lee is being presented on the screen as a dramatic actress under her true name, Louise Hovick." So, when you go to your local movie house to see her in *You Can't Have Everything* you'll be perfectly okay for you to take grandma and grandma and the little kiddies, and it won't be necessary for you to equip yourself with smoked glass and asbestos suits, for Gypsy Rose—I mean Louise—will show nothing more temperature-raising than the tip of an ear.

**BUT**, as said before, whether she strips or whether she doesn't, it's all the same to Gypsy.

"My strip-tease act was never anything but a little eyecatching, twinkle in her eye. I've always wanted to be a dramatic actress, but you know how it is in the show business. You do whatever you can get to do—and like it."

It does make her a little sad to know that in certain cities where she contributed her services night after night to benefit performances for a worthy cause that those who benefited most rose and those who should now seem so indignant about her appearing on the screen.

"If I was good enough to appear at benefit with clothes, she says, "I'll become as though I should be allowed to appear on the screen with clothes on."

When Gypsy started in the show business at the tender age of four there was nothing to indicate that she would grow up to be a strip-teaser. She was born in Seattle, and with other neighborhood kiddies, she attended dancing school. The school put on an amateur version and Gypsy did a toe dance and sang a song.

"That put ideas into my mother's head," says Gypsy, "and she packed my younger sister and myself up and brought us to Hollywood to put us in the movies. We worked as extras in *Daddy Long Legs* and in some two-reel comedies with Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels. Then we played in a stage version of *The Blue Bird* which Sid Grauman put on. As a result of what mother referred to as 'our success' in this production, she got us booked in vaudeville.

"Our act was composed of my sister, who was billed as Baby June, and myself. Sometimes I played a boy and sometimes a girl, whatever the act called for. Naturally, we had plenty of ups and downs in the years that followed. We played in everything but a tent, Eventually my sister gave it up and got married and I went on alone. The going finally got too tough and I wound up in burlesque, as a chorus girl."

**IF YOU** are one who feels that the mention of the word "burlesque" is your cue to do a little eye-blinking or perhaps to change the dial to a more respectable program—You should add that such regular folks as Eddie Cantor, Jim Barton, Fannie Brice, Fred Stone got their start in burlesque, too.

"I always get a bit nervous watching the strip-teasers on the bill," says Gypsy. "They always seemed to take their art so seriously. To me, they were funny and when I went home after the show I'd entertain my mother with the King. One night my mother said: 'You know, Gypsy, the way you do that is really funny. If you ever did that on the stage I'd bet folks would laugh their heads off at you.' I was very much inclined to my boss but he didn't think it was funny at all. 'I'm paying those strip-teasers big dough,' he told me, 'I should let you go out there and make fun of 'em. What do you think I am—crazy?' I decided then that maybe the idea wasn't so funny after all."

After a season in burlesque, Gypsy went back to Toledo, Ohio, and the manager of the theatre there decided to renew their contract. For another two weeks they could think up something novel to warm up the act. It so happened that there was a spot where the chorus had a change of costume while Gypsy (who was known then as Rose Louise) stayed on the stage. "So, just as a gag," she says, "I had the bright idea of filling in time by peeling off my clothes and throwing them over into the orchestra pit. The audience seemed to like it—and, well, I guess that's how I got started being a strip-teaser."

**AFTER** playing vaudeville and night-clubs, she went back to work for the Brothers Minsky in their, rather unique way, make a cult of glorifying the body through the dressing of the body's sex appeal. Rose Louise was married, the name of Gypsy Lee and in no time at all she was their number 1 strip-teaser. Park Avenue slummers started frequenting the burlesque house, and the management of that of a mad. Broadway producers became interested in her. She stepped out of burlesque and into Hot-Cha.

But it wasn't so hot-cha for Gypsy. She then appeared in a George White revue and in Billy Rose's Casino de Paree revue. But it was not until she went into the Ziegfield Follies last year, doing the same thing she had done in burlesque, that an idea "caught on" (they use that word) successful, of course) that she really became a top bracket attraction. That's when people started calling "strip-teasing" ART and—you know the rest.

In case you live in the hinterlands and have never seen a strip-tease act perhaps I should explain that it goes something like this: A young lady wearing (usually) a bathing suit made of gingham gaiters or lustrous suits or even just a lacy bra steps out on the stage. The orchestra (according to Gypsy) plays *Love in Bloom* or something similar, to put the audience in the right general air of expectancy pervades and, very coyly, the young lady drops a shoulder strap ... then a petticoat or two ... and nonchalantly tosses them into the orchestra pit. Bit by bit, she steps out of her costume. Sometimes she tosses her brassiere or garter belt into the audience and with a sigh says "Gone With The Wind."

Well, anyway, the long and short of it is that she winds up a dead-ringer for September morn. I have Gypsy's word for it, however, that she always wore a bathing suit of flesh-colored net so that at no point in the act was she ever quite in the nude. And the morn's idea of clothing, whatever it matters what the bald-headed man in the third row center may have thought.

**BUT**, alack and alas, you will see nothing like that when Gypsy Rose—Louise Hovick to you—appears on the silver screen. As an AMERICAN ACTRESS she is Miss Lee as a dramatic actress, no less. After talking with Gypsy, I am inclined to believe that the answer to her success is not strip-teasing, but personality. I hate to use the word, but Gypsy has personality-plus. She is the sort of girl who could, I'm sure, do a minuet and make it just as alluring as her strip-tease act. (The
Constance Cummings is not on location but is enjoying herself in a lounge of the SS Normandie, on a trip to Europe

Highland boiled dinner, a triple salad, and followed that up with a thick slab of butterscotch pie and coffee. A lunch like that would give most of our female stars heart failure to contemplate.

"How do you manage to keep your slender figure on a diet that would add mountains of flesh to Man Mountain Dean, the rascal?"

"Well, I guess I just worry it off. If I discover I've taken on a few pounds I keep thinking 'Oh, but this is terrible. Five pounds! I really must do something.' The result is that I worry so much about it that the extra pounds just disappear."

She is quite mad about tamales and drove all the way to Mexico one week-end just to taste the Mexican variety. "But it turned out that they don't serve tamales in Mexico."

She giggles. "So I ate meat and potatoes and bought myself this polo coat. How do you like it?" I was non-committal. "No, it isn't very good looking, is it?" she said. "I suppose I should have done my shopping in Hollywood."

Her current hobby is amateur photography. She doesn't say so, but I think she may have taken it up to get even with the candid camera addicts who trained their cameras on her when she was in the Follies.

"One night there were four rows of them, all taking pictures of me while I did my number," she told me. "Just for fun, I made faces at them and looked cross-eyed. I even walked bow-legged. I never dreamed that the pictures would be published without my consent. But later they all came out in a magazine. Was I embarrassed!"

SHE'S a lot of fun, this Gypsy Rose Lee. Whether her wit and sparkle will get over on the screen remains to be seen. But, as my editor pointed out, if she flops, she can always open a little Gypsy Tea Room. I think it might interest those who have raised their voices to object to her screen appearance to know that she was not signed up for pictures because of her fame as a strip dancer. She made a movie test in New York. It was sent to the coast to Darryl Zanuck along with tests of other girls. The name of the person making the test is not shown until the end of the film. For her test, Gypsy did scenes from Dinner at Eight. Before the test was half run Mr. Zanuck said: "Sign that girl up. She's got something." It was not until later that he learned that the girl was Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease queen.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION SEPTEMBER MOTION PICTURE
And then it began in the right shoe!  
Tap-tap-tap it came, like a ghostly rapping on a spirit-seance table. Quickly Adolphe looked down at his shoe, and as quickly as he looked, the mystic tapping ceased. But Adolphe had had plenty.

Never one to lose his dignity, Adolphe stalked calmly to the side-lines, to where his valet waited, as his valet always waits while Adolphe is on the set. A quick whispered colloquy, and the valet sped to Menjou's home. Fifteen minutes and he was back—with another pair of his master's shoes. And he sat down, removed the Mysterious Shoes, replaced them with the newly-brought ones, and had no more trouble.

Since that day, Adolphe has never worn the Mysterious Shoes with the Tap-Tap Taps. He has contemplated them often, now and then studied them. He doesn't know what the matter with them. He only knows that he, the most-perfectly-dressed man in movies, would simply not wear shoes that are as unorthodox as that.

But today, I can solve the mystery. I can tell Adolphe, for the first time, what was wrong with his shoes. They simply had a severe attack of ritz trouble. A violent case of Ritz-Brothers-on-the-Loose. You see, Adolphe, what happened was this: while you sat there, there was a Ritz brother, stretched out in back of each side of your chair, hiding carefully so you wouldn't see them, ready to spring away when you looked. They took turns, these amusing clowns, in gently tapping the soles of each of those fine boots of yours with a lead pencil. And when you looked, they dove back out of sight.

That's all Adolphe—just the Ritz Brothers, getting square for that $60 check. And Adolphe, they knew that the most definite touch they could possibly score against you would be at some most vulnerable point, like your wardrobe.

The $60 check? Oh, that tale's been told. It's merely about the day the Ritzes applied the famous "hot-foot gag" to another pair of Menjou's shoes, previously, burned his tootsie-wooteries, burned themselves when Adolphe, in high apparent anger, told them the shoes had cost $60 in London, made them produce a $60 check before he'd go on with the picture and then—after cashing the check, mind you—turned the $60 over to the M. P. Relief Fund and admitted they were really only $12 shoes after all. That's when the Ritzes vowed to get even. And that's why they attacked at the clothes-closet. Because, if there's one thing Adolphe Menjou is seriously touchy about, it's his clothes.

To Adolphe, the title of Best-Dressed Man in Movies is no gag. It's not funny. It's not even a matter for wise-cracking. It is, on the contrary, highly important, deeply serious, part and parcel of his basic professional honor. To call Adolphe the Finest Male Clothes-Hog in Hollywood, as long as you call him that seriously, is not to kid him or insult him. It is a compliment. That was Adolphe's aim, years ago when he first considered his campaign against Hollywood. He has achieved success. It costs him endless thousands per year, but Adolphe Menjou has the finest wardrobe in cinemaland.

Not that he hasn't been challenged. Far from it. Why, it was none other than Sidney Lanfield, 20th-Fox director, no mean dresser-upper himself, who took on Adolphe in a Battle of the Togs. It was terrific. It began somewhere during the beginning of One In A Million and it grew and grew and grew.

There was never a written or spoken challenge. It was simply that Lanfield dressed well—too well for a director, Adolphe thought, and decided to show the upset what dressing really was. Each day they each wore an entire new wardrobe. Each day, each strove for some new sartorial splendor, some new flare, some crushing coup d'etat of hosiery or haberdashery.

No telling where it would have ended. Electricians, used to bright lights, began to have sore eyes at the sartorial splendors that dazzled them each day. The strain on the Menjou and Lanfield exchequers must have been ghastly. No telling, I repeat, where it would have ended—if each hadn't, at the same time, gotten sick with flu. . . !

So then each was put smack to hospital bed, in a hospital night-shirt. And that ended the Battle of the Togs.

Don't think it was a joke to Adolphe. To have his sartorial supremacy challenged is a matter not of a laugh, but of the heart and soul to Menjou. Why, for Cafe Metropol, good old Charlie Wbininger, meaning no ill, bless his soul, said jokingly to Menjou: "You know, Adolphe, I'm really going to show you up in this picture. Wait till you see what a swell dresser I am. I'll put you in the shade. . . !" 

Adolphe merely lifted a menish eye-brow. But then came real trouble. Wbininger actually had the gall, the nerve, the daring, the effrontery to go to Menjou's own tailor! And there he had himself outfitted, head to toe. That, to Menjou, was carrying things too far.

Of his wardrobe tricks, many tales are told. You know about the raincoat—always up to the minute. Adolphe was the first to import to Hollywood one of the

Here is that well-dressed man again. No male who walks the earth looks better than Menjou in white tie and tails.
In a sudden Hollywood shower, Adolphe Menjou dowsed himself and service-station one day, wearing the white raincoat with the white hood up over the hat. Now, you can’t blame the attendant. He’d never been to London. He just put the figure behind the wheel, asked solicitously: “What can I do for you, wadum?”

It took Adolphe hours to get over that.

A Tale of Two Cities

MANY tales are a bit—er—exaggerated. Many, though, are true. For keeping the title of The Best Dressed Man In Hollywood, the Best Male Clothes-Hoss in Movies, is no task. In keeping the heavyweight championship, Adolphe is doing it. All of which is due to the fact that he takes his work very seriously. And to that is due the further fact that once again, Adolphe Menjou is way up in the top rank of the players—as near to stardom as any player can be without being a Gable or a Taylor. He’s probably the best-paid freelance in Hollywood. And much of it is due to his wardrobe. But much is due, too, to his attitude toward his profession. He doesn’t kid himself.

Some people think he takes himself and his work too seriously. To them, only a laugh, and the obvious reply that Menjou is back at the top. Menjou works at being Adolphe Menjou, the actor, 24 hours a day. He may look him’s down when than when he’s at the top. When he’s down in the running, he is the prominetest actor in movies. He is shrewd. Deeply shrewd. He is a keen business man. Examples:

In a recent film, Adolphe was the only Hollywood money-man who came out unburned. So keen a financial operator was he that he forescramled the cash, sold out before the town went up.

In the beginning, when he was trying to crash pictures, he contemplated the scene, found that all other things being equal, the man with the wardrobe always get the job over the man without the wardrobe. Broke, he nevertheless talked Eddie Schmidt, Hollywood tailor, and as hard-boiled as a Hollywood tailor must be, into staking him on sheer credit. It paid out a thousand dollars worth of clothes. That started Eddie Schmidt on the way he gave Adolphe his start toward the top; it paid Eddie Schmidt off in the long run. But it was keen and shrewd of Mr. Menjou, no?

ABOUT acting, he has no illusions. To some, it may be just Art To Adolphe, it’s a business. “To stay in Hollywood, to continue to make a success in Hollywood,” he tells you, “you have to map out your work, your career, your campaign just as shrewdly, just as cold-bloodedly, just as carefully as a salesman out to sell plumbing goods. You can’t just let your breaks; you’ve got to go out and make ‘em for yourself.”

That’s at the top again now, after a bit of depression is impressed on Adolphe. It is, to him, just the result of putting into practice that philosophy. But he isn’t resting on his oars, now that he’s in smooth water.

No more care—er—learn fellow is there on the Hollywood stage. Ad road is a matter of note—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Hungarian come to his tongue with the fluency of English—he made a near-pest of himself during Cale Adolphe's first twenty years because a number of genuine Russian ex-aristocrats were on the set. From them, Adolphe learned so much Russian in the few weeks of shooting that recently, he was able to carry on an extended conversation in Russian with a visitor from that land! From technicians on the set, he is always learning how and why they do things, they do even. Publicity men are his victims—he pumped them of for two hours straight one day, got an actual groundwork course in How-To-Do-Press. And Adolphe is always learning something new, always bettering himself, always making Adolphe Menjou more proficient at the job of being Adolphe Menjou.

It’s hard to say whether he is “popular” on the set, in the sense that certain hail-fellow-well-met actors are popular with the grips, fellow players, others. Menjou is an indefatigable talker. He will talk with vivid gusto, with animation, on any subject. “Don’t Box Adolphe,” they even call him, because, at the slightest provocation or none at all, he’ll get up on a theoretical soap-box and harangue anybody who’ll listen about any subject. Under the sun—the more controverrsial the subject, the more violent and the more earnest his harangue. He’ll take a side, earnestly, bitterly, devastatingly, for he is not, only a fluent talker but a convincing one.

BUT—the very next hour, he’ll be up on another soap-box, being just as violent, just as a side, and just as convincing on the other side of the fence.

The funny part of it is that it isn’t a gag.

For the moment, Adolphe believes implicity and fiercely in whatever he’s saying. Adolphe lives in and for the moment when he talks, and whatever he says in and for that moment is his rock-bound, unshakable belief. Ten minutes may have done a complete flip-flop, but none-the-less earnest. He convinces himself.

He convinces himself, too, that he has whatever aliment, may be current at any given epidemic, than you can bet ten to one that Menjou will have flu. When amoebic dysentery was more or less generally prevalent, Menjou felt horrible in the middle. It’s a wonder he didn’t try to have quinquotula when there was all the fuss about Mrs. Dianne having had ‘em!

About Menjou, with all his clothes-horsing around, all his playing of the ultra-sophisticate, all the reigns of press-agentry about his worldliness, there has grown up the illusion that he is the typical man-about-town. One imagines that night might find him in glittering clothes, in glittering places, doing glittering deeds. A sort of e-philips-oppenheim character come to life. The typical bon-vivant, always-up, round-the-town man of the world.

Well, much of the world—but it’s his own world. And it’s bound by the boundary-linés of the lot whereon sits the Menjou home. Menjou’s real Big World is his house.

As THE old ideal of the German hausfrauw to be used is kinder, kuche, kirche—“chil-
dren, kitchen, church”—so Adolphe’s private life is to one mod of the round-of the worldly flashpoints of Hollywood, but (to paraphrase the German ideal) his bungalow, bride, baby ... !

It’s true for Adolphe when he’s done working. One can even imagine him taking off his splendid clothes and putting on slippers (even though they’d probably be eighteen-dollar slippers at least!), sliding down into library chair, and giving himself whole-heartedly to Wife Veree Teasdale and the adopted Menjou youngster, Peter Adolphe. Adolphe is frank about it—“It’s for the kids,” he tells you, “is large parties, I spend most of my eve-
ings at home, reading or playing piano duets with my wife.”

Well, after all, even Adolphe Menjou has to have a rest from acting Adolphe Menjou all the time, doesn’t he?
means something—free and voluntary choice on the part of the participants. Anyway,” smiled Muni, “it is nice to have won it at last to have won it, certainly.

SUCH a man would never do anything so melodramatic, so essentially theatrical as to announce that he is “through with pictures,” that he is about to make his “farewell appearance.” Even if it were so, which it isn’t.

I piled up the Munis. Muni ate his habitual luncheon of fried eggs and bacon. We sat and talked there in the Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot where the day before, Muni had made the last shot of Zola. And I saw Muni (Mrs. Muni, everyone who knows him well calls him Muni, never Paul) for the first time in months denuded of beard, mustache, Chinese make-up, various hirsute adornments. And looking at him so, I wondered again at his consistent disarrangement of his own personal attractiveness.

For he has said to me, so often, that he knows he has no sex appeal, that he is not a “personality,” that he has not that which, effortlessly, makes a Gable or a Taylor popular before they step in front of a camera. He has that what I remember so well the first time I played a part without make-up, as myself. I went home and said to Bella: ‘I felt naked. I felt ashamed. I wanted to hide. I wanted to hide all those people.’ And it’s true. I can’t. I am only at ease when I lose Muni as completely as my ability permits in the character I am playing.

It is a pedastal which has made him great, no doubt, this conviction that he would not rank in straight personal appeal with the Gables, MacMurrays, Flynn and so on. But it is to my mind, without foundation in fact. (Remember Muni in Bordertown?) For the Muni without the make-up is good enough to look at. Bronze skin, thick, dark hair, dark eyes, brilliant and brown, white strong teeth, restless strong hands. It is the face of a dreamer, a thinker, a poet. His face is of a man of action, of strong passions and deep tolerances—a face with shades and contradictions, but no shadows.

MUNI is not making a “final appearance.” No he is not. I have ever said so. He has one more picture to make after Zola, on his Warner contract. He will probably not make that picture for another three months. And after he makes it and his contract is fulfilled he will not sign another long term contract—never again. He will stay away from the screen for anywhere from six months to three years, more or less, as he chooses. He doesn’t know how long he will rest. He doesn’t want to know.

That’s just what he doesn’t want—to watch the clock, to live with schedules, plans, production dates. He is going to take a long paid leave of absence... after thirty years. He wants to travel. He wants to be able to walk up a gauzepankan, not have to be carried up. He wants to read all the books he’s never had time to read.

He wants to live without the ever-present fear that a script will rear its head, ugly or otherwise. He told me, laughing, that the last trip he made was with Muni to Maui. When they arrived in the Soviet city there was a script, of all things, waiting for him! Not a very good script, either, he said. But there it was. And so it has always been. From the Great White Way to the last outpost of civilization, and for the thirty years of his uncarefree little boyhood he has been fear by scripts. They have pounced at him out of dark corners.

Bella Muni (the wife who foresaw her own career on the stage) has had her own ambitions and never knew, and doesn’t now, that it was a sacrifice, to be with Muni in Hollywood, wherever Muni needed to be. Bella said: “I told him if he didn’t take a long rest I’d never chance to get acquainted with the man I married.”

I said: “But—but the money?” I did a little rapid calculating. I had to stop. The loss to a man in Muni’s circle of some two to three years was incalculable to one who still says: “How much more than a hundred dollars is that?”

“WE DO not need very much, Bella and I,” smiled Muni. “I know that I can speak for her as well as for myself. We’ve been married long enough for me to be certain but the passage of time is not among Bella’s requirements. We have few wants and they do not include the desire for luxury. When we had our ranch in the valley it was the kind of a home any man might have and we could have maintained comfortably and without strain.

“Now we have bought this new home in Palos Verdes. It is larger than the ranch house. It looks more elegant. It sometimes frightens me a little when I look at it. I wonder what we are doing, living there. But we bought it in such a way that it is perfectly compatible with our means. And if I should never work again, if I should find that the screen is through with me or that I do not want to work again—no matter what happens to me or what I choose to do or what is done to me—well, just the natural course of events in this business gives us enough, you know, to insure safety of our families.

“I am not a dreamer, not an idealist to the extent that I have left Bella and myself unprepared for contingencies. Whatever happens we will not be left high and dry. Bella and I. And as things are now—well, even now our living is not more comfortable than what actually or personally require. As a man makes money, does what is known as ‘rising in the world,’ certain things are expected of him. His living automatically, if you put it that way. Dependents occur. And more money is necessary. But we could always cut down. We would not need a secretary if I were not writing. We would not need a chauffeur. We would not need the servants we have now. We would manage with one car, any kind of a car—none at all, if it came to that. We could live in an old house, we could only sleep in one bed at a time, occupy one chair, eat one meal apiece, at one time.

“We have never been extravagant because we haven’t extravagant tastes. We aren’t brought up to know the meaning of the word. We never entered into the life of Hollywood in the sense of going to parties or giving them. We are not in any sense money conscious. That must be it. I have been told, often, ‘Edward G. Robinson is making so much money’ or ‘Dick Powell has just signed a new contract—’you know what he is getting now?’

“It never matters to me what others have, or make. That’s their business. I feel that I
Hollywood Fashion Tips [Continued from page 69]

a dark red linen blouse with black envys studs . . .
I couldn’t help but think how simple my Fall-
wardrobe problem would be if my grandfather were
still alive. He always had the brightest horse
blankets in town!

JEAN PARKER was telling us about a double-duty
black crepe dress she is having made. Just the
inging for one of those indissoluble gray or sunny
days. The black crepe, shirtwaist type dress with
belt of white hand-knotted hemp is grand for street
wear when you aren’t sure about the weather.
But Jean has provided for sunny days with a
princess type of quilted white linen, brought in
at the waist line with a Roman stripe sash of soft
cashmere wool. And Jean probably left the Derby
with a headache, because we spent the rest of the
fashion suggesting ways and means of varying
your wardrobe with a plain black dress as the
foundation. There’s no limit to the ideas!

JUST as we were going out the door, in came
J Gypsy Rose Lee (she’s Louise Hovick now, but
always forgets) in one of the smartest-looking fur
coats I’ve seen for a long time. Fur coats are
generally just coats, but this one, which she
told me was designed by Royer, out at 20th Century-
Fox. The coat—a very light weight grey galalac
was made in the redingote style, that goes so
well over print dresses. Louise was wearing hers
over a red ray-walk dress, printed in tiny white
pals. A close torque of the galalac with two
bright red tassels rolled through the center of the
crown, was perched on her head.

ONE more thing before I sign off for this month.
Just want to warn you, that if you get varied and
violent perfume scents wafting from the direc-
tion of Hollywood, just know that Jeanette Mc-
Donald is trying out one of her numerous wedding
gifts. Because Jeanette has just received a pig
skin kit containing one hundred small phials of all
the brands of famous French perfumes .. . So
while you’re sniffing the breezes and trying to
make yourself some few perfume—I’ll do my usual
rummaging around and uncover some bankroll-break-
ing ideas for next month.

Mlle. Chic.
Farewell for Muni?

[Continued from page 86]

know what I am worth and I see to it, of course, that | I get that amount. I want no more and no less. I do prefer to have some say in what I am doing rather than to have fabulous sums of money for fabulous things. We have all and more than we can use. We will never want any more than we have right now.

**B**ut that is a bit beside the point,” smiled Muni, “the thing I want to emphasize is that I am NOT saying farewell to the screen. I don’t know how that story got about. Even if it were so | I wouldn’t say it. How can anyone tell how he will feel six months from now. I am planning to stay away from work for an indefinite period of time. What I am really planning is—not to plan at all.

“I may find at the end of six months that habit has clamped so deeply into me that I will be restive and want to get back to work. Bella warns me that this may happen. I don’t believe it. I’m almost sure that it will not be so. But Bella is right. I can’t know. Perhaps a stage play will come up—too right for me to be able to refuse. Perhaps a film. I don’t know and I don’t want to know. I only know that I am not, with the exception of the few roles, ‘reverting’ to work. I may work again in six months. I may not work again for three years. I may never work again. I can’t say and I haven’t said...”

“I want to test myself. I want to try again, up when I begin to talk about it. I sit out-of-doors nights until after midnight. I hate to go in. The roses, starlight, the smell and sound of the sea, the lights far down and far away...”

“I know that I have had too little of such as this, I want time to live in our home. I want time to read all the books I’ve never read. I want time to garden, to know, for the first time in my mummy’s life, the earth and gardens grow. Him. I want to travel. I want to catch up on friendships, old and new. I want time, plenty of time, to do nothing.

“I know what might be said of me...”

I have been in Hollywood a little over eight years. In that eight years I have made only thirteen pictures—Zola, by the way, is my thirteenth. I know that this is positive dilettantish, sheer inertia, compared to the productivity of other stars. One might well wonder why I want or need a respite at all. But, you see, it’s the way I work. I may not always, or even very often, give a good performance—I always give a hard one. I must work very hard. It is the only way I can deliver anything. It is my way. It is strains, exciting and frequently painful.

“There are men who can read books on the train, who can concentrate while a radio is playing in the same room with them. I can’t. There are the inspirational players who need only glance at a script, memorise their lines, step on the set and give brilliant performances. I can’t. I have never been able to work that way. I remember when I was a little lad on the stage. I’d go to my dressing-room in the theatre at ten in the morning for my performance at eight-thirty in the morning. I’d spend the whole day pottering about with make-ups, experimenting, trying different effects. I have not changed. I am, temperamentally, made this way, I suppose. There are people who accommodate themselves with a minimum of effort. I am not one of them.”

“The studio used to call me and tell me they would have the script of my new picture—hundreds of pages before the production. They know better now. They know that I must have a script at least eight or ten weeks beforehand. It takes me every minute of that time to prepare. I read of all books I can find about the character I am to play. I must have read twenty books on Pasteur, as many or more on Zola, besides all of his own work.

“I keep note-books. I have some sixty or seventy pages of notes in my own handwriting on Zola—notes on his characteristics, on his reactions to given situations. I make comparative notes. I study the man from the play, I study the process. And so, painfully, slowly, bit by bit, I try to make Paul Muni into Louis Pasteur, Scarface, Zola, whatever character I am playing. I try to assimilate Muni, to lose all of the character I am to play. I must have read twenty books on Pasteur, as many or more on Zola, from the ashes of his literal self.”

“Muni,” said Bella, whose understanding of her husbant’s relation to the scripts is more than is usually known to his fellow-stars. And who loves him in her eyes, in her loyalty, rather than in too-easy words, “Muni is like this in everything. And always has been. He was a serious little boy—serious about his school work, what he had of it. Serious about his play, his friendships. He still is. If he reads a book he must absorb, understand every syllable of it, every shade of meaning. If he plays ping-pong he must learn the science of the game, practice endlessly until he plays as expert a game as it is possible to play. He couldn’t be any different. He is this way, and always has been...”

**W**hich accounts, certainly, for the fact that though Muni has made only thirteen pictures in over eight years, he does need a rest. Though there is, too, another explanation for the Muni minimum. He is, he says, very difficult to cast. Or rather it is difficult to find parts suitable for him. He insists that he cannot play the parts a Gable, a Flynn, a Taylor can play. Producers disagree with him. He has been offered, he has been begged to play every kind of a part ever written for a star. His range, he has been told, runs from a Freddie Bartholomew to a Lionel Barrymore. Producers have said to him time and again: “You can play anything.” He has been handed just about every script ever written to the Warner lot. Parts played eventually, perhaps, by an Errol Flynn, a Pat O’Brien, a Dick Powell. He has, since Pasteur, been offered the biography of every man who ever made a faint enough impression on the surface of the earth to get into printer’s ink. He does not want to be known as “a biographical actor.” Just as, after Scarface, he fought the very real and threatening danger of being typed as an actor of gangster roles. He doesn’t want to be typed at all. He does want to be, and so he is, sufficiently disindividuated that the “soul must circulate through him, as the common air”...
**“This Annabella...”**

(Continued from page 43)

go the idea, Larry, that she is one of those slight, fetchingly French girls whose name should be Fifi just because she owns a French poodle and was excited about her new contract. She isn't.

She is—well, I may have trouble telling you just what she is, though I think, for one thing, her personality is one I shan't forget in a hurry. The thing is, there is no one like her. I can't pick out a single star and say: "Annabella reminds me of that one." Because she is unique.

As you saw for yourself, since Wings of the Morning is in color, in her eyes are a dark brown and her hair is blonde—real, not peroxide. I am sure of it because it isn't the uniform color that comes out of a bottle, but full of lights and shadows the way real blonde hair is. With that comes what you might well describe as a "provocative" mouth, beautiful teeth and a clear olive skin. Effective, don't you think?

She isn't the curvaceous Clara Bow, Carole Lombard "It" type, though. She is little and boyish, not a slender, very pretty girl like a boy. She walks with ultra feminine grace and poise. She is about five feet, four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

She wears a size four shoe and a six-gown. The day we saw her she was on a hostess gown of white chiffon and apple green satin, embroidered in gold, a costume for her new French picture. She looked—I started to say beautiful but didn't decide whether she was beautiful or not. There are better adjectives to describe her—piquant, vital, attractive, for instance. There is an ever so faintly Oriental slant to her eyes and a certain tilt to her nose which rob her of the art calendar type of beauty, I suppose. But I, myself, would rather look like her than any calendar subject I ever saw.

YOU asked me, I think, to compare her with Simone Simon, since both are French stars. Well, I am not sure I can. They are too entirely different. Simone's personality is childish; Annabella's is philosophical. Simone is taller, Annabella is glamorous. Simone has a difficult-to definesex appeal which is at times unexpectedly alluring; Annabella's charm is consistently effective.

They are both ambitious. I am sure of that. But where Simone, arriving at Twentieth Century-Fox, relied on tears and temperament to win her what she wanted, Annabella will, I think, quietly show the iron hand in the velvet glove if she considers it necessary. She won't cry nor walk off the set when things don't please her. She will keep her own council, appear to yield. And then, cannily combining logic with a sure knowledge of the power of feminine persuasion, will ultimately get exactly what she wants.

She got her own way at New World Pictures in a certain little matter which had to do with the billing of her name and Conrad Veidt's in exploitation of the picture. They were both stars, as they co-starred. A friend of mine "in the know" told me about it before I left London.

Seems that Veidt's contract called for top billing, but he was cast merely for "equal billing" with Veidt. You can see that such a thing contrived one of those well known imposts which often involve the "rights" of the two ambitious stars. Veidt remained firm about the top billing. Annabella, after only a small amount of parleys, appeared to give in. But what she really did was to think up a counter plan which did not interfere with the letter of either contract.

"Yes," he told the director of the advertising campaign, "M. Veidt may have his top billing, but there is nothing in his contract to prevent my name from being presented in the double space!

So that the thing turned out, and billboards and theater marquees throughout Europe will give Annabella the most effective billing, after all, because they will look something like this:

CONRAD VEIDT

ANNABELLA

SMART girl, don't you think? And determined. She was also determined to learn English. So she went to London and, pretending to be a French student, got herself room and board with a cultured English family, made chums of the household's two daughters, had "dates" with neighborhood boys and helped a part of the suburban community in which the English family lived that she spoke the language in four months!

Hollywood, she was back of all this. She was there once five or six years ago, making the French version of Caravan. But she couldn't speak a word of English, then, and she hated this incompetence.

"I had the miserable time," she said, smiling ruefully, "I felt ver'-what do you say—dumb. I would go to parties and just sit in the corner because I could not speak with the others. Yes," she repeated, "I had the ter-re-ee-bile time."

But when I ventured to say I bet she wouldn't have the "ter-re-ee-bile time" when she goes to Hollywood again, she agreed simply and without vanity. "Yes, I think I have fix'-that," she said. Seems to me she has a way of "fixing" things when she puts her mind to it, wouldn't you say?"
TOO FAT for years

*Then Reduced

55 lbs.

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EASY

WAY!

"NOW I CAN WEAR STYLISH CLOTHES"

Don't put up with ugly fat, so often due to causes which can be corrected. Try this modern way to achieve permanent weight reduction by eliminating starvation diets or strenuous exercise. This method supplies a needed substance often lacking for the control of reducible fat. Why not do as thousands of other now slender, happy women have done? Read what Mrs. L. B. Nolte of Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight for years I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 55 lbs. I look 10 years younger!" From Crandon, Wis., Mrs. Victor Tyler writes: "I reduced 30 lbs. in 4 weeks and my health improved from the start, felt fine when taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Now it is a pleasure to wear all the new fashions." Mrs. W. H. Smith of Lyons Station, Pa., writes: "I lost 34 lbs. in 5 lbs. the first month on the RE-DUCE-OIDS. Gladys Boyer, Registered Nurse by day and editor of the Dawn of Leland writes of losing 47 lbs. with very satisfactory results. Miss Rhoda Hunker of Marion, Ia., reports reducing 49 lbs. Miss Loretta Lee of the Southside Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, and many others write of their remarkable success with RE-DUCE-OIDS, the easy way.

IMPORTANT! For complete results, please consult your druggist. RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading druggists for 22 years.

Satisfaction or money back in full—if results do not meet your expectations. Generous supply package sells for $2.50, 3 packages for $5.00 at your druggist or department store.

Order now—before your druggist is sold out. Six 30-day supply for $6.00. All orders shipped postpaid.

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FREE-WEIGHT CONTROL CHART, tells how others lost controllable fat, pound by pound, shows your proper weight. A free booklet, "What You Can Do to Be Slim," a free booklet, how to charge or on charge or obligation. Write today to Dept. F, 770 American Medical Products, Inc., 740 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal., in plain envelope, no embarrassment.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY

Now Personalized Christmas Cards

Price 10c each, postpaid, with every order. Price 2c each additional copy.

Send 25c or more in stamps and cards will be mailed postpaid.

Sample copy sent for approval.

"WANT TO MAKE EXTRA MONEY?"


BOYER

BOYER, Society Perfumeur

7270 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kay Hughes


Business of mending her "own" finds Sylvia Sidney, the striking shop girl in Goldwyn's Dead End, covering the holes in her shoes with pictures of newspaper. This is one of the graphic scenes from the picturization of the New York stage play now being filmed

90

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
they were making history, that the picture would go down in movie annals as one of the greatest, and that a scintillating star was actually, about to be born.

Perhaps a combination of circumstances that made this one of the most memorable characters ever seen on the screen. Janet was herself in Diane—young, with the capable, wifely understanding of life. The studio orchestra played the plaintive strains of Here is My Heart hour after hour to awaken her budding emotions, and under the expert direction of Frank Borzage, she created a wealth of heart-gripping pathos and beautiful sentiment. Too, she was falling in love with Charlie Farrell—that first, ardent, idealistic love! The honesty of all these emotions, flensed across the screen and burned its indelible path.

Janet Gaynor was proclaimed a star that May night in 1927, when Seventh Heaven was previewed and she became Box Office Favorite No. 1, a title she retained each year until 1936. This amazing record—nine years of absolute screen supremacy—has never been paralleled by anyone else in motion pictures.

Of course, Janet loved Diane, but she was haunted by this role for years, having to go back on her success and be a sugar heroine in cotton stockings and shabby clothes—perpetual Diones, because the public would not let her grow up but insisted she continue to be the beloved little waif who pulled the heart-strings.

"I tried to be a good sport," explained Janet, "even when I knew my films were not aiding my future. Youth is sweet and very lovely, but I was growing and outgoing Diane. I had no desire to hold time in check because each age has its own joys and compensations. I wanted to qualify as an actress, capable of portraying mature women and their problems; fascinating romantic angles, domestic crises. I never asked to play sophisticated roles, though I've been quoted as doing so. I know my own limitations, I know exactly what I can do and what I can't.

"To survive in this business and accomplish what you wish, you must learn to be very wise and see all angles in order to avoid the pitfalls that can so easily send you into obscurity. It is a familiar saying, but so true, that an actor is only as good as his last picture. What I ask from life is happiness. And to me, happiness is success in my work—making worthwhile pictures and giving sincere and interesting portrayals."

Now, in Small Town Girl, and A Star is Born Janet proves she is an accomplished actress and "a glamorous" one, as well. Maturity has heightened her beauty, and she can wear clothes with distinction and charm. She has gained poise and confidence without sacrificing either her bubbling humor or her charm, and if all this doesn't spell glamour, what does?

At the moment, she has no plans for her next picture. She would like to rest and play around during the summer and not start working until November, but one of the things keeping her busy, stretches across the entire front of her beach house and only a few feet from the pounding Pacific, are piles of scripts which she is reading. Actress that she is, were she to find a story she liked, I'm sure she would forget all about vacation and want to plunge right into it.

"Nothing," she said, "brings me such a thrill as making a picture. Beside what innate talent one may have for acting, there is an exacting technique to master and each role becomes a new test of ability, a new adventure of love everything about motion pictures and when I'm making a film I consider it a one-time job and do nothing else."

Janet doesn't have to worry about her future. She has never been extravagant and has wisely saved her money. I am told she has a million dollars safely invested. She enjoys the freedom and independence of free-lancing and I don't if she would consider a long-term contract again. She plans to make two pictures a year, never more than three, and right now, she would like to do a costume play. Personally, I'm hoping she will have the opportunity of bringing the talking version of Little Old New York to the screen, and while I'm wishing—wouldn't Tyrone Power be ideal for the hero?

Whether at the beach or in her Hollywood home, which is on an out-of-the-way avenue and completely hidden from view in a wilderness of trees and shrubs, she lives simply. She keeps one house servant, Fanny, and a chauffeur, Clifford, both of whom have been with her some eight years. Only when she is making a picture does she have a personal maid, and she prefers the independence of waiting on herself. She entertains very seldom and never more than six guests at a time.

One of the sweetest friendships in all Hollywood is that which exists between Janet and her mother. She always calls her Gaynor, and the affectionate inflection she throws into the two syllables reveals her deep affection. It isn't merely a mother-daughter devotion that binds them, it is a rare camaraderie. Janet says were she to meet her mother, oh, just casually, anywhere, she would immediately be attracted to her and strive to make her a friend.

"I began to train Gaynor very early," she told me, with a merry chuckle. "I determined not to let her slow down or become 'settled' just because she had a grown-up daughter, so I insisted that she play along with me and it is amazing how this formula works. Now, she's the life of the party. It is fun to have her for my best friend and to have her back of me in each step, each problem, and every little triumph in my career. It has developed a perfect understanding between us.

"We are thoroughly congenial in our tastes. For instance, we like to read the same books at the same time so we can discuss them, we are romances and are the noisiest roosters in our section. We attend symphony concerts, plays and pictures, love to travel, and are never bored when we are together.

"The excitement of modern life threatens to spoil us for the lesser moments, yet we cannot stand on tip-toe all the time, we need simple things associated with the more important events. That is the reason Gaynor and I spend so much time here at the beach cottage by the ocean, where we are not in view of the public, and where we can put on slacks and romp like ten-year-olds as

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**Many Never Suspect Cause of Backaches**

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people, say about 3 pounds a day or about 3 pounds of waste. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning show there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting the nights sweats, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the 34 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 59]

Little Theatre groups, and learn the art of acting ... But Ronald has his own ideas. He doesn't want to be an arty actor. He wants to stay in Hollywood and learn to be a writer—not only of plays and screen plays, but of nontheatre stuff. To date, Leslie and Ronnie haven't settled things.

There Is a Santa Claus!

A WARM pat on the back to Joan Marsh for one of the finest gestures of the year. Learning of a certain young fellow who's been trying to find work in Hollywood, in vain, Joan investigated. She learned that he's broke, has a wife and four children, with a fifth expected; that they were living from hand to mouth in an auto camp.

Letting him keep his self-respect, Joan gave no charity; instead hired him to do some work on her Laurel Canyon estate, promising him she'd keep him on until he can find a job of his own. And meantime, she went out and bought-wardrobes for all four kiddies—and a layette for No. 5, on the way.

Getting Around Wedding Rings

TOUGHEST job in Hollywood is hiding the wedding rings married stars insist on wearing, camera or no camera. With such as Maureen O'Sullivan, Myrna Loy, it's superition never to remove their wedding ring... Maureen solves the problem by wearing a larger ring with a stone, over her wedding ring in film scenes. Myrna Loy also wears a second ring over her wedding circle. Virginia Bruce, when married, used to slip a flesh-colored artificial finger over her ring finger!... Jeanette MacDonald has already served notice that now as Mrs. Gene Raymond, she'll insist on always wearing her wedding ring. The studio is having a "concealer" ring made to fit over it for takes.

They Did It For The Kiddies

B ECAUSE Cesar Romero, Bob Wilcox and Larry Parker were so jubilant after finishing work in Armored Car at Universal, Los Angeles' biggest children's hospital has 22 new dolls for its playrooms ... You see, Cesar and Bob and Larry celebrated by taking their biggest beach resort near Hollywood, throwing balls, darts, arrows, and other gadgets to targets ... They won 22 assorted dolls—from Chinese babies to the kind you wind up and set doing a hula hula ... The next day, the trio of funsters delivered the dolls in person to the hospital.

Burglar Bungler

B ILL GARGAN recently went for one of those "electric eye" burglar alarm systems, that sends off gongs and things when the beam is broken by an intruder ... Only trouble was that Bill forgot about it, and when he came home late the other night, tripped the alarm, himself, by walking forgetfully through the beam. Gongs clanged, in a couple of minutes police sirens howled, and Bill was surrounded ... Even after that, he forgot to turn it off, and just before dawn, the whole thing happened again. Only this time, it was Bill's Scotty that had broken the beam while wandering about the yard ... Now Bill has sold the "electric eye" system.

La Temple—Ballerina

S HIRLEY TEMPLE has grown up to the ballet lessons age. She has joined the famous Ernest Belcher Ballet School.

Greek-Goddish

M OST Greek-goddish man in Hollywood is Glenn Morris, the new The Greek.
Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 60]

with reports that, at last, George and Mrs. Raft have settled their divorce hurdles.

**HEAVEN’S** gift to lonely Hollywood males seems to be Simone Simon, 20th-Fox’s temp’ramental French chicken. Most nights, you’ll find Simone nite-spotting it; most nights you’ll find her with a different collaborator. Most recent escorts included Director Willie Wyler, Felix Rollo, and most recently, Jon Hall, the man who’s playing the lead in Sam (the Great) Goldwyn’s **Hurricane**... No slouch at spreading his charm is Jon, himself. Besides pretty Simone, Hall has been outstepping with Mary Carlisle and Andrea Leeds.

**CUPID’S COUPLE:**
June Clayworth and Sid Rogell,
There’s a twosome that’s hotter’n blazes.

**BLACK EYES FOR CUPID:**
"What’s the use of having a husband if you never see him?" asked Kay Sutton. Then she answered her own question: "None." So she’s filed suit for divorce from famous cameraman Eddie Cronjager, to whom she’d been married a whole year, but seen rarely during that year because studio work kept them apart most of the time.

—After just one month short of a year of marriage, Henry Wilcoxon and wife, Sheila Barrett, have called it quits. Separation came less than a month after they’d returned from London, where Henry’s been making movies.

—Completely filling a witness chair, Oliver Hardy, unfunny for the moment, told a judge that his wife had told him she no longer cared for him, wanted him to get a divorce. The judge gave it to him. Soon afterward, elephanteard Hardy, smiling again, was stowing away a Hardy-sized dinner at a Hollywood night club with pretty Viola Morse.

—Paving the way for his marriage to Gloria Dickson, new star material, famous make-up man Perc Westmore and Mrs. Westmore got themselves an amicable divorce. Perc makes no secret of his intent to marry Gloria as soon as the California one-year-interlocutory period is over.

**CUPID’S COUPLE:**
Gypsy Rose Lee and Rudolf Friml—
Ain’t THAT a twosome? — Gott in Himmel 1 1 1

**HOLLYWOOD CUPIDATA:—**
Virginia Field rollerdancing with Jock Jordan... Tom Brown ditto with Dixie Dunbar... Jean Rogers filling in as twosome with Dick Purcell while she spats with steady-gal June Travis... when Mack Gordon writes those love lyrics, he’s thinking of Helene Moler... Gene Markey playing the playboy since wife Joan Bennett got the divorce, stepping out now with Rochelle Hudson, then with Alice Faye... and Joan, not staying home herself, out with popular David Niven... screenfury Margaret Tallichet doing the New York roundabout with writer Arthur Kober... June Knight, lonely for Bob Ritchie, consoling herself with David Hutcherson... Wendy Barrie all excited about Woolly Donahue... Loretta Young, who still can’t show Sonja Henie out of No. 1 position in Tyrone Power’s life, finding time to spend with Screenwriter Joseph Mankiewicz, recently divorced... it’s all on ice with Dorothy Day and Walter Kane... Eddie Anderson squaring himself with Shirley Ross, after a battle, by giving her a silver bracelet... Anne Shirley, who was all that way over Owen Davis, Junior, not long ago, admitting that she and John Howard Payne are engaged... Binnie Barnes splitting dates between John King and Jean Negulesco... Marjorie Gateson telling the world that she and Kerry Conway are but definitely altar-headed.

**CUPID’S COUPLE:**
Austin Parker and Phyllis Brooks—
"Temperature rising" is the way it looks.

Lawn-bowling is one of Jean Rogers’ favorite sports. When ump she sends a ball down the green for a strike

Fascinating, Profitable

**PROFESSION NOW open to men and women**

If you are looking for a NEW and BETTER way to make a living, take up SWEDISH MASSAGE. This interesting, BIG PAY profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a fraction of the former price and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert’s pay.

**YOU CAN learn at home**

Turn spare hours into money. Master a profession which has made thousands of dollars for both men and women. Many have completed this training in less than two months, but take your own time. It need not interfere with work or pleasure. All instruction has been prepared by teachers in our famous resident school—the same material is used and a DIPLOMA awarded upon graduation.

**Reducing Course alone of Great Value**
A few years ago treatments were given for health only, but NOW women have learned that here’s the best way to retain youthful grace and beauty. Hollywood’s stars pay enormous fees to men and women in this profession to keep them in perfect condition and the public is demanding them. This course will teach you how to remove fat. Swedish Massage has performed amazing miracles in reducing weight, regaining health and keeping the results of packing years of flabbiness and flabby your body will feel full of such stuff—YOU can profit by this publicity.

Lessons include: Swedish, Deep Tissue, Swedish, Power’s, American, Medical Gymnastics. In fact everything you need to qualify for a Diploma. No high school training is necessary.

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**WHY LOOK OLD?**
**FREE:**
**BOOKLET TELLS YOU** what to do for lines, pimples... This new treatment which originated abroad has beautified hundreds of women from 16 to 80. If you long to have a beautiful smooth skin look years younger write to Calmas Products, Dept. 21 D., 6710 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a booklet which explains what to do for lines and pimples and how a woman took 10 years off her face and neck with Calmas French Beauty Film.
The Barrymore You Don't Know

Lionel is one of the few actors who don't act, off-screen. That is, he isn't guilty except in one respect. His gruffness. That, very definitely, is "put on." It's a disguise, a defense mechanism. He's soft-hearted. Too soft-hearted for his own good.

I know of his limping across the set one rainy day, tortured with rheumatism, when a friend stopped him and asked where he was going, "He's going," he replied, "to grimize with pain. "There's some young fellow over there who's supposed to work with me in a test."

But they can get somebody else to work with him. You ought to be in bed."

"I can't go to bed—ouch—when that kid's expecting me. Maybe he wouldn't even get the test if I didn't show up. Maybe they'd hurry the test, or something. Maybe he wouldn't get a break. I—ouch—want to help him."

He didn't know who the youngster was. But that's like Lionel, who says, "We've got to forget the public. We can't ever be like them."

We've got to help the kids who will be stars tomorrow."

On the same theory, he shows newcomers how they can steal scenes from him. "Now, remember that trick, "he will tell them. "You'll want to show it to somebody some day."

HE HAS a reputation as a genius of make-up. Actually, he avoids it—except when it's really necessary, or a mustache. Then, he will submit to it under protest, as he did in playing Andrew Jackson in The Gorgons Husky. He has naturally been an extraordinary that he couldn't scratch his nose—an habitual gesture of his. He says, "You can put make-up on a man, but it won't make him an actor. Most acting is done between the eyes."

And to ask him what he learns about voice training, if you want to see him explode as only he can. "What the hell are you talking about?" he demands. "It doesn't matter what kind of voice you have, as long as it fits you, Lincoln had a harsh voice—but it was sufficient for his needs. You hear people tell about Joseph Jefferson's 'fine voice. Actually, it was husky.'"

The story that really burns him to a crisp, though, are the stories that he does between scenes. Anyone who knows him knows that they are not true. The eyes of John, and a few others, are open to see the one-eyed, blinking studio lights. One time, he was apparently asleep on a set. Nearby, John and another actor were telling prodigious stories about their hunting prowess. Lionel stood it as long as he could. Then he popped open one eye, and said, "Neither of you ever had an elephant gun in your hands in your life, and you damn well ought to have."

When he and John work together, they are constantly clashing. Arsenic Lupin, in which they appeared as detective and detective, started out as a straight melodrama, but they kept their lines, and the result that Director Jack Conway decided it would be more entertaining as a comedy. And a comedy it became.

LIONEL and John don’t see much of each other off-screen. "Only when we’re in trouble," Lionel says, dryly. "Then the clan gathers." When Ariel was pursuing Caliban across the country, it was Lionel who did the dressing—Lionel and the reporter. And when Lionel’s wife, Irene Fenwick, died last Christmas Eve, John, who was out of town, rushed back immediately, volunteered to take over Lionel’s radio role of Scrooge the next afternoon, and rehearsed all night to get the part right.

Lionel, always retiring, has been even more so since the death of his wife. Married in 1923, they were one of the world’s most beautiful couples. He is afraid of interviews, since her death. Some blundering idiot would be sure to ask him to talk of Irene. And he knows no words to describe her, to describe how he misses her. Yet, even now, Lionel is not a lonely man. Not a friendless man. Not a resolute hermit.

Hollywood still has him wrong. He does spend a great deal of time in solitude, yes. But it is not a lonely solitude. The things he most likes to do are simply things that require solitude. They are one-man pleasures, Reading, for example. Painting and playing the piano, for example, or composing.

He has a two-story English-type house in Beverly Hills—comfortable, cozy, but not elaborate. Its principal feature is the library. If any director of a film wants to see between pictures, in his dressing-room. That is his office, his workshop, his general hang-out. There he has his piano, his easel, his phonograph, his radio. There his friends look for him. Two years ago, Andy recently broadcast from his dressing-room.

Some of his other friends are David Mannes, the symphony conductor, and Charlie Grapewin, whose hobby is inlaid woodwork; Gregory Ratoff; Lewis Stone; Henry Huntington, the lawyer; Jack Dempsey; McDannell, the sculptor; Eugene O'Neill, the playwright ("I’ve used to go to the same saloon every night")—and the old men of the sea, down by the waterfront.

ASK him to describe his daily life, and his manner is: "There’s nothing to describe. Aside from my work, it’s no different from what it would be if I lived in Sche-nectady or Kansas City."

There’s nothing I want, beyond three meals a day and eight hours of sleep, and a little time off."

He still pounds a punching-bag, and Mike Cantwell, who was Max Baer’s trainer and now a Barrymore buddy, says, "The average man would be in a tough spot in a tussle with him. His footwork may be slow, but if he connected with that right, it’d be curtains."

He isn’t even thinking of retiring. He says, "Character men don’t have to retire. They improve with age. And this is the day of the character actor. When talkies first came in, sophisticated lines sounded strange, coming out of the mouths of babies. The public was used to as if they were capable of creating the lines they were speaking. And here we are—coming into our own."

"Yes," he says, with that dry irony of his, "as long as you are interesting, and I can steal scenes, I’ll be happy. I’ll live from day to day, like a mothball in my grandmother’s muff. As long as I have work to do, I’m not a ghosty. What I’ll do is, and when, the work stops. That would be like worrying about a maneuver when you’re waiting at the Guillotine. And anyway, there’s that old fellow up in the Verdugo Hills, who said he could use me, now and then."

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
The Girl George Brent Married

[Continued from page 63]

didn’t go looking for a movie contract. That just happened. At my first dinner party in Hollywood—at the Paul Lukases—one of the other guests was William Grady, then casting director of M-G-M. He asked me to make a test. I did, principally to get inside a Hollywood studio and see how different they were from Australian studios. Actually, there was little difference, except in size. "Edward Small, the producer, saw the test and, when he heard that I was going on to England, signed me to play opposite Robert Donat in Clementeina. He was amused at discovering me. He said that he happened to know that RKO and Paramount had seen the film, Down Under, and had been hiring offers to Australia. And, all the time, I was in Hollywood... Then, Clementina was definitely postponed—and also, the sailing date of our ship still remained indefinite. RKO, meanwhile, urged me to sign a contract. I finally did.

"WHEN Mrs. Mackay was at last able to sail, I was making China Passage. Also in the cast was Vinton Haworth. They thought my name too confusingly similar to his. I was born Joy Howarth—then rechristened Joelynn Howarth by Australian films. RKO changed my name to Constance Worth. I’m not quite used to it yet. Sometimes, when people call ‘Constance’ on the street, I still don’t realize for a moment that they’re calling me.

She had been here about eleven weeks before starting work. She had been here about fourteen weeks when she met George Brent. And, considering George’s reputation as a hermit, it’s a wonder that she ever met him at all. She admits it herself.

"I had engaged an attorney, to arrange an immigration quota-number for me. He was also George’s attorney—a fact I didn’t know. I happened to be at his house one evening, discussing this quota-number matter, when George, just back from his first vacation in three years, happened to drop in for a moment. We met. He saw me home. And—well, that was the beginning...

"In the next three months George went out more than he had in the three years previously. We dined out, danced, drove, talked—usually with Mother as a chaperon.

She arrived for a visit the day after I met George.

"Our going together was as unforeseen as my having a Hollywood career. I had seen him on the screen, of course—and liked him. But I never thought I’d be telling him so. And certainly I had no dreams of our falling in love. And, after we did start going out, the last thing either of us thought of doing was eloping. George had no idea of marrying again, and I had no idea of marrying. But—marry we did.

"We, the fact that I was going off on location, to Catalina Island, for scenes of Wind-jammer, precipitated matters. The thought of being separated, even for ten days.

"THE company was leaving at 6 o’clock on a Monday evening. Monday morn-
ing, George and I drove down to Mexico— were married by a Mexican magistrate, without knowing what he was saying, ex-cept through an interpreter. Then started back immediately. At the border, we ran into difficulties; quota-number trouble. We were delayed, so that we didn’t arrive back in Hollywood until Monday. I had been waiting for me for hours. I had to say ‘Goodbye’ to George then and there— and, on my wedding night, rush off to location.

"We intended to keep our marriage secret. We didn’t want to be spotlighted as newly-weds. We wanted the quiet and solitude that newlwyeds have in every other place but Hollywood. And we almost succeeded. Un-fortunately, George couldn’t keep his spies even in Mexico. We were found out. But, as nearly as I can discover, no one has yet found out the actual date. It was May tenth.

George flew over to Catalina Island several times while I was there—and every trip was a nightmare to him. We were working on an old sailing vessel, which wasn’t any too seaworthy, and, besides, the sea was rough. People were生病, falling, getting hurt. He told me, ‘Do be careful—you’ll kill yourself.’ The day I came back, he gave a vast sigh of relief. That worry was over.

"Then, three days later, the studio called to tell him that his bride had just been rushed to the hospital, unconscious, with an injured hip and paralyzed legs. The doctors weren’t sure I’d ever walk again. I had tripped, running across a dark sound stage, fallen against something. It was twenty-six hours later when the paralysis left my legs. I was in the hospital for days. Ever since, until today, I’ve been in bed at home, an invalid—subjected to daily electric-lamp treatments. Oh, we’ve had a beautiful honey-moon!

"And the crowning climax came the other morning. The telephone rang before we were up, and I answered. A woman reporter was on the other end of the wire. She said she had heard a rumor that George and I were parting—and she wondered which of us was getting the separation. I gasped, ‘Wha-a-at!’

"I awakened George—I was so upset—and told him what the woman had said. He listened very sleepily. Then he said, ‘Don’t let it worry you, honey—it’ll happen every other day in this town,’ and turned over, and went back to sleep. His peace of mind was reassuring. But I’m afraid it’s going to take me a little time to get used to Hollywood..."

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Jean

(Continued from page 62)
calling Bullocks—Wilshire to ask them to be sure to have her dress ready in time. There seemed to be some question about it.

I said to Jean: "Why worry about it, wear something you have. And Jean laughed at me, 'Yes? But I only have two evening dresses and one of them is three years old. Believe it or not, I haven't got a dress to wear."

Which reminded me of how a young secretary in the public department said to me one day: "I was over at Jean Harlow's house yesterday. I asked to see her clothes. Do you know, I have as many dresses in my wardrobe as she has!"

There is a story Jean told me once—a story which has never been told before. It illustrates that which needs no illustrating, the love that was more than a love which existed between Jean and the mother who always called her "Baby." Jean had said so often that all the success in the world, all of the incense of adulation would fade away if her mother were not near her, the source of everything.... In her young triumphs, in her tragedies, in her bright delights Jean turned always, instinctively and surely, to her mother. They never failed one another.... and that they never failed is the Balm Jean has left her mother now.... But this is the story: A few years ago Jean's mother was desperately ill. With a face whiter than the white flowers she loved—"for loved all white things, flowers and snow and ice, white satin, white velvet, white crystal, white jade—Jean waited for the doctor to speak. He said at last: 'I believe you can take it, Jean, and so I am going to tell you the truth. Your mother has three hours to live if we do not operate. If we operate she may live indefinitively, she may live for the duration of the operation, or—" Jean said, "Operate."

She took her mother to the hospital. They didn't speak. There was no need of words between them. That, too, must be a comfort now.... that there was no need of words between them. Jean then stepped into her car and drove to the studio where she was making Beast of the City. No contract had yet been signed. And with all her heart the girl was hoping and praying that her performance in the picture would win her that coveted bit of paper.

She stepped on the set and went through the making of the hardest scene she had ever had to play. She was playing the role of a hard-boiled little girl—so hard that not one of life's pitfalls could penetrate her glazed surface. She was playing a scene in a shadow-box such as are used by criminologists for showing up the reactions of their victims. The hot white lights were focused on the box. Jean's role called for her to play the scene without discernible trace of emotion. She couldn't do it. Try as she might she couldn't conceal the agony she was suffering, couldn't control the tears that poured out of her eyes—tears she didn't know were falling. She knew that she was failing. She could see the director's face, let down, disappointed. She thought of things like, "the show must go on," the clown who laughs while his heart is breaking."

She knew that if she could act now her heart was breaking, she would prove beyond all doubt that she was an actress indeed. Oh, yes, she knew that not a man in the studio, from the watching powers in the Front Office to the props on the set but what would applaud a girl who could portray convincingly a heartless little wretch while the tenderest thing in her world was dying. She couldn't do it. No, she couldn't do it. "It was," she told me, "as if in some strange way, the life in me was ebbing away, too."

They tried another scene—the high spot of the picture. Jean was to be shot. She was to struggle against that shot, against death. Into the scene she must put all of the rebellion and instinct of self-preservation of a vital, beautiful girl who does not want to die. She couldn't do it. She didn't want to fight against death, you see....

And then suddenly the tide seemed to turn. Jean said: That's the best way I can describe it. Five minutes before that scene was ended a tide turned in me. There was a sudden access of power that seemed to fuse my very veins. I found that I was fighting like a fury to ward off that shot, to live. For five minutes that struggle went on and on until the director called: "Cut!" and such an applause went up as all but deafened me. I stepped off the set. Blanche, my maid, came running toward me. The sun had come out all over her dear, dark face. She said: "Miss Jean, honey, your mother has rallied and will live. The hospital called—five minutes ago!"

Jean told me, one day not very long ago that she was not afraid of anything in the world except one thing—being hurt by the people she loved. In their hands, she said, was vested the only power on earth to frighten her, to hurt her, so as to change her out of her life, and she never told me how she would shrink from hurting all those she loved—and so very especially her mother and Bill!

And so it seems to me that those she loved can give her no greater dedication than the effort not to be hurt by one who would not have caused them a shadow of a pang if she could help it. ... May we all help her to help it, ...
terfere with hallelujah crooning. Or rather vocalizing. His tub ditties are the delight of his neighbors, so I've heard.

As for dancing, he'd rather not. He's not a good dancer at all, doesn't have any aspirations to be, and thinks it's much more comfortable to stay seated at the table and let somebody else do it.

F EW things he enjoys more than pretty ladies, yet he is the soul of domesticity. In that, he's so essentially British! Domesticity is a great English virtue; Leslie Howard has it in its most fully developed form. He's always had the same wife, and is still delighted about it, which is rather odd to Hollywood. She's a very good wife. She knows all his little habits, his weaknesses, his strong points. She loves him. One of her greatest tasks is to keep Leslie Howard dressed like Leslie Howard. Otherwise he'd be dressed like Buddy Ebsen. His own ideas of clothes are compressed within the word "comfort." If he's got a pair of comfortable pants on, a comfortable jacket, a beret, he's happy. It's up to Manna Howard to see that he keeps his things matched up, spruced up, otherwise in order.

He has two pets. That's what he calls them, anyway—one's name is Ronald, the other's name is Junior. They're his children. And not, as you might expect, both boys—Leslie, Junior, is a girl. She's the apple of his eye. Nothing is too good for her. Ronald, who's going on 20 now (did you know Leslie was 44?) now and then doubles for papa when autograph hunters swarm. There is resemblance enough between the two so that, frequently, Ronald gets away with it, and papa doesn't have to sign the books.

With those who work with him, Leslie is simply tops. That goes even for the director. Archie Mayo is his favorite director. Archie is as rotund as Leslie is slim. They get along famously together. Mayo knows just how much to expect from Howard, and gets it. Howard knows just how much he can play over on Mayo, and does it....

One of the things he can (and does) put over, is just about being worthless after 4 o'clock, any afternoon. It's axiomatic, by now, that anything shot with Leslie Howard in it after 4 p.m. must be retaken the next day, any way, so they don't bother much about shooting him after 4 p.m.

Anyway, as 4 approaches, Leslie begins announcing that it's rather well time for a spot of tea, isn't it? Sagely, Mayo agrees, and Leslie wanders away over to the studio cafe and has his spot of tea. Very often, he wanders home and has it. But Mayo is returning. One has to stay a tops director as long as Archie. You can depend on it that Archie has the rest of the afternoon pretty well set for shots that don't really require Leslie Howard's artistry to carry. Mayo is never surprised when Leslie doesn't come back. He often is IF Leslie does come back.

They do a lot of clowning on the Howard set. It isn't like the Muni set, for instance. You'd rather imagine, superficially, that there might be a parallel—after all, Howard, like Muni, is spouting incessantly for publication about Art and Acting, and you might, if you didn't know better, get the idea he was very serious about it. On a Muni set, for instance, all must be serious and earnest. Especially if it's a heavy scene.

But on a Howard set, you can depend on clowning and tomfoolery—so long as it doesn't interfere with the shooting. Leslie Howard does his acting when there's acting to be done. When there isn't, he wants to be let alone to do the thing wherein he once summmed up his most definite, most motivating ambition in life:—"to do what I wish!"

IN THIS It's Love I'm After, Leslie Howard is, today, fulfilling at least one wish. He's getting away from heavier roles and doing a light, humorous thing. He's a matinee idol who acts 24 hours a day. He likes the role. Incidentally, at the very opening, you'll see him being Romeo again—for the action opens with him on the stage on a scene from Romeo and Juliet. But from there on, the action is modern, fast and funny. Yet, with the role to his liking, Howard still sticks to his "I don't wanna act" song.

"Although I'm playing a matinee idol," he told me, "a role that presents plenty of opportunities for 'having fun' as you might call it—the role of an actor who revels in putting on a show during every waking moment, yet I can truthfully say that I do not enjoy the actual acting of a picture. Pictures can, in my opinion, provide for the actor only a vicarious sort of pleasure. "I really would like to produce, direct, write, and quit acting altogether. However, the world is always suspicious of a change of front, isn't it? So many people of the motion picture industry seem to feel that one actor, always an actor. They seem to believe that because he has been a successful actor, he cannot become successful at anything else.

That's the way he talks. And he looks down that long nose at you, as I told you, and there's a twinkle in his eye. And he says he's going to quit acting. And you look down at your feet and say you have an odd sort of sensation of your leg being pulled...

Leslie Howard has Olivia de Havilland playing opposite him in It's Love I'm After. He's not quitting the movies.
Madelyn Jones—19, five feet, 93 pounds with hazel eyes and reddish-brown hair—is the grand prize winner of Search for Talent Contest—the prize being a movie contract with Walter Wanger. She’ll play soon in 52nd Street.

The Grand Prize Winner of Search for Talent Contest

After a year’s search Madelyn Jones of Salley, S.C., wins a Walter Wanger contract.

MADELYN JONES, 19, is the winner of the Walter Wanger movie contract which brings to a close the one year Search for Talent, sponsored jointly by Motion Picture Magazine and the Hung Hairpin (Hold Bob Pins) Company of Chicago, Irving Richard Green, sponsor of the nationwide search, hurried Miss Jones from her home in Salley, South Carolina, to Chicago and thence to Hollywood. Two days later the petite contest winner was appearing in 52nd Street.

Before getting her studio screen test Miss Jones was personally made up by Max Factor, famous cosmetic expert, and at the studios Kenny Baker and Pat Paterson, the leads of the Wanger musical, and Director Harold Young were most considerate in making her screen debut memorable.

Later Mervyn LeRoy gave Miss Jones a small part in his picture, Mr. Dodds is on the Air.

After editing the tests of divisional screen test winners they were forwarded to the judges, Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett and Alex Gottlieb. Miss Jones was the unanimous choice but Evelyn Earle Gresham of Chattanooga and Jeanne Whitney of Duluth were complimented on their personalities. Miss Jones is five feet tall, weighs 93 pounds, has dreamy, hazel eyes and reddish-brown hair. She is a graduate of Limestone College, Gaffney, S. C. “After such a fine start,” she says, “I’m going to try my best to find my place in pictures. My contract with Mr. Wanger has been the most pleasant surprise of my life and I am very grateful for it.”

Divisional Search for Talent winners were: Madelyn Jones—Salley, South Carolina; Gerda Eglolf—Dallas, Texas; Jeanne Whitney—Dubuque, Minnesota; Ruth Lucille Brink—St. Louis, Missouri; Louise Kaye Karchmer—Chicago, Ill.; Evelyn Earle Gresham—Chattanooga, Tenn.; Betty Middleton—Brooklyn, New York; and Jeanne Megerle—Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

On her first day in a Hollywood studio Madelyn Jones is welcomed by Pat Paterson

Before getting her studio screen test winner Madelyn was made up by Max Factor.
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ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS

CLaire, you look simply beautiful! I've never seen a bride with a lovelier complexion! It's so soft and smooth...so radiant!

Thank you, Mary! Haven't I been lucky? Think how dry and old-looking my skin was just a few months ago!

Why, Mary! I thought you knew! I went to Ben of Fifth Avenue. He told me to change to Palmolive...because it is made with Olive Oil!

So that's the secret of your new schoolgirl complexion? Then Palmolive for me, from now on!

DON'T RISK "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

By Ben of Fifth Ave., Famous Beauty Expert

"Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

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The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Daloe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quinuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier!

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Gum in a crisp candy coating...doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsi!

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The new firmer texture gum that gives your mouth much needed exercise. “Chew, with a purpose!”

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A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music ‘n everything! Now touring the country. Don’t miss it.
THEY THINK
I'M A BOMBSHELL
—FRANCES FARMER
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"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!

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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
PUTTING SPENCER TRACY INTO WORDS

When you try to describe a man like Spencer Tracy mere words are not sufficient. The most you can do is skim the surface. At any rate there'll be a story about Spencer in next month's MOTION PICTURE.

While words cannot do him justice, nevertheless you'll get a fine portrait of the man. Other scintillating articles will feature Sigrid Gurie, the Scandinavian sensation, Katharine Hepburn, Irene Dunne, Fredric March, and Jon Hall, the new sex-appeal star, with a host of other interesting personalities. Order your November MOTION PICTURE now.
Q. Is Jeanette MacDonald supposed to die at the end of Maytime? My friends are arguing with me about it, and I say she doesn't die.

A. Sorry, you lose. She dies.

Q. How much money is paid to extras during one year?

A. In 1936, the amount that went into extras' jeans was exactly $3,200,000.

Q. Could you tell me where Marlene Dietrich buys her stockings?

A. Most of the big stars buy their stockings from a man named Willys who brings them to the studios. I don't know who manufactures them. Miss Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Lily Pons all wear the same kind, with non-reinforced toes and heels. They can be worn only once. Mae West wears an ingrain stocking and always of a light tawny color. Jean Arthur must buy hers in car loads for she always puts on a new pair—never a pair that has been washed. She won't wear 'em. Willys tells me that Greta Garbo wears one thread silk stockings, size 9½, which surprises you, doesn't it, while little Anita Louise wears a size 11.

Q. How long have Laurel and Hardy been a film team?

A. For eleven years.

Q. How much did it cost to make the picture A Star Is Born?

A. It cost a little over a million dollars.

Q. I know that when a scene is shown on the screen of people in a train, the train really isn't moving. But what gives it that motion as if it were careening along on steel rails? You can't rock a train.

A. The secret is steel springs. The train car that you see on the screen is built on a platform four feet above the stage floor and it balances on a steel keel-piece. Giant coiled springs support the sides and they are equalized so finely that the walk of any passenger down the aisle sets the car rocking with the exact rolling motion of a speeding train.

Q. When Victor McLaglen or some star like that is seen sweating, is that real or do they put water on his face?

A. Usually neither. Natural perspiration, for some reason, does not photograph well, and it isn't always possible to work up a good job of sweat even here in Southern California. The perfect scene perspiration, which is applied by the make-up man, is two parts witch hazel, one part mineral oil and one part glycercine. It is applied with a fine-spray atomizer, settles instantly into beautiful little beads, and stays put.

Q. What is Edward G. Robinson's real name and where was he born?

A. His real name is Emanuel Goldenberg and he was born in Bucharest, Rumania.

Q. Are the still pictures that appear in magazines and in front of the theatres made during the scene or do the stars pose again after each scene for them?

A. They are never made during the scene. Sometimes the stars pose for them after the scene is made; sometimes they go to the still department and pose for them when they aren't busy on the set.
Warner Bros.
take pride in presenting

Mr. Paul MUNI
this year's Academy Award Winner in one of the few great pictures of all time

THE LIFE OF
EMILE ZOLA

He picked a faded rose from the streets of Paris and made her the immortal NANA!

with a cast of thousands including: Gale Sondergaard...Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Haiman Harold and Geza Herczeg

International Premiere Engagement

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY: Matinees 2:40 • Evenings 8:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
BROADWAY at 51st STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Seats Selling Eight Weeks In Advance - All Seats Reserved
Evenings and Holiday matinees: 2.00, 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax
Matinees - Monday to Friday: 1.00, .77 plus tax • Matinees - Saturday and Sunday and 6 P.M. Performance Sunday: 1.50, 1.00, .77 plus tax • Mail orders accepted.

Coming, in early fall, to leading theatres throughout the world.
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

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ACROSS
1. Star of Wee Willie Winkie
6. You saw him in The King and the Chorus Girl
11. Comedienne who was Stivers in Angel's Holiday
13. Men — Not Gods
14. Souls — Sea
16. Dexter in The Last Train from Madrid
18. Lionel Barrymore's men in Captains Courageous
20. Mickey Mouse's worst enemy
22. He was Professor Sturm in Nancy Steele is Missing
24. Short for Mr. Colman
25. Fans de this sinte movies became talkies
27. A Day of the (sing.)
29. Her first name is Peggy
30. Remember — Clayton?
32. Has a speaking part in a motion picture
36. Star of As Good As Married
40. First name of Mr. Hamilton
41. What Mr. Vallee is called
43. Sing — Be Happy
45. Co-star of Knight Without Armor
47. Ever Since
49. His last name is Lawrence
51. Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were recently
53. One of the Ritz Brothers
54. Jack Haley and Rochelle Hudson play opposite in She Had To

Down
1. Manolo in Captains Courageous
2. Initials of star of Angel
3. I Promise to
4. Initials of Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
5. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
7. Boy star of Dangerous Holiday
8. Motion picture stars work under — lights in studios
9. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
10. Fifty Roads to — (pl.)

Last Month's Solution

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
WHAT would you do if your million-dollar fiancée surprised you in a very "pally" situation with a girl she had never met—and if that girl happened to be the wife you were about to divorce? Jerry Warriner wormed his way out by saying "Meet my sister". And "my sister" proceeded to put on a hair-raising act that scandalized society, and brought Jerry’s house of cards tumbling round his handsome head.

Let’s turn back the calendar and see how it all started. One fine winter afternoon, home comes Jerry with a vivid sun-lamp tan. From what should have been a Florida vacation! But was it? No, indeed! Jerry, the benighted soul, finally tried to explain that he had whiled away a week or two in a gin and poker marathon with his one-time pals!

Now that in itself might have been enough to besmirch the fairest picture of domestic bliss. But Lucy was a lady. She was determined to play dumb and not utter even one tiny little word of reproach. She was prepared to welcome her wandering boy with sweetness and light. Only Fate barged in, as Fate will do, and upset Lucy’s neat little apple-cart.

"Yoo-hoo, Lucy! Surprise! I’m home", shouted Jerry. But only the dog barked. A glance at the table revealed the morning paper still untouched, and Lucy’s letters unopened. When lovely Lucy finally did arrive, it was in last night’s evening clothes, and with her tall, dark and handsome singing teacher in tow. Jerry, still smarting from Lucy’s accusations about his "Florida" siesta, refused to listen to explanations, and the happy home life of the Warriners was shattered with a resounding crash.

Nothing would assuage Jerry’s wounded sensibilities but a divorce, which he promptly proceeded to procure.

Time flitted by. Another 24 hours and the Warriner divorce decree was to become final.

That was to be the cue for Jerry to announce his engagement to the madcap heiress—Barbara Vance. But Lucy stumped her pretty foot and shouted "No". She wasn’t going to allow any such thing. She wasn’t giving up her one true love to "the girl with millions of dollars and no sense", just because her husband refused to recognize facts. But oh, what to do? How to make Jerry see the light?

Then an idea struck Lucy as lightning strikes a tree. That night the wealthy Vances were throwing a hotcha party for Jerry and their Barbarella. Society’s darlings would be there en masse—and that, Lucy decided, was the time to strut her stuff.

How she posed as poor Jerry’s sister, how she threw the party into an uproar with a dance that made the assembled dowagers’ eyes pop, makes one of the most hilarious sequences ever thrown on the screen.

But what happens after that to Lucy and Jerry’s romance is the really big surprise you’ll find in Columbia’s new picture, "THE AWFUL TRUTH"—the fastest, gayest, most exhilarating comedy in years. Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She’s lost the control knob and can’t turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don’t have to do this", he says. "It’s only a favor to you".

"It’s no favor", says Lucy "We enjoy the music!"

COP: "Have you people been drinking?"

LUCY: "No. Have you people?"

COP: "What’s your license number?"

LUCY: "I don’t know. They change it every year. What’s the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now!"

And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner—handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You’ll be quoting and regaling his clever lines.

Don’t miss "The Awful Truth". It’s a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You’ll see it in the papers.

Still happy socialites—til debutantes and divorces interfered.

Coming To Your Theatre Soon!
IRENE DUNNE
CARY GRANT
THE
AWFUL TRUTH
With Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Joyce Compton
DIRECTED BY LEO MccAREY
A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Here are the very latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, spats, divorces and blessed events

**B**y **H**ARRY **L**ANG

**PAULA STONE** appears at a night-spot with Allan Lane one night, Henry Willson the next—and then confuses everybody by doing a two-some with Bert Kalmar, Jr.

Gene Markey can't seem to make up his mind. Before he was married to Joan Bennett he was so-o devoted to Gloria Swanson. Since he and Joan have called quits he seems no better off. For he's seen one night with Joan at a premiere or a night-club and the next he's back re-romancing with Gloria.

Cecilia Parker is another of those gals whose swains are hard to keep track of. When she went to the hospital recently for an appendectomy, Eric Linden was disturbed (he was once reported engaged to her) and so was Johnny Downs who also was rumored engaged to the lovely Cecilia. But the hero of the occasion was Ensign W. S. Lederer who heard of the illness 300 miles out to sea on the U. S. S. Lexington. Ensign Lederer immediately flew to San Diego and from there to Los Angeles. He was that worried.

Ginger Rogers flits from one eligible beau to another—Cary Grant, Jimmie Stewart, Pat de Cicco. Right now the head man appears to be Al (horsey set) Vanderbilt.

[Continued on page 12]

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Constance Worth and Georgie Brent; Married in haste, now they repent.

**ADRIENNE AMES** and Eddie Sutherland were twirling the other night at the Trocadero—Michael Whalen and Phyllis Brooks are seen together—Director J. Walter Ruben and Judith (ex Mrs. Cliff Edwards) Barrett may dash after wards—Douglass Montgomery and Whitney Bourn have been hitting the night spots—Miriam Hopkins and Antole Litvak are still ardently romancing—Wesley Ruggles is just about monopolizing Toby Wing—Anita Louise and Buddy Alder linger for hours over a table-for-two—Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney re-unite after a flare-up—Claire Trevor

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino Say they won't marry, but how do we know?

The cute Polly who'll debut soon in *The Goldwyn Follies* is Zorina, one ballerina of the Monte Carlo Ballet
"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK
A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX*

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go ... whatever you do ... *Kotex Sanitary Napkins
stay Wondersoft ... Can't Chafe ... Can't Fail ... Can't Show

Only Kotex has 3 types
Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman—
no more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides
women's personal needs are different on different days.

KOTEX SANITARY BELTS are designed to wear with Kotex
Sanitary Napkins. These narrow-type belts adjust to fit the figure.

Dainty, secure clasps prevent slipping. Three types: "Deluxe",
"Wonderform" and "Featherweight" ... priced for any purse.

*Triple Monte Five,
U. S. Patent Office

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention October Motion Picture

11
SKINNY, PALE SICKLY?
EATING ENOUGH DOESN'T PREVENT DANGEROUS "MULTIPLE VITAMIN AND MINERAL SHORTAGES"

Keep You from Getting the Real Good Out of Food—Often Leave You Skinny, "Half-Sick", Weak and Ailing.

Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs., New Strength, New Energy Reported Regularly by Skinny, Sickly Thousands Who Have Helped Correct These Multiple Deficiencies with Kelpamalt Minerals and Vitamins.

If you are skinny, weak, tired out, sickly—unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength in matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from these unnoticed deficiencies of vitamins and minerals that may often easily be corrected. Unless the food you eat contains ALL the minerals and vitamins essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. The system itself needs ALL these certain vitamins and minerals to be able to work like good food. Often it is the lack of minerals and vitamins required in tiny amounts that cause most of the troubles. Everyone knows what happens when the body is short of even a small bit of iodine and iron. The most eminent biochemists now say nearly one-third of the required number of minerals cannot be had in the average daily diet.

Merely adding one mineral or vitamin is not enough when there is a deficiency of several vital elements. Unless they are ALL present, digestion is impaired, elimination is poor, there is faulty growth, weakened resistance and the nourishment in food is not converted to strength and energy. These multiple deficiencies may go on for years without causing serious ailments. You may just remain in poor health, ailing, tired, until finally major trouble suddenly occur.

Kelpamalt, a mineral and vitamin concentrate made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, contains the resistance building vitamin A; the growth and body building Vitamin G; the blood building vitamin C; and the bone building Vitamin D. It contributes to the supply of calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, potassium and manganese; is especially rich in assimilable iron and copper, and is one of the best known sources for naturally occurring iodine which is now known to be vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver, and glands.

(Continued from page 10)

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

TOM (Younger Set) BROWN, who has been playing the field for a coupla years, up and did it. Yep, he married Natalie (Bubbles) Draper—the ceremony taking place aboard a yacht beyond the 12 mile limit off Wilmington, Calif. They were married on Firecracker Day (4th of July to you). The 12 mile limit entered the picture just so a few liquid refreshments could be served.

(Continued on page 14)

THAT fellow who has been taking all of that nice Metro-Goldwyn art for so many years—we are paging Clarence Bull—has also become a breadwinner, having married Mary Frances Kitchell, non-professional.

KELPAVITAMIS Tablets
SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Send for FREE Fascinating Instructive 56-page Book on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1200, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

SEEDOL

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

THERE are a hundred magic keys that unlock the doors of Hollywood but you must know where to find them... A few have these keys presented to them as result of circumstances... but it remained for William Lundigan... now playing his first lead in Universal's That's My Story, to plan and mold his own career... Instead of going to the movies he made them come to him... instead of hammering at the gates of casting-offices he projected his voice and personality over the radio... and in such compelling manner that he was offered a contract... Talent scouts were surprised to find the radio announcer to be ideal screen material... Over six feet tall... good-looking and with light brown hair, he looks a bit like Robert Taylor... a trifle like Robert Montgomery... Many actors are unable to assay their own possibilities, but Lundigan did so and then cashed in on them. His father... wealthy Syracuse merchant... wanted him to be a lawyer... but friends told him he was fitted best for movies... "Very well," he said... "If I have any talent it'll be noticed quicker over the radio." So he went to station WFBL in Syracuse... landed the job of announcer... into each broadcast he tried to inject his personality... thinking every time he went on the air, "Someone important in movieland may hear me."... He waited four years and then Charles R. Rogers... in charge of production for Universal... heard him and summoned him to New York... The result was a contract... His first part was in Armored Car but his work in it justified the studio in giving him a leading role in That's My Story... a romantic comedy in which he plays a naïve cub reporter... Lundigan is shy when interviewed... much prefers to talk about the virtues of other young players, but he has some very definite ideas... He believes young screen players should shun the white lights... seek friends instead among the young players who enjoy outdoor sports such as tennis and golf... He enjoys dancing... attends many informal dancing parties, but refuses to go places frequented by screen luminaries... He lives in Culver City with Robert Wilcox, another young player... and they are cared for by an aged Negro "mammy"... Lundigan claims to be heart-whole-and-fancy-free... but rumor is linking his name romantically with lovely Jean Rogers, another of Universal's budding crop of leading ladies.

LUCKY FOR ME I LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10c cakes of Cashmere Bouquet! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 90 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!
This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—Bathe With Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
quickly... correct your figure faults.

Perfolastic not only confines, it also removes ugly bulges!

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 the above unqualified claim. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson, "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Dept.

immediately appear inches smaller

You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.

no diet. drugs or exercises!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way... and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

why not try Perfolastic now... and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the free illustrated booklet!

send for ten day free trial offer!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 710, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me free booklet in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-day free trial offer!

name:__________
address:__________

the talkie town tattler

[Continued from page 12]

Cupid's couplet:
Anne Shirley and Johnny Payne
are strolling together down Lover's Lane.

Dick Foran and his bride, Ruth Hollingsworth, have found that these "surprise visits" aren't all they're cracked up to be. Dick has been anxious for his family and his new wife to meet. So recently Dick having a day or two off from the studio, he and Ruth grabbed a plane for the East. Not a word to the family—-it was to be a surprise!

Well, it was a surprise all right—-but not to the family. They arrived at the Newark airport and drove gaily to the Foran residence in Flemington, N. J.—all prepared for open arms and a round of festivities. But the surprise was on them—for Dick's family had decided that they, too, would take a trip and his mother and father had gone motoring somewhere.

So Dick and his bride sat around glumly all day. That night they had to take a plane back to Hollywood because Dick had to start on a new picture. The next time, Dick says, everything will be carefully planned in advance!

Cupid's couplet:
Buddy Alder and Anita Louise
are sailing towards Matrimonial Seas.

When Randy Scott graduated from hoss op'ey to the "drawing-room" type of movie there was much head-wagging over the outcome—but Randy came through with flying colors. Recently, however, a director with a sense of humor brought back the past to Randy by editing him hard. Randy, it seems, was having plenty of trouble with his lines—he simply couldn't remember them! They took the scene over and over and always with the same result: Randy "blew" and they would have to start over. While this was going on, the director whispered something to the property man who immediately disappeared in the direction of the property department. In a minute he was back with an old, worn-looking saddle! The director took it, walked up to the dumbfounded Randy, handed it to him and chirped: "Here, get on this—maybe you'll feel more at home!"

Cupid's couplet:
Drew Ebersol and Glenda Farrell:
You can tell that they "care" by the love-songs they carol.

Jean Rogers and William Lundy-gan aren't hitting it off so well; she likes him a little more than he likes her. Lili Damita will probably sue Errol Flynn's new sailing yacht for alienation of affection—he spends all his time on the new boat, has christened it The Bachelor and says, "No women allowed." When asked about Lili he replied, "She can't come aboard either!"—While Joan Davis insists there is still the chance of a make-up scene between herself and her husband— nevertheless they have parted—Lee Dixon, the Warner dancer, and Veda Ann Borg have cooled. Now they say it's all off—Although Barbara Reed and Tom Brown have been lunching together, we think he's still heart-throbbing for somebody else. It looks as though George Raft's marital troubles might, at long last, be straight-
en out; Virginia Pine is so very busy with decoration plans for George's new house—Dick Purcell and Jane Travis are colder than icebergs.

CUPID'S COUPLER:
Carole Lombard and Clark Gable:
The love-bug has got them and that's no fable!

EDWARD EVERET HORTON'S home started out to be a "simple little place" but has grown, by leaps and bounds, to mammoth proportions. Starting out with one large central room, the house has been sprouting wings in all directions. Now, however, Eddie feels that enough is enough!

From first to last though, the place of honor has been given to a trunk that stands in the central room. In this trunk is a rare collection of costumes: one costume worn by each of many famous stars in some great picture. There's a place of honor in the trunk, too—and that is taken by his most prized costume, one worn by Marie Dressler in Tillie's Punctured Romance.

CUPID'S COUPLER:
Tony Martin and Alice Faye Are getting more and more "that way."

HERE are what all the guys and gals are digging high and low to find: Basil Rathbone collects fencing foils; Freddie March, fishing reels; Joan Blondell collects ivory elephants and Lionel Barrymore collects etchings; Betty Furness looks everywhere for antique jewelry; Joan Crawford's colonial glassware is the envy of all lovers of Americana; Harry Carey and Cecil B. DeMille both gather together all kinds of firearms.

[Continued on page 16]

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge!"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely 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 few 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!"

IVORY FLAKES

Emerging from babyhood and peddling bike under his own steam is Norman Scott Barnes, 2½-year-old son of Joan Blondell.
FACTORY TO YOU

NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.
10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper, is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS

Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper... that can hardly be heard ten feet away. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to its superb performance literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine.

Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces monstrous without any effort tingling all exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chrome attachments. Find out about this special offer today, without obligation. Mail coupon today!

FREE TYPING COURSE

With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 10-page course in typing. If teaches the touch system, used by all experts. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are so simple as A B C. Follow the course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand. You will be surprised how easy it is to learn to type on the lightning-fast Remington Noiseless Portable.

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WHEN BUDDY ROGERS AND MARY PICKFORD ARRIVED FOR THAT HONOLULU HONEYMOON THEY WERE DECORATED LIKE THOSE DERBY WINNERS

[THERE'S ONE SITCHIAYSHUN WHICH] HAS US AS WORKED UP AS THE AGING BUSYBODIES WHO CROCHET ON SUMMER HOTEL PORCHES BACK EAST (PARDON OUR LOYALTY TO THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND THE TRAVEL BUREAUS). AND THIS IS IT? WHEN N-N-N-N IS ROGER PRYOR GOING TO GET THAT CHANCE TO JOIN WIFEY, ANN SOTHERN, ON THE COAST? POOR ANNIE HAS TO TAKE THOSE

Not satisfied with owning a stable of more or less fast horses, Bing Crosby opens his million-dollar racing plant at Del Mar, thus bringing back summer racing to So. Calif.
forthnightly hops to Chicago every
time she wants to see her band-leading
husband. The Tattler thought that
when his time was up at Chicago’s
College Inn that he would get some
spot on the Coast, mebbe right in
Hollywood. But the Pryor band was
moved into Chicago’s swank Edgewater
Beach Hotel for the summer.

They like Roger in the town on Boul.
Mich. Perhaps some day they’ll like
him on Boul. Sunset. And keep him
there. Can’t something be done for
Annie’s sake?

• • •

WELL, Doug Junior and Marlen-e
didn’t travel Europe-bound on the
same boat. Our Eastern G-Man (Gossipeer
in this case) reports that crowds, ganging
up the passageways to see Doug, had an
idea that Mrs. Sieber was aboard—and in
hiding. And that she would emerge from a
tourist cabin and trek up to a sumptuous
suite in Dietrich.

Rudolph Mayo

SONJA

ORANGE

ONJA has left Tyrone for a few
weeks, journeying East for a va-
cation and holding in conferences
over plans to present her ice ballet in
the big towns this coming winter.

• • •

AS THIS is written the Robert Youngs
are expectin’ a little bundle for the
bassinet.

[Continued on page 104]

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

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 cleanser. 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 improve-
ment in your skin when a cream really pene-
trates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a gen-
erous 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 cool-
ing, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked
to see how grimey 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 re-
turn 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.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 200 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four
Purpose Face Cream: also all ten shades of your
Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name.

Address

City._____________________________________

State._________________________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther,
Toronto, Ontario. (17)

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention October Motion Picture 17
Once again he sings Pagan love songs as he woos and wins a lovely daughter of luxury.

RAMON NOVARRO

The SHEIK STEPS OUT

with LOLA LANE • GENE LOCKHART • KATHLEEN BURKE • STANLEY FIELDS and BILLY BEVAN

directed by Irving Pichel • original story and screen play by Adele Buffington • Associate Producer Herman Schlem
Darlin':

Here I am, back from one of the most strenuous days spent at a Hollywood golf club! And for what did I go dashing up hill and down dale with a niblick or sumpin' in my hand? Just to bring you the news of what all the girls are wearing this fall! . . . I started out with Olivia de Havilland, for what she truly termed a "country look." And no wonder she was gay—her outfit was the most perfect thing. She had on a soft, grey, woolen cardigan, with a sweater and caftan of grey and canary yellow . . . I was especially intrigued by the sweater and cardigan for they would be grand for the girl who must watch her budget. Both were handmade (why don't you get onto your knitting needles, lazy-bones?) and the sweater was yellow, trimmed with grey—and the cardigan, vee versa. Oh you know what I mean? And the lovely part is that each item could be worn separately or together with different things—just the outfit for a day in the country—and so becoming with all those autumn leaves fallin' softly about you.

But the only thing that fell softly about Olivia were big bunches of fairway that I dug up with each swing. I was really in a dither, when Anita Louise strolled so looking simply dazzling, and asked politely if she might "go through." It seems I was holding up the whole course . . . and right there I simply gave up. Anita is one of those rare girls who always looks as though she just stepped out of a handbag. Today she was wearing a dress of bottle-green jersey that set off her blondness to perfection. The skirt was full and had two large patch pockets—and down the entire front (and serving as buttons) were teeny, tiny golf clubs carved out of brown wood! The belt was of brown leather and had tricksy little ruffles in which to keep golf tees. Of course we all Oh'd and Ah'd in open-mouthed admiration . . . Now I know that comparisons are odious and all that sort of thing but I took one look at Anita and one look at my own dishevelled appearance—and beat a hasty retreat to the club-house.

I strolled into the lounge and there sat Loretta Young having tea—and looking just too lovely for words. She was wearing a perfectly simple dress of chocolate brown—its severe lines relieved by trimmings of turquoise blue! The trimmings were in the form of laceings—and the gown, instead of buttoning or zipping, faced up the front. She looked just too, too fetching, I can tell you! . . . And I was just thinking, as I eased my weary bones into a chair, that all the glamorous isn't saved for the screen, (or some such profound thought) when Carole Lombard came tearing up to say that she had a few days off and was driving North for a rest. Now she may have needed a rest—but she never looks it. Vital is the word for Carole . . . She always has such a neat scrubbed look too! It doesn't matter whether she is wearing something simple or something f r i t, she has that well-groomed appearance that we all strive so hard to get.

Carole's amiss traveling costume was of suède—a mulberry-colored ensemble of dress and cape. The cape was waist-length—sometimes a difficult thing to wear gracefully—but Carole has just the air to carry it off. She interrupted my raving to say that she really had to dash—she wanted to get started before dark . . . So Loretta and I walked over to see Madge Evans who had just dropped in for a few minutes on her way home from a day's shopping . . . Now Madge always leaves me gasping. She has that air of doing things not to be done. I wouldn't catch her bordering on a golf course—oh no! She'd do it right or she wouldn't do it at all. And she looked so efficient too in her tailored suit.

It was a grey suit with the thinnest pencil-stripe of black running through it. The skirt was perfectly plain with kick-plants on the side. Her accessories were black—and the only piece of jewelry she wore was a large silver E pinned to her blouse at the throat. She looked really smart. There's nothing like a good tailored suit, I always say! . . . In fact all the girls agreed—every-thing must be kept simple. Next month I'll be writing you all the exciting news of the winter wardrobes. See you next month.

Mlle Chic.
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 underarm 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.

**MUM**

**takes the odor out of perspiration**

---

**FUTURE FAVORITES**

**BILL BRADY**

**By LEE BLACKSTOCK**

IT IS quite usual for a boy's voice to dive from choir soprano to basso profundo at a certain tender age... It is almost unheard of for a full-grown man's voice to change from a lusty baritone to a lyric tenor... When Bill Brady was a freshman in George Washington University he won a Bing Crosby contest... singing with the same gravel-and-groan qualities that the King of Crooners baritones... But when you see this same Bill Brady crooning love ditties to pretty Harriet Hilliard in RKO-Radio's musical, *New Faces of 1927* you will hear emitting from his thrush-like throat, dulcet lyric tenor notes... When Bill showed up at the studio for an audition, his manager told RKO musical critics... "My client can sing for you in either baritone or tenor range... which will you have."

"We'll have both," said the critics, "and then decide,"... So Brady sang in both registers... and the critics decided he should be a tenor. So a tenor he is... and according to Bill... a tenor he will remain... leaving the heavier and fluffier notes to Messrs. Crosby, Edoly, Crooks, etc... Brady can hardly believe he is in Hollywood facing bright promise of stardom... Only a year ago he was a George Washington freshman... studying to be a journalist... One day Bill remarked to his mother that his best friend had entered a singing contest... Mrs. Brady told Bill he had a better voice than his friend... and persuaded him to enter the contest... Bill initiated the popular Crosby so well, he won the contest... That summer he accepted a singing job... in a little club in Reading, Pa... He and some friends took a jaunt to Atlantic City during the summer... and he was requested to sing a number... two Broadway producers heard him... asked him to come to New York... There followed a series of stage and night-club engagements including George White's Scandals... The Paradise Cafe... The Versailles... and The House of Morgan... Then Brady's manager signed a motion picture contract for him... Brady is 23 years old... has dark, wavy hair and blue eyes... He is so fond of music that he has a radio in every room in his house and one in his automobile... He plays golf for exercise and shoots in the low 80s... He is definitely sold on Hollywood and plans to make his permanent home in the film capital.

---

**MUM**

**uses MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.**

Did you know that even automobiles require make-up for movie scenes to eliminate the glare?
TAY GARNETT

Director of Slave Ship

DIRECTOR TAY GARNETT, whose Slave Ship is the season's sea-thriller, is a native son of California. But his ancestry is Irish. And perhaps this accounts for the adventurous blood in his veins. Before he found film fame, indeed before he ever saw a motion picture camera, Garnett, whose name is pronounced like the jewel, was an actor, an artist, an author and an aviator. Not to mention his stint as a thorough-going newspaperman and a sailor of the bounding main.

Garnett's love for the sea is evidenced by his recent world cruise aboard his yacht Athens, and it is also reflected in his pictures. For beside Slave Ship, he has contributed to the screen such outstanding cinemas as S. O. S. Iceberg, Destination Unknown, China Seas and One Way Passage. The latter picture has the distinction of having played a return engagement on Broadway a full five years after its first showing.

But Tay is not strictly or solely a "sea-going" director. He practically started the newspaper columnist cycle with Okay, America, which cinemactor Walter Winchell proclaims the best of all columnist characterizations.

And he brought the Frankie and Johnny saga to the screen as Her Man. A production which ran for three years in Paris and grossed a 700% profit for its makers. His newspaper experience stood him in good stead when he directed Love Is News, and his acting adventure helped in the making of his next release, Stand-In.

GARNETT'S entrance into motion pictures came through a book he wrote while flying as a war-time aviator. Hollywood sent for him and he wrote comedy for Mack Sennett and Hal Roach. Harry Langdon's greatest success, The Strong Man, bore the Garnett hallmark. Later he was signed by Cecil B. DeMille, and worked on the script of White Gold, so memorable a movie that it is being re-made at the London studios of Alexander Korda.

Garnett's first directorial effort was Celebrity, a story based on the career of Gene Tunney, or even for one of the actors on the set, for he is always formally dressed. He doesn't affect the nonchalance other directors do. No riding clothes, open collar or polo shirt for Tay. He is usually seen wearing his hat and with a walking stick in his right hand. He is so meticulous in his dress that we wouldn't be surprised if he dons a dinner jacket at eight even if he is dining alone under the stars somewhere in the Malay jungle. Here is a native of Hollywood who hasn't gone Hollywood.

His future productions will include three titled World Cruise, Trade Winds and Singapore Bound. And for these he filmed background during his exciting sail around the world. It is probable that one of these will mark Director Garnett's transition into a full-fledged producer, a "Tay Garnett Production" made for the newly formed company of "Renowned Artists" and released by "United Artists."

Garnett's wanderlust led him to romance when, upon one of his roamings, he stopped long enough in London to witness a performance of Chekov's Revue. One of the principal actresses in the show was Helga Moray, and by the time Tay had visited the theatre a dozen times he had convinced Miss Moray to become Mrs. Garnett. Now she accompanies him on all his wanderings and has become an expert cameraman, filming strange scenes on the travels which will one day entertain and thrill you on the screen.

This candid camera catching of foreign footage is more exciting than it sounds, and not a little perilous. For instance, in the crowded interiors of China, Indo-China, Malaysia, India and other far-off places, Tay and Helga have frequently faced native mobs that might easily have turned dangerous. But Director Garnett has seen too much life and action to be turned aside. He thrives on adventure and delights in sharing it with you in his pictures. Perhaps it's the Irish in him.

Meeting Tay Garnett you might mistake him for a banker, an important executive or a visiting nobleman, or even for one of the actors on the set, for he is always formally dressed. He doesn't affect the nonchalance other directors do. No riding clothes, open collar or polo shirt for Tay. He is usually seen wearing his hat and with a walking stick in his right hand. He is so meticulous in his dress that we wouldn't be surprised if he dons a dinner jacket at eight even if he is dining alone under the stars somewhere in the Malay jungle. Here is a native of Hollywood who hasn't gone Hollywood.

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A picture to be seen again and again and to be remembered forever—that's Captains Courageous. It is like its name—courageous in undertaking such a difficult story and courageously emerging as a glorious triumph.—Nathaniel Rutherford, 2614 Stanton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WORTH WAITING FOR

$1 Price Letter

THANK you for your story about Anna Sten. It's what I've been waiting for since she disappeared so suddenly and completely after making three great pictures. I was thrilled by her loveliness and talent in Nana, her first picture, and my admiration increased with her superb performance in We Live Again and The Wedding Night. I waited eagerly for more pictures but in vain. I became impatient and furious with producers.

Here was a true artist, a great actress, a flaming, vivid personality and her talents were being wasted. But, I kept on waiting and hoping that Anna Sten would come back and now that she has I won't be satisfied until I see her as the beautiful Lady Emma in The Divine Lady, a perfect part for her. I'll just keep on hoping and waiting, for Anna Sten is worth waiting for.—Louise Fleming, 2401 Franklin St., Michigan City, Indiana.

THEY DON'T FORGET

$1 Price Letter

PEOPLE are always interested in new stars and screen personalities, but what of our old favorites? Many like myself are interested in them, particularly in such great stars as Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton and Diana Wynyard. A few years ago Brook and Miss Wynyard starred in an unforgettable picture, the Noel Coward success, Cavalcade, and what was their reward? Miss Wynyard didn't even receive another starring role and Brook vanished from the screen. (He's acting at present in English films—Ed.) And as for Miss Chatterton she recently appeared in a picture, but was it really she? Cast as the elderly school-teacher in Girls' Dormitory she was sacrificed for a newcomer, Simone Simon. Now I ask you, Hollywood, are we being fair to these great personalities who have given us so many hours of entertainment?—Leonard Davy, 8106 Birch St., New Orleans, La.

HEIL HALEY

$1 Price Letter

THIS letter is going to be unusual. It isn't going to be about Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy or Clark Gable. Instead, I want to draw your attention to a young actor who has been struggling along for quite a few years, always giving a fine, sincere performance, while some others have fallen by the wayside. He can't sing like the great Eddy, he doesn't dance like Astaire, but he has a likable personality and when he smiles he warms the heart. How could I mean anyone else but that grand trouper, Jack Haley? In Wake Up and Live he gives a performance that should make him a star. His wistful charm and sly humor help make the picture the fine piece of entertainment it is. He deserves the best and I hope he will never again be cast in Class B pictures.—Malcoly Riley, 149 South Seventh St., New Castle, Indiana.

MARKED WOMAN

$1 Price Letter

THERE is only one lady in all Hollywood who can get me into the theatre on the strength of her name alone and despite critics' ratings of her pictures. She has lately been seen as the girl friend of Edward G. Robinson and the none too pure dance hostess. The depths that she put into these different, difficult roles, shows the faith her legion of fans had in her has been amply justified. May I say she is a "Marked Woman"—marked with the courage and dramatic ability to become the leader among Hollywood's women stars. Congratulations, Bette Davis, I hope you remain on the screen for years to come.—Schuyler C. Hill, Box 556, Centralia, Wash.
Hollywood's Trick Parties

CLARK GABLE thought it would be fun to turn the tables on Carole Lombard—in payment for some of Carole's jokes on her friends. So he called fifteen of the leading feminine lights of Hollywood and asked them to a tea the next day at Carole's house. He explained that Carole and her secretary were busy on a picture that day and had asked him to do the planning. The fifteen guests promptly accepted.

Now a word was said to Carole—and the next day (Sunday) Clark pleasedly "dropped in" to see Carole in the afternoon—and incidentally of course, to watch her face when the guests began to arrive.

But somehow Carole got wind of it—followed two hours of frantic organization, and when Clark appeared, a slightly breathless but triumphant Carole, attired in a lovely tea gown, met him at the door. Neither spoke of the impending "party."

When the guests began to arrive Carole met them with all the composure in the world and conducted them to a beautifully appointed table that simply glowed with an elaborate test.

Clark's face got redder and redder and when Carole suggested sweetly that he must feel out of place with "all these girls" he beat a hasty retreat.

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH sighs for the good old days "when a party was a party!" "Now," says Charlie, "every time I go to somebody's house, expecting gaiety and frivolity—what do I get? A piece of paper—and a pencil stuck in my hand! It's Guggenheim, Anagrams, Twenty Questions and I.Q.'s until my alleged brain simply lies down and goes to sleep out of sheer exhaustion."

"Darn it," growls Charlie, "I've been to school. Now I want a little fun!"

PARTY-HIGHLIGHTS of the month: Because Mrs. Reinhardt thought it would be fun, friends took Max Reinhardt and his wife to one of the famous Hollywood "drive-ins" for a farewell dinner. They ate in their car, then were taken to a drive-in-theatre to view a movie... Hugh Herbert had several trailers in his backyard all summer, for the use of visiting relatives. At the end of the summer, the relatives departed—trailer and all... Alice Faye is serving lunch on the set these days—ever since she had a new grill installed in her dressing-room. It has all the latest gadgets and is Alice's pride and joy.

However, as a cook Alice is a good sort—for the hairdresser pinch hits... At a party given recently by George Burns and Gracie Allen for Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, it was declared that anybody who mentioned movies or radio during the evening would be fined ten cents! Everybody agreed that this was a swell idea—and when the evening was over it was found that the "fine" contained nearly enough money to buy M-G-M!

TWO of the most incredible birthday cakes presented in Hollywood: One, to Louis B. Mayer, was made of garlands; the other, made of rubber, was presented to Nelson Eddy. Everybody nearly popped while the Ob-spo-oltte Mr. Eddy endeavored to cut his rubber cake.

Warren Hull tears himself away from the fans at our Movieland Tour Party to oblige the missus with a dance.

Discovery of the Year!

Oscar Homolka,
Frances Farmer, Ray Milland
and others of the cast of Paramount's
"Ebbitde" 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 "Ebbitde" 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" A-2, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Make-Up Laboratories: 5333 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

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention October Motion Picture
Jane Withers takes a stand with grand-papa Walter Brennan in Wild and Woolly

Exclusive—AAA—Intended as an expose of the new-seer world, this is actually a gangster picture offering many thrills. And while Charlie Ruggles is prominent in the cast there is only one—albeit a good one—comedy sequence to relieve the seriousness of the conflict between rival pimps. Frances Farmer is outstanding as an ambitious young woman and Fred MacMurray delivers one of his finest jobs in the role of a city editor. Others deserving mention in this large, capable cast are Ralph Morgan and Lloyd Nolan.——Paramount.

Under the Red Robe—AAA—For those of you who haven’t read this famed novel, Under the Red Robe deals with the political intrigue in France under Cardinal Richelieu. The production is colorful and handsome, but British reserve was ever exercised, detracting from the romantic lure of the story. Of chief interest is the excellent cast consisting of Conrad Veidt, Annabella, Raymond Massey, Kenneth Brent and others too numerous to mention.——British-20th Century-Fox.

Saragossa—AAA—The noticeable attraction about this racktrack story is the final appearance of Jean Harlow. But, in fairness to the other members of the cast and the producers, mention must be made of the entertainment values of the picture. It is an exciting, lively comedy and a creditable success in every production sense. Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Frank Morgan, Walter Pidgeon and Una Merkel with Jean Harlow did excellent tornowing.——Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Easy Living—AAA—A rousing, boisterous comedy with Jean Arthur at her best makes this one of the things you must see. Amusing situations, sophisticated farce and high-grade slapstick with a fresh ‘straightout girl’ angle entertains you in grand style. Ray Milland scores as the romantic lead and the cast is exceptional, including Edward Arnold, Louis Calhern, Mary Nash and Franklin Pangborn.——Paramount.

The Singing Marine—AAA—This filmic offers Dick Powell in a role particularly suited to his talents. It’s gay and lively with pleasing tunes and genuine comedy. The romance is well cast of by Powell and Doris Weston, charming newcomer, Harry Warren and Al Dubin are responsible for many of the musical numbers.——Hornor Bros.

The Emperor’s Candlesticks—AAA—Lois Richardson and William Powell match wits as secret agents in a charming story about love and intrigue. Most of the parts dealing with Robert Young also have a short, but sweet romance. The supporting cast is enhanced by such capable players as Frank Morgan, Henry Stephenson, Bernadene Hayes and Douglas Dumbrille.——Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Super Sleuth—AAA—A very funny, mystery comedy with Jack Oakie in the title role. If you like to play Whodunit in the movies you are going to be disappointed, as this isn’t intended to be a serious thriller. It succeeds in drawing outbursts of laughter. Oakie, an actor who has played numerous detective roles, thinks he is an ace sleuth. You see and this see and what you think. Ann Sothern adds her charm to this cast and talent in the romantic angle.——RKO-Radio.

King Solomon’s Mines—AAA—An engrossing adventure film outstanding for its pictorial beauty. The locale, the African veldt, lends thrilling atmosphere to a party of adventurers (Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Lee, Roland Young and John Loder) who go in search for Anna’s father who is on a dangerous hunt for the fabulously rich mines. The drama is relieved and at times emphasized by the hilarious voice of Paul Robeson, a tribal chieftain. Native witchcraft and ceremonies add thrills. The cast is commendable.——Gaumont-British.

Love In A Bungalow—AA½—A model house, a happy-couple contest and young love add up into a light romantic farce. Nan Grey and Kent Taylor play the romantic leads and ‘Jack Smart,’ Robert Cavanaugh and Richard Carle are responsible for the laughs. It’s fresh and lively.——Universal.

London By Night—AA½—An expensive production helps to out across this second rate mystery melodrama which credits a dog with detecting the murderer. A thick London for aids suspense and mystery. George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Virginia Field and Eddie Quillan are impressive in their parts.——Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Wild and Woolly—AA½—Janie Withers, the most refreshing young star in films, scores again, in a small town story packed with human interest. Built around a celebration for the early Pioneers, it provides a healthy smack of the Old West and an opportunity for Janie to entertain with songs. Surrounding little Janie Withers is some capable talent, particularly Walter Brennan who acts as her grandpapa.——20th Century-Fox.

Wine, Women and Hearse—AA½—The color and thrills of the racetrack are convincingly portrayed in this entertaining film offering Barton MacLane and Ann Sheridan in the leading roles. There are some exceptional racing shots, smart dialogue and intriguing situations, adding up to a suspenseful, exciting melodrama. Barton MacLane fits the role perfectly and Miss Sheridan displays her talent and beauty to advantage.——Warner Bros.

One Mile From Heaven—AA½—Warm and human is this novel newsmagazine story which is motivated by the love of a mother for an two child she calls Raucer. The story, rumor has it, was suggested by famed Judge Ben B.
Anna Lee and John Loder in a stirring desert scene from *King Solomon's Mines*

Lindsay. The interesting cast includes Claire Trevor, Bill Robinson, Sally Blane, Russell Hoston and Chick Chandler.—20th Century-Fox.

Marry the Girl—AA½—A nonsensical, giddy comedy. It doesn't make sense but it does make your sides split with laughter. Responsible are Mary Boland, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, Mischel Auer, Alan Mowbray, Carol Hughes and Hugh O'Connell.—Warner Bros.

She Had to Eat—AA½—Many laughs and a few thrills are delivered by Jack Haley, Rochelle Hudson, Eugene Palette and Arthur Treacher in this screwy little comedy. A kidnapping sequence thrown in for a thrill.—20th Century-Fox.

Hideaway—AA½—This domestic comedy provokes many laughs through the characterization of Fred Stone, a lazy, easy-going squatter. For excitement the troublemakers have invented a robbery. Assisting Fred Stone are Emma Dunn, Marjorie Lord and J. Carroll Naish.—RKO-Radio.

Girls Can Play—AA½—Revolving around a girls' soft ball team is a murder mystery, supplying the necessary suspense for thrill seeking audiences. Charles Quigley and Jacqueline Wells supply the romance.—Columbia.

The Big Shot—AA½—Guy Kibbee plays the title role of this amusing comedy in excellent style and Cora Witherspoon as his ambitious wife goes into her characterization. The story idea is bright and novel and offers some delightful farce situations. It's a pleasant variation of the gangster theme. Besides the veteran stars there are a host of personable players.—RKO-Radio.

The Devil Is Driving—AA½—A strong indictment of the practise of drunken driving, also an object lesson against reckless driving. Richard Dix is interesting as the district attorney and Joan Perry scores as his newspaperwoman fiancee. Others in this stirring drama are Ethel Cook, Jr., Henry Kolker, John Wray and Charles Wilson. It packs a punch.—Columbia.

The Great Hospital Mystery—AA—Omit the word great from the title and you have the story in a nutshell. Jane Darwell, Sue Ruman, Sally Blane and Thomas Beck are the principals and Joan Davis does her best to add some color to the plot. The story is fantastic and unconvincing.—20th Century-Fox.

DON'T MISS

any of the following interesting pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it. *Lost Horizon*—James Hilton's famous novel is immortalized in the screen version. A beautiful story, beautifully presented on the screen. Credit goes to director Frank Capra, Robert Rickin, story adactor, and cinematographers Donald Crum and H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe... *The Good Harvest*—Pearl Buck's great novel made into one of the greatest films ever produced. With 1936 Academy Award winners Luise Rainer and Paul Muni... *Captain Courageous*—Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore star enchanting for their stirring portrayals of Kipling's colorful characters of the sea... *The Heiress's Fortune*—A stirring, dramatic indictment of the injustice of mob prejudice. A courageous undertaking on the part of the producers. *Wee Willie Winkie*—Rudyard Kipling's colorful story of India enhanced by Shirley Temple, America's No. 1 box-office attraction. A tale of adventure and romance... *The Road West*—An emotional, sincere and courageous sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*. With Richard Cromwell, John King, Larry Blake.

**Lucky old Highlander**

First Chief of his Clan—tradition says this old Highland warrior never had a toothache! Tough, chewy foods gave his teeth ample exercise—kept them in prime condition! His descendants eat soft, refined foods, giving teeth too little exercise.

**WISE MODERNS CHEW DENTYNE**—because Dentyne's firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—gives teeth and gums the active exercise they need! It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues, helps make them firmer, healthier—and wakens the salivary glands, promoting self-cleansing. Dentyne helps keep your teeth stronger, healthier—and cleaner!

**IT TASTES SO SPICILY TEMPTING**—you'll be keen about Dentyne's fragrant and delicious flavor! And the flat Dentyne package (an exclusive feature) is so exceptionally handy to slip into your pocket or purse.
Thrilling as you knew they'd be together ... in the musical romance you dreamed some day you'd see! A picture gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Lovely to look at ... lovelier yet as you listen ... spangled with song hits by Pollack and Mitchell ... and another by Gordon and Revel! All that you've ever longed for in entertainment ... as your "One In A Million" girl finds her boy in a million!

Sonja in Tyrone's arms!

ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS
SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
LEAH RAY • MELVILLE COOPER
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!
Living up to her "smart" reputation is no difficulty for Nan Grey, one of the Three Smart Girls. Being no fool, Nan is being featured in three new films and her screenhearts are handsome John Howard, Robert Wilcox, Kent Taylor.

Such popularity must be deserved! Deanna Durbin, the little girl with the great voice, is the lucky girl in 100 Men and a Girl. Attentive to Deanna in her new film are Adolphe Menjou and Leopold Stokowski.
ROBERT TAYLOR — Two

Nothing has happened within himself to change Bob, it’s things that have happened from outside—and they happened much too fast

By MARY DECKER

ROBERT TAYLOR has been taken for a ride! A swift, sudden ride upward that has left him woozy, confused, bewildered, sore at heart and with a vague feeling that his tummy is just a nesting place for fluttering butterflies.

In fact, the unexpectedness of it all has brought forth a group of varied emotions in the lad. Happiness and unhappiness, satisfaction and a nostalgic longing for those days that are gone forever.

It took Bob Taylor just two short years to arrive at the place other actors, such as Bill Powell and Ronald Colman, were years in arriving at. The result? Well, let’s take a look at Bob Taylor just two years later and measure him against that other Bob who, only a short time before, was glad to be reaping fifty cents nightly lighting smudge pots for frost-threatened lemon trees near Pomona.

Even Bob must smile as he glances back to that eager young man with the high haircut-look and the pinch-bosomed coat that boasted...

It was two years ago that Bob kept steady company with Irene Hervey—who later became Mrs. Allan Jones
two pair of pants. He lost the high haircut-look about the
time he shed the bosom-pinched coat. He became
woolly with tweeds that did nice things to his shoulders.
He lifted weights for weeks on end and lost that thin
necked, gangling boy look. With his changed appear-
ance he lost most of his humbleness, too. He changed
from the boy who entered a publicist's office and apolo-
getically asked, "May I please use your phone?" He
changed from the lad in screen make-up who quietly
entered the studio dining-room and took a place by
himself in a corner. And the boy who admired a too
bright frock on a passing extra.

He became the confident young man who strode into
offices with a "just a minute. Want to use your phone,
if I may." He became that sure-of-himself young actor
who sailed into the studio dining-room and took a seat
at the director's table, no less. He became the knowing
man-about-town who cast an appreciative eye over a
smart new outfit of a friend and said: "Tweeds, eh? I
like a woman to wear quiet things. Tweeds and black
for evening. That's my choice."

He became more than that. He became the serious-
faced man with lines etched deeply around a firmly set
mouth. His eyes took on a steady, weary expression.

A devastating sense of humor would have saved Bob
Taylor much pain and sorrow. Would have eased the
aches and provided a soft cushion on which to land. Life
is real, life is earnest, life is so much hooey, or just an-
other plate of hamburger to Bob. He's the butt of more
practical joking than any other hero his size or shape in Hollywood. George
Murphy had him so badly kidded about a dressing-room on the set of Broadway
Melody of 1938 Taylor ran, not walked, to the front office to know how come
about that dressing-room. So, bear in mind, incidents that could and should be
laughed off are too real, too vital to young Taylor.

A YEAR ago I talked to Bob about
himself. Without asking or expect-
ing any such con-

It was a serious Bob (left) that
friends saw with Barbara Stan-
wyck at Bing Crosby's track

One of Bob's big
roles was with Joan
Crawford in The
Gorgeous Hussy

Bob reached the very top
when he co-starred with
Greta Garbo in Camille

Bob admits that he climb-
ed too fast, and now he
wants to readjust himself
The Man I Love

You’ve been reading about “the woman I love” for several months. For a change we give you a story about “the man I love” with Grace Moore talking

By IDA ZEITLIN

IN GRACE MOORE’S living-room stand photographs of the great of all worlds, warmly inscribed to the great singer. One word marks a division between the earlier photos and those more recently acquired. “To Grace Moore,” say the former; the latter, “To Grace Moore Parera.” She likes it that way. She still gets a thrill out of adding to the name she made famous, the name of the man she loves.

She gives the impression of being an independent person, impatient of control. She is—with one notable exception. Six years ago she walked from a gangplank into love at first sight—the kind of headlong romance that so often goes on the rocks. But her instinct was sound. If there were any rocks, she and Valentin Parera steered clear of them. And as each year has deepened her love for her husband, so each year has deepened her dependence upon him.

“In all ways,” she says. “Big and little. Most important is to know he’s there, his strength and steadiness. That’s the rock I stand on. Then the hundreds of everyday things that make up a life. To know he’s concerned with all that concerns me—that a starry night or a swim through blue water makes us feel the same way—that he’ll laugh at what I think is funny—and sometimes at what I think isn’t so funny, till he makes me laugh, too. I’m dependent just on his presence. When he isn’t there, the world seems slightly askew, and when he comes back, it slips into place again. But this is nothing new I’m telling you. Every woman who’s really loved a man will tell you the same.”

Her speech is swift and forceful, like her movements, like everything she does. It’s as if she knew exactly where she wanted to go, and proceeded by the shortest and surest route. She seems to radiate light and life, to be a triumphant embodiment of the gay, the confident, the brilliant—the last person in the world you’d associate with doubt or misgiving.

Yet watch her as she plays a scene [Continued on page 87]
Joan Fontaine has more up her sleeve, or rather more in her stockings than a neat pair of legs to exhibit. She is a talented toe and ballet dancer. Posed here like a Degas painting, Joan appears soon with Nino Martini in Music for Madame, and later on you'll be seeing her as Fred Astaire's new dancing partner in Damsel in Distress.
If Tyrone marries now, says his mother, it'll be unfair to his fan public (the girls) as well as himself

By DAN CAMP

Just about every day of the week, and Sundays, too, the doorbell rings out at the pretty house where Tyrone Power lives. And there's a florist's boy, with another gargantuan box of flowers for Tyrone's mother . . . And now wait!—wait, before you snort "fooey!" and turn the page. Because this is NOT another of those too, too sweet stories about how-oh-so-much Handsome Movie Hero Loves Mama. Tyrone loves mama, all right—but that's not the point. The point is that those flowers mama gets aren't from Tyrone at all. They're from Tyrone's girl friends. Why, Sonja Henie and Loretta Young and Alice Faye, and all those other girls whose names mama doesn't even know—they must be keeping the Hollywood florists rich, sending posies to Tyrone's ma! And Mama Power just loves it.

Now, don't get her wrong. Don't picture her as one of those mammy-ballad mothers, with grey hair and a rocking-chair complex, who just sits and knits and knits and sits. Tyrone's mother, you may as well know right now, is just as young as Tyrone is, under the universally-accepted standards of "you're just as young as you feel and as old as you look." Mama Power is really Patia Power, nationally-famed actress. She's got no silver crown and all that, no toilworn hands to sing about, and there aren't lines in her face that show how she suffered for her bay-hay-bee boy-hoyyyyy.

No. Tyrone Power's mother is a beautiful, alert and up-to-date woman, with a rich intelligence that includes as a vital necessity a keen sense of humor—not a bitter sense of humor, but one of those rich, tolerant senses of humor that can laugh with, rather than at . . .

And that's why she just loves all these flowers she's getting from Sonja and Loretta and the girls. She loves the flowers for themselves, but even more than that, she's getting a tremendous kick out of watching the grand free-for-all that's raging among the girls for her son's heart and smiles—and maybe his hand.

Here's how Tyrone looked when three years of age. The place? Hollywood

Here is Tyrone, six years old, with sister, Ann, and mother at San Diego
Sizes Up His Girls

And being a veteran actress, herself—as Patia Power, she's famous in Shakespearean roles, and in many other stage parts—she finds intense amusement and interest in watching the girls "put on their act" for Tyrone! She sits on the sidelines, does Tyrone's mother, somewhat in the role of a stage producer watching actresses try out for some rich emotional role... And with her experience, her knowledge of the subtle and not-so-subtle tricks of the trade, she says to herself, as each of the girls flashes woman's immemorial weapons: "That was a neat play!" or "She rather overplayed her hand there—but that sudden demure look she gave him was a very clever come-back, I must say!"

OH, I won't mention names. Neither will Tyrone's mother. After all, an umpire or a referee can't tell the contestants, can she, how to play her tricks?

Now, don't overlook this: Behind this interest, this fun, this amusement that Tyrone Power's mother inevitably gets out of watching Loretta and Sonja and the other girls battle for Tyrone, there is a definite and panicky note of apprehensiveness. Tyrone's mother, today, is rather afraid that sooner or later (probably much sooner than would be desirable, in fact!) the game's suddenly going to end. One of the girls will effect the coup de grace—and there'll be wedding bells. In fact, Patia Power isn't merely apprehensive that that will happen; she knows it will happen.

"In all my experience," she says, resignedly, "I've never yet seen a woman fail to achieve what she wants of a man, when she sets her mind to it."

And Mama Power does NOT want Tyrone to marry—yet. She's frank about it. Outspokenly frank. It wouldn't, she feels, be fair. It wouldn't be fair to Tyrone; it wouldn't be fair to the people who have built and are building Tyrone to the heights he's scaling. And those "people" include not alone the producers who've given him his chance and their backing, but also the thousands and millions of fans—the girls whose admiration for Tyrone on the screen have catapulted him to a position alongside Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and the other heart-throbbers of the films.

"It wouldn't be fair to them," says Patia Power, simply. "If Tyrone marries now, instead of waiting for quite a few years, as he has said he will, it will be unfair to them—and to himself."

And so—with the picture in your mind, now—the picture of a loving mother, a mother ambitious for her son yet willing to sit by and watch some of Hollywood's most expert men—[Continued on page 66]
"They Think I'm a Bombshell"

—FRANCES FARMER

By LEON SURMELIAN

"So they think I'm a bombshell, 1937 version, and the publicity department is afraid of me?" Frances Farmer asked us with a sardonic grin. She sat curled up in the library of her house, and blew smoke rings into the air. She was barelegged, wore sandals, a nondescript dress of rough material, and there was no trace of make-up on her strongly-chiseled face.

"I want to be myself, just me, as I am, but for some reason my actions are considered revolutionary!" She gave a little laugh. "I don't see why I should pose for leg-art. I don't look good in a bathing suit anyhow. I like to dress as I damn please. I don't like to wear false eye-lashes. I will not say a meek 'Yes, thank you,' to everybody who has something to do with my career. And the publicity department, I suppose, considers me a rebellious hellion because I will not answer ridiculous questions and say the things they want me to say. "But believe me," she added, "even though I've had a few feuds with our publicity boys, I sympathize with them. I know what they are up against. So many of them are sensitive. They come to me with their 'angles,' and I sob on their shoulders and they sob on mine."

This Farmer gal has a violent dislike for manufactured glamor in all its varieties, and is not afraid to defy traditional customs of the movie colony. On meeting her in real life, you would never take her for a cinemactress. She doesn't look, talk, dress or behave like a movie star. She will wear any old thing as long as it is simple and comfortable, and prefers to go hatless. But she is immaculate in her Spartan simplicity, and exudes soap-and-water cleanliness. She always looks as if she has just stepped out of a bath-tub. She has blonde hair, hazel eyes that shine with intelligence and inner resources, and competent, business-like hands—the hands of a working-girl. A strange combination of strength [Continued on page 89]
Nobody's Dummy

Bill Fields—little chickadees—is no termite's flophouse, sitting on a ventriloquist's knee. He's a born comic who stands on his own hind legs, passing wisecracks and quick on the pickup.

By JAMES REID

A MAN who looked like the ghost of W. C. Fields lay in the hospital bed. A thin, wasted version of a man once robust and hearty. He did not move. He could not move. He was in too much pain. He tried, like a trouper, to mask his pain behind a smile, but the smile was weak.

The sight was torture to the few close friends permitted to see him. He was bearing more than flesh was ever intended to bear. It was only a matter of time until he could bear the pain no longer.

Life and Bill Fields—good old Bill, poor old Bill—were almost quits.

He saw the unshed tears that they were trying to hide behind feigned smiles. He pretended not to notice. With effort, with grimaces of pain, he said, "Don't you worry about me. It's going to take more than double pneumonia, triple arthritis and pernicious dandruff to stop me."

His friends went away, shaking their heads in stunned amazement. With one foot in the grave, Bill Fields could still wisecrack, still try to make people laugh.

Today, there are kinks in both of Bill Fields' legs, but he's using both of them. He's up and around and chipper. He's definitely back from the grave. And that isn't all. He had only one career when he fell ill. Now he has two careers. He's even looking forward to a third.

Bill hasn't exactly laughed himself back on his feet again. Medicine and sunshine and rest have done plenty for him. But without that sense of humor, where would he be today? Probably Upstairs, swapping yarns with Abe Lincoln and Mark Twain and Artemus Ward and some of the other boys.

He scorns any presumption that his sense of humor saved him. Bill would. He says he wasn't kidding anyone—especially himself—with his pain-wrecked wisecracking. He wasn't having fun.

"I expected the Reaper to knock me over the head any moment," he says, "for being so facetious."

His last picture was Poppy, made fourteen months ago. During its filming, he had a bout with something that he thought was rheumatism or "petrified jitters." It was painful, trying to move normally—but the show had to go on. He finished the picture. Then he went down to Saboba Hot Springs, in the sun—[Continued on page 94]
With everything now ship-shape about the Broadway Melody of 1938, Eleanor and her talented tootsies are now engaged in making Rosalie, in which she co-stars with Nelson Eddy. The terpsichorean tantalizer will uncover new steps—if such a thing is possible. Ray Bolger, one of the steppingest steppers to take ‘em up and put ‘em down, also goes into his dance here...
"I'd Make a Rotten Husband"
—JIMMY STEWART

Jimmy doesn't spare himself as Mr. Bread-Winner, but many girls will disagree with him

By GLADYS HALL

"I'D MAKE a rotten husband," said Jimmy, unexpectedly.

We had been talking, Jimmy and I, about the recent marriage of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Jimmy said, "Gene has the right idea about the way to treat a girl. He never forgets the little attentions. He does everything right, like surprising Jeanette with the house, all furnished and everything. I'd probably forget all about a house being necessary. . . . He always remembers flowers for little anniversaries. Always says nice things. The right things. Now, I—I'd make a rotten husband," grinned Jimmy engagingly.

It occurred to me, walking with Jimmy the short distance between the M-G-M publicity office and the M-G-M commissary where we were to lunch, that he wouldn't get much feminine co-operation on this self-estimate. I thought of all the little sighing girls' voices murmuring, "he's woe-der-ful . . ." I thought of Ginger Rogers and Betty Furness and Virginia Bruce and Simone Simon, the lusted flowers of the film flock who have gone on dates with Jimmy. Dancing with Jimmy. Skating with Jimmy. Motoring with Jimmy. To the beaches with Jimmy. No, James, I thought, no co-operation here.

It was Jimmy's first day at the studio after his long, serious illness, his stay in hospital. He had, he told me, lost "about forty pounds." I put that down to rather gross exaggeration. Forty pounds deducted from the muscular slimness of Jimmy would leave practically no Jimmy at all. He is thinner. But his color is fine, his eyes bright, his smile as deep and amused as ever. And only a slight grimace when he has to turn his head reminds one of the pain he has suffered.

In the commissary, at a table for two, over bowls of chicken broth, our talk was interrupted at least twenty times. The entire studio seemed coalesced into a Welcome Home committee for the reception of Jimmy. Spencer Tracy came to the table and with some of the tenderness of Manuel in his nice eyes hugged Jimmy, told him to be sure. [Continued on page 98]
America's New Sweetheart
—JANE BRYAN

By CAROL CRAIG

America is in a mood to glorify the normal American girl. And that's why it is taking to Jane a healthy, young modern

If you want to make good in Hollywood, you have to be "different." You can't be self-conscious. You can't be shy. You can't be normal. You have to be startling. That is an old, old Hollywood truism. And Jane Bryan is the living denial of it. Self-consciousness is written all over her. She is almost painfully shy. She isn't startling. She doesn't suggest an actress, glamorous and poised and mysterious. She suggests an average young American girl. Yet she is heading straight for stardom!

The fan mail says so, and the fan mail never lies. She has made only three big pictures—Marked Woman, Kid Galahad and Confession. The public has seen only two of them. Yet, already, Warners are being deluged with letters about her. And Warners, praying for a new feminine star, are rubbing their eyes, and looking again at the unexpected answer—Jane Bryan.

Baffled by her popularity, but heeding it, the studio is casting about for big breaks for her. On the lot, at the moment, one of the year's most ambitious pictures is about to start. A picture directed by a famous foreigner, new to Hollywood. A picture with foreign characters, laid in a foreign setting. In it is an outstanding ingenue role. Warners wanted Jane to play it.

But every time they so much as mentioned her name to the foreign director, he would tear his lush crop of hair. Every time they suggested a test of her in the role, he would jump up and down. "No, no, no!" he would scream. "I won't hear of her! I won't see her! I won't have her! She is too American!"

And right there, in case Warners are looking for it, is the principal explanation why Jane [Continued on page 94]
Such sheik? Well, did you ever see a sheik in the movies, at least, who didn’t use an unbreakable hold to carry on his amorous advances? The frightened girl (you can almost hear her scream) offering resistance to Ramon Novarro (who returns to the screen in Republic’s *The Sheik Steps Out*) is Lola Lane. An American heiress, she mistakes him for a sheiky son of Arabia because of his chic attire. In reality he is a Spanish Count who knows his way around the Sahara’s hot sands—and how to soothe feminine fears.

With active and passive resistance completely subdued Ramon is about to seal his ardor with an all-conquering kiss. With lovelight in their eyes the sheik Ramon and the chic Lola, right, promise to love, lo-o-ve, lo-o-o-o-ve each other till the sands of the desert grow cold.

— Portraits by Maurice G.
Clark Gable says it with a station-wagon—and Carole Lombard is most always by his side. Sometimes there is a backseat driver—or two.

Hollywood's Newfangled Courtin'

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

...a new technique in film romantic—orchids and orchestras are outdated. It spells good times and gags.

It seems to be good-bye to night clubs, nights and "pick-me-up" things. The Hollywood glamor maidens and their ditto boyfriends have discovered the ultra in Old Sol's violet rays, the outdoor sports, and a new type of courtin' has established itself snugly call the "movie colony."

It looks like the good old days of orchids, orchestras and horses (pardon, please) are past, and Bob Taylor and "Babs" Eck, Clark Gable and his Carole Lombard, plus dozens of others, are making courtin' a thing of good times and gags. According to Miss Gertrude Niesen, super-torch singer and fisherman: "Theul's a new type of courtin' in the 'Colony,' and neatly, too: "Under present courting conditions we can become acquainted with more important selves that are good sportsmanship, comradely affection and genuine friendship."

And these are three very important requirements for a suitor, like the Troca-dear-o ("You can get a good steak there—five dollars," sez Eddie Cantor), and sundry other sultry places have to do without the glamor kids' patronage... until you work Gable first thought out the idea of tossing into the dishes and rhapsody of old-fashioned courtship. And inasmuch as they refuse to come to blows to decide which one is the better suitor, it seems to be good-bye to night clubs, nights and "pick-me-up" things. The Hollywood glamor maidens and their ditto boyfriends have discovered the ultra in Old Sol's violet rays, the outdoor sports, and a new type of courtin' has established itself snugly call the "movie colony." It looks like the good old days of orchids, orchestras and horses (pardon, please) are past, and Bob Taylor and "Babs" Eck, Clark Gable and his Carole Lombard, plus dozens of others, are making courtin' a thing of good times and gags. According to Miss Gertrude Niesen, super-torch singer and fisherman: "Theul's a new type of courtin' in the 'Colony,' and neatly, too: "Under present courting conditions we can become acquainted with more important selves that are good sportsmanship, comradely affection and genuine friendship."

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When school is over, Lana (Gorgeous Figure) Turner and Wayne Morris enjoy their hot dogs at Santa Monica Screendom's No. 1 Great Lover, there is not much chance of their contesting this other mighty item. That's the trouble with the new crop of glamor boys. They are too tolerant, open-minded, modern. The movie town hasn't had a good healthy feud between glamor males for a decade. So the honors for starting a new courtship cycle go unplaced.

At about the time Bob Taylor was 'phoning the honey (Barbara Stanwyck) he had met at [Continued on page 74]

Perc Westmore, who took this picture of Gloria Dickson, likes the sea and surf for courtin'—ditto Gloria

Margo and Francis Lederer are more soulful. Soon to be married, they devote two nights out of each week to music.
Paul Muni is in line again for the acting laurels of the year with his magnificent portrayal of Zola—one of the immortals of France. To see Muni as Zola is to appreciate the finest acting on the screen. It's acting ART

Monsieur Emile Zola

Monsieur Emile Zola? Paul Muni to you. The great French author, philosopher, humanitarian and truth-seeker comes to life in the genius of Paul Muni for characterization. In The Life of Emile Zola (a great picture) he gives a study comparable to his Pasteur

—Portraits by Longworth & Schuyler Crail
The Glamour that was—and still is—GLORIA

Gloria Swanson's fame has not diminished during a long absence from the screen. Summed up, it spells glamour

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

THE two ex-Russian generals put down their cups of coffee and stared. So did Clark Gable and Bob Taylor and Spencer Tracy, sitting together at another table. Bob's expression was excited. "Swanson!" he said. Clark nodded, his gaze frankly admiring. Spence made her a gallant little bow. "What an actress!" he murmured devoutly.

She crossed the M-G-M commissary, a slim, small figure with a mad little hat that looked unbelievably chic. Quietly she took her place with her luncheon party.

I felt an elbow nudge my ribs. The Redhead's. She purveys story ideas on Hollywood at the rate of two a minute and never has been known to miss a trick. "Look," she whispered, "there are twenty top stars in this room and every eye is turned on Gloria Swanson. That, my dear, is GLAMOUR! Supposing you do a story on her—"

"Sold!" I said. But before we could arrange an appointment, a puzzling thing happened. The elaborate plans for making Amazing Maizie Kenyon drifted to nothing and Gloria went to Europe. We were forced to wait until Columbia and producer Frances Marion sent her a frantic cable that made her come speeding back to do The Second Mrs. Draper. Then we did a marathon out to that Beverly Hills mansion of her's that has been so highlighted in Hollywood history.

Glamour? It's more strongly emphasized in Gloria today than at any time in her whole epochal career. There is a new softness about her. A new tolerance with life and living. She never was a beautiful woman. Today she is beautiful. Don't ask me how or why. Possibly it's because she is at that stage which Moliere describes as "the most bewitching in a woman's life." Clothes have little or nothing to do with it.

On this particular afternoon, for instance, she was wearing a dark blue skirt and a grey blouse and an impudent Scott Fitzgerald character hanky sticking out of one pocket. Her hair was straight. Very straight. And you thought, "She's beautiful. Exciting. Why in the name of the great god Box-Office, has she been absent so long from the screen?"

As usual, the thought was parent to the word. And Gloria, lounging in the small chair of her five-year-old daughter, Michele, sat up suddenly. "Why haven't I made... [Continued on page 67]
FRANCIS LEDERER

In private life Francis tells Margo his heart is all hers, out in Columbia's It's All Yours. Madeleine Carroll is the recipient.
SUIT YOURSELF!

Wear a tailleur or a dressmaker suit, but suit yourself for Fall

Looking skywards in a chic one-button suit is Martha Heveran, famous photographers' model. Her Omar Kiam suit of green wool is piped in maroon, matching her maroon kidskin brimmed hat, pull-on gloves and oversize bag from John Frederics. Her jabot blouse of alpaca is checked in three tones.
A suede sash in shades of red and grey adds a smart touch to Tala Birell’s two-piece grey and black suit designed by Marjorie Michaels. The jacket buttons up the front and slit pockets complete its trimming.

Tala Birell selected this smart suit dress designed by Viola Dimmitt for her Fall wardrobe. The simple oxford grey wool dress is topped by a sports jacket of grey, red and black plaid.
Nan Grey, above, chose black and gold for her Fall outfit. Scallops trim the pockets and collar of the jacket which zips up front. Right, Betty Wyman, famous model, in a black wool town suit by Omar Kiam trimmed with white ermine lapels and bows.

Tala Birell's favorite color is grey so she selects her new Fall spectator suit designed by Marjorie Michaels in grey wool. The tight fitting jacket which buttons up the front has bands of grey caracul outlining the collar and trimming the front of the jacket and it is encircled by a narrow red kidskin belt. Her felt sports hat and accessories are all dark grey.
She Has Everything She Wants

IT SO happened that I had never met Anne Shirley, so while I was waiting for her to arrive I took a look at the studio's biography of her, to put myself up-to-date on the facts of her life. This is what I read: "She's an eager, wistful, flame-haired lily..."

Now it may be that I am suffering from imagination paralysis, or maybe I need some new rose-colored lenses for my glasses, for in the interests of truth I'll have to confess that I saw nothing of the "wistful lily" about the girl who breezed through the door a few moments later. What I saw was a starry-eyed kid in powder-blue slacks, low-heeled shoes and blue socks; the sort of girl you might see sipping a soda at your corner drug-store, or riding in an open car with a bunch of kids on their way to a dance or a football game.

In other words, if I were whipping up a word picture of Anne Shirley, I'd say: She typifies carefree young girlhood. And the paradoxical thing about this is that Anne, herself, has never really had any carefree young girlhood. Before she was out of the cradle her father died, and when she was fourteen months of age, Anne became the bread-winner for her mother and herself, by posing...

[Continued on page 77]

Anne is engaged to John Howard Payne. There'll be a marriage early this Fall.

Anne Shirley is content to take things in stride — grateful for the plums that drop into her lap.

By GRACE MACK
VERONA'S Nino Martini, the best tenor in all of Italy, some say, has just been given the initiation reserved by Hollywoodians for visiting artistes. And he has come through with flying colors. He is now a member in excellent standing of the cinema colony's Visiting Good Scouts and Regular Fellows Club.

Just why Mr. Martini, a middling-tall, slim young fellow of thirty-one, with fine features set in a small face, and eyes as blue as the Mediterranean, at midnight, the lids crinkled from laughing, should have to be initiated again (he's made five shorts, one minor appearance in Paramount on Parade, two starring appearances) remains another film city mystery. But, anyway, when Mr. Martini, who has a streak of mischief as broad as Hollywood's own, arrived this season for Producer Jesse Lasky's and RKO-Radio's Music for Madame, he had to go through the hazing all over again.

It's been that way with the majority of "Met" darlings who have wobbled their way into sightly film contracts. Hollywood looks at these imported canaries with belligerent eye, and something resembling a sophomoric prejudice. It refuses to be awed by "ah'd"-voiced interlopers, and the hazing begins. Mr. Martini, whose first name is pronounced plain old "Nee-no" with no fancy twists, is not an exception.

"Pronounce it Nino, with the 'nya' sound," informs Mr Martini, "and it means 'boy baby' in Spanish." Mr. Martini, we hasten to say, is far from being a baby, unless the child be exceedingly precocious. He is utterly Italian; which, in this instance, means he is utterly uninhibited, wordy, full of sly humor, and joy of life. It explains why he took to Hollywood's hazing like a duck to water. Or a goose.

Note the songbirds have taken less gracefully to the good-natured horseplay of the sets, which is about what the hazing amounts to. Hollywood, with the gusto of sophomore fraternity brothers, is quick to sense those fourteen-karat artistes whose self-love is bigger than their senses of humor. Life soon becomes unbearable to them as they make their film debuts. They are the butts of innumerable pranks.

It wasn't that way with Lawrence Tibbett. Once a movie extra and Coast prologue singer, the film craftsmen looked upon Larry as a prodigal son returned. Grace Moore might have suffered the fate of other of her songbird brethren, but the colonists soon caught on that La Moore was as democratic as the ticket her Southern kinfolk regularly voted. And this despite the rumblings about her wrath at Producer Harry Cohn for (1) making her milk a cow in The King Steps Out, (2) sing Mine is the Moosher in When You're in Love, (3) requesting that she sing St. Louis Blues in I'll Take Romance. Publicly-wise, her set worker friends recognize propaganda when they see it.

Lily Pons, the pint-sized coloratura from Cannes, gave the film inquisitionists no doubts about her sportsmanship. They liked her immediately and in no time were calling her "Snookie." Nelson Eddy had a time adjusting himself to film informalities. He once complained bitterly to me, before his studio realized what valuable property they had in the blond baritone, about the indignities he was put to in the filming of Naughty Marietta—the sloshing about in muddy swamps. His carefully guarded throat objectd, and laryngitis resulted. But he wasn't the box-office beacon he is now, and nobody paid much attention to the baritone's sore throat.

What fretted Eddy was the way some of the front office boys addressed him. "Hi, Nelse! How's your love life?" they greeted him. That was enough to make Rhode Island Eddy, whose ancestry walks right back to a United States president, Martin Van Buren, burn with long, [Continued on page 103]

Hollywood

"Humanizes" a Tenor

Nino Martini has not only learned to take Hollywood's hazing gracefully, but to hand it out, too

By MOLLY GARDNER
CLARK GABLE says the experience of working with Mary Dees, in the finishing shots of Saratoga, was weird. Mary stepped into the vacancy left by Jean Harlow—and so much did she look like Jean that Clark says it was uncanny. He couldn't get over the feeling that he was working with a ghost.

Booked Solid

IF JOAN CRAWFORD is interested in anything, she wants all her friends interested, too. Joan likes to share her enthusiasm with all her pals... So if Joan goes out to buy a newly-published book she doesn't stop at one copy—she proceeds to buy three or four dozen and these are given to her intimates. This is sometimes an expensive little hobby, but it has its advantages... Recently James Hilton was a guest of Joan's. He looked over her library and to Joan's surprise told her that she had five first editions of his best-seller, Lost Horizon... Joan doesn't know how many first editions she has given away—but she's hanging on to these!

Topsy-Turvy Town

WORKING on a movie set recently was Betty Blythe, once a multi-thousand dollar a week star, now working as a $7.50 a day extra. And on the same set with her was Walter Brennan—for many years a $7.50 a day extra and now a multi-thousand dollars a week character actor.

Is Your Dog Going Blind?

GEORGE MURPHY has a pet dog that he's had for many years—and the dog has been his close companion through all his ups and downs. Naturally, George is greatly attached to it and was horrified to learn recently that his good old friend was going blind.

He hurried the dog to the "vet," spent several hundred dollars, only to be informed by one and all that there was nothing to be done—the case was hopeless. They said the only kind thing was to put him out of his misery.

And at this point Charles Ruggles stepped into the picture. Charlie is a noted dog fancier and breeder and what he doesn't know about canines is nobody's business. He examined George's dog and recommended bathing his eyes in milk once every hour for several days. That seemed so simple that George wondered if it could possibly work—but he nevertheless determined to give it a try. So every hour the dog got his eyewash—and if George couldn't be there to do it, well there was Mrs. Murphy. Even the housekeeper and chauffeur were called into service.

To the joy of the complete Murphy menage—it worked! The pooch is completely recovered and George is a happy man again.

Hollywhittlings

WHEN Marlene Dietrich leaves Hollywood for a trip she sends flowers to all her friends... John Barrymore and Carole Lombard are each other's favorite troupers on a set... Jack Benny is so used to speaking his lines standing before a "mike" that when
Bill Powell resumes work in *Double Wedding* following shock of Harlow's death

he has to read lines seated (in making a picture) he "blows"—higher than a kite ... Gary Cooper's drawl is even more pronounced off the screen than on ... Gail Patrick and her husband, Bob Cobb, celebrate their wedding anniversary every month ... when Sonja Henie's tiny hand and footprints were imprinted in the court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Tyrone Power was her most admiring witness ... Mary Boland maintains a two-bed room in a Los Angeles hospital for the use of needy motion picture players ... Jean Hersholt was once a noted bicycle rider ... Betty Grable says the reason she is buying a house is on account of she wants a real home; but friends insist she had to get a house big enough to take care of the Great Dane that Jackie Coogan gave her ... Arthur Treacher is so crazy about his dog that he carries a picture of him in his wallet ... Zasu Pitts is really so attractive that make-up men have their hands full in keeping her "plain" for her movie roles ... on Errol Flynn's birthday his pals hired six uniformed messenger boys to troop onto the set with a huge cake, and carol *Happy Birthday to You* ... Jane Withers has bought Jackie Searl's pony

Mervyn LeRoy discovered Lana Turner in high school, cast her in *They Won't Forget*. Looks like stardom ahead

Dick Foran, when away from the studio, finds relaxation in his garden with the socialite Missus, the former Ruth Hollingsworth, and their dog, Battle

Claude Rains may win that Academy Award for acting in *They Won't Forget*

Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* comes to life in Tommy Kelly—12-year-old Bronx youngster
and as result she eats standing up... Joan Fontaine has a novel diet idea: she eats a piece of candy before dinner—then eats no dinner... Francis Lederer brings his own lunch on the set when he's working—a quart of milk and four bran muffins... Gertrude Michael buys all her lip rouge at the 5-and-10... Boris Karloff was in this country twenty-four years before he got to see New York... Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond fed spaghetti and chili to their first dinner guests... Shirley Temple caused a laugh-riot when she walked off the set where she had been doing a dramatic crying scene, made a deep bow to the troupe and cried, "Buck Benny rides again!"... Fred Keating's bantam hen, "Duke," has a great yen for beer... Betty Furness lost her car keys the other day on Hollywood Boulevard. A large crowd of fans helped her hunt for them but it was no go—she finally had to send to the auto agency for new ones... Chester Morris fans are thrilled with the new natural colored photographs he's sending out... Sonja Henie has applied for citizenship papers... Eddie Cantor has to wear unusually heavy make-up so he won't have to shave on the set in the afternoon... Gary Cooper believes in Safety First—he carries a rabbit's foot on the dash-board of his car and has a fire extinguisher under the seat... Madeleine Carroll lives on the trust fund established for her by her husband, Capt. Philip Astley. Her movie pay checks are turned over to him to be invested in real estate... the prize for the Dish-of-the-Month goes to Jack Haley: he likes apple sauce on baked beans...

**Giggle-o'-the-Month**

The quiet and dignified Herbert Marshall has proved himself to be a past master in the gentle art of ribbing! Recently, while Marshall was working, Dr. Eric Locke, the company manager, came on the set and proceeded to display a new loud-bell alarm clock he had just purchased... Gravely Bart examined the clock—and when
Dr. Locke's back was turned set the alarm for 6:15! Then he calmly put the clock back in its box and tied it into a neat parcel. . . .

On the way home from the studio, the dignified Dr. Locke was sitting in a crowded bus, when suddenly all ears were shattered by a screaming alarm. To Dr. Locke's utter confusion he found that the racket was coming from the parcel on his own lap! . . . For one awful moment he didn't know whether to throw it out the window, unwrap it or just bear it. . . . He decided on the latter course and sat stoically through five minutes of alarm-jangling! Much to the amusement of the other passengers!

Snicker-o'-the-Month

EDDIE CANTOR and Alan Dinehart were rehearsing a scene in Ali Baba Goes to Town. It seems that Dinehart was supposed to plunge a knife into Eddie's back, (just a good old Hollywood custom!) but the collapsible knife they were using refused to work—it collapsed on the first blow and stuck. Again and again it was tried with no success.

"Come, come," said Cantor, "Let's get a real knife. That will finish Cantor and then you can all go home."

Eddie was sold the very first day on the set. It seems they'd had a great many rehearsals and everybody was nervous about Rainer. Suddenly she turned to the other players and said in her best little girl manner: "You are all so kind to me! You are mos' patient with my funny accent. I know you must all be tired—but I am so-o grateful!"

Does that sound highfalu in? "No!" storms Eadie. "She's marvelous!"

Like a Sister Act

KATHARINE HEPBURN and Ginger Rogers are such perfect little ladies! They're working together in Stage Door and getting along famously. Even though Katie will get top billing, there are no feuds and Ginger remembers all the polite things her Mother taught her. They even say nice things about each other, behind each other's back!

Katie says: "Ginger is a charming girl." And Ginger says seriously: "That girl can certainly act!"

Gar-Boos

MORE than a year ago Garbo emerged from her Aloneness long enough to tell M-G-M that she wished to play in the movie version of Tovarich—a play that was having great success in New York. She asked the story department to buy it for her . . . M-G-M didn't buy it and Warner's did. So that is that. And Garbo is quite annoyed in her own quiet way. (Claudette Colbert will be seen in the part of the Grand Duchess, the role Garbo coveted. —Ed.)

Jean Parker and Douglass Montgomery start a new life together in their Columbia film, Life Begins With Love

Marie Wilson, who has a flair for comedy, has moments of drama in The Great Garrick

One of the new blonde hopes in Hollywood is Virginia Dale, who's in Mr. Dodd Takes The Air
It's the

Out where men become native sons and tourists grab autographs, the movie players go in for all kinds of sports—not forgetting croquet

By DICK PINE

PUT a polo mallet, tennis racket, golf club, or whatever, into the hands of a movie celebrity, and the betting is that he (or she) in scarcely any time at all, gains the reputation of being an expert at that particular game. Able to give the best in the world an argument. When Southern California builds a race-track, it is no ordinary track. No! Ascot, Epsom Downs, Goodwood, Long-champs, Anteuil, Saratoga, and Belmont Park, have to "look to their laurels". (I quote from the press.)

Hollywood does nothing by halves. If it does a thing at all, that thing stays done; and, when reading about it in our eminent and unbiased press, one can learn more adjectives than ever came out of the little red school-house.

Well, let us take a peek into this thing. It's not all the vaporings of turgid, high-powered press agents, nor the baa-ings of "native sons" (a n d daughters).

We have people here who can swing

Dolores Del Rio (left) "plays at" tennis, dresses a good game. Frank Shields was No. 1 tennis ace in 1933. Carole Lombard (below) seated with champion Alice Marble, is considered the tennis ace among femme stars

—Rhodes

Three of the best golfers are Richard Arlen (top), Bing Crosby and Irene Dunne. Arlen entered the 1936 British Amateur; Irene has made a hole-in-one three times.
Sporting Thing To Do

a polo mallet without maiming their horses; people who can find the deep corners of a tennis court; people who can play a round of golf without having to replace a single divot.

Shall we start with tennis? Number one, of course, is Frank Shields, who sprang into the first ten ranking United States tennis players in 1928, and was ranked first in 1933. It's hardly fair to include him, perhaps, since he came into pictures only after he had attained prominence as a tennis player. Not that he isn't making good as an actor. He is, Ask Sam Goldwyn. Sam has "plans" for him. Apart from Shields, the two best long-time cinematenists are Errol Flynn and Gilbert Roland among the men, and Constance Bennett and Carole Lombard among the women. Connie tackled her tennis with the same grim determination with which she tackled her career. Practically everyone around her was playing this tennis game. She would look into it. She did. And she has made good at it.

Carole Lombard is often to be found whacking balls over the net to Claudette Colbert, on Claudette's court in Holmby Hills. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald (or should one now say Mrs. Gene Raymond?) are ardent tennis players. If they are not exactly tournament players, they, at least, get a lot of exercise.

MARION DAVIES' tennis parties are on a par with Marion's other parties. She is one of the most gracious hostesses in the colony. People play tennis, madly, all over the place, and for very desirable prizes, too. Marion is fond of the game, and plays it for sheer enjoyment, win or lose, and she does both graciously.

Dolores Del Rio "plays at" tennis. She plays very hard and very often. She has la dixier gie in tennis equipment and tennis outfits. For spectators, there is a pavilion in which one sits on overstuffed furniture; there are card tables, and there is a small bar where one can sip lemonade (or whatnot) from glasses embossed with crossed tennis rackets. This crossed tennis racket motif is also carried out in the rugs. The whole is worked out in a color scheme of red, white, and blue. If Dolores isn't one of our very best players, she is one of the most graceful. [Continued on page 64]

The sport of kings (horse-racing) finds Bing Crosby owning 21 bangtails— and sometimes they win

Joe E. Brown owns quite a stable and poses with one of his horses to prove it

Spencer Tracy (below) is one of the better polo players

At right is Margaret Lindsay who prefers archery

Speaking of swimming, Joan Crawford calls it her favorite dish

Dorothy Wilson plays badminton, with an instructor for partner

Guinn (Big Boy) Williams is Hollywood's ranking poloist, and rates five goals
He's Funny That Way

Haley is the name (Jack, not Selassie) and he has a style of comedy all his own. So that's why you fans are that way about him

By REGINALD TAVINER

ONE day, quite a few years ago, a couple of newsboys were standing on a Boston street corner peddling their papers and blowing upon their benumbed hands to warm them. Just kids hardly in their 'teens, they were talking about what they'd be when they grew up.

"Gee," one of them said wistfully, "I know a guy who makes $35 a week. If I could make $35 a week I wouldn't ever want anything more."

"I'd be satisfied with $25 a week," replied the other. "If I got $25 a week—gee!"

Such were their ideas of riches beyond the dreams of avarice, then. One of those boys was Elmer Ward, now president of the company which makes Palm Beach clothing; he, of course, is now a multi-millionaire. The other boy was Jack Haley, the cinema sensation of Wake Up and Live. Jack isn't exactly broke, either.

Between then and now, in Haley's case at least, there's quite a story. It isn't only a success story or a charming love story, although it contains both of these; more than either, it's an intensely human story. For Jack, long Hollywood's Forgotten Man, at last has been thrust into the spotlight as one of its ace funsters.

In Hollywood Jack Haley isn't considered exactly a colorful personage. About him there is none of the- [Continued on page 92]

Jack went big in Wake Up and Live
—his next is Danger—Love at Work
Beauty in Color

Place the accent on color for your new Fall make-up

By DENISE CAINE

When you see the luscious colors of Walter Wanger’s technicolor picture, *Vogues of 1938*, one of the first things you notice is the lovely hair of the fifteen models, those “most photographed girls in the world”... Blonde, brunette or redhead—each model has hair that shows faithful and careful grooming in every gleaming highlight and smooth wave.

In making this picture, the girls had frequent scalp treatments, under the direction of a famous scalp specialist, to prevent the blazing studio lights from harming the texture of their hair and robbing it of its natural oils and elasticity. Special oils, tonics and pomades were used, while brushing and massage kept the scalp muscles exercised. Frances Joyce is shown having one of these treatments, including the professional brushing, application of tonic and the stimulating massage.

The pompadour curls, soft rolls and flower ornaments which many of the models wore in this picture are difficult to maintain unless the hair is in perfect health. Dorothy Day, shown wearing a chiffon scarf over her gleaming curls, brushes her hair conscientiously before she goes to bed and again in the morning. She finds that this brushing, together with the use of specialized tonics, keeps that enviable sheen in her hair. And she’s wise enough to know that her hair is one of the reasons she keeps her job! Dorothy uses a brush which is made by the sister scalp specialists responsible for the models’ pretty hair. The bristles are long, flexible, yet firm, so that they penetrate through the hair to the scalp, sweeping it free of all dust.

She also uses a smaller brush, which is a miniature of the larger one, to polish and smooth her finished coiffure.

IDA VOLLMAR, the girl with a cluster of acacias fastened effectively in her evening hair-do, also takes special precautions to keep her blonde hair shining perfectly. It must not be allowed to grow darker, as neglected blonde hair will [Continued on page 82]
THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

Warner Brothers, through Paul Muni, have given birth to another masterpiece, for The Life of Emile Zola is one of the finest artistic creations to grace the screen. Both the producers and artistic creators to grace the screen. Both the producers and Muni were lavish in their recreation of France's great dramatist and exponent of the truth. Muni's Louis Pasteur won raves and the Academy Award for him; but as Zola he even surpasses that great performance. Muni doesn't act the part of Zola, he lives it. He doesn't resort to dramatic tricks to win your tears and smiles: he does it quietly and modestly. The Life of Emile Zola is not really a biographical study, but a picture of a warm heart and a great soul, for the major part of the film deals with the Dreyfus case. Joseph Schilderkrant is excellent in the role of Captain Dreyfus and Gale Sondberg shine as his wife. Others in the cast who earn applause are Gloria Holden, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill and Morris Carnovsky. And William Dieterle rates encomiums for his direction.—Warner Bros.

STELLA DALLAS

You may have read the book, you may have seen the play, or, you may even have seen the silent version of this poignant human drama, but don't use one, or even all three reasons, as an excuse for not seeing Samuel Goldwyn's Stella Dallas. The story isn't fresh, but it is designed for emotional effect and it surely succeeds in bringing the tears. While it will appeal particularly to women, men also will recognize the realism of this tragedy and they won't be able to escape its spell. Stella Dallas is the story of a common woman who is married to a man outside her class. She loses her daughter to him and her great trial of sacrifice is one of the most stirring scenes ever presented on the screen. Barbara Stanwyck in the title role is superb and Anne Shirley as her daughter almost equals Miss Stanwyck's performance. John Boles scores in the difficult role of the father, while Alan Hale excels as the other man. The entire cast was chosen with much finesse.—Goldwyn-United Artists.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

The title is just a teaser for Fox gives you everything—and, of the best, too, in their latest musical, You Can't Have Everything is bright, scintillating and chuck full of box-office names. The story is about a small town girl, Alice Faye, an amateur playwright, who expects to pant New York, Don Amiche, a director of musical shows, discovers Alice, stranded and hungry, and persuades his producer, Charles Winninger, to exercise his charitable nature. Deluded into believing that the money is for an option on her play, Alice's success goes to her head. When her romance with Don is muddled by Louise Hovick (also known as Gypsy Rose Lee) who claims prior rights, Alice takes flight in a bad temper; but is lured back. Her serious play is converted into a musical hit and Alice is completely modified. Adding their talents to those of the principals are Tony Martin, Rubinooff, the Ritz Brothers, Tip Tap and Toe (a colored trio), and Louis Prima and his band.—20th Century-Fox.
THE LATEST MOVIES

PARADE

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

Called from a colorful period in American history, The Toast of New York scores as a comedy drama. Relating the rise of Jim Fisk from a peddler to one of the most powerful financiers of Wall Street, it is packed with human interest. Edward Arnold in the role of Fisk turns in one of his best performances, and Cary Grant, an associate, is attractively convincing in his part. Jack Oakie, another associate, brings comedy relief, but it is Donald Meek, in the role of Daniel Drew, who highlights this drama of American finance. The romantic angle is taken care of by Frances Farmer who as Josie Mortimer incites rivalry between Grant and Arnold for her love. Miss Farmer performs with much feeling and with spirit and is breathtakingly lovely in her period costumes designed by Edward Stevenson. A thrilling climax is introduced when Fisk, mad with power, is determined to corner the gold market and causes the panic.—RKO-Radio.

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

Considerable expense, a considerable cast and considerable time have been employed toward making this epic of the oil fields an outstanding achievement. The story features a young dreamer who drills for oil on his farm—his dream leading him to thinking how oil will light and heat the world. But before he triumphs he is forced to overcome a flock of obstacles which can only be accomplished in heroic exploits on the screen. It starts off soundly enough, establishing its characters, planting the love interest in the figure of Irene Dunne, a singer with a medicine wagon—who loves and is loved by Randolph Scott—the dreamer. But from the moment that the liquid gold pours forth the story becomes a series of melodramatic climaxes and anti-climaxes—concentrating most of the action in mob battles between the hired stooges of the railroads and the farmers who fight to bring their oil to the refineries.—Paramount.

TOPPER

Adapted from the late Thorne Smith's fantasy of the same name, Topper is tops in screen entertainment. Pure fantasy, it is novel and delightfully giddy. It employs the technique of "now you see it, now you don't," first used in The Invisible Man. The invisible stuff is applied to the ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, a couple of gay sophists, who after being killed in an automobile accident return in ectoplasmic form to do their good deeds before they can enter the gates of St. Peter. Mr. Topper, an amiable bank president, is the object of their charity. Constance Bennett is captivating as Mrs. Kirby and her return to the screen as Topper both score hits with their swell performances, while Billie Burke as Mrs. Topper is charming and sure. Alan Mowbray is grand in the role of butler. It's sheer nonsense, but you'll love it.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
When Ginger Rogers isn't burning up her energy before cameras, she keeps an eye on the oven to see that her cookies don't burn.

Cookies Star on the Home Lot

Every cookie has its roll. Cast them according to type

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

CALL-ING ALL COOKIES...

Take your places on the home set! Extras needed for special hospitality scenes—every recipe stars in this popular home baking contest—you may win your husband's love if you read this article carefully.

Yes, believe it or not, every one of your favorite stars has his or her favorite crunchy cookie! Funny thing, that Ginger Rogers happens to carry around a few gingersnaps to munch when Fred Astaire is not asking her Shall We Dance? And Wallace Beery and Fred MacMurray couldn't be left with a cookie jar within rifle range of either one of them. As for such charming hostesses as Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern, they report it's "cookies preferred" at their clever studio parties. To Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, and the younger set, life is just a jar of cookies.

So why not win your home popularity contest and feed your family foods liked by movie stars? Bake some or all types of these delicious, crunchy and toothsome morsels frequently, and keep on hand a well filled cookie-jar gone modern.

Cookies thin and dainty, of wafer texture, are exactly suited to the graceful service of the afternoon tea-tray or evening light hospitality occasion when friends drop in. Such delicate cookies are also a pleasing top-off accompaniment to stews and other simple dinners, when one or two may be laid on the dessert plate, or a gay assortment passed separately.

A well filled cookie jar, whether it be a gaily painted tin box or an old-fashioned earthen crock, is a true treasure chest to boys and men alike, and should be kept in easy reach of those midnight raiders who rifle the refrigerator, hands up. For the cookie jar, provide thick and hearty cookies, with plenty of those special hunger-holders, the cookie with a toothsome inner filling of jam, fruit paste or mincement. These are particularly suitable also for tucking into the school or other lunch-box, or for laying out as an after-school snack to be taken with a glass of milk or a hot postum or cocoa beverage.

ANOHER suggested use for home-made cookies is as a gift to the traveler as a 'bon voyage' box. Different varieties made with care make an attractive as well as appetizing box which "looks a whole lot more" than the small cost of its ingredients. A few cookies are acceptable and satisfying at odd hours, when regular meals may be delayed, or for that final munch while reading oneself to sleep.

Cast Your Cookies According to Type!

As just suggested, there are cookies for every occasion, and each falls more or less into the following distinct types and uses:

ROLLED COOKIES
(Usually cast for more ordinary and serious parts)
Made from stiff dough; rolled out thin on floured board; cut with round or fancy shape cutter. Thick type.

FILLED COOKIES
(A variation of the rolled)
Two rounds of rolled dough put together with fruit filling.

REFRIGERATOR COOKIES
(Suitable for more sophisticated parts and decidedly "up-stage")
Made from rich and fairly stiff dough; thoroughly chilled before cutting or slicing direct from the roll of dough. Tender, crisp and wafer-thin.

DROP COOKIES
(Perfect for dainty or ingenuous parts)

[Continued on page 80]
$500.00 - 43 CASH AWARDS

A FREE GIFT FOR EACH ENTRANT FROM BRILLO

Just Name This MYSTERY RECIPE

NOTHING TO BUY—IT'S EASY TO WIN!

Here is fun! Adventurous! Generous awards in CASH and SILVERWARE. You'll get a free, surprise gift from Brillo, anyway—just for entering. Supply a name for this mystery recipe. That's all. Do it now!

??? MYSTERY DISH ???

2 pounds veal steak
1 pound ham slice
4 tablespoons shortening
4 onions, sliced
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper.

Cut veal into 2-inch squares and ham into 2-inch strips. Saute in shortening, together with onion. Add all seasonings. Add tomato juice which has been heated. Cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Remove meats to greased round casserole. Thicken remaining gravy with flour, and pour over meat. Arrange hard eggs on top.

BISCUIT CRUST

Roll chilled biscuit dough 1/4-inch thick, and of size to cover casserole, allowing 1 inch all around. Cut dough into 6 wedges and arrange on hot meat. Turn edges under and press on rim. Fashion a "rose" of left over pastry strips, and insert on top. Bake 20 minutes, very hot oven (450° F.). (Serves 6.)

A FREE GIFT FROM BRILLO FOR YOU!


KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

3RD PRIZE—this beautiful 61-piece chest of Rogers (R) Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. A complete chest, Everything for serving eight persons. Graceful Palm Springs Pattern. Follow easy rules at right to win. Use coupon below.

_RULES_ 1. Submit as many names as you like on separate sheets of paper. 2. All entries must contain names of at least three (3) nationally advertised products to be served with the MYSTERY RECIPE. 3. Contestant's name, address must appear clearly on entry coupon. 4. All entries become property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and may be used in any way publishers wish. Coupons must be in mail before Midnight, November 1, 1937. Coupons will not be returned. 5. Judges' decisions final. Contest barred to employees and families of Fawcett Publications, Inc., or their agents. 6. Equal awards will be paid in case of ties.

AWARDS $200.00 1st prize; $100.00 2nd prize; 61 Piece Chest of Rogers Silverware 3rd prize; $50.00 4th prize; 20 prizes of $5.00 each; 20 prizes of $2.50 each.

Mail to Christine Frederick, Household Editor, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City.

For a complete meal with the above Mystery Recipe I recommend the following advertised products: (Give brand names)

1. Soup 2. Salad Dressing
3. Crackers 4. Dessert
5. Pickles 6. Coffee

MY NAME FOR THE MYSTERY RECIPE IS:

Name ____________________________ Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ________________

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

63
Coquette. He has been doing very well, ever since. Johnny is quite a strenuous young man, aside from tennis. His squash, handball, polo, and swimming all approach first class.

Among other tennis enthusiasts are Roland Young, Lyda Roberti, and Rosita Lawrence. Roland Young “took” tennis at his English school in preference to cricket. He likes neither cricket nor tea!

I SUPPOSE golf comes next. Almost everybody plays golf, or “plays at it.” Consequently, there are golf courses every two or three miles around this Hollywood of ours. And, of course, they are all comparable to St. Andrews, Carnoustie, Baltusrol, Merion, and way points. But, without any preamble, let me present the champion of all Hollywood. And, in all seriousness, let me tell you that he is a golfer who can hold his own in any company. I give you Bing Crosby, who has recently won the championship of Lakeside, which, to all intents and purposes, means the championship of the motion picture colony. Apart from Bing’s aptitude for the game, one of his greatest assets is a complete lack of nerves. I saw him play in his final match. His opponent, who had been touted to win by the wise sports writers, seemed bothered by Bing’s gallery. No so Bing. He teed the ball, drove as well as he knew how, approached, and putted, unperturbed by anything.

Not far behind Bing is Dick Arlen. Bing and Dick play together frequently. Last year, while Dick was making a picture in England, he had a clause in his contract which permitted him to compete in the British Amateur Championship. Unlike a number of people, Dick not only takes a good game of golf, he plays a good game, too. He has to, to be permitted to play in the British Amateur. He didn’t win it, but the fellow who did, has a great deal more time to devote to golf than Dick. And don’t think that Johsna Ralston, Dick’s wife, is a golf widow. Joby can give a good account of herself. She is the winner of the Catalina Woman’s Tournament, and shoots consistently in the low 80’s. Harold Lloyd, who has a sporty nine-hole course on his estate, is a fine golfer who shoots in the late 70’s and low 80’s. Oliver Hardy, (he of Laurel and Hardy) has won two motion picture 72’s. Comedians are models. The Laemmle relatives from the roster of the “New” Universal! Radio news and gossip commentator, Jimmy Fidler, is also a golf sharpshooter.

The best woman golfer is generally conceded to be Irene Dunne. Irene’s recreation is devoted almost exclusively to the game. She is really very sincere and thrice has made a hole in one. Heather Angel, Ruby Keeler, Kathryn Perry and Wynne Gibson are others who deserve honorable mention.

Happening upon Gene Raymond the other day, I asked him about his golf. Gene didn’t expand very much, but he told me about the best shot he ever made. It happened at the Bel Air Country Club. His tee shot was a most deplorable slice, far off the fairway. However, it found a sign post, off which it bounced to within inches of the cup! I forgot to ask Gene whether he holed it. But he did! He didn’t! Brothers do crop up! Chicco tells me that after a drive of some 180 yards on a 450 yard hole, a seagull swooped down upon his ball, and carried it to within twenty yards of the hole! Well, take it or leave it. I wasn’t there. Groucho, not to be outdone, told me that the first time he had a golf club in his hands, he made a hole in one! I tried to get a
A N D now we come to the sport of kings. Bing Crosby bols into the limelight again. Bing has twenty-one bangtails in his stable. At the last Santa Anita meeting, only one of Bing’s entries showed its beak first, and that was a re-embalmed, dead horse, since at the newly reopened Caliente track, but the opposition here is of a slightly lower grade. Bing is president of the Turf Club at the nearby San Dieguito, and has a summer rancho about four miles from the track. Del Mar is attracting good horse flesh from all parts of the country.

Spencer Tracy has a couple of youngsters who would like to sit out Santa Anita until winter. They are the offspring of Neil McCarthy’s Tick-on. Keep track of them, and don’t say we didn’t tell you. Joe E. Brown has a stable, and, if success has been somewhat sparse to date, Joe is dauntless. Producers Bill Le Baron, of Paramount, and Harry Cohn, of Columbia, are two of our biggest owners. Bill Le Baron’s star, at the moment, is, perhaps, Brown Jade. Tag this one, too. Harry Cohn is the owner of Jobella Stables, which contains a deal of illustrious (and expensive) horse flesh.

And then there’s the story of the Marx Brothers. (This is, positively, the last time I’ll mention them, I promise.) When the race was on, the Marx brothers, acquiring horses, Groucho (or Harpo or Chico) told their secretary that they must have a horse. That long-suffering lady went out shopping for horses. She found three—an expensive one, a medium expensive one, and a cheap one, priced at seventy-five dollars. Not knowing much of horse flesh, and not seeing much difference, she bought the cheap one. The Marx brothers get their horse, but the horse never made any Marx in the record book to date. (Wow!)

W HILE on the subject of horses, we might as well take up polo. The motion picture colony has not been playing polo very long, but today it is definitely polo-conscious, and the standard of mounts is approaching that of the high class. One cannot think of polo without thinking of Will Rogers. Hollywood may have produced better players, but never a more enthusiastic one. Will ride Hollywood polo. His name, of course, is still carried on in the polo field by Will, Junior, who is playing quite a good game.

Today, it is a question between Guinn (Big Boy) Williams and Hal Roach, as to who is Hollywood’s number one poloist. Moe Williams with a rating of five goals, has the edge. Roach is a four goal man. Polo is almost a passion with Spencer Tracy, a pupil of Snowy Baker, although the studio frowns upon his playing. Joe E. Brown, Gene Raymond, Mervin Le Roy, Leslie Howard, Walt Disney, and Johnny Mack Brown are all enthusiasts, as are Buddy Rogers, Paul Kelly and Charlie Farrell. They can all be found every Sunday, either at the Uplifters Club, or Riviera.

When Sam Goldwyn’s Stella Dallas went on location to film a polo game, producers Wanger, Roach and Zanuck took part in the game. Ray Milland received a Sam, the usual extra pay of $7.50, Wanger, because he had a line to say, received twenty-five dollars. I wonder if this makes them professionals.

Also while on the subject of horses, nearly every top player goes in for horseback-riding. Those who don’t ride at least can dress horsey. A few of the horsey set own their own mags.

FENCING is rapidly becoming almost a major sport. Fred Cavens is Hollywood’s chief fencing instructor. He staged all the fights in Romeo and Juliet, Prince and the Pauper, Three Musketeers and many others, and was Douglas Fairbanks’ coach. When I called upon him, he was fresh from a strenuous bout with Basil Rathbone. His vote for Hollywood’s most expert fencer went to Basil. His opinion is that any good actor must know how to use his body gracefully, and that therefore, our screen luminaries are excellent pupils in his art. Running over a list of his best pupils, he mentioned Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Bob Montgomery, Robert Donat, and, of course, John Barrymore. And among the ladies, Beverly Roberts and Jean Muir. I remember some beautiful fencing by our old friend Bebe Daniels, in some of her pictures. (When are you coming back to us, Bebe?)

Handball is taking hold, too. Among its addicts are Pat O’Brian, Cesar Romero, Alan Jenkins, Jimmy Gleason, Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney. Pat holds strictly “stag” handball parties, followed by a barbecue. However, women are generally permitted to come in and cook supper! Freddie Bartholomew has taken up the game and engages in furious workouts with Mickey Rooney. Freddie is also learning the manly art of self-defense from ex-champion, Jackie Fields. And mention of boxing reminds me that Bob Montgomery and Clark Gable do a lot of boxing at the studio gymnasium under the watchful eye of Mike Cantwell, Maxie Baer’s trainer.

T WASN’T so long ago that Hollywood discovered what a fast game badminton is, and the game is making enormous strides. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone’s badminton parties are things to behold. Badminton courts are going up all over the place, now that people have found out that it isn’t battle-dore and shuttlecock, but a he-man’s game, faster than tennis. Patsy Kelly is particularly proficient.

Odds and ends from here and there: James Stewart, Robert Taylor, and Allan Jones are deadly rivals at bowling. Jon Hall, who has sky-rocketed into the lead in Hurricane, is the former swimming champion of Tahiti. Luise Rainer and Lynne Carver choose archery as their favorite sport. Johnny Weissmuller has a surfboard riding academy on Catalina Island. A novel idea—or isn’t it? And Johnny still can beat most any fish in swimming. The same goes for Buster Crabbe, a former champ himself. Most of the film colony enjoys swimming. Those who can’t navigate through the water put on their swim-suits, and make-believe in this make-believe town. And the swimming season finds the greatest figures (the girls) decked out in the most gorgeous suits—on display.

Ray Milland is the only actor to have ridden in the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, the most dangerous course in the world. He takes seven-and-a-half and eight feet jumps in his stride. Nick Lukas, the old Notre Dame football star is well thought of down at Paramount, and they are nursing him along slowly. Ginger Rogers has won the Southern California ping-pong championship. Fay Wray and Dolores Del Rio are two other experts at this game.

When new games are played, Hollywood will play them, and play them with a fierce enthusiasm. Our lads and lasses are body-conscious to the nth degree, which is, perhaps the reason that they hurl themselves so wholeheartedly into strenuous sports. I hate to mention the Southern California climate, but we really can play any game all year round; which gives us quite an edge in producing champions. We also like to watch all the sports, too. Take Mae West and take Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Pat O’Brien and George Raft. They’re always at the Friday night fights. And the whole colony attends the football games in the Fall—even following U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. to San Francisco, Palo Alto and Berkeley when the teams go north. And most of them are more rabid than the under-graduates and alumni in their loyalty.

“Bring on Notre Dame! Bring on Minnesota! Who said they could beat us?”

Wayne Morris got those muckles you saw in Kid Galahad through his favorite sport, bowling. When he isn’t bowling, Wayne, who was such a sensation in his first film, courts Lana Turner who also scores a hit in her first picture, They Won’t Forget
catchers lay their campaigns for Tyrone's heart, ask yourself this:

Which mother has the tougher job—Shirley Temple's or Tyrone Power's? You all know, because you've read it over and over again, what a tremendous load of responsibility and work and worry Mrs. Gertrude Temple carries. But—can't Mrs. Patia Power look at her and say (if she wanted to!): "Hmph! You think you've got a job. Hmph, humph!!! You should have a marriageable and wanted son on your hands!!"

SHARPEST contrast (as long as we are contrasting their jobs) between Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Power is that whereas Mrs. Temple can and does everything in controlling Shirley's life and work, Mrs. Power cannot and does not do anything to control her son.

How can she?—even if she wanted to. He's "free, white and 21," isn't he? Mrs. Power may, from her grandstand seat, see him being enmeshed in a cleverly contrived web; she may see him falling, as all men do, for some of womankind's oldest and surest wiles—but she has to sit still and say not a word.

About girls, about romance, about marriage. Tyrone's mother has given him, throughout their life together, only one sentence of advice or guidance from herself. It is this: "Tyrone, my son, I am not and never will be jealous of any girl; but I am jealous, and keenly so, for your career."

That is all. And it is remarkable that that is all she has ever told him, from mother to son, about his girls. Remarkable because of the extreme closeness, intimacy of their lives. There is no part of Tyrone's life and activity that is not an open book to her. He talks everything over with her—or rather, to her, because she does not attempt to tell him, in any way, what to do.

THEY have a splendid house together.

She keeps lovely house for him. When and if he does marry, his wife will find it no small work to live up to the standard of "home" that mother has established.

Nights, when Tyrone has been out, his mother is almost invariably awake when he comes in. You see, the garage is right under her bedroom. And no matter how tip-toe quietly Tyrone manages to get in, Patia (being a mother) is awake.

"If Tyrone closed that garage door by a fraction of an inch, I'd still wake up," she smiles. As he passes her door on the way to his own bedroom, Tyrone always taps, ever so gently, on hers. "Awake?" he whispers very softly. He knows darn well she is. She calls to him. And there and then—be it midnight or three in the morning, Tyrone comes in, sits for five or ten minutes on the edge of her bed, tells her about the night he's passed, the people he's seen, the girl he's been with.

By now, Tyrone's girls are no novelty to Patia Power. "Ever since he was a little boy, he's had a girl," she tells you. "He had his first girl when he was about five or six years old when he was in the first grade in school. That's where he found her. He has had a girl ever since!"

How many? Oh, boy!—she can't remember that . . . !? Tens? Hundreds? Millions, maybe.

"How long did his average 'girl' last?" you ask her.

She smiles. "I can't remember that, either. As a matter of fact, I never could keep track of him. I just knew some girls he's had, or how long they've lasted—I don't know how long each girl lasted, but I know the condition has lasted ever since that girl in the first grade!"

But it's not been until recently—very recently—that Tyrone has discovered the truth of the old adage that "in numbers lies safety." Up until a few weeks ago, Hollywood observed Tyrone's romance with Sonja Henie, and since Sonja was the only girl in the picture, Hollywood took it for granted that there'd be wedding bells for them almost any day. And then along came Loretta Young. Now Hollywood doesn't know whether Loretta or Sonja will win out, but it's watching anxiously to see. And it's learned that Alice Faye is in the picture, too.

But what they don't know is that Alice Faye is regarded, by Tyrone's mother, somewhat in the nature of a telephone "safety valve." (Imagine Alice being a safety valve!?) What I mean is this: Alice calls Patia Power "Mom." Alice is "sort of" part of the Power household. There's a camaraderie between Alice and Tyrone—and Patia—that doesn't exist in the picture when either Sonja or Loretta is the third party. With Sonja or Loretta, the picture is romance, out-and-out. With Alice, it seems to be just "palsy-walsy."

Alice sends Patia flowers, too. But Alice sends simple flowers, and she sends the kind she knows Patia likes. Loretta and Sonja send gorgeous ones. Tyrone's mother thinks and says that Alice is "nice."

"Don't you ever think, sometimes, that maybe after all Alice will win Tyrone?"

someone once asked Mrs. Power.

Surprised, Mrs. Power answered. "Alice? Why—Alice is just a friend. There's no romance there . . . !"

But ever since, Mrs. Power has been wondering about that . . .

Of course, Sonja and Alice and Loretta aren't the only girls who want "at" Tyrone. Not by any means, Mrs. Power can tell you all about that. She can tell you about the telephone at their house, for instance. Oh, yes, it's one of those "private" numbers, and you can't find it in the Hollywood telephone directory. But girls, when they want to reach a man, have their ways. And Tyrone's so-private telephone number seems to be posted on the bulletin board of every girls' club and sorority in California, Mrs. Power rather imagines. Anyway, it's always ringing and always there's a strange-girl's voice on it.

"May I speak to Tyrone, please?" it invariably asks, then, in Mrs. Power's ear. You see, Mother Power makes it a point to answer the phone herself: that's one of the things she can do to help Tyrone. So she asks who's calling, please?

Well, sometimes that ends it. Sometimes there's merely a disappointed click. But sometimes, the caller is more persistent. Sometimes she comes back:

"Well, who the so-and-so wants to know?"

"Then Mrs. Power simply says, sweetly: "Why, my dear, this is Tyrone's mother. Now won't you tell me who's calling, so I can tell him . . . ?"

"Why—ah—this is Miss—uh—Jones," the [Continued on page 72]
a picture for two-and-a-half-years? Because there was no story..."

"Oh, I know. All my friends look wide-eyed when I say that. But then I ask them what they would like to see me in. What picture, produced during the last couple of seasons, they think I would have fitted. The answer is always the same... After trying hard for ten minutes they say, 'Um, I can't think of anything offhand but tomorrow!' "Tomorrow they can't think of it either!' It's the strange truth. There's not a part that has stood out as suitable Swanson material. Not a Zaza or Sadie Thompson in the lot. Nothing of the calibre of The Trespasser, one of the most successful talking pictures. So she was.

"When I do another picture," Gloria's eyes were eager, "I want them to come out of the theatre saying, 'Wasn't that a good story!' I want everything else to be eclipsed by that important fact—that the story itself is strong and well-woven and good... The last film I made, Music In The Air... Her shrug suggested that the less said about it, the better. "It made me more anxious than ever to wait for the right material. But now that Frances is away I know I haven't a qualm. Before she was a producer she was the best scenarist in the industry and she is one of my oldest friends. Frances can do more in twenty minutes than any other three people I know. When she likes a person, she fights for them..."

And right now she is fighting for Gloria Swanson. Fighting as she once fought for Marie Dressler and Joan Crawford. When Frances rolls up her sleeves and fingers a pencil, things happen. Stories are born. Stories that are strong and well-woven and good...

A MAID came into the cool, airy library with a telegram. Gloria excused herself and ripped it open. "It's from Marie," she chuckled, "Listen: 'Don't do anything until I get there. Stop. Arrive Sunday. Marie'."

"And she left just two days ago because things were getting too hectic here with the new picture starting and all! I've known her since high-school days and we'd planned a quiet visit together this week, you see. But it was anything but quiet—with phones ringing, studio conferences, fittings, photographers... So she went back to her home in San Diego, and now..."

Now Marie is returning because she doesn't want to miss anything! There's always excitement where Gloria is. She draws it like a magnet. You have a sense of life moving in swift, thrilling currents around her. Sometimes swinging her up, sometimes letting her down—but constantly moving. No stagnant, humdrum backwaters. It's been that way since she was born. Since she was the small idol of the army post where her father was stationed. Before she was twenty she was known as the most mesmeric woman in pictures, the most impelling personality. Things happen to Gloria whether she wills it or not. For instance, she did not want to be a star...

"It was the last thing I did want to be. I wanted desperately to stay under the DeMille banner. C. B. had 'discovered' me and I knew as long as I remained in his unit I'd continue to have worthwhile stories and productions," Gloria explained. "The day he told me that I was to be an independent, full-fledged star and that I no longer needed his guidance I was heartbroken. I had in my hand the one object that is supposed to be the dream of every actress, a starring contract—and I cried! "It's one thing to have somebody else take the responsibility and wage your battles—and something else again to do it yourself. But I made up my mind I would not be typed. The public would never know what to expect of me next. I'd go from comedy to drama, from silky siren roles to gamins. And I did."

AND that is the secret of why the Swanson fame has not diminished. But it took adroit handling—and occasional strategy—to make the producers see her point of view. There was the time, for example, when she wanted to do Zaza... It was different from anything she had ever done. Drastically so. She knew it would mean maneuvering to get that part after the Front Office had been building her up in "dress" productions. So—

Gloria told them she had to have an operation. And only New York surgeons could perform it. She would have to have two months' leave of absence... Now it was quite true that a minor throat operation was necessary but it could have been done in Hollywood quite as well. With the Front Office groaning—because every Swanson picture meant a fortune in the coffers, and two months is a long time—Gloria entrained for New York. In twenty-four hours she had secured the rights to Zaza. And the next morning she appeared at her studio's eastern office. "I've found such a nice little story," she said lightly. "If you let me do it here right away I believe I shall be able to postpone my operation!"

To get another Swanson picture on the schedule they would have let her do Little Eva. And so one of her most interesting films was made.

IT'S a curious fact that Hollywood's acknowledged most glamorous woman would rather play character parts than any other. Madame Sans Gene, the lusty, freakishly-dressed Duchess of Napoleon's court, remains her favorite role.

The premiere of that play took on the form of an ovation. There has been no triumph quite like it before or since, for any screen star. She was undisputed queen of the universe that night. But coming home in the car with her mother and the man who was then her husband, the Marquis de la Coudray, she grew surprisingly silent. Her mother pressed her hand. "On a night like this you ought to be the happiest girl on earth," she said.

Gloria shook her head slowly. "No, I'm the saddest. Because I am twenty-five instead of fifty-five and this, already, is the height!"

And the Swanson of today, looking strangely less than twenty-five, still-shakes her head. "It's so bad to have success early. It's so hard to live up to it.

"What is the trend for feminine stars now? There is no trend—fortunately. We've been 'IT' girls and 'Glamour Girls' and now why can't we be just 'Competent Actresses'?

"I've always gone away after every picture to get a fresh perspective, to find new types. I love traveling anyway. I've been doing it since I was eight years old. Probably," with that swift humor which is part..."
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 shrunk.

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"

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunk tissues were normal again.

F \text{our} \text{Y} \text{e} \text{a} \text{rs} \text{A} \text{go}, 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 for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blisters; 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—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond’s Cold Cream. Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND’S CREAMS the active ‘Skin-Vitamin’
fession, he poured out to me the story of his unhappy soul. Of his sudden realization that in his unnaturally rapid achievements he had no place left to go. His class-mates at College were still having the fun and the glory of fighting their way up to the top of their professions. And that all the fun was in the fighting to get somewhere. And here he was, there already. But with no assurance he would be allowed to stay there. He claimed he'd already reached the top when he played with Garbo and where was there left to go? He realized the money (or what little was left after the tax collector finished) and the work were grand. He wasn't ungrateful at all. He was plain scared. Of the dizzy heights he had climbed in so short a time. And even more scared of the life ahead.

Well, it was a gem. A story that would have forever, brought understanding between Bob Taylor and us, his fans. A story that showed Bob, not as a smugly satisfied actor but a boy frightened and crying for help. But no sign of Bob's bewilderment must reach the public. No sign that here was a normal young man calling to us for helpful understanding. And so it was cast aside. I'm sorry for Bob's sake that that story never reached print. I feel if we had been allowed to understand Bob better all those "pretty boy" names that were hurled his way might have been avoided. Perhaps those lines of bitterness might not be etched in his face today.

If we could measure in the scales of understanding the happiness against the unhappiness of Bob Taylor two years after his success, I venture to say there would be a noticeable leaning to the unhappy side.

I don't mean to picture Taylor as a gloomy Gus. Far from it. But let's take some of the things that have happened to him, not in order but at random, and judge for ourselves.

WHEN Bob Taylor began that eventful ride to success, he was a young boy in love with his sweetheart. That sweetheart was snatched from before his very eyes by studio policy. "No, no," the bigwigs said, "it will kill your romantic appeal."

So Bob began that dizzy climb upward, lonely and alone. Bereft of the only one who could have given him balance and help.

Next, circumstances over which he had no control took from him the close comradeship of his mother. Long, irregular hours at the studio, his many outside business demands made it imperative that he seek a home alone. The thread of understanding was snapped. I know for I put it to him straight one day. "Is there still a perfect understanding between you and your mother, Bob?" I asked. He thought that over for a moment. "Well, I don't think mother ever entered into this movie thing. We are apart yes. We live in two separate worlds these days."

To Bob goes the strange experience of standing back and looking at the boy who took his place. It happened this way.

At the ring of the doorbell one morning, Mrs. Taylor opened the door and there stood a young man, smiling pleasantly.

"My name's Larry Germaine," he said, "I went to school back in Nebraska with Bob."

Hungry she reached out her hand and drew him in.

It seems Larry's own mother had died behind the boy she had loved so much. As was so rare and loves that so often exist between mother and son, Bob explained. "When I told Larry, grief-stricken and lonely, that all he'd did was to California to make his fortune, Larry rate Mrs. Brugh, Bob's mother, for the boy she had lost to a strange man Bob into her home. It's Larry and Mrs. Brugh's Sunday dinners. It's Larry and Larry's footsteps she hears on the homing of home each night after work."

"Yes," Bob explains, "I gained a through the deal. But there's a something wistful, something longing in his voice as he speaks.

As his second loss came fast and hard to his heart. The pleasures his hard-

FAR as his reactions to friends or requests from the publicity department of his studio, Bob Taylor is exactly the same as the day he began. I've known him to race madly from Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where he was on loan, to his own studio at Culver City, to make still pictures for some writer. And use his lunch hour to do it. Without a word of complaint at that.

He lives in the same small house he's lived in since the beginning. It's in the right section of Beverly Hills but certainly not the swankiest. Joe is still the one man band, running the house and acting as valet and even host in Bob's absence.

No, Bob's hat is the same size. Nothing has happened within himself to change him. It's the things that have happened to him from the outside that have changed Bob. A year or so ago he'd go sailing up Sunset Boulevard in that bright yellow car of his, a mad blue scarf sailing from his throat in the breeze, a smile on his face a yard wide as he sped on to his goal.

I watched Bob drive down Sunset just a few days ago. His face was set in firm lines. There seemed to be no joy, no thrill in it for him. I watched the grimness of his mouth as he turned the corner in dusk. He actually seemed annoyed with the whole business and suddenly I remembered something he had told me sometime ago.

"All my life," he said, "I wanted a big open car of that make. Well, I've got it. But I got it so soon, you see, so fast, all the kick is gone from it. After all I can only get another car just like it. It won't go any faster than this one. It'll be my third number one."

Yes, I saw. I saw that even then the thrill was gone. Things had happened to Bob too
fast. The fun of hoping and wishing was all over.
I watched Bob again at the opening of Bing Crosby's race track. If he smiled once
day I didn't see it. Even when the new
ree cameras were turned upon him his
mouth remained set and sullen.
Again at the Brown Derby I remembered
a lunch hour when Bob strode alone, need-
ing a shave. Without once lifting his eyes,
he ate his lunch in stony silence.

O, NO I wouldn't say that Bob Taylor,
two years later, was happy. I'd say
the willingness to cooperate, to give of his
time and self were there just the same as the
day he began. But outside of that I honestly
believe Bob is one of the most unhappy
boys in this town of unhappy

Right now he's in a period of readjust-
ment. A period in which he is trying to
adjust himself to overwhelming circum-
stances that have entered his life so swiftly.
Will Bob find his balance and go on? Will
he be able to swallow the many, many dis-
illusionsments swiftly success has brought him

and go right on from there? I believe he
will. And here's why I do.

When Bob was just a small boy back in
Nebraska, he wanted a pony more than any-
thing in the world. Finally, Dr. Brugh
bought him a pony and presented it to the
round-eyed lad,

"Where are you going to ride it?" his
father asked as Bob leaped on its back. "Oh,
to grandma's," the boy said. "Hummummm,"
was the doctor's only reply.

An hour later Bob was back. "Gee, dad,
I can't make any headway. This pony wants
to stop every two minutes and eat grass. I
guess I won't go."

"And I guess you will," Dr. Brugh said
firmly. "You set out, son, with that goal in
mind. You'll have to accomplish it. You go
to your grandmother's and bring me back
a note from her."

Late that night, a tired sore lad handed
his father the note from grandma and said
with a smile: "Well, dad, I did it."

Figuratively, Bob is remaking that long
weary journey to grandma's.

He'll get there, too. And I'll bet dollars
to doughnuts he'll be able to say two more
years from now: "Well, I did it."

• "Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for
collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like
this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"

• "Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life...many's the
time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bear-
able is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"

• "I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy...How about
some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother?
Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"

• "Notice how satiny Johnson's Baby Powder is...It keeps my skin
like satin, too!...Perfect skin is the best protection against skin
infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly
heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no
orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and the new
Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fra-
grant, and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention October Motion Picture
WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

... and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it

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 empties 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, biliousness, 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 samples to Ex-Lax, Dept. F6107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!

Tyrone's Mother Sizes Up His Girls

(Continued from page 66)

voice very often says. Mrs. Power tells her then that Tyrone is not home, but if she'll leave a number, since she knows him so well, he'll call. She usually doesn't leave the number.

"It's amazing," comments Mrs. Power, "how many different girls named 'Jones' Tyrone seems to know."

In the shops, Patia Power has her experiences, too. Just the other day, she gave the salesgirl her name: "Mrs. Tyrone Power." (You see, Tyrone's father was Tyrone, too—the famous stage and screen star of a decade and two ago.)

The salesgirl looked startled for a moment. Then she "got" it. "Oh," she blushed, "you're not his wi—I mean, you're Tyrone's mother, aren't you?"

Then, still more confused at fear of having committed another faux pas, the girl gushed on: "That is, I mean, you don't mind being known as the mother of Tyrone Power, do you?"

Knowingly, Mrs. Power smiled and answered: "Why, my dear—Tyrone has been known simply as 'Patia Power's son' for so long that I'm proud to take my turn now and be known as 'Tyrone Power's mother.'"

But with all the "Miss Joneses" who phone; with all the strange girls who write notes, with all the other beautiful approachers, there is still one thing that keeps Mrs. Patia Power proud and happy about her son. No matter how many other problems and worries she may have as the mother of a bachelor movie-hero, she can and does say: 'At least, I don't have to read the gossip columns to find out my son's latest romance. He tells me first.'
of her charm, "I won't be able to stay in the same Paradise for more than ten months!"
But it's a safe wager there'll be excitement there while she does!

SHE'S so intensely interested in everything. The last year it has been photography, especially—and collecting buttons. "Crazy man's hobby!" said Gloria, "but I'll tell you how it started. Gloria II used to call her grand-dad (my father) 'Buttons' because he wore them on his uniform. I have some of them. And then Irvin Cobb gave me some beaten silver buttons that were Navajo Indian relics. Another friend sent me some magnificent buttons of the Emperor Maximilian with his crest (I have one on a fur coat now), and Vilma Banky brought me some other historic additions from Budapest.

"And I have a button from Cecil Beaton's grandmother's coachman, and a whole array of them from every rank in the Mexican army." It's Button, Button, who's got the Button in Gloria's mansion now!

"I wanted to arrange a dark room for developing the negatives but do you suppose I can find four feet of space for it in this entire place? No!" said Gloria.

The telephone rang. Studio calling. Another conference. A great musician was waiting in the hall. A maid came in to ask if Madame would take a long distance call from Paris. Life moves excitingly for Gloria Swanson!

When the God of Sleep is playing hide-and-seek and you just can't seem to get your much-needed rest, there is one pleasant way to entice him.

Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's most pleasant remedy for fatigue is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.
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 — insist on Maybelline!

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Hollywood's Newfangled Courtin' [Continued from page 43]

Walter Kane's dinner party and asking her to go roller-coastering (Imagine!) at Venice with him the next night, Gable was zooming about town in a converted flivver that his new girl-friend, Carole Lombard, had given him with touching sentiment on the previous St. Valentine's Day. (You won't find anything in the etiquette books on this quaint gift custom.) And thoughts of a trim little station wagon, complete with radio and upholstered seats, were churning through Gable's mind.

The afternoon that delivery was made on his wood-bodied chariot found Gable in a dither. The first thing he did was to man his wagon and steam over to Lombard's house. Now Carole, so the story goes, was at dinner, but Gable couldn't wait to have her finish the meat course. "He loaded her into his shining buzz-wagon and away they went,—according to press agent legend, "to go trucking in the moonlight."

It was all right, but their delirium began to infect others. As Gable turned from "trucking" to "truckin'," Bob Cobb, caterer entreprenur of the Brown Derbys, and his new wife, Gail Patrick, found themselves back-seat riders in the station wagon. Then the fursome decided to give the horses a treat, and they hitched a trailer onto the station wagon (don't ask me how the four equines liked it) and hauled their mounts to distant valleys on Sunday mornings, early. Once there, the fursome went riding.

Saturdays and Sundays now find the Cobbs and Lombard and Gable regular visitors at nearby rodeos. When they find the time to murmur the "sweet nothings" generally connected with romantic association, no one knows. There's nothing conducive to pretty speeches in roping a call or "sun-fishing" on a bronco. But maybe the boys and girls who supply us, via the screen, with our vicarious romance are a little tired of making passionate passes at each other for the benefit of the cameras. Maybe they welcome the ever-changing open air and the serenity of blue sky and bright sun. You can't feel amorous with your lungs full of rodeo dust as you sit, sweating, in the shade of a mesquite bush.

Another thought, too, in explanation of Hollywood's newfangled romancing is that the stars at last realize that they can be human beings instead of stuffed shirts and sawdust dolls who must play orchidaceous roles in real life as well as in canned drama. They don't believe, any more, that as actors and actresses they must be "seen at the right places," and must not admit to marriage and offspring. They have seized the right to conduct their private lives as they want. The majority of them no longer carry their screen roles into off-screen activities. They can't maintain the illusion of perfection, for one thing. The candid cameras have seen to that.

If the older romancers have a corner on "truckin'" and roller-coasting, the younger flappers have not slowed in finding courtin' diversions just as novel. Too young, most of them, to be reformed night club habitues, many of the younger set find the Pacific's surf an ideal locale for romance. And that doesn't mean effete Malibu, either. It means Weinie roasts and surf-boarding and fun at commonplace old Santa Monica. Practically any day when they are not labor-
ing at Warner Brothers’ studio you may see Wayne (Kid Galahad) Morris and Lana (They Won’t Forget) Turner there, and Owen Davis, Jr., farther up the beach, at Venice, say, with Current Girl Friend, seeing how much of the impossible stuff sold at the concessions as food they can consume without getting really ill. It’s a far cry from “mushrooms under glass” and fine nappery at the Vendome.

If you’ll focus your binoculars a little to the windward and out over the Pacific, chances are you’ll see Glamor Girl Nielsen and Glamor Boy Craig Reynolds doing a bit of deep-sea fishing on the bounding main. That’s their way of expressing a sizzling romance. Of course Glamorous Gert, as we know her in Hollywood, is an old hand at fishing, winning her letter (a blue “C”) off Peconic Bay on New York’s Long Island when she was two years old. But landlubber Reynolds was a tenderfoot until he met up with Gertie when she came to talkietown to scour the celluloid with her torch-singing for Universal’s Top of the Town.

You should have seen the prettied-up Craig on their first fishing date. He had brought out the sports store goods and looked too, too Esquire. On his next bout with the bounding barracuda he was attired differently. Old clothes and a grin. Just a hint from Gertie was all that was necessary. But what about the white ties and tails of formal courtship? Do these sun-burning, shin-skinning diversions lead to matrimony? They did in the cases of Maureen O’Sullivan and John Farrow, and young Bill Henry and Grace Durbin. The sea and the surf were backgrounds for both these altar-ending romances. They are again the background for the piscatorial courtship of Make-up Magnate Perc Westmore and Gloria Dickson, the Federal Theatres’ actress who scored in They Won’t Forget.

Most menacing of the newfangled ways of courtin’ is the bowling habit. Those of the “gay White Way” (in Hollywood, the Sunset Strip... and it’s not what you think it is, you Minsky-minded males) are taking to the alleys—bowling alleys. But think of the terrific muscle the Little Woman can develop in her right arm by constant bowling before the wedding march music sounds off. This paralyzing thought does not deter Myron Futterman (cloaks and suits) from squirting Jane Wyman to the bowling alley. And poised Nan Grey, late of ThreeSMART Girls, is a great hand with the one-handed spheres. Heaven help her husband-to-be!

Voted unique was Henry (“Hank”) Fonda’s courtship of his newest wife, Frances Seymour Brokaw. He has a zoo romance, carried on in the zoological gardens of five countries. Meeting for the first time in London, “Hank” and Frances kept one rendezvous, and many others, at Regents’ Park Zoo, stopping, we presume, for tea and crumpets at the cafe near the Board Walk. The quiet of the zoo, even with its glittering residents, was probably preferable to meeting in the madhouse of studios where “Hank” was making a film. When they re-met in Germany, at the Olympic Games, the vast Berlin Zoo with its magnificent aquarium and the fountain and lake full of storks and pelicans near the Kurhaus (where they sipped mineral waters) spelled Romance to them. Once married, their honeymoon carried them to zoos at Frankfurt, Budapest, Vienna, Paris.

In the meantime, “Hank’s” former house-sharer, slim Jim Stewart was making novel romance with Glamor Girl Ginger Rogers, whose previous “highs” at newfangled courtin’ (with a previous suitor) was win-

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“with that artful uplift”

Impudent youth and a pert young figure always tempt Fate—and threaten the security of gay carefree bachelors! But who’s to blame if such captivating loveliness is simply and naturally due to the wise control of two-way stretch Lastex that molds and holds with jaunty comfort? Such saucy minimums of discipline to flatter your Fall frocks... and you’ll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one.

Foundation (for formal)—$5
Pantie (for sportwear)—$4
Girdle (for about-town)—$3.50, $4

Please send us the name of your caretaker if she hasn’t the exact Hickory Foundation you want... we’ll welcome the opportunity to be of service to you. Address: Miss Ruth Stone, 1144 W. Congress Street, Chicago.

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When answering advertisements, please mention October Motion Picture
I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't Even Lie Down!

... The Suffering I Had to Bear in Secret

WHAT a roll Piles take! The pain is excruciating and a drain physically and mentally. The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositories better than anything they have ever used.

Send for Trial Tube—All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
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Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

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This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. B. Moulton & Co., 41 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

MAIL!

No, that isn't Elissa Landi, but Veda Ann Borg pinning a posie on her big moment, Lee Dixon. Lee does an astaire in Warner Bros. musical extravaganza, Varsity Show

 dow shopping in downtown Los Angeles. Yes, actually. Well, anyway, Ginger and Jim deserted the gay spots for picnicking, with friends, often taking Mother Lela Rogers along to broil the steaks over outdoor grills, and occasionally to take a hand as back-fielder, because baseball is one of the twosome's favorite diversions. Then, of course, when it comes to newfangled romancin' there is Ginger and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's memorable roller-skating party for five hundred at a local rink... with Stewart present.

FIVE HUNDRED guests does not sound much like intimate romance to us, but twosome roller-skating is still favored on the courtship card. Night baseball games are listed as spectator diversions for courting couples. Ronald Regan, former sports announcer turned actor, and June Travis, whose father—Grabner, by name—is vice-president of Chicago's White Sox, are utilizing hard bleacher seats instead of soft night club upholstery in the furtherance of their romance, and it was a mutual interest in America's No. 1 Summer Sport that brought them together; while Margo and Francis Lederer are pretty soulful about their association, devoting two nights a week to good music, with every now and then a discussion of good books. Nothing rigorous or exotic about this diversion, but it shows where safe life among adoring couples has gone.

The Hollywood innkeepers are not at all worried, however. They know that some of the glamor maidens cannot be wooed or won by zestful outdoor courtships. The pictorial darlings with peachy skin and honey-colored hair are not going to ruin their complexion, but conform with any new-fashioned courting tricks. That's why, if you look around in any of Hollywood's popular night spots, you will probably see Glamor Girls Virginia Bruce, Margot Grahame, Marlene Dietrich, the Bennetts—Joan and Constance, even Mae West, sipping sarsaparilla. They aren't the type for rigorous, newfangled romancin'. Or they haven't met the man who could take them roller-coasting and make them like it.
She Has Everything She Wants

[Continued from page 50]

for commercial artists. She was barely three when she played in her first motion picture, and there has never been a time since then when cameras and stages and lights and studio calls have not been a part of her everyday life.

Her education had to be secured on the installment plan, sandwiched in between jobs. When she had time off from work, instead of playing or enjoying herself as other youngsters did, she had to work on her lessons.

There was nothing mercurial, nothing spectacular about Anne Shirley's climb to fame. It is rather a story of patience and persistence. In the beginning, her salary was small and, of necessity, she and her mother lived in cheap little hall bedrooms and practiced the most rigid economies.

There were interludes when hope flickered faintly and almost ebbed out, but somehow or other they always managed to keep their chins up and, invariably, when they seemed to have reached the end of their rope, along would come a job—a few days' or a week's work—enough to enable them to pay the rent and buy food.

This, then, is the background of the girl who seems, today, to be the perfect childgirlhood.

Mary's Had a Baby

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, mothers— they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, as a result of this, of unhappy attacks that have been made normal again.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeal
cs of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age.

Functional disorders

Go "Smiling Through" with Vegetable Compound

Pictur 77
1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem... Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty... Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you dainty, snow white suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEPtic PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are safe and easy to use... greaseless, snow white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial... no clumsy apparatus... completely odorless. Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical formation. Write to Zonite Prophylactic Corp., 1934, New Brunswick, N. J.

Do you want to make some easy money? Enter our $500 MYSTERY RECIPE CONTEST. Read the rules on page 64.

TYPEWRITER ½ FREE Yours for 10¢ a Day Send No Money Sent on 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Portable, the perfect machine ever made, designed for women, college girls, for home or office. The outstanding value of all others. Unbeaten in quality. Made and patented by well-known manufacturer. At a price you will never regret. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely the best small portable typewriter you can get.enders and remittances to be returned. Limited stock. Act now. Send for free packet of typing tips and essay and be prepared to type.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

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LIMITED OFFER—ACT AT ONCE

Limited stock of duplicate machines. All machines in full sales tax proof, ready to mail. Free 10-day trial. Free Catalogue.

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Send 10¢ for a complete review booklet on the 130, 220, 300 and 400 machines. The greatest writing machines ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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changed the story and the next thing I knew I was back in the picture.

IT WAS while she was working in Stella Dallas that Anne became engaged to Johnny. Up to that time it looked like an even money bet that she would marry Owen Davis, Jr.

"I met Johnny at the home of a friend," she says. "He asked me for a date and—well, you know how things like that happen—suddenly we discovered that we loved each other. I can't explain how or why . . . Of course we both like the same sort of things. We both love dance, and we like to go down to the beach and ride the rollercoaster and the shoot-the-chutes, and we can simply spend hours in the shooting gallery . . ."

(What did I tell you in the beginning about Anne being young?)

"Johnny and I both like the same sort of people and we're amoyed by the same things, and thrilled by the same things. We both hate anything that is small or petty or unfair and we hate people who pose or pretend to be something they're not . . . We won't be married until Fall and I don't suppose we'll really have a wedding because if we're both working it would be hard to fix a date. We'll just wait until sometime when we both have a few days off and then we'll load my mother and some of our best friends into cars and drive some place and be married, with no fuss or frills."

And there you have a sample of young love in Hollywood.

Of Anne's most outstanding characteristics is her enthusiasm for her friends. She'll spend hours raving about what a wonderful girl Phyllis Fraser, Ginger Rogers' cousin, is, and about Anita Louise, whom she thinks is the most beautiful girl in pictures, and about Helen Mack, who is so clever and talented. She fairly radiates young loyalty and enthusiasm, this Anne. She is just as rabid a movie fan as you—or you—or you. She raves about Jimmy Cagney and she's crazy about Hepburn and Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck.

She hates anything that is ostentatious. Her clothes are simple, young girl clothes. She likes yellow sport things and for evening she likes plain white or fluffy black net. She hates make-up and never wears it on the street. She adores perfume—especially caramel—and can't bear to lose a perfume bottle away. Her favorite game is ping pong and she's crazy about picnics—if there's a big log fire to go with it. She has a healthy young girl appetite and her favorite combination is a nice juicy filet mignon and corn on the cob.

One of the very first things Anne did when she began to draw a regular salary was to create a trust fund for her mother. "So that if anything should ever happen to me, mother would be taken care of," she says.

And what she and her mother would like to do now, she told me, is to establish a fund for the benefit of young people who are having a struggle to get on in pictures. "A fund which they could draw on in case of illness or whenever they were in real need," explains Anne.

That, it seems to me, gives you a pretty good picture of the sort of girl Anne Shirley is. She hasn't forgotten the difficulties she went through when she was trying to get a toe-hold on the slippery screen ladder and now that she has everything she wants, as she puts it, she wants to give a helping hand to the other fellow. More power to you, Anne.

---

Save Big Money on WINDOW SHADES

LOOKS LIKE LINEN... COSTS 15¢!

Buy 15¢ CLOPAYS

AT 5 AND 10c AND NEIGHBORHOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

Only CLOPAYS Have These Amazing Advantages*

*IMAGINE having fresh, lovely-looking shades at every window all the time, for a fraction of what it used to cost! Yes, you can! Actually get 10 window shades for the price of one . . . and they look like costly linen! Wear 2 years and more. No wonder thousands of women everywhere are switching to 15¢ CLOPAYS . . . the gorgeous new window shades made of an amazing new cellulose material that looks like costly linen. CLOPAYS won't crack, won't pinch, won't fray or curl. Everybody mistakes them for expensive shades . . . yet CLOPAYS cost only 15¢ . . . in full

6-foot lengths . . . ready to attach to old rollers in a jiffy with CLOPAY'S patented gummed strip . . . that needs no tacks or tools . . . Buy beautiful 15¢ CLOPAYS at 5 and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Your choice of many lovely patterns and plain colors. Ready to attach to roller, only 15c each. Roller and brackets, 15c extra. Write for FREE color samples . . . to CLOPAY CORP., 1250 York Street, Cincin-


CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES 15¢

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER MOTION PICTURE 79
Cookies Star On the Home Lot

[Continued from page 62]

Made from soft dough; dropped from a spoon. Spongy, delicate macaroon type.

**SPREAD COOKIES**
(May be the strong hero—or the villain)

Made from fairly soft dough baked in a sheet; cut into sticks, squares, etc., after baking.

**Suggestions for Successful Cookies—**
1. Use standard measurements and always sift flour before measuring.
2. In making butter cookies, always cream shortening thoroughly before adding other ingredients. Or slightly melt shortening so that the "creaming" is a perfect blend. This makes for fine texture.
3. Chill dough thoroughly and keep in refrigerator overnight. Shape in a roll and wrap in waxed paper.
4. Watch temperature of baking; large cookies and chocolate mixtures should be baked more slowly than thin crisp-textured cookies.
5. In cutting rolled cookies, flour the board and flour the cutter lightly. Do not mix "cuttings" as they are tough. Repeat rolling and working thoroughly the cookies.
6. Vary the same dough by cutting into different shapes and decorating with different colored icings, colored sugars, etc.
7. Store each different type of cookie in its own airtight tin or crockery container to keep moist.

HERE'S a simple but excellent recipe for a rolled cookie which can't be beat:

**SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES**
(Rolled)

1/2 cup shortening, melted
2 tablespoons hot water
1 cup molasses
2 eggs, well beaten
4 teaspoons ginger
3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves

Pour hot water over shortening, add molasses, and blend well. Beat eggs with ginger, and add to first mixture. Stir together flour, baking soda and spices. Add to molasses mixture and allow to stand 15 minutes. Roll out 1/2 inch thick on slightly floured board, and cut into rounds with floured cutter. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12-15 minutes. (Makes about 80 cookies.)

In all cookie baking it is best to use a special "baking sheet" of heavy-tin, having a front rolled edge and sometimes a ring by means of which it may be pulled easily from the range. These baking sheets come in sizes to fit standard ranges, and are very inexpensive. Being of tin or light iron, they permit the quick baking so necessary to this process.

**LOVELIER BLONDE HAIR**

NEW CINEMA CREAM METHOD

Everywhere blonde is more popular! You can have those beautiful, luminous, Hollywood blonde hair that are admired—NATURALLY. Use a 3 to 5 minutes—at home—you can lighter your hair to any flattering shade you desire with one application of LECHLER'S—OUR PORTABLE LIGHTENING, the New Cinema Cream Method. Brightens hair immediately! Looks natural! LECHLER'S applied in an aromatic white cream—easy to use—lightens only hair where applied. Not a hard bleach! Does not run to hair ends and cannot streak! And LECHLER'S does not affect your permanent wave.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

For Each Order of LECHLER LIGHTENING CREAM Get Special Application Brush with each order.

**FREE**

ัด a-magazine booklet— "The New Art of Lightening Hair" 
A Hollywood's famous colorist gives you a handle— "Cinema Long—Lash" in emulsified case with mirror (Regularly $1.00)

**LECHLER LABORATORIES**

560 Broadway Dept. F. A. New York, N. Y.

MAN—What A Money-Maker!

EVERY WOMAN WANTS THE NEW PRINCESS ROYAL HANDBAG

Breath—taking beauty; unique, new, exciting feature, and VALUE unmatched in any bag at any price! Just show this amazing new and different handling and take to profits in handbags! Every woman loves its soft, pliable, beautiful, lie-life quality, genuine Steerhide leather—with Stream-bent tooled design...its self-closing handle and soft, velvety genuine suede lining.

**FREE SAMPLE OFFER!** You'll be excited when you see the actual "Princess Royal" Handbag. Offer free to any one interested. Write for your free gift—please details and FREE SAMPLE OFFER.

**MERCHANDISERS,** Merchandise Mart, Dept. 8-50, Chicago, Ill.
The following recipe shows clearly how a refrigerator cookie is made:

**PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES**
*(Refrigerator)*

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Sift flour once, and measure; add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add bran. Cream shortening thoroughly, add peanut butter, and cream together until well blended. Add both sugars gradually, and cream again. Add eggs, and blend. Add flour gradually and mix thoroughly. Shape into 1 1/2-inch roll, wrap in waxed paper, and chill thoroughly. Cut into 1/4-inch slices. Bake on greased sheet, hot oven (400° F.) 8 minutes. (Makes about 48 cookies.)

The opposite type of cookies is the one which is "dropped" from the end of a spoon as the ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Here is an easy recipe and one which children may have a lot of fun making.

**MAPLE NUT COOKIES**
*(Drop)*

- 1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- 3/4 cup maple syrup
- 2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup walnuts, chopped

Thoroughly blend condensed milk and syrup in heavy saucepan. Cook over hot water or low heat about 5 minutes, or until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Add cracker crumbs and chopped nuts, and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased sheet. Decorate each cookie with whole walnut meat. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes or until brown. Remove at once. (Makes 24 cookies.)

Another drop cookie recipe is interesting because by varying any one of five possible ingredients, five different cookies may be prepared from the same batch. This one has proved a winner:

**FIVE-WAY CRUNCHY COOKIES**
*(Drop)*

- 1 1/2 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup peanut butter

Any 1 of the 5 ingredients listed below:

(1) 2 cups seedless raisins
(2) 2 cups cornflakes
(3) 3 cups moist-cooked oatmeal
(4) 2 cups bran flakes
(5) 1 cup walnuts, chopped

Thoroughly blend condensed milk, peanut butter and one of the five suggested ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes until brown. (Makes about 30 cookies.)

Some cookies follow a "strip" method which is indeed a "tease" to anyone to eat them up as soon as they are made! These "strip-tease" cookies are those spoken of as the "spread" type, where the mixture is a fairly soft dough, baked in a sheet in a pan and then cut into strips or fancy shapes after baking. Lulu Olivia de Havilland passed along this unusual recipe for:

**HAWAIIAN TEA STRIPS**
*(Spread)*

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 cup orange juice

**MERINGUE**

- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 egg white, stiffly whipped
- 1 cup moist-cooked coconut

Sift flour once, and measure; add baking powder and sift three times. Add orange rind to butter and sugar, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and beat until well blended and light. Add flour alternately with milk and orange juice, beating after each addition until smooth. Pour into greased shallow 15x10 inch pan. Cover with thin layer of meringue, made by beating sugar into egg white, and sprinkle with coconut. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 25 minutes. Cool. Cut into strips or into small diamonds or crescents. (Makes 24 strips.)

For the one who takes up cookie making in a serious way, there is a special cookie press, a trickey little device to help you make cookies as fancy as those of the most fashionable pastry cook. This small cylinder operates by a simple handle which presses the dough down and out, and thus shapes it as it passes through the various "plates" in the bottom. Among the patterns which may be made by it are a Christmas tree, Snowflake (popular and pretty), Daisy, Heart, and even, for the nautically minded, a Starfish! The entire outfit of press and twelve interchangeable plates comes in a neat gift box. It's easy and lots of fun to "punch" cookies in this mechanical way, and to make fancy cookies for special occasions, going-away boxes and holidays.

You will surely wish to send for the unusual set of Calling All Cookies Recipes which has been prepared for you.
do and it must not be bleached or dyed, for the Technicolor cameras are quick to record anything that's not natural. She contends, and correctly so, that regular scalp treatments plus plenty of brushing and cleansing bring out the highlights and keep them in her hair far better than any artificial method.

Brunette Katharine Aldridge, who wears a coiffure of classic charm, topped with a pert green velvet bow for evening, gives her hair the same regular care as her teeth, realizing that dark hair, to compete with the more spectacular blonde, must be cared for and dressed meticulously...

You may be photographed only a dozen times in your whole life, but that doesn't mean your hair should be less well-kept than the models' locks... The eyes of your prospective boss, your business associates, your personal friends and your best beau are the critical camera lenses you have to face daily—and if you allow them to register an unfavorable impression, your career as successful business woman or successful wife will suffer...

Fall is a particularly good time for you to concentrate on reconditioning your hair because (1) it probably needs special care after being over-exposed to summer sun, wind and salt water and (2) with the renewal of autumn social activities, your hair must match your new Fall clothes, your new Fall face, for it will be under closer scrutiny at football dances, bridge parties and dinners... If you are interested in looking into the special treatments used by the models, I'll be glad to send you additional information. The treatments are given at salons all over the world, and the corrective preparations and treatments for home use are sold widely. Whether you are troubled by dry, oily or falling hair, dandruff or any of the ills the scalp is heir to, you'll find the remedy in this line.

NEW Fall faces and Fall fingertips as well as hair, come in for their share of attention in the new product line-up. One of the most interesting preparations for improving the texture and freshness of your scalp is a corn product that can be mixed with various ingredients to form corrective beauty masks. A quick-acting beautifier, it softens and refines the skin, helps to reduce excessive oiliness and to ward off surface lines, accomplishing its purpose by gently increasing circulation. It is a pleasant, non-messy product to use and delightfully inexpensive.

One of its nicest and most effective uses is in combination with milk. You mix four tablespoonsfuls with enough milk to make a thick or thin paste, as you prefer, apply this to the face and throat and then relax during the fifteen minutes it takes to dry. Rinse it off with clear, cold water and pat the skin dry. Besides clarifying the skin, this milk mask heightens its color and keeps your make-up fresh longer. For those with very dry or sensitive skins, the preparation should be mixed with a good tissue cream, and for sallow skins with buttermilk. If your skin is annoyingly oily, try adding the white of an egg and a small amount of milk to the product. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

With your hair and skin beautified to accent your fine new frocks, don't spoil the picture by wearing an old summer shade of nail polish. However, I'm sure that once you see the three new Autumn shades of a popular import, you will cast aside old favorites without a thought. These three shades, blended to harmonize with smart new fabric shades, are in soft rather than flaming tones, colors that gain attention by well-bred, but, nonetheless, inconsistent means.

TO GO with the spicy browns, rust and copper, those colors so well suited to the season of falling leaves, there is an ashes-of-roses, thistle-hued tint. This shade looks...
MIRACLE AT THE DRESSING TABLE!

"I've seen too many girls lose their beauty and popularity through neglect of the sunny, golden loveliness nature gave their hair," says Marion R. "So I'm not going to take any chances—I use nothing but Marchand's on my hair. It brought back all the glorious blonde shadings and radiant life my hair used to have."

Thousands of enthusiastic Marchand users say, "Only Marchand's can restore and retain the true glamorous beauty of BLONDE hair. Marchand's keeps hair soft, healthy, lustrous." BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to highlight their hair—without lightening the color.


For more than 50 years, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has been used all over the world. It's guaranteed. Accept no substitute. All reputable druggists carry and recommend Marchand's. Complete instructions for use with every bottle.


MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CHAS. MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City.

Sirs: Please send me a FREE copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY SECRETS. I enclose 3c stamp for postage.

Name
Address
City State

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION OCTOBER MOTION PICTURE
drenched hills back of San Diego, "to steam the poison out."

He had been there only a few days, when he came down with pneumonia. Double pneumonia. Nobody thought he was in any condition to win the battle. He was unconcious when he was rushed to the nearest town with a hospital. The newspapers had obituaries all prepared.

When he rallied from the coma of the pneumonia crisis, he asked where he was. They told him, "Riverside," Bill laughed. He had a memory of Riverside.

BACK in his tramp-juggler days, he played the county fair at Riverside once. Another act on the same bill was a coin manipulator—a trickster who could make coins appear or disappear at will, with sleight-of-hand. One night, Bill went into the manager's tent, to find the manager raging at the coin manipulator.

"The first night, your act lasted nine minutes," he was shouting. "It was good; people liked it. Last night, you cut it down to seven minutes. Tonight, five minutes. What do you think you're doing, anyway?"

Meekly and sadly (or so Bill claims, anyway), the coin manipulator answered, "Well, you haven't paid me yet, and I'm so hungry that I'm eating the act."

It was at Riverside that Bill had his now-famous $12,000 encounter with one Dr. Citron. It was an encounter that lasted a month. At the end of that time, Bill had frustrated the pneumococcus bugs. But now, besides his doctor's bill, he had something else to worry about. Arthritis—or, as Bill calls it, triple arthritis.

Every joint in his body was swollen and stiff and sore. He couldn't even hold a fork to feed himself. The most that he could do with his stiff hands was to rub one with the other, trying to rub the swelling away.

THE inactivity of those months, he says today, nearly killed him.

For Christmas, someone gave him a combination radio, phonograph and recording device. "That saved my life," he says.

He lay there, thinking of gags, telling them to the recording machine, then finding out how they sounded when they came back at him, trying to improve on them. And he discovered radio. He had never paid much attention to it before. Now, he had it on most of his waking hours. He made an amazing (to him) discovery: there was some pretty good talent on the air. But he still didn't have any ideas about a radio career for W. C. Fields.

"I had had radio offers for years," he says, "and turned 'em all down. I didn't think radio was a regular business—not for show folks. It was the same when movies came along. I didn't think they were a regular business, either. Now—he grins that satanick-cherubic grin of his, with his cigarette holder pointed skyward—"now I'm looking forward to television."

The sanitarium had therapeutic machines operated by electricity. When they went on, they shot Bill's radio full of static. Invariably, during one of his favorite programs. He lived for the day when he could

---

**Sally Eilers is in no hurry to return to Universal and her next picture, *She Married a Million*, for she's having a delicious time with her young son, Harry Joe Brown, Jr.**
get outdoors, out to his car, in which he had a radio installed.

When that day arrived, when the word leaked out that Bill Fields, crippled for months, was beginning to get around a bit, Paramount came to him with a request that almost made Bill forget arthritis for a moment. They were holding a big jubilee party to celebrate Adolph Zukor’s twenty-fifth anniversary in film business. Bill couldn’t be there in person—but couldn’t he say a few words into a radio microphone?

“I was tickled pink to do it,” Bill says. Bill’s very fond of Paramount, very gratefulful to Paramount. He was practically on his uppers, a has-been, when Paramount gave him a job in a picture. A bit. Then a couple more bits. Then a contract. Then stardom. Bill hasn’t forgotten. He isn’t the forgetting kind.

“They hooked radio apparatus into my room, and I went on. From that came the offer to go on the Chase and Sanborn hour.”

BEFORE his enforced acquaintance with hospital beds, he had never taken a rest in his life. "I got to liking it so much after a while, I got so contented, that I said to myself, 'Here, here! This will never do! I've got to go out and do some work! I'm getting rusty'... I took the offer.

"Sure I like it—even if it is the toughest work I've ever had," he says, crushing out one cigarette and immediately lighting another, an old habit of his. "The shorter the time you have to get your laughs, the more difficult it is to get them. On the stage, if you flop in the first part of a show, you may make it up in the last part. But on the radio, when you have just ten minutes, you have to make every minute count, squeeze down every gag to its minimum wordage, and, on top of that, be nonchalant. As if you’re ad-libbing.”

Which, part of the time, Bill is. It’s another old habit of his, which has made him the ad-libber par excellence of our times. But it’s highly disconcerting to his radio cohorts—Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, and Edgar Bergen, not to mention Charlie McCarthy. When Bill ad-libs, they all lose track of their lines and their scripts. So far, they’re always able to find them again. But what if, sometime, they couldn’t? What then?

They’re trying to reform him, trying to get him to ad-lib before the broadcast, not during it.

"It doesn’t matter where I am—I can usually run off the mouth," he says, in apology.

Nobody’s dummy himself, he finds Edgar Bergen’s dummy, Charlie McCarthy, a new reason for living. Even if he does call him "a termite’s flop house." (That’s just one of the lines Bill has got away with on the radio.)

"Funny thing," he says. "Everybody thought ventriloquism was all washed up years ago. And along comes Bergen with that kid and cleans up.

Accuse Bill of talking as if Charlie is alive, and he says, "Everybody believes he’s alive. Dorothy kisses him goodnight after every broadcast, Bergen pretends that Charlie is just a dummy, but he doesn’t believe any such nonsense. He has another dummy, exactly like Charlie, in case somebody should steal Charlie—but he can’t use him. He isn’t alive, like Charlie.”

BILL is thoroughly sold on radio, even if it is the hardest work he has ever had. But it hasn’t made him less sold on the movies. He still thinks comedy that can be seen, as well as heard, is funnier than comedy that can only be heard.

As soon as he has recovered a few more of his vanished pounds, and looks like his former movie self again, he will do a skit for Paramount’s Big Broadcast of 1938, then start Things Began to Happen.

But he shakes his head, in mild amazement, that after forty-two years in show business, he has a new career. He thought he had done everything that was to be done, in the show line. He had been in medicine shows, circuses, county-fair acts, burlesque, vaudeville, musical comedy, movies. But now he’s in radio. Now, nothing can surprise him. Not even a career in television.

It all started in Philadelphia, when he was eleven. He ran away with a medicine show. "Not because I was sold on the medicine show, but because I had an altercation with my father. He didn’t like the way I looked at him, or something, and boxed my ears. I called him a name, and ran. And I didn’t have the nerve to go back.”

There were no actors in his family, “except bad actors—and none of those ever went on the stage.” Bill had nightmares of stage-fright in the beginning. The only thing he could do then was juggling. And juggling, he discovered, had its hazards as a profession.

“When you juggle, you judge the height of your throws by the ceiling. But stages don’t have orthodox ceilings. And the ceilings they do have are of different heights in different theatres. Not only that, but you have

---

**YES, I'M STILL SINGLE**

**TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!**

**RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 18 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...**

**AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!**

**AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!**

**MY BREATH, JUDY? THAT...**

**NEVER BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

**Three Months Later—Thanks to Colgate’s**

**Colgate Dental Cream combats bad breath**

“Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth...emulsifies and digs out the decay-causing 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 new brilliance to your smile!”

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention October Motion Picture 85
Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

Learn at Home

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spotlights in your eyes, blinding you. I'll never forget one time in Berlin—I was nineteen then—I threw my hat up in the air, I was going to catch it on my head. And I lost sight of it, I lost it. That's what blinded me... Ah, yes, my lad, juggling is a difficult profession.

He still juggles occasionally, in his own backyard, in the tin. It's a form of exercise, "goof for the coordination."

H E CAN'T explain how he developed his unique brand of laugh-getting. "Frankly, I don't know. It might give you some fanciful sort of romance about how it all started, but it would be sheer hokum. I don't think comics are made. They're born. But they don't know, any more than the fellow where they're going to land. They do something a little off the beaten track, and people like it, and they're made. I'm fortunate that they like what I've been doing... And that's what it is: one hundred per cent luck..."

"I don't think acting can be taught. That's why I don't see where they're getting to get a new crop of comics. The old field where comics grew is ploughed under now. I mean vaudeville. The whole crop today is from the stage, and they all got their start in vaudeville, which tolerated beginners. There are so few exceptions that they aren't worth mentioning."

Everything that Bill says isn't funny. This is one thing about which he is serious. So is everyone else who sees the dearth of new talent on the screen horizon. But if he can't explain how he developed his particular brand of comedy, he has the explanation of why it gets over. At least, he hopes it's the explanation.

"You've heard the old legend that it's the little, put-upon guy who gets the laughs. But I'm the most belligerent guy on the screen. I'm going to laugh at everybody. But, at the same time, I'm afraid of everybody. Just a great big frightened bully. There's a lot of that in human nature. When people laugh at me, they're laughing at themselves. Or, at least, at the next fellow."

"I was the first comic in world history, so they told me, to pick fights with children. I bootied Baby LeRoy. The No-men—they're even older than the Yes-men—shook their heads and said that it would never go; people wouldn't stand for it... then, in another picture, I kicked a little dog. I was walking along a hedge. A gardener was sprinkling a lawn on the other side. I didn't see him. Suddenly, I noticed water on my leg—and a stray pup beside me. I bootied the pup... The No-men said I couldn't do that, either. I've got something both times. People didn't know what the unmanageable baby might do to get even, and they thought the dog might bite me.

"Maybe you wouldn't call it sympathy. Maybe you'd call it forbearance. But at least I haven't been mobbed yet. People seem to think there's no real harm in me... And sometimes," he adds, in mock sorrow, "that cuts me to the quick—that anyone should think there's no harm in me."

H IS pet antipathy is a stooge, of any variety. This, however, cannot compare with his aversion to hospital beds. He wasn't laid in one before last year, and he intends never to be in one again. That is Reason No. 1 why he has stopped drinking entirely. If he says anything to the contrary on the radio, it's only kidding.

"I'd hate to see my friends stop, too," he says. "This gives me an advantage. If we're talking a business deal, all I have to do is get them drunk, and I'll come out on top."

Besides being a chain-smoker, he is a pacer. Talking with your simple conversation, he walks up and down a room, with those short, jerky steps of his, an unused cane in his hand. If he sits down for a moment, he's up again the next moment. He is the world's worst sleeper. For years, he has had only two or three hours' sleep a night—an old habit of his barnstorming days, when he had to catch owl-trains from one stop to another. And a year's rest in a hospital didn't break the habit. He had arthritis, you remember; not measles.

He hasn't played golf since his escape from invalidism. His favorite sport now is sunbathes, under a special glass that raises the sun's temperature twenty degrees. That redness in his proboscis these days is one-hundred-per-cent sunburn.

He is one ex-stage luminary who never even regrets a homesickness for Broadway. He thinks California is the greatest country in the world (most of which he has seen with those pale-blue eyes of his), and wants to stay here the rest of his life. "If pictures move elsewhere," he says, "I'll give up pictures."

He lives on the fringe of Bel-Air, in an isolated, rented house, with a view of thinly wooded hills and, in the distance, the ocean. In the driveway, beside his car, stands Hollywood's first trailer. He bought it years ago, outfitted it like a Pullman club car, and still uses it when he feels like being alone. And when he is in the country, he wants to be alone. It's only in the city that he likes people around.

Born with the name Claude William Dunkfield (he reversed the initials when he changed his name to Fields), he has a mordant interest in comical cognoms. He is proud of the latest addition to his collection. In a society column the other day (though what Bill was doing, reading a society column, I don't know), he found this name: P. G. Whistletree.

You'll be seeing it opposite Bill's name—perhaps—even on the cast sheet of some picture.
The Man I Love

[Continued from page 32]

for I'll Take Romance, her new Columbia picture. Or rather, as she finishes playing it, and her eyes seek those of a man seated unobtrusively in the shadows but where she can see him. Her brows rise in a question, so slightly that unless you know what to look for, you'll miss the pantomime. His head moves in an all but imperceptible negative, and her face clouds a little. Next time she blows up in her lines, and the look she sends him is of that of a crestfallen child. But he smiles encouragement, and the next take is perfect. Not to Grace Moore, though, till she catches her husband's nod of approval.

And in the little smile they exchange, a keen- sighted observer may read the whole tale of their marriage.

If she had her way, he would be on the set with her always. But he has his own ideas on that subject and sticks to them. His dark eyes, with their tinge of Latin melancholy, remain gentle but his voice is firm as he tells her: 'It is not well, Gracita, that the husband should—how you say—come in butt in. Besides, there is other business to attend.' And he goes to attend the other business, the management of her affairs—a full time job for any man.

'That's one thing I love about him,' she said later, as we sat in the dressing-room decorated in her favorite white, for the few minutes allowed her between takes. Against the white leather of the chaise lounge, the gold and blue of her hair and eyes struck vivid notes. Her attitude was one of repose—hands clasped round her knee, the folds of her bronze metal-cloth gown falling softly at her feet. Yet her vitality is such that, sitting quietly in a room, she seems to fill it with more significant life than would the bustle of ten other women.

'I might say that I'm old-fashioned enough to prefer a man I can't twist round my finger, except that I don't think there's anything old-fashioned about it. I believe every woman with normal feminine instincts would rather submit to her husband than have it the other way round. She may enjoy teasing him to see how far she can go, but if she finds she can push him all the way, believe me, she hates the victory she's won.

'I'm a volatile person. Val's a steady one. Whatever notion hits me, that's the one I'm crazy to be chasing. Val says I'm like a humming-bird, dashing into every flower I see. He's my balance-wheel. I don't say I'm the most docile character you could meet, nor that he's a Simon Legree. After all, we're both reasonable adults. He lets me run to the end of my rope, and then he says: 'Gracita!' And when he says 'Gracita' I listen. I may flare up for a minute or argue for an hour, but I know in my heart that his judgment's worth more than all my impulses. Especially in music. Tosca- nini said he had better taste in music than any man he'd ever met. The flaring and arguing's mostly an act.'

'To see how far you can push him?'

'Maybe,' she smiled. 'Anyway, he never takes a stand except on essentials. He's no fuss-budget, and therein lies his strength. For instance, nothing would do me when we came out here this summer, but that I must immediately have a pool built on the property we'd bought. There's no house, you understand. Maybe some day we'll build one, and meantime we're living in a small place across the way. But I'd never been here in the summertime before, and I clamored for a pool. I yelled it's going to be hot, I must have it right away, quick as lightning, overnight. Val humored me. He said: 'If I could, I would waive you a wand, and say: 'Presto! Pool! But I can't, darlink! You've got to hear him say 'darlink' to appreciate how it sounds."

'Well, before it was finished, I'd been bitten by the trailer bug, gone out and bought me one, had it hiked down to a spot we rented on the shore, and now we spend every spare minute in the trailer, and the pool takes care of itself. Oh, yes, we use it now and then, and of course if we build, there it is. But that's an example of how little Gracie behaves when she's given her head.'

And here's an example of how she behaves when her head is checked. The studio had sent up a still photographer one warm day, and for hours she'd posed in the house and garden to give him the shots he needed. Then they went indoors to rest. It was very pleasant—the cool light of the room, the cool cretonnes of the furniture,

---

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Grace Moore has been in a seventh heaven of happiness from the day she met Valentin Parera and married him. A love match.
They Think I'm a Bombshell

[Continued from page 36]

and firmness and tender femininity. It is impossible not to like her. We think she is swell.

BUT there is one thing we are worried about: she drives a rattled trap 1930 Ford. Positively hazardous in Laurel Canyon, where she lives in a frame house perched on a precipitous cliff. One must be something of an indomitable alpinist to get there. We are speaking from sad personal experience. All lovers of better acting and less bank in Hollywood should band together and persuade Frances Farmer to give up her dangerous car. "I'm expecting it to fall apart any minute," she said, that sardonic grin quivering on her lips.

She abhors Hollywood's time-honored institution of bakshish. When a new stupendous, colossal, etc., picture is completed, it is the accepted practice among our glamor queens to distribute sundry valuable gifts to cameramen, juicers, prop boys and others who supply the convincing details that help the producers and the stars rake in the shekels you and I have such a heck of a time earning.

"It's so hypocritical and so futile," Miss Farmer asserted. "I have great respect for all studio technicians. They are the real heroes in this business. But why should one try to placate and bribe them? They do their best, and that's all one can expect of them. Giving such gifts is like tipping servants,

Leif Erikson will have no one to read his lines to now that the wife, Frances Farmer, is playing stock in the East and wholly uncalled for and unnecessary in studio work. It reduces the technicians to an inferior social position."

SHE wouldn't let even Adolph Zukor ask her a question in the middle of a scene, and has a horror of meeting visitors on the set, because she takes her acting seriously. "People don't realize that acting is hard nervous work and requires extreme concentration. They go to a theatre, see the players moving gracefully, hear them speak their lines casually, and conclude that acting is the easiest thing in the world. When I prepare for a new role, I literally live it for days before the shooting starts. I'm completely absorbed in it, and when I'm actually before the camera, I'm not Frances Farmer any more, but the person I'm playing. So many actors get a reputation for being temperamental because they don't like to be distracted on the set."

Frances Farmer is a working girl who made good in Hollywood. Success has not changed her, and is not likely to change her. She has the independence and healthy common sense of those who have labored with their hands, and is a typical, modern American girl.

There are thousands like her on college campuses throughout this broad land, or just entering the world of strife and toil. The college youth of the jazz age in the twenties, and the college girl of today are not the same generation. Sociology is now hardly less important than foxtrotology, and the college girl of today is not ashamed to be seen with a book under her arm.

A child of the depression, Miss Farmer doesn't care to dramatize her difficulties, nor does she care to deny that she has

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While waiting to be called for scenes for Ebbslide, Paramount's technicolor picture, Frances Farmer has an earnest discussion with Oscar Homolka, left, noted European actor, and Ray Milland, right. Frances dons slacks and feels at home with the boys.

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While waiting to be called for scenes for Ebbslide, Paramount's technicolor picture, Frances Farmer has an earnest discussion with Oscar Homolka, left, noted European actor, and Ray Milland, right. Frances dons slacks and feels at home with the boys.
Farmer they knew is a motion picture actress today." She giggled. Yes, this serious thespian does giggle. She is very human.

Her life at the University of Washington wasn't that of scatter-brained sorority girls with rich doting parents. She preferred a good book and a pack of cigarettes to spinning around in a sleazy rash of jazz. Of course, the shining lights of the campus circles thought she was a bookworm and a little queer. She associated with kindred souls in the drama, English and journalism departments. She majored in journalism before she switched to drama. Her brother is editor of the Burbank, Calif., News, and her sister is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle. So journalism is almost a family profession.

She admitted, blushingly, that she still writes poetry. "We were very serious about our work. We went out in groups, enjoyed departmental socials, and there was no pairing off to speak of." Did she ever fall in love? "A few times, but not seriously. I felt I would never marry, that I was doomed to lead a single life."

In 1935 she won the subscription contest of the Voice of Action, a Left Wing publication, and was rewarded with a trip to Moscow, Russia, where she studied the Soviet cinema and theatre for six weeks. It was hardly a luxurious trip, as she went to New York on a bus, and thence to London as a third class passenger, where she boarded a Soviet ship for Leningrad. Nevertheless, it was a memorable journey, and proved to be instrumental in getting her a Paramount screen test upon her return to New York, with many ideas about the art of acting, but penniless. In New York, she tried to earn a few dollars as a model, before Paramount rushed her to Hollywood. "I had seen Hollywood before, but of course I had never been inside a studio. From Mt. Rainier I came to Los Angeles. I had some relatives down here, and I was very much interested in the work of the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

"I took some private lessons from a dramatic teacher in Pasadena, and played in Macbeth in Uniform with an amateur group. I had the part of the duress. But we closed down after one night because we couldn't meet Pasadena's fire regulations. I had spent my hard earned $75, and went back to Seattle flat broke. Fortunately, a friend of mine got me a job in hair dye factory. "It is characteristic of her fearless, independent spirit that she traveled to Moscow and back alone, without knowing a word of Russian. Her mother was worried, even though she knew Frances was capable of looking after herself.

PHYLLIS LAUGHTON, then dramatic coach at Paramount, introduced her to one of her students, Leif Erickson, a guy who towers to a height of six-feet-four-and-a-half-inches and looks like a young tribal chief of the old Vikings. "We took to each other immediately," Frances said, giggling with wide-spread content, "but it wasn't love at first sight. We first met in October, and were married the next February. We enjoy ourselves beautifully. When we have a few days off we go down to Laguna Beach, or take a trip to the mountains. We are satisfied with each other's company and don't care for parties and night-clubs. We had an apartment before we got this place, but we didn't like it. Not enough room and privacy.

"But we love it out here. It's just like living in the country. It's sometimes hard for our friends to find our house, but we go down to the gas station at the foot of the canyon and pick them up," Laurel Canyon is a swanky residential district for hardy drivers and is peopled by movieland's cliff dwellers. Its stary nights are worth poems, and no doubt, Frances has written several.

Ever since she gave that amazing performance in Come and Get It Miss Farmer has been one of the busiest girls in town. At the moment she has two pictures playing on Broadway, The Toast of New York and Exclusive, and is working in a third, Ebb tide. The studio rewarded her with a bonus, and offered her a new contract with more money as a result of her work in Come and Get It, but she wouldn't take it because she wants to divide her time between the stage and the screen.

She plans to go East to do summer stock as soon as she finishes her current assignment in Ebb tide, "Now that I have gained a certain amount of security," she said, "money means very little to me. It's not an important consideration anymore. I can be satisfied with very little. I don't care to put up a front. I feel I need the stimulation of the stage to improve my acting. Otherwise I'll get into a rut. Besides, it is necessary to get away from Hollywood from time to time in order to regain one's perspective on things. After a few months in the hectic atmosphere of a studio company, I usually wonder if there is another world besides Hollywood."

Such is this lovely bombshell, 1937 version, a girl conventional Hollywood fears.
He's Funny That Way

[Continued from page 58]

atrical glamor of a Barrymore, none of the Hamletish moods of a Chaplin, and none of the magic romanticism of a Ronald Colman or Robert Taylor. And yet, while virtually unheard of among film audiences during the three years he has been in pictures, Jack has quietly earned over a quarter of a million dollars.

His attractive wife, the former Florence McFadden whom he first met when both were in their first vaudeville acts, phrased it succinctly thus: "Jack has always made top money even though he didn't get top billing."

Hollywood, until recently, didn't hear of Jack simply because it didn't bother to hear of him. In a town which is virtually the goldfish bowl of the world's parlor Jack, nevertheless, had the privacy of a holed-up ground-log whether he wanted it or not. Seeking to attract professional attention and publicity, he bought a lovely big house in the most swanky section of Beverly Hills, put in a swimming-pool, accoutered himself with two huge police dogs and a redundant automobile, just as other successful players do; and still Hollywood wouldn't give him a tumble.

JACK HALEY's story, however, really began a long time before he was that Boston newsboy. He was born in that city on August 10, which birthdate he magnanimously shares with Napoleon Bonaparte, and six months after his birth his father, John Haley, was drowned.

Haley, the father, was a fishing-boat captain who, off-duty himself, volunteered to put to sea in the stead of another skipper whose wife was having a baby. A big storm came up off Nantucket, wreacking havoc with the fishing fleet, and the boat Haley Sr. was commanding went down with all hands.

That tragedy meant that Jack's mother was left with two small boys to bring up and educate, a struggle which ended only when Jack, himself, was able to take up the burden. It explains why Jack became a newsboy and why, throughout his childhood, he learned the lessons of industry and thrift which have been moulded into his character. Ironically, after the mother's courageous fight to raise her sons, Jack's brother, William, died of pneumonia when he was 21.

From newsboy to his graduation from the Boston English High School Jack filled in with a variety of odd jobs, culminating as an apprentices electrician at the Boston navy yard. But Jack did not want to become an electrician; ever since he could remember he had wanted to go on the stage, and so he left home and became a songplugger in Philadelphia.

His song-plugging led directly to his debut in vaudeville at the Pastime Theatre in Hoboken, and it wasn't long before Jack made the big time and found himself before the footlights in the seventh heaven of all vaudevillians—the Palace Theatre, New York.

Meanwhile, an act called The Seven Brownies brought romance into his life. Six of the Brownies were just girls in a kid revue, but the seventh was Florence, at that time just 13 years old. Jack was with an act known as The Lighter Girls & Alexander, and both acts were playing Keith's Theatre, Philadelphia. The next time those two acts played the same bill Florence was 15, and she and Jack started "going around" together. When Jack became featured comedian with Round the Town, a Shubert show, they were married.

Florence was still in vaudeville, and soon both of them were cast in Gay Face. Followed a checkered career of musical comedy and vaudeville, which, as both of them reminisce now, were the most happy-go-lucky, carefree days they have ever known.
"I WOULDN'T give the memories of those days for a million dollars," said Jack, "times were different then. Now everybody is so busy chasing success that nobody is relaxed any more; money makes people serious, and the more they have the more they want. Those days we laughed things off.

Those days they lived in theatrical apartments, where there were large closets but no kitchens, so since they hadn't so many clothes they cooked their meals in the largest closet. Florence did Jack's laundry and ironed it on a drawer turned upside down.

They had grand parties, then, too—parties in the clothes-closet apartment after the show, when George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Freddie Allen and a lot of others now almost too famous to mention were all part of the gang. All were vaudeville trouper s then and the gags were unconfined. The same gang still have parties together in Hollywood, but Jack mourns that the big mansions they all have now aren't the same as those hall-bedrooms used to be.

Gracie Allen, by the way, was one of the major reasons why Jack and Florence Haley got their swimming-pool. Florence, who doesn't swim, heard that Gracie had learned not only to swim but to dive as well.

"I told Jack that if Gracie could learn to dive I at least could learn to swim," she said, "and so we had the pool put in."

Now Jack Jr., their three-year-old son, makes grand use of that pool. Between times, his mother says, he gets his father's stiff-shouldered dress shirts out of their drawer and throws them into the bathtub because he adores seeing them soften up.

And as for Jack himself: "When we bought the house," said Florence, "and hadn't all the furniture at first, we had couches with box-springs for beds. Jack liked that more than the beds we've got now because he said those box-springs reminded him of the old vaudeville days."

JACK HALEY hasn't changed much since those days. His wife says that he still has the same tastes and enjoyments—a cup of coffee and a couple of sinkers is still the best kind of a banquet to him. "Notwithstanding his success," said Florence, "he still has the same inferiority complex, too. In the old days, whenever he saw the stage manager whispering to the theatre manager, he'd always tell me to go and pack our trunk; now he still says that we shouldn't ever buy anything we can't put on The Chief."

"Jack has never been without a job. When shows used to close, and instead of waiting around for another big part, he and I would always start breaking in an act and fill in the time with vaudeville. Those habits stick with him. Even now he has a horror of buying anything we can't pay spot cash for, and it's only recently that he has begun to feel secure in Hollywood. And the basis for that security, besides the bit he has recently made, is the knowledge that he can always turn to personal appearances or go back on the stage if Hollywood gets tired of him."

Haley has never liked himself on the screen. He still likes the theatre, although he naturally appreciates the infinitely greater audiences and opportunities of the films. Eventually he hopes to become a producer.

That seems a big jump from the time when Jack first came to Hollywood to appear in Sitting Pretty with Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie at Paramount. Everybody who knew Haley worried for him because Oakie is such a picture-stealer.

"I didn't worry, though," says Haley, "because I had the part. I just played it—and Oakie didn't get away with that picture."

AS FAR as his own picture-stealing reputation is concerned, Haley insists that he's never stolen a scene in his life. "I say and do what the 'script calls for," he declared, "and if I get 'em it's because the writer stole 'em for me. Show-stealing, as we stage-folk understand it, was done by actors who pulled impromptu lines without the rest of the cast knowing what was coming, and getting a hand for themselves. That was really larceny."

Incidentally, when Jack came out to Paramount he persuaded Charles Rogers, the producer, to sign Ginger Rogers and Gordon and Revel, the songwriters, as well. All of them are now tops, but none of them work for the original producer.

All that Jack now asks of life is a lot more of the same. More roles like Wake Up and Live, more shaggy California days to spend in his swimming-pool, more starlit California nights to drive around in his nice new car. He has just begun a radio career over the national networks; Fate, at last, has cried "Open Sesame" to life for Jack.

"And if I had it to do all over again," he says, "I'd do exactly the same thing. I'd go on the stage as I did, marry the wife I have, and be as happy as I am."

---

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93
America's New Sweetheart—Jane Bryan

[Continued from page 40]

Bryan is America's New Sweetheart.

For the same reason that the foreign director didn't want her, America is clamoring for Jane Bryan: She is so obviously American, so completely normal, so understandable in her actions and her emotions, so refreshingly real.

America was in a mood for some heroes who were natural and understandable—normal Americans, with normal American backgrounds. A couple of midwesterners named Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray came along. They fitted the bill. And, because they did, America took to them immediately. Now, apparently, America is in a mood to glorify the normal American girl. At least, in a big way, it is taking to Jane Bryan—who is just that.

She even has freckles. Dozens upon dozens of frank, unmistakable freckles.

"I can't understand why they don't let me have them on the screen," she says, "They're part of me. And make-up makes me self-conscious."

Besides the freckles, she also is frank enough—and young enough—to admit her age. She was born June 11, 1918. Once you know Jane, however, her place of birth sounds like a believe-it-or-not. She was born in Hollywood, California.

She was christened Jane O'Brien—her father being James M. O'Brien, Los Angeles lawyer. The studio, over her protests, changed the O'Brien to Bryan. They didn't want Jane and that other O'Brien, Pat, to be spending the rest of their movie lives denying kinship.

Blue-eyed, with brownish hair, she is the only girl in a family of four children. That sounds as if she had a good chance to be spoiled. She was never able to take advantage of it. Her brothers all were younger. Jimmie is now sixteen; Billy ("he's a very amazing actor"), fourteen; and Don, eleven.

"I think I'll be able to take criticism in Hollywood," she says, "As long as I can remember, Jimmie, Billy and Don have been putting me through the paces."

Despite the nearness of the movie studios—or, perhaps, because of their nearness—she never gave a thought to them as a youngster. She says today, with the ironic philosophy of nineteen, "The only reason I ever had a movie chance, I think, was because it was the last thing I wanted. If I had longed for it, it probably would never have happened."

She describes the pre-teen Jane Bryan as "one of those horrible children who sit in attics and look out of the window and day dream. And I could never quite forgive Daddy for making it an attic, instead of a garret. A garret would have been so much more romantic."

The attic went out of her life when the Depression came into it. The family moved from Hollywood to West Los Angeles.
No Apologies Accepted

Has Bess let us down again? I'll go phone her. What I think.

Time of month? Nonsense! Stop by the drug store for some Midol and snap out of it!

Ladies excused now while they rustle refreshments. Now's your chance, Bess! You've been dying to tell Lucille something.

Oh, Lucille! I could hardly wait to tell you! I've been absolutely comfortable the whole evening. Thanks heaps!

I know. I was sunk regularly until I learned of Midol.

MONTHLY martyrdom to functional periodic pain is out of style! It's now old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is a dependable relief for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

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Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable—with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

You can get Midol in a trim aluminum case at any drug store. Two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Bessie and Jean Muir

On the Stage

In the mornings, I went to geometry class. In the afternoons, I went to the Workshop. Oh, yes, we all paid tuition—and we were accepted as students only on probation. The probation lasted three months. After that, if we showed enough, we were 'graduates' and became members of the Workshop stock company and put on plays.

Five days a week, I was at the Workshop, fencing, dancing, stage-designing, studying diction, studying the history of the theatre. And loved it. Nobody encouraged me, particularly. Mother said it was a waste of my own. Though I did have one backer. That was an old friend of the family named Walter Fertig. I used to call him my 'father confessor' until he died a year ago. He was sympathetic, at least. He listened when I told him my secret ambitions—which I never told to anyone else. If I ever tried to tell them to anyone else, somehow, the ambitions became something futile. Hallucinations. Dreams impossible of fulfillment.

Jane was at the Workshop six months—long enough to be in two plays—before the pressure of other work led Jean Muir to discontinue her experimental theatre. Hal Wallis, production head of Warners, and
HOLLYWOOD

When you sit in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily ...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

MAXWELL ARNOW, casting director, saw the second play, Green Grow the Lilacs. They offered Jane and her leading man, Fred Lawrence, screen tests.

Never having been screen-struck, Jane had never asked herself what she might do if something like this ever happened. The only answer, when the moment arrived, seemed to be that Broadway still was far, far away—or, meanwhile, this wasn’t an offer to turn down. Then, having accepted it, she suffered the tortures of self-consciousness, facing the cold, merciless test of the camera. Fred also had the mental miseries. Misery loving company, they made a mutual test. And, to their mutual surprise, both received contracts, and were cast as the young lovers in a minor opus that Jane shudders to remember.

"Was I self-conscious, with a camera for an audience? Who wouldn’t be!... But I thought I was doing a very good job of concealing it. And it wasn’t as if I was acting for just a big black box with a glass eye. There were actual people on the sidelines—people who turned on lights and moved scenery. I didn’t know if they were for me; but they left me feel that, at least, they weren’t against me. That helped.

"Trying to look wistfully into that glass eye was hard enough. But what really got me down was trying to talk emotionally to a cold, mechanical little black gadget, called a microphone. It was always hanging there, no matter which way I turned—and it was always so unresponsive. I’d think, ‘Oh, if it would only do something, react some way—even if it said, ‘You’re terrible, but go ahead!’”

SHE saw the rushes of her first day’s work. The next morning, she didn’t go to the studio. She thought it was plain enough to everybody—it certainly was plain enough to her—that her movie future was as dead as yesterday. About 10 a.m., the studio called her. "What’s the matter? Why aren’t you here? You’ve got some shots to-day?" That call still seems incredible to Jane. And seeing herself on the screen still distresses her.

The second picture she made was a mystery. (Another mild shudder.) The director was Alan Crosland. One night after work, he was killed in an auto accident. But, bright and early the next morning, the company was shooting—with another director, "I got an idea then how business-like all this could be," says Jane.

Next came a Technicolor short, historical in theme. (She’s okay for color, freckles or no.) Then a Western with Dick Foran, whom she calls "Father Foran." He is her new father-confessor. Then came Bette Davis. "I’ve an awful lot to thank Bette for," Jane reveals. "She went to the bat for me. Someone else was all set for the role of her sister in Marked Woman. Her clothes had all been made, and everything. But Bette fought for a test of me in the role, fought to have me play it.

Jane can’t explain Bette’s going to bat for her, a total unknown. I can. I remember what Bette said at the time: "There’s the most lovable girl on the screen. She deserves a chance. And to make sure that Jane had another break, to follow up the one in Marked Woman, Bette spoke up for Jane for Kid Galahad. After that, the studio couldn’t see anyone but Jane for the dramatic role of Kay Francis’ daughter in Confession.

AND now? Jane says, "I don’t have any definite plans for the future—yet. They all depend on the studio. And the public! Ask her if there is any romance in her young life, and her answer is "No"—a very hesitant "No." But so many young blades are hovering around that it’s difficult to discover to which one the hesitancy applies.

She still has the same friends she had before a movie career happened to her. Her best girl-friend is a girl who grew up with her, whom she whimsically calls "Skinny." Her strongest idiosyncrasy is a liking for

Jane Bryan’s exuberant health and vitality guide her into all kinds of athletic stunts. Here she shows her acrobatic talent. Look out, Jane, Humphrey-Dumpty took a fall!
They brought proof of their long-term M-G-M contract

Rose Stradner, famed Viennese actress, aboard the Normandie on her way here to fulfill her contract

lime rickey and dill pickles (at the same time). She also has a passion for dancing. "I'm one of those people who can't see an Astaire picture without going home and dancing over divans and such." Just back from a vacation in Panama, she has a new accomplishment—the Panamanian thumb. Her other activities are tennis, swimming and horseback riding. She's a healthy young modern.

She reads constantly, and far into the night. She says, "I've always thought the nicest time of day is night. It's surprising, how much you can get done at night, with no phones ringing, no sun beckoning you out, nothing to distract you." Under pressure, she will confess that often, in the watches of the night, she writes. But what she writes, she says, is "a secret between myself and the fireplace." She still day-dreams.

She's glad they haven't tried to glamorize her. But, regretfully, she says that they have stopped her from wearing slacks with the bottoms turned up. They called her "Hepburn."

"Domestic? She isn't sure. She tells of sewing up the hem of a dress once—and discovering, immediately afterward, that she had also sewn the front of the skirt to the back. But she does have a liking for baking chocolate cake, and has had notable results. All but once. That time one of her brothers gave a piece to the dog. The dog fell ill, and was rushed to a veterinarian. The veterinarian used a pump to get a diagnosis, then called the O'Briens. "Your dog has been poisoned," he said. "He's apparently been out on a vacant lot somewhere and eaten some old thrown-away cake."

Jane was indignant.

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to take care of himself, drink lots of milk, get lots of rest, get in shape for Comrades Three in which production Spencer, Jimmy and Bob Taylor will be the "comrades three."

All three Marx brothers descended upon him, anticking frantically, bubbling affectionate welcome-home, giving yards of fantastic, incoherent advice on the care of a convalescent... Clark Gable greeted him, his face, white under the tan, with the look of shock he has worn ever since the announcement of Jean Harlow's passing. brightening for the first time... waitresses, the girl behind the candy-and-cigarette counter, directors... anyone could see that the tall, lanky boy from Indiana, Penn., has a place, a warm, loved place in the sun of his fellow stars' affections.

"YEP," said Jimmy, in that slow, low voice of his, his eyes always a little bashful, his mouth slightly mocking-at himself, his manner of speaking such that you have to lean across the table, keep the ear pitched to attention to hear what he is saying... "YEP, I'd make a rotten husband, I'm afraid. Because I like the idea all right. I like the idea of a wife and a home of my own and kids and routine and all that. But I don't know how routine would like me. I've lived for so long with a couple of fellows, you know. At Princeton, then in New York, then here in Hollywood. And you also know, or maybe you don't, what kind of routine that is. For husband-training, no doubt a circus would be better.

John Swope, Josh Logan and I are living together now. We've just taken a year's lease on a new house in Brentwood. We've got to stay put for a year now. We each have our own rooms and baths, you see. Sometimes days pass and we never see each other. If one of us is working, or two, as the case may be, we come down to breakfast at all kinds of different hours. We're never home for lunch. We have a cook who is not only a cook but also a mind-reader. We eat—and
like—whatever she puts in front of us. I'm not fussy about my food. Like everything. If there does happen to be something we don't care for we say 'take it away, it's lousy'—and that's that. I don't suppose that's the way a husband is supposed to behave.

"I don't think I'd be much help around the house, either. I'm not one of those men who can make nectar and ambrosia out of a couple of coconuts and a lemon rind. I'm the type who can't boil water. If the cook should leave I couldn't do anything about it. I just have to go out. John can cobble eggs in some special fancy way. So when our cook is off Thursdays and Sundays we have coddled eggs three times a day, breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"THEN, I'm not very orderly. I'm the kind who just steps out of things and leaves 'em lay. That's all right. No one complains. Because John and Josh just step out of things, too, and our cook knows that 'men are like that' and picks up after us. But I imagine cooks and wives might be sort of different. Then, about once a month, I get a rush of house-cleaning to the head. I dive in and have an orgy of straightening everything up. And when I straighten, boy, I STRAIGHTEN. No one would want to live in the place I'd got through. And also, I put things away so thoroughly that I lose them. And in trying to find them I miss everything up again and there it is! It's very trying, even to me. I can imagine, with foreboding, what it would be to a woman.

"I'd be bad, too, in the very way that Gene Raymond is so good. I mean to be thoughtful and all that. But I always forget to remember—in time. I'd be sure to forget the anniversaries of the day we first met and that was the music we first danced to together and that She wore pink on our first date. I'd be no good at all at making pretty speeches. I'd feel so silly. I'd forget to send flowers. I want to remember things like that. I think they are important. But I never remember until it's too late. I mean, if I should send flowers to someone on September 14th, let's say. I never remember until September 15th. Or when someone says to me 'you should have sent flowers to so-and-so today, she's starting on her new picture' I think I've perhaps had a very well idea—why didn't I think of it in time?"

"My mother's birthdays are about the only dates I've managed to remember without fail. I've devised a system now, though—wrote it down in the back of the Bible. I've bought one of those date pads or year books or whatever you call them and for a whole year ahead I've made notations of people's birthdays and wedding anniversaries and things. And I've made them, not on the actual dates, but two weeks ahead. For instance, two weeks before the date I've jotted down to remind myself to Mother for birthday. And so forth. That ought to fix things right.

"I'M NOT very noticing about some things, either. I'm afraid I've never known how I look, even, for instance. And I've heard that's bad, very bad. I never know what a girl has on when we go out together. The only thing I ever notice—and detest—are her bones. Anyhow, I'm having learned that stick out in front like prongs and juggle in your face when you dance, or shade the face so that, when you're talking to a girl, you can't see anything but her chin. I like to see the person I'm talking to. But otherwise, and unless a girl has on red satin and spangles and feathers in her hair or something that hits me right in the eye, I never notice any difference. And I haven't any 'preference' in girls' clothes. I don't care whether they wear slacks or ruffles. Of
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WAY
"I Look
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"NOW I CAN WEAR STYLISH CLOTHES"

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  a needed substance often lacking for the control of excessive
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IF I HADN’T BEEN EASY

MAN TROUBLE

MY COLLEGE BOY LOVER

DON’T ENVY ME!

ROMANTIC MAGAZINE on Sale September 10th

The course I know when a girl looks nice. But I
don’t know to why she looks nice.

“I’m not much of a business man, either, I’d
never be the kind of a husband who makes a
ritual of checking over the monthly bills and all that. I have an awful time bal-
cancing my check-book, as it is, making out
income tax reports and all that sort of thing. I do balance my own check-book and take care of
my own affairs in my puzzled, peculiar way because I don’t like to have a manager
or anyone messing about with my personal
affairs. But I’m not very sick about it.

“I think I’d be generous,” Jimmy granted
himself, considerably, “I like to give presents to people. But I don’t like to be around when they get them. I just like to
send them and then stay away for a while.

To be thanked is pretty embarrassing to me.

I never believed I’d be jealous. I never
have been. Not of anyone nor anything. I’m pretty positive I wouldn’t be professionally jealous at all.

If I were married to a screen star, I mean, I can’t see any basis for professional jealousy between a man and a
woman. Their work is as different as their
sex, necessarily. The two can’t come into conflict, not really.

“I DON’T believe I’d ever offend by being
the big ‘Whatis’ around the place. I mean, I wouldn’t have big ideas about myself.

All this business of being recognized in
public, asked for your autograph and all—
well, it’s okay for a woman—it’s pretty silly
for a man.

“I don’t know,” said Jimmy, “how well I
could settle down. I don’t know that there is
such a thing as settling down in Holly-
pood. I have a friend back home who went
through college, spent a year abroad, mar-
ried and has gone into business, bought a
little home and settled down back in the old
home town in Pennsylvania. He’s the hap-
piest fellow I know. I envy him, too. But
I know I couldn’t do the same thing in the
same satisfactory way. It’s restlessness, I

"I was excited and jittery and over-stim-
ulated when I first came to Hollywood. People
ask me whether my two years here have changed me. I don’t know. I can only
say that I still am excited, jittery and over-
stimulated. If, beneath the fever, changes
take place I am unaware of them. I haven’t learned how to relax. I’ve got to
learn. It’s the most important lesson to
learn out here where everything and everyone is at high tension all the time.

“There’s only one way to relax in
Hollywood—and that’s not to be in
Hollywood, to get away from it. And to get
away, not to some city where you take
Hollywood with you, but to some out-of

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away, not to some city where you take
Hollywood with you, but to some out-of
Hollywood, to get away from it. And to get
away, not to some city where you take
Hollywood with you, but to some out-of
Hollywood, to get away from it. And to get
away, not to some city where you take
Hollywood with you, but to some out-of
skill on the skis. No one even mentioned Hollywood. No one asked for my autograph. If anyone ever knew who I was or what I did, it didn't matter enough to mention. That's what you have to do if you're in Hollywood. But it wouldn't add to a husband's qualifications to have to take to the tall timbers every so often.

"So, I'm excited. And still on edge. There's never been a time when I've felt that I'd done a job of work and that was that. Never a time when I could say. 'Now, I've done it. I can shut up my desk and relax.' It's always the next thing, and then the thing after that.

"I'm a worrier, too. If I were a dog I'd worry a bone to a shaving. When I made Seventh Heaven I was, of course, terribly excited about that. It was my most important part. We were 'followers' so to speak. It was the hardest work I'd ever done. Well, even after it was all finished in the cutting-room, I'd still go over and hang around the studio. I sort of nagged myself about it. I couldn't keep away from the scene of the murder, so to speak.

"I'm always sort of excited about something—something to do with my work. That's all right, of course, the best of husbands take an absorbing interest in their work. But I'm worse than that. Right now I'm crazy to have them make Of Mice and Men. I want to play the part of the idiot. Oh, what a book that is! And what a part they did that I can't say that I do what is called 'living your part off the screen'. Not quite. But I am certainly absorbed when I'm working, jittery about it. And if ever I should get to play the part of the idiot and was married... well..."

"I GUESS I wouldn't be a very good husband for the modern, independent woman, either. I think that if men tell the truth they say that they prefer, however secretly, the 'clinging vine' of other days. It may be all right for a woman to be economically independent. But I doubt it. It's not a very good basis for marriage when a girl can say, even to herself. 'Well, he'd better not cut any capers with me— if he pulls anything, I'll just walk out.' Not so good. It disturbs the normal balance between a man and a woman. And I don't believe it makes a woman happy, either. I'm sure it doesn't make men happy. I'm sure it doesn't make marriage solid. Maybe it's because I'm from an old-fashioned home that I still believe the home is happier when it is a bit 'old-fashioned'.

"I say that I wouldn't be jealous. I don't believe I'd give any excuse for jealousy, either. No, I really don't think I'd give a wife of mine any reason whatsoever to be jealous. I think that's up to the man, whether his wife is jealous or not. There's a certain look in a man's eye which gives confidence—or doesn't." (And certainly the eyes of Jimmy are dark and blue and steadfast, with no evasion in them.) "And if there's good understanding between a man and his wife—and if there isn't understanding there isn't anything stable—why, there can also be understanding of how superficial..."

Ginger Rogers chats with Director Gregory La Cava on the Stage Door set. La Hepburn, who co-stars with Ginger, makes herself scarce when they aren't shooting...
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ANGEL

With glorious Marlene Dietrich and
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Other gay, romantic films that you can
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Myrna Loy; It’s All Yours, with Made-
leine Carroll and Francis Lederer;
Danger—Love At Work, with Ann
Sothern and Jack Haley; and Music
For Madame, with Nino Martini and Joan
Fontaine.

Don’t miss the October issue of MOVIE
STORY MAGAZINE.

10c

We hope the title, Danger—Love At
Work, isn’t an omen for Jack Haley and
Ann Sothern are happy with their spouses.
Hollywood "Humanizes" a Tenor

(Continued from page 51)

slow emphasis. It serves to emphasize the basic difference between an Italian tenor and a New England lad. If the boys had asked Latin Mr. Martini the same question he might have given them cause for embarrassment. But Eddy doesn't function that way.

M R. MARTINI has been coming to Hollywood for eight years. On his first visit America he also happened to visit its Gold Coast and sang for short subjects that were variously titled Santo di Hollywood, Night in the Fenice, Moonlight Romance, Cancion del Fado, plus one other. He wasn't very important then. His fiddle, which had survived this obscure young Italian tenor, and decided to manage him. He had heard him on the continent and knew that Martini had started European concert and operatic audiences by singing "F" above high "C" in full voice, which is quite a trick. "But you're not going to add his name to your list, are you?" his panicky colleagues asked. "Would you put up the Duke in his original condition? His harpist played an atmosphere of torturous inviolability. The American opera company auditorium. That was the year after his arrival in this country. But Mr. Martini was no more classical. He, together with the Duke in Rigolotto, was one of the teners in the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. That opera was being blacked for fifty years, since the days of Giovanni Rubini, because no modern voice could scale its high notes, and Martini's could. The opera was I Puritani.

After that he swam in engagements. People in Ostend, Paris, Marseilles, Nice, Toulouse, Monte Carlo, London, wanted to hear him. newspapers, London, London, and he played for continued appearances at Milan's La Scala Opera House, but he could not reach an agreement with this artistic fellow countryman, and many others wanted to hear him reach "F" above high "C". It was hard to find time to return, even, to his birthplace at Verona, where, until his father's death in Nino's teens, the elder Martini had been a municipal and homeopathic custodian of the tomb where Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet are presumed to be buried.

His family lived in Verona—his mother and three sisters. Rosita, Wanda, (he pronounces it "Vahn-dah") and Yolanda. Now only three sisters remain. Signor Martini died during the filming of her son's first full length starring film Here's to Romance, made for Fox in 1935. The shock of his death was intense. Jack Salt, the Italian, at Hollywood at the moment, saw it and was distressed. There was nothing he could do to relieve it. Most artists, as he knew them, gave way to grief. They weep and moan. Not Martini. There were no hysterics. He couldn't cry. And neither could he sing. All his emotions, usually so fluent, were tied up within.

The word around Martini were frankly worried. Not only for the agony the boy was suffering but for the fact that hundreds of extras had been called and were waiting for the star to sing the film's most important aria, in a set that duplicated a great European opera house. Try as he might, Martini could not sing a note. His throat was tight, twisted with unexpressed grief. They wanted to fly to New York; board a boat for Italy. There was only one thing to do. See his mother before she was buried. Salt sat down beside him and said: "You can't do that, Nino. Think of the production here! How much money it would cost the producers! How you would violate your contract. It would take a week or ten days to get to Verona! Like a father, Salt put his hands on the tenor's slender shoulder. With that simple gesture the tension broke, and Martini sobbed out his grief. Then he got up, bathed his face, and went out to sing in crystal-clear tones.

M ERCURIAL though his Latin temperament be, Martini has yet to get peved at the hazing his Hollywood boy and girl friends have given him. And their clowning reached a high in his previous film The Guy Desperado. In this cinema, Martini, as a harmless Mexican singer turned bandit by a super-bandido's whim, was given a piece of dialogue that commenced "I have an idea—" Prank-loving Director Rouben Mamoulian arranged beforehand that when Tenor Martini strode out to say his piece, everyone gavem an A sound, man, grip, prop, cast, extra, carpenter, electrician—was to topple over on his back. A tenor with an idea! Ha, preposterous! This is a sordid Hollywood hazing. Martini took it with a grin.

His current film finds Mr. Martini prepared for the Hollywood onslaught. He winked, clowns about the sets, pals Leading Lady Joan Fontaine on the posterior with the palm of his hand (a true sign of social equality in movie town) and takes to slanging with the ease of an elk. "Scram" becomes a two-syllabled word ("Sc-ram") pronounced with the clarity of his famed rendition of Celestine Aida. "Monkey business—"

"Ah, monkey beer—ness—we have that too in Italy," says with a wink.

So adept is this fellow Martini at declaring slang that the writers have had to change his dialogue to conform with his increased understanding of our idioms. "Big shot" is written three times and has been changed to "big shot" in one less line, can take "big shot" in stride. So the dialogue writers are kept busy keeping up with Mr. Martini.

Romance romors, of course, fly about Nino's dark head. And this because he is tantalizingly unmarried. Two seasons ago he was the leading tenor in Here's to Romance, with Miss Anita Louise, actress and harpist. Last (Continued on page 105)

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So don't waste time and money with starvation diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your druggist today and get a box of Marnola. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

And here is the newest entry for the Tarzan stakes. He is Olympic athlete, Glenn Morris. He debuts in Tarzan's Revenge.
Hollywood “Humanizes” a Tenor

[Continued from page 103]

season it was Leading Lady Ida Lupino. This season it is Miss Elissa Landi, actress, authoress, singer, musician, whom the tenor sees constantly; and, because they both refuse to discuss their friendship, looks serious.

“What time have I for marriage?” he asks you. “Opera, concerts, and radio in the winter, a film in the summer. There is no time for making a success of marriage, and establishing a home. What I want most is a good vacation, say six or seven months, and I think I shall take it”—glancing obliquely at his manager. “That is, if Mr. Salter thinks it can be arranged.”

Whether he gets the vacation or not, Nino Martini, whose favorite dessert is “apple pie, ala mode,” and whose favorite maxim is “Temperament is nine-tenths temper and one-tenth mental,” has won the full approval of his Hollywood hangers. He’s all right. This unanimous verdict he should cherish along with the Columbia Medal for Distinguished Contribution to Radio which he received some few years ago.

---

Producer Jesse Lasky discovered both Joan Fontaine and Nino Martini and now they are playing opposite each other in his latest production, *Music for Madame* at RKO.
It's a Long, Long TRAIL-ER
Winding (To and From Hollywood)

Ida Lupino "gets away" from Hollywood in her new streamlined silver trailer

All the comforts of home go with Wally Beery's trailer

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Della Lind's camp is her land yacht

Basil Rathbone's dogs trail-er him
No More Worry

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Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature’s finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very special lather. Palmolive’s lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh... alive with beauty!
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 TOBACCO! 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

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Mrs. Powell Cahus, Boston  Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. R. Allan Farnsworth III, Pasadena  Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Bancroft Washington, Jr., Philadelphia

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HOLLYWOOD’S INTERNATIONAL MARRY-GO-ROUND
YOU CAN’T PUT SPENCER TRACY INTO WORDS
Everything about her is LOVELY

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- The charming personality
- Her clothes
- Her background

All inspire to beauty. And naturally if you follow the glamorous path of Hollywood, you, too, will choose the silverware used by the stars of the Stars... you will share this beauty with lovely Madeleine Carroll. Right now — your dealer is making an offer that is touched with Hollywood Magic — the PALM SPRINGS CHEST. Because of the Quantity Saving of $4.75, this 60-piece Service for 8 can be yours for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tarnish-proof Wood Chest... and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server to match your pattern, ABSOLUTELY FREE!

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- Palm Springs
- Chest

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Hours for her lovely hands—
Not a minute for her tender gums

-ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

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

"SUCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her dull, dingy smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who might have possessed a radiant smile—who might have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparkingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

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This time you will cheer him to the echo. —Screenland

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WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard... Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O’Brien-Moore • Henry O’Neill • Louis Calhern •
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Soon to be shown at popular prices, the same superb production that thousands paid $2.20 to see. Don’t miss the picture that packed America’s leading theatres for weeks on end. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 8]

IT'S quite a stunt for a husband and wife to work together on a picture. Recently Franchot Tone was playing in a scene with Joan Crawford. It was a trying scene for them both and after several rehearsals, the director said, "Now we'll take it." All went smoothly until it came time for Franchot to speak his lines—then he "blew" higher than a kite.

He was rewarded by the iciest glance from his better half.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Louise Hovick and Robert Mizzy
Are so in love, they're completely dizzy.

Margaret with the leading women—and away they'd go—on and on into the night.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lovely Virginia Bruce and dash-
ing Romero;
She's his senorita, he's her caballero.

ROBERT TAYLOR had better look to
his laurels—for the gay young blade,
Charlie McCarthy, is knockin' 'em dead.

[Continued on page 12]

Mrs. Irish of Hollywood Bowl Association presents Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz
with a gold bowl for drawing the biggest crowd that squeezed into the Hollywood Bowl

THAT was one of the troubles between Margaret Sullivan and her ex-husband, Director William Wyler. It's true they eloped while working together on a picture, but there's an answer to that too. They had been working hard and long, and he had told her what to do and how to do it for so long that when he proposed that they elope, she said, "All right, Willy," out of force of habit. At least that's a theory to prove my point!

FOR never after could they make a go of working together amicably. Even working separately was a strain! After a trying day at the studio, Margaret would rush home to tell Willy that her director expected too much—all directors were alike! Willy, on the other hand, could hardly wait to get in the door to pour out to Margaret that his leading lady was getting temperamental—all leading women were a pain!

Willy would side with the directors and

Hollywood's newlyweds, Anne Shirley-John Payne, dance only with each other

MR. ALFRED L. SNYDER, Columbia lawyer, must be one of the nerveiest fellows in the world; recent reports indicate that a legal action is pending against the studio in connection with a recent release. A Columbia lawyer brought a suit earlier in the year against a leading M-G-M name star. Unfortunately for Mr. Snyder, the name star had a lawyer who knew what he was doing; this is not the case in the current suit. Mr. Snyder has his hands full enough as it is; his best hope is that the new lawyer is not as well informed as the M-G-M lawyer was.
"Some day they’re going to cut you open and find a rock where your heart ought to be"

They Fight It Out!
Terry Randall, born with a silver tongue in her mouth, and Jean Maitland, jobless song and dance girl with a gift for barbed wire cracks. What strange fate made them roommates in a theatrical boarding house!

Those amazingly wonderful penniless girls who exist on dreams and live on hopes and maybes, while awaiting the call of footlight fame that comes to one in a thousand!... The deep-down story of their burning hearts, and the low-down record of their flashing wit, has been told for the first time in the play masterpiece of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman... now an RKO-Radio Picture.

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA
who made “MY MAN GODFREY” • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by Moe Ryskind and Anthony Veiller
Our idea of heaven is Marlene Dietrich in this cream colored velvet wrap lavish with red foxes. Paramount agree, for Angel is her next...
Lady in danger...

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

Before every date, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

You feel more glamorous when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

So alluring to men—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special lingering quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending!

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet soap

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Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

... and you'll feel better after taking it!

People everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative.

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Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 12]

IT WAS funny to see Sonja Henie, before she sailed for Europe, lunching as far as possible from Tyrolean Power. If he sat at one end of the studio commissary, Sonja went to the other. They made quite a point of not knowing the other existed.

The big laugh, however, was on the set, where they worked together! Perhaps the director was trying to play Dan Cupid or maybe he just had a sense of humor—at any rate, he made them go over and over their love scenes.

So icy was the atmosphere that Sonja could have used it for her skating sequences.

CUPID'S COUPLET: Wayne Morris and Alice Faye Grow more interested every day!

HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES: Eddie Sutherland, Loretta Young's ex-boyfriend, was sighting Mary Brian the other night—while Loretta has been seen everywhere with Joseph Mankiewicz... we don't have to tell you that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable still have eyes only for each other. When he visits her on the set they hold hands and look as moon-struck as you or you... Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberon have gone together for so long (for Hollywood) that that's practically a career in itself... Robert Taylor had green eyes over one of Barbara Stanwyck's leading men... George Brent is telephoning Garbo again—but Greta is hard to get on the phone...

CUPID'S COUPLET: Wendy Barrie and Jon Hall Are answering loudly to Cupid's call.

BEFORE Robert Taylor sailed for England he was deluged with fan-mail—and they would have had to put rubber sides in the ship to accommodate all the fans who desired to sail with Handsome Robert. He

Leland Hayward and wife, Margaret Sullivan, proud parents of a baby daughter, dodge camera at Hollywood's Trocadero

Dan Cupid has been doing his darndest to marry off Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberon. They're together constantly, but when cornered it's the usual "we're just good friends"
These legs of sturdy femininity belong to Lorraine Kreuger, RKO starlet, who shows you how to hoop your way to bodily grace. To have graceful arms and legs hold hoop as shown, kick 100 times and repeat exercise with opposite leg.

had umpteen offers from girls who offered their services as secretary. But Bob wasn't having any. His one and only is Barbara Stanwyck, who is trying to plan a vacation for herself—to be spent (but of course!) in London.

**Cupid's Couplet:**
Kay Sutton and Walter Kane
Are doing a twosome down Lover's Lane.

[Continued on page 18]
When Robert Taylor hopped off the boat train in London four-thousand frenzied fans nearly mobbed him. It took a small army of bobbies to rescue him from the girls. The photo above shows him bidding goodbye to New York fans as he sailed for England.

One of the Hollywood cuties says it's really an experience going out with one of the Ritz brothers. In the first place, she says, you make a date with one of them and all three turn up—and stick together like pop-corn in a pop-corn ball. Besides that you come home exhausted—it's like trying to spend a quiet evening with a three-ring circus.

Hollywood's latest romance to set the "gang" talking is that of Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice. Miss Rice has always said marriage and career do not mix, but Bartlett makes no bones about the fact that when the right girl comes along, he'll marry. The two are seen together a great deal, so which philosophy will lose out—Florence's or Bartlett's? Mike may be starring in a big New York musical this Fall.

Dick Purcell had a narrow escape not so long ago. Some over-affectionate Kansas City housewife had been writing Dick for days, saying her husband didn't understand her and that she was falling more and more in love with Purcell every day. The blow came when she wrote the actor and told him she was leaving her husband and coming to Dick, whom she knew [Continued on page 83]
By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

Even Rita Johnson's high-school dramatic coach told her that she would never become an actress... Consequently, Miss Johnson never received a role in any school play in all her scholastic career... A short while ago, that coach sent her a telegram of congratulations on the excellent possibilities now being offered her in pictures by the largest studio on earth, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer... Rita is the daughter of Lillian and William Johnson... and was born in Worcester, Mass., on August 13... Rita attended grade and high school in the usual manner... but it wasn't till she had left school that she took dramatics up in earnest... Following graduation, she took a job in her mother's tea-room to pay for her dramatic lessons... Once a week, Rita attended dramatic school in a little town thirty miles from her home... Her training there led her to take up music... so she enrolled in the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, studying piano... It was while at the conservatory that Rita got the idea to do something sensational to further her career... and guess what she did... she joined the Olympics as a champion swimmer... from there she went directly on the stage as a headline attraction... this then led to Rita's big chance in theatricals with Conrad Nagel and Florence Reed... The following season Rita, to gain experience, devoted herself to small plays in New England towns... Later she went to New York (Broadway had beckoned) where she played in Fulton of Oak Falls and If This Be Treason for the Theatre Guild... After a successful season on the New York stage, Rita decided to try her hand at radio... this led to an important part in the March of Time program... Rita came to Hollywood this Spring for a screen test and a contract... the studio talent scouts had liked her stage and radio work... Cooking is Rita's main hobby and mixing combination salads is her favorite pastime in the kitchen... Swimming, tennis and golf are her favorite sports... A blue-eyed blonde, she is five-feet-four-inches tall and weighs 110 pounds... Although her birthday fell on Friday the 13th, Rita declares she is not superstitious... Rita's marriage score is "0," but don't think that the boys are not rushing her.

Did you know that Sonja Henie and Sigrid Gurie have never met each other although they were both born in Oslo, Norway, about the same year, have many mutual friends and have both been in Hollywood for about a year working in films?

To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don't think cold weather frees you from the threat of
UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

The first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women:
Don't take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.
It's true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration odor—that's a different story!
Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor. Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from past perspiration.
To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum after your bath.
Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that—

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a proved friend to women in another way—for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention November Motion Picture 19
with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Was a double substituted for Claudette Colbert in I Met Him in Paris when she was supposed to be skiing behind the horse?

A. Miss Colbert actually made most of these skiing scenes herself, but in difficult shots, Faith Donaldson, woman's skiing champion, doubled for Miss Colbert. A couple of cowboys shed their chaps to double for Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.

Q. Please list the names of other stars who have died young, like Jean Harlow.

A. Dorothy Dell, Lilian Tashman, Russ Columbo, Dorothy Burgess, Thelma Todd, Ross Alexander, Junior Durkin, Monroe Owlesly, Wallace Reid, Olive Thomas, Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Marr, Alma Rubens, Mabel Normand and Harold Lockwood.

Q. Can you give me the date and hour of Joan Blondell's birth? I want to cast her horoscope.

A. Miss Blondell was born August 30, 1909, at two minutes before midnight.

Q. What are the salaries of the following: Sonja Henie, ZaSu Pitts, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck and Fredric March?

A. In the order named, salaries are: $125,000 per picture, $195,000 per week, $150,000 per picture, $75,000 per picture, and $150,000 per picture.

Q. Is Hollywood a real, incorporated city with a mayor, railroad station and everything?

A. No. Hollywood isn't even on the map. Once it was a city and even boasted a mayor of its own. That was from 1903 to 1910. In 1910 it became part of Los Angeles, forced to take this step because of the necessity for water supply. It has no railroad station. It is simply Los Angeles' glamorous spot. Men extras must have formal evening clothes; tuxedo, both black and white jackets; boulevard apparel; morning clothes; sport's wear and several business outfits.

Q. Here are two questions on Janet Gaynor. I want to know if she has an agent and who he is.

A. She has no agent. Her lawyer attends to any actual contracts she signs, but Miss Gaynor discusses her business with the producers herself.

In 1926 Mary Astor was a baby star. Since then she has played 80 roles.
Darlin',

I'm getting to be a regular old tomboy—what with dashing from one popular spot to another! But it's not just to have a good time—oh, no! It's to bring you news of what the stars are wearing this month... And they're wearing so many lovely things! I'm a dither... I sat for an hour in one of those intimate little clubs where people love to gather for a late afternoon cocktail. You know the kind of place—where you can stand in the center of the floor and mix a drink with one hand behind the bar, and open the door for departing friends with the other. It's too easy.

C. A. N. D. I. E. T. T. E. was there wearing one of the best-looking three-piece suits those old eyes have ever rested on. It was a warm scarlet shade. The three-quarter length coat, that topped the suit, was raccoon-trimmed. Resting on Claudette's dark curls was a hat of the same material—small, high and tricky... In fact, the hats are so godly that even Betty Furness must be satisfied! Betty, these days, is wearing a chapeau what is a chapeau. The wide felt brim is caught up on both sides, giving it a rather shoe-like appearance. It's modulated (no less!) after the historic hat worn on official business by the Lord Mayor of London!

I was trying to describe this hat to Claudette, when Alice Faye came in looking simply scrubulous. She had on a hip-length beige jacket of Persian lamb with a brown velvet collar. Her dress was a soft wool of Safari brown and the trimmings (belt, collar, cuffs and pockets) looked like old-fashioned quilting... And if I know you as well as I think I do, you've already got your eye on the quilt in the guest-room!... While we were discussing trimmings and accessories as gala will, when they get together, Gail Patrick came in and practically sat on our laps, the place was getting so crowded. And her accessories simply proved what we all had been saying—that this season, you can go to town with your own ideas of how to dress up a costume... Her dress was a simple gray affair, but the trimmings and accessories—ah, my dear! She had a tiny jacket and a huge bag made of Guatemalan material that is a riot of colorful embroidery. The predominating colors were accentuated by feathers of the same hues sticking perky out of her high-crowned gray hat. The effect was extremely smart. And the best part of it is, we can all do the same thing to a more or less degree—and without throwing the budget overhead. If we can't get our material from Guatemala, certainly nothing is to prevent us from getting gaily colored bags, belts and so on, to freshen up last season's plain dress.

These words of wisdom were scarcely out of our mouths, however, when Rosalind Russell made an entrance that left us gasping. She had dropped in with some friends on her way to a dinner-party. But I doubt if anybody ate the dinner—they probably just sat and stared at Ros. She was that beautiful! Her dinner gown was turquoise-blue and made entirely of fringes—row upon row. Formfitting and perfectly straight, its only ornament was a silver belt and clasp. Rosalind knows, too, exactly when and when not to wear jewelry. Too many ges-ges would have completely ruined the effect. Rosalind wore only two silver antique bracelets, one on each arm... The effect was one of classic simplicity and we all agreed it was just right for Ros—with her dignity and poise.

And just the opposite—and just as lovely—was a dress worn by Anita Louise a few nights later at Vic's Hugo's. It was the perfect dance frock! I've ever seen—it seemed to fit all by itself! And no wonder for the gown is called "Ballerina" and was inspired by the costumes worn by the American Ballet... The skirt was nearly ankle length—but not quite. And we think that's a darned good length for dancing—no dod-dals hanging around your heels to trip you up!... The dress, a de balie, is of black tulle, tight of bodice and full of skirt. But zig-zagging all over it are silver streaks that are startling in their suddenness. These streaks are, of course, vertical—and with the desire to have them added in a hit-or-miss fashion, they are nothing of the kind. And now, Darlin' that is all until next month—when I'll write more of the very latest fashions favored by Hollywood!
H O W R E A D E R S R A T E T H E M !

PRIZE LETTERS

HANDS OFF!
$15 Price Letter

OF ALL the inane, ludicrous and disgusting spectacles is the massing of a mob of she-wolves at every off-stage public appearance of a movie celebrity, to pluck and tear at him like vultures at a cadaver, when that star should be enjoying a rest with no more obligation to the public than a brick-layer on his day off. The person of real refinement wouldn't walk across the street to see George Washington, were he to reappear—not that he would not honor and revere him, but that he would be considerate enough not to harass or embarrass him. When will these half-wit fans understand that they are a terrible pest, not to say a danger, to the public in general, and a nuisance to police, railroad employees, etc., and the star himself. When will they realize that these stars are just humans—that they feel as we ordinary people feel; that they eat as we mere nobodies eat (sometimes not quite as fastidiously); that they sleep like the rest of us sleep (sometimes even noisier); and finally, that they lie, like all of us none too often—I hope they go to Heaven for the patience they show to a bunch of lunatics.—Edw. E. A. Fritz, 1039 East 95th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NATURAL AND LOVELY
$10 Price Letter

JUST saw Call It a Day—a delightfully refreshing and fast moving picture portrayed by ten excellent stars. My hat goes off in particular, though, to Frieda Inescort and Ian Hunter. What a perfect team! I have never before seen an actress like Frieda Inescort. Everything about her spells charm. She is so refreshing looking, carries herself so gracefully, and has such a beautifully modulated voice, that she held me spell-bound throughout the entire picture. Few actresses appear so natural and lovely as does Frieda Inescort. And, teamed with Ian Hunter, who has been a favorite of mine since seeing him in To Mary—With Love, they, in my mind, form an ideal couple. Please, producers, give us this perfect teaming in another picture.—Ruth Kay, 1030 Monroe Street, Denver, Colorado.

FORGOTTEN FILMS
$3 Price Letter

HOLLYWOOD'S forgotten films are the "program pictures" and the quickies. Seldom mentioned in reviews; decried by pompous producers; dreaded by waning stars and criticized by movie fans, they make but a brief appearance then pass on their way to oblivion. True, they seldom achieve immortality nor do their titles remain for long on our lips. Neither are they embellished with the sparkling personality of some reigning heart-throb of Hollywood. They are not blessed with attributes of inspiration or educational values yet with all their short comings they have one asset vital for entertainment—Variety. They have enough of drama, humor, action and pathos to keep us interested throughout their performance which is a whole lot more than can be said for any other type of entertainment. And to all of us no matter what our distress or mood they guarantee transient relief any night we enter a neighborhood theatre.—Edith Kiesel, 1254 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A RISING STAR
$1 Price Letter

E VERY once in awhile a new star appears who is so outstanding that you are thrilled when you witness their first and every performance. If Wayne Morris continues to give perfect performances that equal his work in Kid Galahad, then all I can say is that he will have the world at his feet. Wayne has a way about him that will make him a favorite with rich and poor, young and old. As the country bell hop who becomes a fireman and finally a fireman in Nick Donati, superbly played by Edward G. Robinson, he brings to the role a restraint that belies the fierce will to do that shows when he stands in the thrilling fight scenes. Praiseworthy adjectives fail to describe the splendid physical and dramatic possibilities of Mr. Morris because he simply must be seen to be appreciated.—Beni Shepard, 491 Colvin Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!
Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—will be awarded, and remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Prize Letter, Motion Picture, 1201 Broadway, New York City.

SELF-MADE MAN
$1 Price Letter

I AM no adolescent and I see the Academy AWARD type of pictures over and over again—but I recently paid three admissions and sat through a Gene Autry musical Western five times. Subsequently, I tried to find in a stack of magazines one picture of him and his talented horse, found only a small unflattering one, with the caption, "Difference between Profit and Loss to his studio." I was angry—until the significance hit me: One star who draws the crowds without help of advertising or personal ballyhoo. —Dean Autry 1401 East Douglas, Wichita, Kansas.

A DEBATABLE SUBJECT
$1 Price Letter

WHY doesn't Grace Moore co-star with Nelson Eddy or some other great singing star? Grace Moore is a beautiful, pert and pretty, charming personality, and is a better singer than Jeanette MacDonald. Yet Miss Moore is definitely not as great a star as Jeanette is. I believe that this is due to the fact that Grace has never had a suitable male star opposite her. Is this because she is selfish and wants most of the glory for herself, or because she is less fortunate that Miss MacDonald? The main reason for going to see Grace Moore's pictures is to hear her melodious singing voice.—Jean Seitzer, 1542 Memorial Avenue, Williamsport, Penna.

STRESSING REALISM
$1 Price Letter

REALISM, to me, seems the greatest thing films need today. Pictures such as The Good Earth, Winsorset, and Captain Courageous were claimed as outstanding by the movie going public because of their reality. They stand out by showing actual existence, facts, even brutally disclosing truths. Life as it is. A new star may arise and show a fresh new vital personality, but not for long. Soon through make-up, mannerism, and what nots, she is put into the same groove as the others. An attractive figure, a beautiful coiffure, a gorgeous gown, adds up the modern day actress. Seeing celebrities in person or in candid camera shots, shows them to be human beings after all.—Ira Room, 1607 Palo Alto St., Los Angeles, Calif.
**Hollywood's Trick Parties**

**PARTY Highlights of the Month:** The most exotic dinner of the month was given by Gladys Swarthout and her husband. The pièce de résistance was baked peacock! It seems they had the bird skinned and baked, then it was tucked neatly back into its skin again and brought to the table in full regalia—feathers and all!

The guests had severely managed to catch their breath when the salad course was placed in front of them. They are still gasping over that—it was a raw ox-eye on a leaf of lettuce. One ox-eye to each guest... What! No hearts of antelope dipped in ambrosia?

The best set party was given by Fredric March on the last day of Nothing Sacred. After the party there was a most solemn presentation made by March to the director, Bill Wellman. Both Freddie and Carole Lombard, carrying a large box, beautifully wrapped, approached the director and March began his speech.

"Is this a gag?" asked Wellman.

"Not at all, Bill," said Freddie sincerely. "On behalf of the crew and cast, I take great pleasure in presenting to you this token of our esteem—" and so convincing was he that Wellman was completely sold and touched by this display of affection.

Fumblingly he opened the box—and there, on tissue paper was a strait-jacket! Before you could say, "Boris Costeloisky!" they all pounced on him and had him securely tied into the jacket. In great glee they watched his struggles—and it wasn't until he yelled "Uncle" that they'd design to let him out.

**JANE WITHERS** is no slouch either, when it comes to thinking up something novel in the way of entertainment. All by herself she got together a birthday party for her mother. Not only was the table beautifully decorated but each feminine guest was supplied with a ice of gardenias.

Imagine their embarrassment, however, when they began to circulate around the table to find their seats. Instead of place-cards Jane had placed, in prominent positions, a very "carold" camera shot of each guest, taken by Jane herself. There was one of her mother eating a hot-dog; one of her father in violent mood, chanting a tiet; a picture of an aunt cearing her face; a guest in a very unbecoming bathing suit, and several extremely funny poses of other guests "shot from the rear."

Jane had the time of her life!

"WE'RE such creatures of habit," sighs Eric Blore, "that really nothing must be done about this latest fad of taking your guests up in the Blimp after every dinner-party!"

"It's beautiful and all that! I mean to say, Hollywood and Los Angeles are spread out like a jeweled carpet, while the Blimp circles over the city. But I've been up so much lately," means Eric, "that I can't digest a dinner anymore unless I'm a thousand feet in the air. I'll either have to stop eating or move into the Blimp!"

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**Have you tried the New Magic Milk Mask?**

No waiting for results when you use the **NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK**

Here is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its genle, toning action as soon as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home:  
*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.*

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit in hand, your grocer can supply you.

---

Movita, who plays a native daughter of the South Seas in The Hurricane, played a Tahitian girl in Mutiny on the Bounty.
Deanna Durbin, Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer from 100 Men and a Girl

100 Men and a Girl—AAA½—A fine and novel musical drama starring Deanna Durbin who is supposed to be a musical sensation, and Leo Stokowski and 100 veteran symphony musicians. At the Melba the unemployed musician-father lends much to its emotional value, placing this in the rank of outstanding family entertainment. Brilliant singing by little Miss Durbin and an excellent musical score, despite the cultural qualities of the film. —Universal.

Vogues of 1938—AAA—Here is the finest fashion show and the finest illustration of natural color photography the screen has offered to date. Enhanced with an excellent cast headed by Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Mischa Auer, the story entertains, but the color and gorgeous array of clothes will make this the women's delight. Omar Kiam's fashion creations will leave the feminine audiences gasping with envy and admiration. —Warner-Warner United Artists.

Artists and Models—AAA—From the time the Yacht Club begins to operate (all out of the credit titles and start the show a-rolling, Jack Benny's latest Paramount musical is a daily but fast moving and hilarious entertainment. It is one of the most unique and delightful pictures and particularly Mr. Benny's best. In support are Martha Raye, Ida Lupino, Pat Gal and Richard Arlen, with adaptations by Judy Canova. The Hill Billy brio and Ben Blue. —Paramount.

Make a Wish—AAA—A musical that is slightly different from the usual run and entertaining because it does not attempt to overpower one with pretentious sets or the size of its cast. Bobby Breen is billed as the star but Marian Claire of course looks pretentious enough to get Bobby into the background. Oscar Strauss has provided a fine musical score; music with a real swing to it. Henry Armiton, Len Errol and Donald Meek furnish the comedy. —Sol Lesser-RKO.

Love Under Fire—AAA—If you're romantically inclined Love Under Fire will fill the bill. Featuring Loretta Young and Don Ameche in the love story of a jewel thief and Scotland Yard operatives it is bolstered by flying battles between the Japanese and the Spanish revolution. Auto wrecks, air warfare, gunboats and shooting all add to the excitement and completion of clearing Miss Young's name who is under suspicion in connection with a jewel robbery. Scene of the alert is given by Pat O'Brien, Walter Catlett, John Carradine and others.
Vogues of 1938 featuring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett is reviewed here.

Mr. Dodd Takes the Air—AA½—Don’t confuse Mr. Dodd and Mr. Deeds. They’re two distinctly different gents. Deeds was rich in money but Dodd—oh, what a voice and how the younger film fans will go for him. Kenny Baker, radio’s young star, is slated for bigger and better films, judging from this his first stellar role. His singing is exceptionally fine and his songs are delightful and also aptly written as radio forms the background of the story. Jane Wyman, Gertrude Michael, Alice Brady and Frank McHugh will also entertain you in their own style.—Mercy LoYes-Warner Bros.

Confection—AA¼—Ray Francis’ fans will be highly pleased with her latest and one of her strongest vehicles—a suspense story about mother-love. The narrative is rather involved and familiar—a variant of Madam X—but it was handled with much finesse by the director, Joe May. Miss Francis’ emotion is a personal triumph and she distinguishes the role with beauty and charm. In support are Rosalind Russell, John Bryan, Ian Hunter and Dorothy Peterson who uphold the quality of the star’s performance.—Warners Bros.

Blonde Trouble—AA—A remake of the Ring Lardner-George Kaufman comedy hit, It’s Mom, it falls short of the comedy value contained in the original play, due to the sacrifice of laughs for romance. For you who aren’t familiar with the plot, it deals with the aspirations of a small-town lively young man. John Boles in the leading role plays the part to the hilt, while Eleanor Whitmore is effective in the little bit you see her in. Lynn Off and Benny Baker and El Brendel are responsible for a great many of the laughs.—Para-

It Happened in Hollywood—AA—A gushing, sentimental comedy called Jumbo, it will appeal to fan audiences for its history of the tur-
mold that made Hollywood when sound first came in. Richard Dix, a western star and Fay Wray his leading lady portray the principal characters in Hollywood’s great tragedy. But this being only a picture it has its happy ending of course, Dix performs with gusto and Fay Wray is regarded as her difficult-to-believe role. Interesting is a string of doubles impersonating Garbo, Crawford, Chaplin, Dietrich, et al.—Colombia.

DONT MISS

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it!—A gushing story elegantly presented on the screen, incipiently fascinating James Hilton’s popular novel, Ronald Colman, H. B. Warner and Sam Jaffe rate encomiums for their superb performances and Frank Capra, the director, and Robert Riskin, the adaptor, earn apologies for their artistic talents. The Good Earth—1936 Academy Award Winner Paul Muni and Luise Rainer lend their talents to the serttcution of Pearl Buck’s famed novel, making this one of the created films ever produced. Captains Courageous—Kipling’s salty tale of the sea. An exciting and colorful film with stirring por-
trayals by Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore... They Won’t Pay—A courageous undertaking on the part of the producers. Adapted from W. C. Greene’s Drunk in the Deep South, this is a dramatic indictment of the injustices of mob prejudice... The Life of Emile Zola—Warner Brothers through Paul Muni have given birth to a masterpiece. The Life of Emile Zola is one of the finest artistic crea-
tions to grace the screen. Muni lives the part of Zola. France’s great dramatist and exponent of the truth.

FREE TASTE SAMPLE

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention November Motion Picture
Those merry-\maniacs of melody! That three 'Ritz circus!  Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in 'Sing, Baby, Sing...''On the Avenue' and 'You Can't Have Everything'! The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!

The RITZ BROTHERS
"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"
with a glo-roarious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART
FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Elllinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokross, Sid Koller and Ray Golden

Maybe it's football... maybe it's screwball... but it's screwier by far than 'Pigskin Parade'... no maybe about that!
This study in black and white gives you Kay Francis at her profile best. It's a profile that artists rank tops among the ladies of the screen. Kay strikes a dignified pose as befitting a First Lady—the title of her next picture. After you've bowed to her here you'll return to see her in The Return from Limbo. There's drama ahead.
The bandana craze has swept the country and no girl wears one as a head-dress more becomingly than Maureen O'Sullivan. The popular Irisher is taking her bandanas to London where she'll play opposite Bob Taylor in A Yank at Oxford.
Having made her entrance through Stage Door, Katie turns to Bringing Up Baby. Meanwhile those marital rumors are rife again since she was spied with Howard Hughes in New London shopping for yachts.
You Can't
Put SPENCER TRACY
Into Words

WE WERE talking, Spencer Tracy and I, about young
Freddie Bartholomew. Talking about someone else,
especially about his fellow actors, is a common oc-
currence when you are with Spencer. He talks about Pat
O'Brien, his best pal, who is, says Spence, a far finer actor than
he gets full credit for being. He talks about Clark Gable. Well,
I remember the time when Clark first came to Hollywood,
when his sensational flight to fame was just beginning and
how people said, "Oh, he's a great personality, no doubt about
that—but is he a great actor?"—and how Spencer said to me
then: "Gable's a swell actor, don't ever let anyone tell you
different!"

He talks about Jimmy Stewart, Jimmy Cagney, Bob Mont-
gomery's magnificent performance in Night Must Fall. He
talks about his directors, about Victor Fleming ("the most attractive man I
ever met in all my life," says Spence) to whom he gives just about all the
immeasurable credit there is to give for Captains Courageous. Spence's heart,
in fact, is one huge credit sheet for his fellow players.

And conversely if, today, you ask any actor or actress in Hollywood to
tell you who their favorite actor they will say, almost without exception, "Spencer
Tracy and Paul Muni," or "Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy." They may
include two or three other names. But always, always Spencer and Muni.
"Muni gets credit for what he does, of course," Spencer told me, "but I
don't think they fully realize how great he is. He has the simplicity of a
great heart, like his great Zola. And like his Zola he cares only for the
truth of his work. If I could ever be in his class," said Spence—and doesn't
know that he has been.

And when I talked recently to Muni I had to keep reminding him that
it was an interview with him.
I was trying to do, not one
about Spencer. At a recent
Hollywood party given by
Maria Jeritza, the two men
met for the first time. Muni
was telling Spence how with-
out an equal he is. Spencer
was declaring (both men more
articulate when they talk
about each other than they
ever are about themselves) his
profound admiration for Muni.
The two wives, Louise Tracy
and Bella Muni, listened to
this dialogue for several un-
remitting hours. Finally they
said, in unison: "You're the
two tops—why not let it go at
that?"

And so, this time, Spencer
was talking about the young
Bartholomew. Manuel was
speaking of his "leetle feesh."
I'd said, "Do you think that
Freddie is a genius?" and,
"Good Lord, I hope not,"

laughed Spence, "misused, overworked word, genius. I
wouldn't know about that. He's a swell kid, which is the most
important thing. And what a trouper! Never goes up on his
lines. Never overacts. Means what he says. Feels what he
is doing. He's natural. He has sincerity. He has no tricks.
Which adds up to fine acting. That's what fine acting is."

And I thought, all unwittingly Spencer has described himself.
For in paying this tribute to his "leetle feesh," Spencer voiced
Hollywood's unanimous estimate of Spencer, himself. He hasn't
any "tricks" either. He is so real, there is such a rugged honesty
about him, he's so friendly and natural and regular as to warm
the heart right down to its roots.

I wish that I could put Spencer Tracy into words. The right

As Manuel, the Portuguese fisherman in Captains Courageous, Tracy gave a cameo performance. Above, as the
c Barker in They Gave Him a Gun he was just as brilliant.
Trying to sum up Spence with a flock of words is like jumping off the deep, dramatic end. But here it can all be told! And how!!

By GLADYS HALL

words. If I could, I’d have something epic. But it is always the same when you try to describe anything too real for man-manufactured words. Deep tides never come to the surface. Neither the eye, the tongue nor the pen can capture them. Neat, pretty little words describe, accurately, only the contents of the shallows. When a man, or a fact, is too big, too real, too honest, too sincere, words become paltry, praises ring shallowly. After all, you cannot do more than ruffle the surface of the deeps.

“He has no tricks,” may be the best that I can do. And it’s not a bad best if you translate it into meaning that he doesn’t pose, evade issues even to himself about himself, that he is always the same, always cordial and welcoming and warm, not to the favor-giving few alone but to the many; that he is never too busy to be “bothered”; that he doesn’t wear the tawdry ribbons of exploited fame.

It just means that he is honest of heart, forthright, richly human and compassionate, forgiving all as he hopes to be forgiven. Or something like that. That’s the trouble—one is apt to go off the deep, dramatic end about Spencer. One is prone to become too florid, overly sentimental about a man who would never sentimentalize himself; the things he has done, the good he has done, the battles he has fought, the battles he has won. The hardest battles of all—over himself.

There are any number of people, yes, even actors, who have rollicking senses of humor. Which stop short only at themselves. Spencer’s sense of humor includes himself. He wanted, when he was a lad, to become a doctor. He told me once, “but those Latin prescriptions threw me. I couldn’t get on top of that Latin.” It was someone else who told me of the young man Spencer was sending [Continued on page 86]
The New Side to
IRENE DUNNE

WITH a white polo coat
belted round her, hands
deep in its pockets, Irene
Dunne's eyes followed the curve
of a grand staircase that swept
majestically toward the rafters of
the stage.

"What a pity," she sighed.
"All my life I've yearned for a
staircase like that, with me com-
ing down it, trailing my long
skirts behind. Now I've got the
staircase—and look!"

She opened her coat to disclose
a fetching trifle in blue, whose
fringed skirt stopped midway be-
tween ankle and knee, and whose
general spirit called for tripping
rather than trailing. "It's a
judgment on me," she murmured.

"Once I was a lady—"
The serene face had undergone
a subtle change. There was noth-
ing you could point to except the
faintest drooping of one eyelid
over a blue-gray eye, and even
that you weren't sure of. It was
as if a pebble had been
dropped into a quiet
lake, to reveal from be-
low a glint of
dancing lights
and shadows.
Then the ripples

had closed over them again.
But in that flash you had
glimpsed the prancing picca-
niny of Showboat, wild Theo-
dora, and Lucy, heroine of Colum-
bia's The Awful Truth, who wears
the blue gown and does outrageous
things in the hope of proving
to Cary Grant, her husband, what a nice
girl she is.

Back in Cary's dressing-room—loaned with a courtly bow,
because her own reeked of fresh paint—Miss Dunne laughed
at the minor sensation caused by her sallies into comedy and
farcce.

"What's it all about?" she wanted to know. "You wouldn't
expect a cook to go on making the same dish year after year.
Why expect less of an actress? Besides, I don't know where
I got this reputation for being so proper. I'm afraid I always
had leanings toward the low."

Her eyes under their long lashes
were sparkling again.

"As a child, I confess I tried to hide them. My mother was
a fine musician, and my father was all for my following in her
footsteps. I'd hear him brag to friends about how I'd never
play anything but the classics. It sounded pretty grand to me,
so I never did play anything else—where he could hear me.
But that didn't prevent me from sneaking to the piano as often
as I could to try out the latest jazz number. You know, this
never occurred to me before, but maybe that's how it all started.
Maybe I realized then that I wasn't quite the lady I ought to
be, and that I'd better create the illusion to cover up."

WE CAN'T deny Miss Dunne the right to her little joke.
The fact remains that, where the substance exists, there
is no need for illusion. It's easy enough to understand the
impression she makes. She has natural dignity. She meets
you with friendliness, but you don't fall on your neck and call
you darling. She assumes no movie star poses, yet you can't
imagine even the brashest soul taking liberties with her twice.
She acts, in short, like the woman of taste and breeding which
she is. Only Hollywood sometimes seems startled to discover
that you can have good manners,
Mark Twain's immortal Tom Sawyer will live again on the screen in Tommy Kelly, 12-year-old Bronx youngster. Talent scouts took nine months of nation-wide searching to find the ideal Tom. They found him playing in his own Bronx street. The young Irisher will be a-slidin' right into your hearts.
Hollywood's International MARRY-GO-ROUND

Luise Rainer of Vienna and Clifford Odets (New York) understand each other. No dull moments

Francis Lederer is a Czech, Margo a Mexican. Hollywood brought them together. Wedding bells will ring

An Eskimo and a Russian Princess—
A Mexican girl and a lonely Czech—
A Viennese star and a playwright from the Bronx, N. Y.—
That's just a sample of the alliances you find on the international "marry-go-round" in Hollywood!

Take the glamorous girls of two-dozen nationalities, add the handsomest heroes of five continents, and you have a vague idea of Hollywood social life today.

A Chinese girl is matched with an American director; a Tasmanian miss is rumored romancing first with an En-

Elissa Landi is Austrian and Nino Martini hails from Italy. This romance clicked from the start because La Landi speaks perfect Italian.
They come from all over the world—and speaking different languages—to fall in love and marry in that hot mecca for romance—Hollywood

By MARK DOWLING

Romance speaks a universal tongue that's why Anatol Litvak (Russia)-Miriam Hopkins (USA) are that way.

When the international marital knot tied Grace Moore and Valentin Parera it brought Hollywood's happiest union.

Temperaments clash between French Lili Damita and Irish Errol Flynn, but each understands the other perfectly.

International marriages are approved by Spanish Dolores Del Rio and Irish Cedric Gibbons. They build better understanding.

of humor leaves her puzzled. She left Bud three times—but always went back!—because she didn't see the joke.

Mix up a few nationalities, bring on a preacher, and you have Hollywood's newest slant on the game of love. Elissa Landi (Austria) and Nino Martini (Italy) create as much excitement for the local gossips as Miriam Hopkins (America) and Anatol Litvak (Russia). Sonja Henie (Norway) and Tyrone Power (America) followed the "international trend" of Merle Oberon (Tasmania) who crossed the International Date Line to be dated up by David Niven (England) or Brian Aherne (Ireland).

A S HEADLINE-GETTERS for marital upheavals, those on the marry-go-round stand pre-eminent—what about Luise Rainer (Vienna) and Clifford Odets (New York), not to mention Errol Flynn (Ireland) and Lili Damita (France)!

They come from all over the world, but it takes Hollywood to bring them together. Flynn and Damita met on a boat on their way here. Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer met at a producer's home. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, both Britishers, met in England but didn't go for each other until a beach party in Hollywood.

Ida says, "It was the informality of the place that made me see Louis as he really is."

In England, her first impression of the boy had been, "What a dud!"

Margo (Mexico) kept her tongue in her cheek as far as Francis Lederer (Czechoslovakia) was concerned when they met while making a picture together. She heard his ideas on world peace, watched him. [Continued on page 68]
The New Heart-Throb

By FAITH SERVICE

The Popularity Boys will have to make room for Jon Hall now. He's the new sex-menace!

I SAT in Jon Hall's portable dressing-room on the set of Sam Goldwyn's Hurricane. I was waiting for Jon. From the near distance came the sound of soft Tahitian voices singing; the sounds, then, of fury, of winds rising....

I was, I may confess, in something of a flutter. I had been reliably informed that Hurricane is to be, not one of the best, but the best motion picture ever made. The most tremendous—the most powerful—the most thrilling. I'd been told that young Jon Hall (whose star will rise when Hurricane strikes the theatres) is a composite of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power—a sort of "get together" of all the stars who have fired feminine hearts from the Hollywood heavens. Hurricane, it is foretold, will fire your imaginations, stir your pulses, scar your memories forever—and leave beached on your hearts, a new star.

Suddenly the dressing-room door was blocked and a magnificent figure of a man stood there, dripping silvery water from copper shoulders and legs, from dark wet hair. He wore a pair of faded blue dungarees. They clung wetly to his strong legs. His white teeth flashed. His dark eyes laughed. He shook himself and water cascaded off him in showers. (He had been, of course, in the "tank" on the set, doing some "sea stuff.") He said "Miss Hall? I am Jon Hall."

So, I thought, on the instant: ah, Goldwyn has picked another winner! For if there is a girl in the world with eyes to see who doesn't go completely Hall-conscious, if not Hall-crazy after the release of Hurricane then girls are not what they used to be when grandmamma was young! He cannot, really, be compared with anyone. A dash more Gable, perhaps, than Taylor or young Tyrone. Nearer the ages of Bob Taylor and Tyrone, he is heavier, more matured physically than either of these boys. He has more of the brawny virility of Gable. (His own screen favorite, by the way, is Gary Cooper.)

His real name is Charles Locher. Sam Goldwyn christened him Jon Hall. His friends in Tahiti call him "Terutevaegiai." Which, literally translated, means "young white god from heaven's highest shelf." And that, liberally translated, is exactly what he is...a young white god on Hollywood's highest shelf—which, to Jon, amounts to the same thing. He says "I don't take any stock in the 'white god' part but I'll tell anyone I'm certainly in the clouds these days!"

NEVER, certainly, in all the strange, sagas with which Hollywood abounds, all the strange roads and detours which have led to Hollywood and stardom has there been one which, for sheer contrariness, tops the story of Jon Hall. A story so amazingly unbelievable that you would say, reading it in fiction or [Continued on page 95]
THE time is the XIIIth Century. The setting is the shrine of the Moon Maiden, idol of virgins, in the garden of the palace of mighty Kublai Khan, in far-away Cathay.

Beside the shrine stand a tall, handsome man and an exotically beautiful girl. The man is familiar to you, despite his swashbuckling attire. Gary Cooper. The girl—slant-eyed, high-coiffured, garbed in a luxurious Chinese kimono, all-white—is someone totally new to the screen. Her name is Sigrid Gurie.

Gary is playing the title role in Samuel Goldwyn's The Adventures of Marco Polo. She is playing the principal role opposite him—the role of the Princess Kukachin, daughter of the Khan.

With piquant naivete, the Princess is telling the newcomer to her father's Court that she is to be Queen of Persia. That is her destiny. When she was in her cradle, the matter was arranged by her father. And soon she will start upon the long journey to Persia, to marry the King.

Marco Polo makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is enchanted by her beauty, by her hauntingly musical voice. (She is called Kukachin—meaning Golden Bells—because of her beautiful voice.) He asks her how much time the journey to Persia will take. She tells him the number of years.

Amusedly, yet with heartfelt emotion, he says, "If I were the King of Persia, I would be a very impatient man!"

You will laugh at his brash candiцness. But, looking upon the Princess, you will also sympathize with his sentiment. For, I warn you, when you see the Princess Kukachin, your reaction will be the same as Marco Polo's—love at first sight. Which is another way of telling you that Sigrid Gurie is Hollywood's New Sensation No. 1.

She has been in Hollywood a year, but the chances are that you have never heard of her before. And that's odd, when you think about it—considering that she is a discovery of Samuel (the Great) Goldwyn.

SAM isn't one to be shy about mentioning his beautiful foreign finds. In fact, Sam rather has a habit of telling the world [Continued on page 92]
Dat ol' dadevil triangle comes out in the open again in *Wife, Doctor and Nurse*—with Loretta Young as the wife, Warner Baxter as the "doc" and Virginia Bruce as the nurse. And while the drama develops, Loretta sends some temperatures a-soaring. Between pictures—her next is *Second Honeymoon*—the beauty is registering supreme happiness with her two adopted daughters.
From the moment that Wayne Morris flashed on the screen in Kid Galahad he was destined for stardom. Read this story and know the real kid.

By ANN DAKE

The man of the hour in Hollywood is a young, rawboned, snubnose lad with all the polish of a home-made mud pie. Indeed, if a mud pie wore blond hair, it wouldn't look a whole lot unlike young Wayne Morris himself.

But with this difference. No pie, mud, apple, huckleberry or raisin, ever wore a smile like Wayne's. And therein lies the secret behind the sudden and overwhelming success of newcomer Morris in Kid Galahad. It was the smile that did it.

Success, so I've been told, brings its share of sorrow. But Wayne's success is different. It has its train of sorrow all right, but it's the other actors who are doing the grieving. It seems that no matter how much endeavor is put forth by some of the other boys, young Morris has only to smile that bland and innocent smile of youth and the scene is his. All of which is apparently lost on young Morris, who goes right on smiling, and stealing the show.

There's talk going around Hollywood that Mr. Morris is getting slightly out of hand. Interpreted, the statement means only that young Wayne Morris is minding his own business and letting Hollywood mind its. That's bad. It might be good other places, but it's bad in Hollywood. A successful newcomer in Hollywood must never do his own thinking, talking or acting. He must let everyone do it for him or he's immediately branded as a "bighead." Wayne has reached the crucial point of being termed just that.

It's not so. He isn't one. The other night in a social gathering a flock of players were grouped together in a huddle—all except young Morris. Perhaps a few jealous barbs had kept him away, for all I know. Yet, there was Wayne off in on a corner with a group of extras and stand-ins, the life of the party. Having himself a time.

Perhaps the most comical jam in which Mr. Wayne Morris has yet found himself—the Alice Faye business no exception—was when someone told him that what he needed was sex appeal. Next thing he knew the papers had him out with this young woman and that

[Continued on page 73]
Not the Type?

By MOLLY GARDNER

Dorothy (dazzler) Lamour doesn't think she's exotic enough for film requirements, but don't believe her!

EVERYTHING (figure, face, violet orbs, raven tresses) is okay about Mrs. Kay, only she's sure that she isn't the film type. If anyone was ever built to be a film siren, it's Dorothy Lamour—Mrs. Herbert Kay, in private life, and very glad of it. "I don't think I'm the film type, do you?" she asks through thick dark lashes, and not at all archly.

It's the McCoy, it's on the level, Lamour (no relation to L'Amour Toujours L'Amour) doesn't think she has cinema requirements. She doesn't think she's exotic! And she means it. If she had thought so she might have been enjoying her Paramount contract six months before she did.

"I could have had screen tests when I first came to Hollywood to sing at the Clover Club and to continue with my NBC network program. But I wouldn't take any. I was here from January to June without paying any attention to what the studios said." says Dorothy, whose real name is Marylita Dorothy Lamour.

This five-foot-five dazzler plays Marama to Jon Hall's Terangi in Samuel Goldwyn's million and a half (dollars) production of the Nordhoff-Hall novel The Hurricane. Then she returns to Alma Mater Paramount where she makes her sixth and seventh film appearances in Jungle Love and Big Broadcast of 1938, followed by Ensenada with Bing Crosby of hoarse rhythms and horse reins fame.

It may be that Dorothy's deprecation of her beauty rises, full grown, from the fact that her career paced alongside that of the late Dorothy Dell. From the ages of ten the two Dorothys, blonde and dark, played together, planned future lives together in the entertainment world. In 1930 the blonde Dorothy won a Delta beauty contest [Continued on page 90]
GLORIA STUART

Life Begins in College is the title of Gloria Stuart's next picture. And Rest begins for her the minute she leaves the studio and reaches home, where she can put on her lounging pajamas, stretch out comfy and say: "It's good to get off those shoes!"

MADELEINE CARROLL

Note the new coiffure of the dazzling Madeleine who wears it that-away in It's All Yours when Francis Lederer comes a-callin'. Madeleine is also the big Love Interest in The Prisoner of Zenda for such royal suitors as Colman and Fairbanks.
The big news of the film is the sensational Oscar Homolka

COLOR has passed its toughest test. Color has finally gone to sea. And, because it has, black-and-white films are doomed to go the way of silent films. Their end is now in sight. You may not believe that. I didn't believe it, myself, when I first heard it. But, since then, I have seen Ebb Tide in the making. I have seen what they tried to film. I have seen the "rushes." I'm prepared to believe anything.

I can even sympathize with that famous director (his name should mercifully be left anonymous!) who was asked a year and a half ago what he thought of the future of color in Hollywood. Loudly and publicly, he proclaimed, "It's all right for Mickey Mouse cartoons—but not for people. It will never be real enough."

The other day, I asked him what he thought of the future of color in Hollywood. He said, quietly and privately, "All right, all right—make me eat my words. I'll do it. I'll have to do it. Within a year and a half, everything will be in color. Nothing can stop it now."

Nothing can stop color now! That is the big news of Hollywood, this autumn of 1937. That, and an actor named Oscar Homolka.

You may not know the name or the man. Even Hollywood is hardly conscious of him yet. But the night that Ebb Tide is premiered, he will be a star. More than that. He will be hailed as one of the world's few great actors.

It was twenty years ago—believe it or not—twenty years ago, when Oscar Homolka was a young boy, about to run away from home to be an actor, that the first color film was made. It threatened to ruin all onlookers' eyes. It was harsh and bright and fuzzy and unreal. The onlookers protested so violently that color fled back to the laboratory and stayed there, in hiding, for years.

It emerged, soon after talkies arrived, in the form of two strips of film in a single camera. Again, it was chased back to the laboratory. When it appeared again, in travelogues and Disney
cartoons and Becky Sharp, it was in the form of three strips of film in a single camera—one blue, one blue-green, and the third magenta.

People didn't object to the color in the travelogues and the adventures of Mickey and Minnie; in fact, they rather liked it. They didn't like it in Becky Sharp. But one fact seemed evident: this time, the fault was with the filming, not the color-film, itself. Since Becky Sharp, color has come a long way. But always, until now, under perfect conditions. Until now, the color-movie-makers have dodged difficulties—especially, unpredictable difficulties.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine and, later, God's Country and the Woman were made outdoors, yes; but in high altitudes, in air certain to be clear and against backgrounds certain to be constant. The Garden of Allah, that almost motionless motion picture, was made against the neutral—and constant—background of the desert sands of Yuma. Dancing Pirate was made entirely indoors, where lighting could be controlled. Wings of the Morning ventured out around the English countryside, with notable success. A Star Is Born moved indoors and out, with seeming nonchalance, against a Hollywood background. And Walter Wanger's Vaguses of 1938, newly finished, proves that color can do justice to the texture of fine furs and clothing and jewels.

But, up to now, no producer has had the hardihood to try to film the sea in all its moods, in color. The sea is too unpredictable. Ebb Tide is the first attempt. That makes the result all the more remarkable. It heightens belief in the converted director's statement: "Nothing can stop color now!"

You might expect the first full-color sea picture to be an idyllic romance, laid in the South Seas. Or aboard a modernistic, streamlined steamship, romantically luxurious.

But Ebb Tide is no idyllic romance. There is romance in it, but it is secondary to the main story. The main story is desperate adventure, from the pen of no less an inventive creator of melodrama than Robert Louis Stevenson. The setting, in part, is the South Seas; in part, the wide and lonely Pacific. The principal ship is no luxury liner, but a three-masted sailing vessel, old and scarred and weather-beaten, a tramp of the Seven Seas. The time of the story is the 1890's.

The principal players, besides Homolka, are Frances Farmer, Ray Milland, Lloyd Nolan and Barry Fitzgerald. Homolka was the first one chosen and the hardest to get. He had had Hollywood offers before and had turned them down; he hadn't liked the stories scheduled for him. He wanted to see the final shooting script of Ebb Tide before he said "Yes" or "No." "It's based on Stevenson's story. You must know the story," they reassured him.

"Yes, I know Stevenson's story," said Homolka, who was not lightly to be put off. "But what is Hollywood doing to the story? What is the girl going to do? There is no girl in Stevenson's story. But Hollywood will put a girl in. What is she to do? I want to know what the change will do to the story—if it will still be a good story."

There was no other way to persuade [Continued on page 98]
It's just one singing role after another for Dick Powell, whose popularity shows no sign of diminishing —no matter what he tackles, be it a singing marine or a varsity show. Dick, who has a singing rival in Kenny Baker (on the same Warner lot), will appear next in Hollywood Hotel. A while back he was the m. c. of Mr. H. on the air. So the film is right up his alley.

KENNY BAKER

You've heard Kenny Baker on the Jack Benny airings—his vocalizations adding that ummmph to the program. You also heard him in Mr. Dodd Takes the Air. He has a tops personality to go with his high C's. There's always a good song ringing clear when the Kenny does his stuff. He sings several in 52nd Street. Wonder if they'll ever co-star him with Dick Powell.
She’s a sleek, new 1937 model—is Ida Lupino. Taking life seriously, the old hey-hey hotcha is out

By MOLLY CASTLE

THE first time I saw Ida Lupino was practically when as far as she was concerned.

It was way back in the blonde era and Ida, a precocious little girl of 14, looked a good deal older and a whole lot blonder than she does today at somewhere around 20. With her mother, Connie Emerald Lupino, she was visiting Poppa Stanley Lupino’s dressing-room in a London suburb—they were trying out a new show.

Ida turned up her nose a little (nature helped) and looked rather bored because after all there was nothing very new to her about the atmosphere or behind-the-scenes: the smell of greasepaint had been in the family nostrils for upwards of 300 years.

Ida was too old to be asked to recite which was a pity, for Connie and Stan hated to miss any opportunity to display the unusual charm of their first-born. And even I, prejudiced as I am against forward children, could see that, underneath all that make-up, Mr. and Mrs. Lupino had a very pretty little girl there.

(You’ll excuse me bringing all this up, Ida, but this is plot 6B—the Cinderella story, you remember?—and we have to bring in something for dat ole fairy godmother, Hollywood, to get to work on.)

Years passed, as they used to say in the movies before they thought up that calendar gag. And the next time I saw Ida (in the flesh) I didn’t recognize that blonde little girl. It was at a Garden Party: somebody’s wedding, I believe.

I’ve been to quite a few garden parties in my day (one time my most important assignment in the year was the annual turn-out in the garden of Buckingham Palace) and I never remember seeing any one looking really smart at any of them except Queen Mary and Ida Lupino. The others almost all have the idea that a hat which each gust of wind threatens to turn into a bowling hoop, and a dress, gaudy but not neat, which rivals the flower beds for color and has the same sort of beginning down there in the mud, is the correct disguise.

Well, I haven’t space to go into Queen Mary’s garden party outfits at this time, and besides, I don’t want to start up any arguments about hats. I’ve always thought the old lady’s headpieces were swell on her, so there.

HOWEVER, I can and will, it’s what I’m here for, describe the sleek way Ida’s brown hair turned under at the neck, the neat little hat which fitted close to the skull and was worn at exactly the right angle, the pencil slim skirt, just below the knee length (and what a knee). And the fur cape which, unlike most fur capes in Hollywood, had just the right number of skins and not too many. And which Ida was wearing because it was chilly in the garden and not because she just has to have everyone see it. (Most of the Hollywood capes have a couple of extra skins thrown in which spoils their style—much more effectively than if a large price tag had been pinned to the shoulders—and they’re put there for the same reason. Furthermore their owners wear them even in a heat wave.)

Maybe those parents who Keep Back their children aren’t on the right track after all. Maybe it’s just as well to let the young things paint up at 13, go to night clubs at 14, shave their eyebrows and dye their hair at 15—it gets it out of their system.

At least that’s how it worked with Ida.

When she first arrived out here, Hollywood took over what was still left of her face and removed bits here and there, including her eyebrows. Her hair [Continued on page 69]
Having what it takes to rule Hollywood’s romantic roost, it’s time you got acquainted with the screen’s most elusive lover. You’ll like him

By CYRIL VAN DOUR

“You have to use dynamite to get anything out of that guy.”
“You would have better luck with Garbo.”
“Don’t tell him you want to interview him for a fan magazine. Pretend it’s for the New York Times.”
“Don’t ask him any personal questions.”

These were some of the warnings I received from fellow-scribes, boulevardiers and studio insiders who supposedly knew Brian Aherne when I told them I had an assignment to interview him. This romantic British hussar who works havoc with the femmes when he makes love on the screen—or stage—seemed to be the most elusive, aloof, and inscrutable man in Hollywood.

It was, therefore, with some misgivings and considerable inner trepidation that I went to the set of The Great Garrick with an official of the vast Warner plant to get the real lowdown on him. I found him garbed as a poet Don Juan of Merrie Olde England, in the grand old days of the Drury Lane Theatre in London and the Comedie Francaise in Paris, which David Garrick, who was the dramatic rage of his time, ruled as the cock-of-the-walk.

Wearing a fair wig and the other accoutrements of a lady-killer of the 18th century, his long legs in wine-colored breeches and stockings, he cut a strikingly handsome figure on the set. Director James Whale was shooting the inn sequence where Garrick stops on his way to Paris with his valet, played by comedian, Edward Everett Horton. Profiting from a brief intermission he came over to shake hands with me, and half an hour later it was tea time for him and we settled down in two canvas chairs for the interview.

“I never miss my tea,” he said. He rubbed his hands with glee when a colored servant brought his regulation tea tray. The temperature on the set was hot enough for a Turkish bath-house, but experienced tea drinkers know that there is nothing as refreshing on a sultry summer day as a cup of boiling hot tea. “We always have tea, don’t we?” he asked the servant, who nodded.

Brian Aherne pours tea with all the eager lip-smacking of a young schoolboy before a pot of favorite jam. Indeed, the first thing you notice about him is his exuberant boyish quality, and you can’t help wondering if this young man with the easy carefree manner and keen blue eyes that shine with good humor is the unapproachable, reserved Brian Aherne. I didn’t expect to meet such a regular, friendly fellow.

“Why do you avoid the press?” I asked him. “A legend of mystery and aloofness has been built about you. Writers hesitate to approach you for an interview.”

[Continued on page 77]
There's no skin like a mink skin for that velvety touch. And when the skins are turned into a sumptuous wrap there's nothing that touches up milady quite so lovely—especially when she steps out in the evening. Mary Astor's mink wrap has full, flowing lines and yet drapes more or less snugly to her figure. The wrap was designed by Omar Kiam. Note the knee-length which is full enough to permit easy walking. Also note the full, wide collar. Mary Astor is soon to be seen in *The Hurricane*
The skins in Sally Eilers' jacket came from white ermine. The wrap features short sleeves, giving her that certain "touch" for a glad evening. The gown is blue chiffon and banded with ribbed blue velvet ribbons.

Touched up for the evening with broadtail is Wendy Barrie in a new three-cornered length coat which she wears over her dinner dress. Note the military collar and full sleeves.

The skins that touch Tala Birell make up a white moiré mohair evening coat, featuring a wide band of silver fox to trim the full hemline. Note the interesting treatment of short full sleeves with double pleats at the shoulders.

Touching up Anna Sten like a million dollars is a cape of silver fox skins which fall in ample ripples cascading from the front. A velvet gown and toque go with it.
The lovely Norwegian importation, Sigrid Gurie, who debuts in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, favors a full-length, fulsome mink wrap for daytime wear. It also adds to the evening touch.

Tala Birell likes to feel the skins of a three-quarter black moire caracul coat wrapped around her. This one has an up-standing collar, high full shoulders and a flared skirt. Black accessories to match.

The skins that are favored by the Younger Set come from Persian lamb. Andrea Leeds' coat touches up her charming personality—cut to fit her figure.

Sigrid Gurie also affects broadtail for formal afternoon occasions. This coat is knee-length and gives that touch at the shoulders with its full puffed sleeves.
But Andrea Leeds has other coats whose skins she loves to touch. Here she wears an ideal coat for those zippy days of Fall and football. It came from a baby leopard.

Well, if here isn't Andrea again who favors another type of coat for those Fall and Winter days. It's a practical knock-about of muskrat and can take punishment.

Another grand coat to wear when Andrea's team is rolling up the score—or even taking a beating—is a raccoon. Here's Andrea, very collegiate as well as chic and warm.
Hitting the JACKPOT in the GAMBLE of LOVE

No star in Hollywood tells a more romantic story than George Murphy. Look it over

George Murphy went to town in Top of the Town, and at this writing is rumored to be the hottest note in the Broadway Melody of 1938. But he hasn’t seen yet this newest of Metro’s musical festivals, and his pals at the studio are kidding him plenty and telling him he is so gosh-awful in it that the front office ordered some retakes to make it a marketable product.

The truth of the matter is the Metro moguls went into a huddle when they saw the first rough cut of the picture and decided they had a new sensation in George Murphy.

George is one of the nicest guys we have met—maybe too nice for his own good. We suggest that he cultivate that wicked comehither look, which spells Box-Office in Hollywood. We lunched with him and then spent the better part of an afternoon on the set of This Is My Wife, an M-G-M photodrama in which he tops the cast, listening to the details of his saga between shots. Nobody has ever told us a more romantic story.

George was born in New Haven, the son of the late Mike Murphy, famous Yale, Pennsylvania, and Olympic Games coach, and he, himself, is a product of Old Eli. But his dad died in 1913, his mother in 1914, and he grew up an orphan. From early boyhood he has had to face the stern realities of our economic world. He is an incorrigible gagster, and there is never a dull moment on a movie set when George Murphy is cavorting there. But in spite of his penchant for fun he is essentially a serious, sober, earnest fellow, determined to make good in Hollywood. His gay tomfooleries hide the melancholy side of his nature, for his early struggles have left their mark.

One morning Bob Taylor walked to the set of the Broadway Melody and found George intrenched in a new portable dressing-room that was a miniature Palazzo on wheels. “Say, George,” he said, considerably down in the mouth, “I’m supposed to be the star of this picture and they don’t give me a dressing-room like this.”

“Just ask for it, and they should give you one, too,” George replied, as he stood before the mirror applying make-up on his pert Irish mug. Bob hesitated. [Continued on page 88]
The TALK of
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

Houdini Did It!

Edward Everett Horton's gags are always funny to the onlooker but they aren't always so funny to Eddie. Recently in a picture the scene called for him to make a frightened dive into a chest and to pull the top down after him. When the director called "Cut" Eddie made frantic efforts to get out. To his dismay he couldn't budge the top—the lock had jammed and he had practically no air to breathe.

So urgent were his muffled cries for help that instead of waiting for a locksmith, some of the crew sawed off one end of the chest. Eddie scrambled out, gasping for breath—while the onlookers nearly had hysterics.

You Take Me!

While Robert Young was away for a week-end recently, he stopped at a little hamlet for gas. He gave the young gas station attendant a bill and when the boy returned with his change he also had a camera in his hand.

Shyly he approached Bob and holding up the camera said, "Er—would you mind?"

"Not at all!" said Bob graciously and climbed out of the car, to pose for his picture.

"Oh, no," said the boy quickly, "I didn't mean that! I meant—will you take my picture? I want to send one home to my mother in my new uniform!"

And Harpony?

In spite of the artistry with which Harpo Marx plays the harp—he's had only one lesson in his life. Having made a great success on the stage with his natural ability to play, he decided that lessons would give him more technique and improve his playing. Consequently, he went to the finest harpist New York had to offer. At the end of an hour the teacher told Harpo he knew all there was to know—he could teach him nothing. And the lesson ended with Harpo showing the teacher how to do some of his harp tricks!

Hollywhittlings:

Lionel Barrymore once got so sore with himself for blowing up in his lines that he banged

With pleasure we show you the new Anna Sten whose first American film in two years is With Pleasure Madame

Gloria Youngblood, half-Cherokee, and former artist's model, debuts in The Adventures of Marco Polo
his fist down on a table and broke his hand... Between shots on a picture Carole Lombard sits near the door so she can catch a glimpse of Gable the minute he enters the set to pay her a visit... Humphrey Bogart, the bad, bad man of the films, is a chess fiend... Jane Darwell aspired to be an opera singer. As a result she's an intense opera fan and will go to any length to get autographs of the opera stars... Tyrone Power's mother saves every line written about him—she has yet to see a bad notice... George Murphy never wears a hat. If headgear is absolutely necessary, he dons a cap... Alice Brady loves mystery stories and will read anything that has at least one murder a chapter... Al-

Those was got 'em shows 'em: Virginia Field of Ali Baba Goes to Town, goes to town with 'em

can give of his best unless he's in prime condition... Joan Crawford is marvelous at telling funny stories with a Southern accent... Margot Grahame is studying the Yogi philosophy. She says it's wonderful what you can do by sitting still and relaxing. When you get really good you can sit and relax for a year. Margot has passed the five-minute test... In order to amuse his dinner guests, Charlie Chaplin has taken up the accordion... Douglas Fairbanks gets very mad indeed when autograph hunters ask his wife to sign her former name, Lady Ashley, instead of Mrs. Fairbanks.

A Rose By Any Name, Etc.

GOOFY things happen in Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck, intrigued by rumors of the lovely Gypsy Rose Lee, put the fair damsel under contract. Darryl thought it a pretty smart move—the girl was lovely to look at, maybe she could act, and best of all she was the fairest exponent of the "strip-tease" art.

That made the name Gypsy Rose Lee of vast publicity value. Whenever you thought of "strip-tease" you invariably thought of Gypsy Rose Lee. But it seems that was just the trouble! The women's clubs all over the country rose as one woman and said,
Ray Bolger and his dancing feet are back in the movies after two years. You will see him and them in *Rosalie*.

“*We won’t have it*” or words to that effect. So Darryl’s publicity campaign was nipped in the bud—he had to change the too-well-known name of Gypsy Rose Lee to plain Louise Hovick. However, she’s still lovely to look at, and maybe she can act.

**To Melvyn—Collect**

*MELVYN DOUGLAS* was presented with a nice fat telephone bill recently. His wife, Helen Gahagan, phoned him from Vienna in order to give him her concert route. Melvyn put their young son, Peter, on the phone “just to say ‘Hello!’”

But Peter was filled to the bursting point with important things to tell his mother—he had a new scooter, his dog (the joy of his young life) was lost—oh, any number of awfully important things his mother had to know! Nor would he relinquish the telephone until he had poured out the entire tale—to the tune of a $120 telephone bill!

**Rozzie Followed Too Close!**

**ROsalind Russell** says she learned a good lesson the other week-end. She was driving to a winter resort for a few days’ rest. When she got on the open road she noticed a car ahead of her, piled with luggage, and apparently heading for the same place she was. The man at the wheel seemed to know the road—so she decided he’d be a good pace-maker and she settled back to trail him.

She kept it up until the man was stopped by a traffic cop. As Rosalind drove up the man was protesting that he hadn’t been speeding. She stopped her car and said, “He’s right—he wasn’t speeding. I’ve followed him for miles.”

“Oh,” cracked the cop. “You were ‘following him for miles,’ were you? Then you were speeding too!”

And they both had to tell it to a judge.

Hereafter, Rozzie, you better stay behind—say five miles or more!

The ace menacing man, Basil Rathbone, now menaces in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*. 

---

Warner’s new eyeful, Doris Weston, takes to a canoe to appear as *Summer Girl* No. 1.
More Hollywhittlings:

**BRIAN DONLEVY’S dog was so ferocious he paid a trainer seventy dollars to calm the dog down.** When Brian went to get him back, the dog jumped at HIS throat... Bing Crosby is the only star on the Paramount lot who sends free photographs to all his fans... Two women tourists are doing a sit-down-strike in front of Robert Taylor’s domicile. They refuse to believe that he’s away and insist they’ll sit right there until he comes out... Glenda Far-

Putting the fish to one side, Jane Bryan is pretty enough to bait your attention anytime.

...Douglas Montgomery, during his motion picture career, has broken his nose twice, his wrist twice, and his left arm once... Katharine Hepburn has a mania for brushing her hair... When Errol Flynn is around the house he wears wooden shoes that he picked up in Amsterdam... Don Ameche and Bob Burns have formed a horse-shoe pitching team... Bing Crosby was at Saratoga during August, but didn’t enter any of his stable in the races.

Peeking through the keyhole of Eleanor Powell’s dressing-room we find her in a necking-party with her cocker spaniel...
Woodman, Spare That

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Hollywood's newest favorite, Charlie McCarthy, is a block off an old pine tree

ANYBODY knows that two limbs on a shapely torso are a splendid provocation for Hollywood success. (Yoo hoo, Marlene, Ginger, Joan and Miss Hovick!) But the canny producers have hit upon another source for cinema starring material. They're taking it out of the trunk now... the trunk of a white pine tree.

The newest scintillator (Charlie McCarthy) to flash upon the Hollywood horizon has an impish upturned nose, broad crimson lips on a mouth that flaps open and shut like a fly trap, shaggy red hair, a long upper lip, humorous eyes that do not move in their sockets, a monocle, and a general air of ineffable charm ("my, my!") that enslaves all who come within range of his voice, his twenty-four inch height. He's a dummy. He's a wooden-headed, horsehair-stuffed, tin-chested, leather-hinged dummy.

"Charlie," said his alter ego, Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, during one of his now-famous broadcasts, "was found on a door step when he was two years old. I know little or nothing about his parents."

And Charlie, sotto voce as usual, shaking his head, answered "What a night that was!... How I wound up there I never could figure out. It must be the gypsy blood in me."

You get an idea of the kind of humor purveyed by the firm of Charlie McCarthy and Edgar John Bergen, Inc., and Limited. It's the kind that has many imitators, no duplicates, and has brought the bland, blond young Bergen, thirty-four and Chicago-born, to say nothing of Charlie, a fame that has increased to international proportions since their first air appearance on a Rudy Vallee broadcast December 16, 1936. Subsequently their return engagement on Crooner Vallee's variety show brought them a regular featured spot on NBC's Chase and Sanborn show.

Left, Don Ameche, Charlie and Edgar Bergen go over a rehearsal for their Chase & Sanborn hour. Below, Charlie and Edgar in a man-to-man talk
When Charlie gets stumped for a gag BERGEN whispers a fast one to him. It never goes "dead"

and then to Hollywood, the mecca of entertainers. Once in Hollywood, the film contracts commenced flying about the wooden head of the dummy (and the thinnish blond hair of BERGEN) with the persistence of nesting birds. All the movie moguls wanted Charlie (and BERGEN, too) for their super-epics. SAM Goldwyn beat his colleagues to the signing, and while Paramount was deciding whether or not to continue on the screen the radio feud of "redwood-nosed" W. C. Fields and his "diminutive little pal," CHARLIE McCarthy, the great Goldwyn got BERGEN's "Edgar John" on the dotted line. But New Universal, champing at the bit, was not far behind. It signed [Continued on page 84]

A splinter has gotten out of place so BERGEN tells Charlie "open wide!"

Charlie, who dresses "Hollywood," is a great favorite with all the girls
The Idaho blonde with the high-voltage allure is called the Glamour Girl of the hour. And boy, how she dreads it!

By JERRY LANE

"Hi, you! You're next." The chubby little man motioned her forward uncere- moniously. Lots of these stage-struck kids around. And he had a job to do. Suddenly he looked up. She was reading the part of Diane. Reading it so that abruptly the drab, cold auditorium became that little attic room in Paris, vibrant with drama...

Two days later the postman handed her a penny postal-card. It informed her in neatly typed words that she had the part of Diane. Would she please appear for rehearsals the next morning? A whole career, fame—hinging on a penny post-card. [Continued on page 67]

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Don't Call Me "Glamour Girl"
—GLORIA DICKSON

ANYTHING can happen...

That is, it can if you dare to dream a little. Consider, for instance, the private history of Gloria Dickson, the girl of the hour in Hollywood. The little Idaho blonde who has every critic hunting for glorified adjectives since the release of her first picture, They Won't Forget.

History is made in the Day (as well as at Night!) and Gloria's really begins on a certain fog-swept morning as she entered the slightly dejected-looking Mason Theatre in downtown Los Angeles. The Federal Theatre Project, hope of many a destitute actor, was holding auditions there. Not that she expected an audition! Who would listen to a slimy seventeen-year-old kid when there were so many former great stage names on the list? But anyhow, visitors were permitted. Very quietly she slipped into a seat. They were reading lines from Seventh Heaven. Something inside the girl stirred and glowed. The theatre! She loved even the musty smell of it, the unpainted flats propped up so prosaically in the background.

GLORIA and Perc Westmore (make-up expert) will say it very soon to the preacher man

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EYE Care for You

Make the Most of Your Eyes with Make-up

By DENISE CAINE

THERE is the girl who applies eye make-up like a poultice. And there is the girl who never touches her eyes, not even to brush face powder off her lashes . . .

I hope you belong to neither group, that you realize how important an aid to beauty eye cosmetics can be but also that you know how carefully they must be handled. When eye make-up first became fairly widely accepted, it was used the same way by everyone with not the slightest effort to modify or individualize it.

But this dull pattern has been broken and now eye make-up is usually as varied as hats! Women have learned to make-up their eyes one way for sports, another for business, another for dancing, still another for visits to dear old Aunt Agatha! In addition to this increasing skillfulness in adding to or subtracting from the number or shades of cosmetics used, women have learned that daily preening of the eyes, lashes and brows—as a sort of preparation for the final gesture of applying mascara, shadow and pencil—does an amazing amount to beautify them.

These photographs of pretty, dark-eyed Mary Maguire, Warner Brothers player, illustrate what I mean. Five of the eight show her going through steps preparatory to the actual application of lash and brow darkness. . . . First, Mary applies a rich eye cream on the delicate skin around the eyes. She pats this in gently, never stretching the skin, leaves it on till most of it is absorbed. Then, there's the use of an eye-lotion to clear and rest the eyes, and the application of tonic-soaked cotton eye pads, which act as a mild astringent. When there is time, it is a good idea to lie down for fifteen or twenty minutes, with these pads on the eyes. When you inspect the skin, after its dose of cream and mild astringent, you'll find that it is softer, finer-textured and that your eyes themselves are bright as a baby's.

Weeding or plucking of the eyebrows should be done at night, before going to bed, instead of just before making up, so that any swelling or redness may subside; but in case you do have to banish a few stray hairs while preparing to go out, do it carefully [Continued on page 82]

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hairdo, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

One of the favorite stand-bys of romantic fiction—one which has done yeoman service on the stage and which, when it was made as a silent film several years ago, made an impression that still lingers—has emerged as a talking picture. The result is a fine achievement. The story has always been a perfect medium for stage and screen expression. With sound it climbs the heights of romantic expression. It's Ronald Colman's biggest role. It's a dual role superbly played with fine support from C. Aubrey Smith, Madeleine Carroll, David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It presents some of the most pretentious sets ever built for a costume drama. So the picture becomes one of a brilliant movie season's outstanding releases. The production is lavish. In playing both the king and the man who was virtually the king's stand-in, Colman tops his best previous work. The sepia-toned photography adds to the beauty of this royal entertainment.—Selznick-Int.-U.A.

DEAD END

A great stage play—which was one of last season's Broadway successes—has been translated into celluloid with such fidelity, feeling and sympathy that it shapes up as an eloquent film—one that grips you with its realism. This is partly due to the story, partly due to the able direction, but mostly due to the interpretation as rendered by Humphrey Bogart (who acted the gangster to the life), Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor and the boys who were drafted from the original stage production. The spirit and atmosphere of New York are superbly caught—the slum section bordering hard on the street of higher social strata. In all a magnificent picture detailing a core of New York, as a "killer returns to the "dead end" street to visit his mother and a childhood sweetheart—only to discover that the girl is a prostitute. This plot calls for fine characterization—and the best of suspense. It has received such. It ranks with the screen's best films.—Goldwyn-United Artists.

BROADWAY MELODY

What is probably the most lavish, extravagant (well, we'll say it—"colorful") musical show ever staged emerges in this 1938 version. Previous Melodies had something too. But this one shines through to—it scores easily as a big winner—one that will have you raving over George Murphy, Eleanor Powell, Judy Garland (the juvenile wonder singer) Buddy Ebsen—and yes, Colbert Taylor. To say nothing of a group of stage favorites, Sophie Tucker, Barnett Parker, Willie Howard and others well known to Broadway. Of course Taylor is used for romance. The singers and dancers dwarf his performance. And, the music composed by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed is very tuneful. There's a glass staircase number and novelty number, Dear Mr. Gable, that are vows. A kick of bands had their hands in it—and all deserve the highest credit. A bouquet to the dancing girls. Don't miss it.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CARD INDEX of
SOULS AT SEA

A highly interesting narrative of the sea, partly founded on fact, is released for your enjoyment here—one that captures your attention from the moment that Gary Cooper, out to smash the slave trade, is taken prisoner. The nautical touches are finely achieved—the salty atmosphere giving it that red-blooded dress—thus making it stand out as a cameo, particularly in its excellent backgrounds, settings and atmosphere. Cooper while secretly camming the slave traders is actually operating against them. But before he accomplishes his ends, you are in some highly melodramatic moments of the most thrilling kind. Cooper acts with fine restraint—being perfectly cast and George Raft provides a colorful characterization as Gary’s companion. These two parts are done most convincingly. One of the big surprises is the emotional acting of Olympe Bradna. Keep your eyes on her. The photography is magnificent.—Paramount.

THIN ICE

Thin Ice is the undisputed champion among skating entertainments. There isn’t a single dull moment in it. When Sonja Henie became a movie star people wondered what they wanted of a skater. But Sonja fooled them. She proved herself an actress in her debut, and here she creates a sensation. The film is thin but who cares, especially when Sonja and her ice ballet do their stuff? The snow scenes and the romance between Sonja and Tyrone Power project spirited moments and a slice of good girliness. Her personality throws a refreshing atmosphere over the picture. Power gives a natural, sincere performance. Others who act very creditibly are Alan Hale, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and George Givot—not forgetting Joan Davis’ comedy relief. The direction is on an even tempo throughout and the producers have invested the film with fine settings. A breezy picture—and as smooth as ice.—20th Century-Fox.

THE SHEIK STEPS OUT

It isn’t the first time that Ramon Novarro has played the role of a sheik. His familiarity with it enables him to give a performance marked for sincerity and feeling. And so he comes back—and the manner in which he scores here indicates he might never have been away. In this picture the plot goes over familiar ground but it projects sufficient twists and turns, surprises and suspense to make it uncommonly interesting. The romantic sheik can sell her his Arabian horses. Novarro should set the feminine hearts fluttering in a role made to order for hearts that flutter. His natural accent adds flavor to his romantic speeches—and he makes love in the best tradition of the sheik of song and story. Lola Lane is the heiress who is finally stolen away from a Parisian altar. The backgrounds are fine and you will find the photography is something to boast about. You’re going to like it.—
$500.00 43 CASH AWARDS
A FREE GIFT FOR EACH ENTRANT FROM BRILLO

Just Name This
MYSTERY RECIPE

NOTHING TO BUY—IT'S EASY TO WIN!

Here is fun! Adventurous! Generous
awards in CASH and SILVERWARE.
You'll get a free, surprise gift from
Brillo, anyway. Just for entering.
Supply a name for this mystery recipe.
That's all. Do it now!

??? MYSTERY DISH ???
2 pounds veal steak
1 pound ham slice
4 tablespoons shortening
4 onions, sliced
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons parsley, minced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 cups tomato juice
2 tablespoons flour
6 hard cooked eggs

Cut veal into 2-inch squares and ham into 2-inch strips. Add all seasonings. Add tomato juice which has been
heated. Cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Remove meats to greased round
casserole. Thicken remaining gravy with flour, and pour over meat. Arrange
hard eggs on top.

BISCUIT CRUST
Roll chilled biscuit dough 1/4-inch thick, and of size to cover casserole, allowing
1 inch all around. Cut dough into 6 wedges and arrange on hot meat. Turn
dough under and press on rim. Fashion a "rose" of left over pastry strips, and
insert on top. Bake 20 minutes, very hot (450° F.). (Serves 6.)

A FREE GIFT FROM BRILLO FOR YOU!
FREE SAMPLE—Big BRILLO metal-fibre
SOAP-FILLED PAD. Cleans, scours and polishes. Makes
aluminum utensils and all pots and pans look like new.
Cuts grease. Removes stains and grime. Saves time
Eliminates messy rags and brushes. Enter contest now
and get your BRILLO SOAP PAD FREE!

3RD PRIZE—this beautiful 61-piece chest of
1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverware, made and
guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. A complete chest.
Everything for serving eight persons. Grace-ful Palm Springs Patterns. Follow easy rules
at right to win. Use coupon below.

Mrs. Christine Frederick wants a name for her
mystery recipe at the left. Think of a name
like "Yum Yum Pie," "Delicioso," and send it
in today. Make the dish for your own enjoyment,
but whether you make the dish now or not,
send in your entry today. Be sure and
include the names of the nationally advertised products you would serve in addition to this
dish to make a complete meal. Such products
are advertised in this magazine, newspapers and
in other magazines.

RULES 1. Submit as many names as you like on separate sheets of
paper. 2. All entries must contain names of at
least three (3) nationally advertised products to be served with the MYSTERY RECIPE. 3. Contestant's name, address must appear clearly on
entry coupon. 4. All entries become property of
Fawcett Publications, Inc., and may be used in any
way publishers wish. Coupons must be in mail be-
fore Midnight, November 1, 1937. Coupons will
not be returned. 5. Judges' decisions final. Contest
barred to employees and families of Fawcett Pub-
lications, Inc., or their agents. 6. Equal awards
will be paid in case of ties.

AWARDS $200.00 1st prize; $100.00
Rogers Silverware 3rd prize; $50.00 4th prize; 20
prizes of $5.00 each; 20 prizes of $2.50 each.

Mail to Christine Frederick, Household Editor, Fawcett Publications,
Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City.

For a complete meal with the above Mystery Recipe I recommend the fol-
lowing advertised products: (Give brand names)

1 Soup 2 Salad Dressing
Crackers 4 Dessert
Pickles 6 Coffee

MY NAME FOR THE MYSTERY RECIPE IS:

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

Name
Street
City
State

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

Name
Street
City
State

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DEAR Mrs. Frederick:

I’ve been reading your cooking articles and I like them very much. Now I hope you’ll help me in this problem. My family all likes pies, and my husband especially. He is always telling me how good his mother made them, and I can’t seem to do it. My crust crumbles or gets soggy. I’ve tried every way, and yet I can’t seem to manage to make a perfect pie. Will you please help me? Thank you ever so much.

Mrs. Jim Davis, Rhode Island.

A perfect pie! Well, what better time to talk about pies than right this very minute in November, traditional month of pies, with special emphasis on Pumpkin and Mince! Certainly you will agree that we must help Mrs. Davis and other readers with a "pie problem," so that their families may get the most out of the gay, long holiday season ahead. With Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year just around the cooking corner, almost every menu demands pastries which make the repeated guest reluctantly lay down his fork and sigh: “My, but that was a perfect pie.”

What if Mrs. Davis’ mother-in-law did make delectable pastry and so got her son into the habit of eating perfect pies? Any young wife or hostess can make just as good (and I’ll say better) pies today as were ever made by the older generation. Why? Because today we have improved new shortenings which are purer, whiter, and easier to cream than were those of those “good old days.” These new shortenings are all-vegetable, and hence fresh, sweet and bland, allowing the pastry and flavorings of the pie itself to be known to full extent. These shortenings seem already creamed, as they blend so easily with other ingredients, and thus produce smooth, crisp, or fluffy textures as called for by pastry of different types.

Moreover, today’s bride should make better pies because her range and cooking fuels are also improved. The controlled even heat of electricity or gas permits the slightest variations of temperature from lightest tan to golden brown. A touch of the finger, and the range does your bidding, and will produce measured heat without watching for the length of time you desire. Now think of that old wood or coal cooking-range, and its temperamental oven—not to mention the ashes and hard work of running it!

And two other points: what about the fine dependable refrigerator which will chill pastry just right; and what about the increased variety of fruits and other ingredients—frosted and canned fruits, tropical fruits and fruit juices—ready for you on your grocer’s shelves?

MRS. DAVIS: Don’t you believe it when your husband (or anyone else’s husband) tells you his mother made better pies than are made today. She didn’t. It’s only that sons and husbands look back longingly and affectionately to childhood [Continued on page 89]
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 55]

nervous. Don't worry. And I know you'll do a swell job!"
The kid came back, played the scene like a trouper and read his line so well that he won applause from Barrymore.
And you'd better be careful what you say about John Barrymore in front of that lad!

Barnyard Chatter
LILY PONS reports that she saved one of her chickens from an untimely end last summer. While wandering around on her Connecticut farm she noticed one of her neighbors making a great show of digging a hole in which to bury said chicken.
Lily asked tentatively, "Isn't that one of my chickens?"
"Yep," replied the neighbor.
"But what are you doing then?"
"I'm re-planting some of my seeds," said the farmer.
"But that's my chicken you're planting," cried Lily.
"Yep," agreed the farmer equably. "The seeds are inside her."
Lily built a fence.

Still More Hollywhittlings:
ELEANOR POWELL'S automobile is a dazzling affair—it has a green body and blue fenders... When John Barrymore works on a set there are always several young actresses and actors standing around watching him. They feel they can learn more that way than they can at a dramatic school... Marlene Dietrich considers herself quite an astrologist; she works out horoscopes on the set... Jane Bryan carries a teddy bear and a picture of Wayne Morris in her car... At the drop of a hat, Francis Lederer will talk on and on about his plan for world peace... Alan Mowbray seldom sees any of his own pictures because he thinks he looks "silly" on the screen... Norma Shearer picks up and saves every hair pin she finds.

Who's Whose in Hollywood
ROSALIND RUSSELL and Billy Sel-wyn have made up again and the romance is on... Cary Grant is squiring Phyllis Brooks to the Troc these nights... John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie hold hands wherever they are. Perhaps they don't dare let go... Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines, the tennis player, are that way... Al Hall and Lucille Ball have settled down to a long run... Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson are lunching together... they do say that George Kaft gave Virginia Peine a lovely diamond ring for her birthday... Anita Louise and Buddy Adler are still twining... Gloria Swanson still goes places with Gene Markey... Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump, the radio m.c., think Love is Grand... Anne Shirley and John Payne are just too happy... Lloraine MacLean and Douglass Montgomery like to be together... Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs have had a lover's quarrel...

Rough Stuff in the Lines
THE visitors on one of the Jimmy Cagney sets were very much upset when they thought they were being asked to leave. Jimmy's latest picture has a sequence showing him as a movie star making a picture—it's an inside story of a Hollywood studio. The visitors were having a grand time, when Jimmy suddenly turned to the director and shouted, "I could do the scene all right—if you'd just get these visitors off the set!"
Immediatly, and much chagrined, the visitors started to leave the set. But the director was more chagrined—for they had spoiled the "take" in their stampede off the stage. An assistant director had to tell them to keep their places; Jimmy's speech was a part of the picture—only the extras who were hired as "visitors" were supposed to leave the set.

Skipper Hughes—Mate Hepburn
KATHARINE HEPBURN'S friends are amazed. She's seeing very little of them and is devoting all her spare time to Howard Hughes—and seems very happy doing it! They've been shopping for a yacht—up New London way! The Connecticut town is the place to trick 'em.

Akim Had the Words for It
WHEN Akim Tamiroff was given the part of Varasi in High, Wide and Handsome he went to town on the Italian accent that was necessary for the role. For weeks he studied it, until he felt that he had it down cold.
Just before the picture went into production Tamiroff was told that a line of dialogue would have to be inserted into the story identifying the character as a Greek.
Tamiroff takes his work very seriously and was heart-broken because he wouldn't have a chance to work on a Greek accent, and he was afraid he would give a poor Greek interpretation.
Imagine his surprise when a Paramount official stated, "Tamiroff was marvelous! I've spent years in Greece and I know just how perfect his accent was!"
So you can never tell.

Runs in the Family
IT SEEMS to us that the young "kid sisters" of the Hollywood stars are doing right well for themselves. Joan Fontaine, who is Oliva de Havilland's sister, is coming ahead in leaps and bounds. Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blake, always works steadily. And though she never created the furor that Loretta has, nevertheless she has carved a nice little niche for herself. All eyes at present are turned towards Joan Blondell's sister, Gloria. Rumor has it that she's really

Virginia Grey has been handling bit parts for quite a few seasons, sorta grooming herself for featured roles. But you can't deny talent, especially when it is coupled with beauty. And so Virginia plays her first leading role in Bad Guy...
sumpin'. But of course the classic example is Joan Bennett. When Constance was at the top and knocking down a salary that was the envy of every other star, who paid any attention to quiet little Joan? She didn't cut any ice at all! Slowly but surely, however, she was forging steadily ahead—and now her only worry is, which picture shall she do first?

Just another case of the porpoise and the hare.

Raggedy Ann for a Change

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S latest role in Tovarich is a far cry from her usual sleek self. Her well-groomed coiffure is covered by a wig; runs chase each other up and down her stockings; her jersey dress is mended—and darns ornament each elbow.

And the chic Claudette is glorying in it. "No actress," she says, "wants to be known as a clothes-horse. If she's really interested in her work, she welcomes a role that enables her to act and portray a character—with- out all the usual trappings!"

Taken for a Ride!

FLORENCE RICE and Michael Bartlett went night-clubbing the other night. They decided to go in a taxi for convenience. After a pleasant evening of dining and dancing, and after Bartlett had taken Florence home, he went to his apartment. He started to pay the taxi fare, but found he had run out of cash. The driver would not accept an actor's check, and Bartlett hadn't gone to the bank for several days. The driver finally agreed to turn the following morning for his money. Early the next a.m. he was there, getting Bartlett up and driving him to the bank for his fare. To top it all, the driver charged Michael for his transportation to the bank.

Great Dane Meets His Master

AND still talking about Michael Bartlett, he joined the unheralded hero ranks recently when he saved a small child from possible serious injury. He was just coming out of the West Side Tennis Club when he saw the tot throwing rocks at a huge Great Dane. Bartlett saw the Dane start for the lad, so, forgetting his own danger, he grabbed hold of the dog's collar while the child ran screaming down the street. Bartlett finally saw the danger he was in, so he released the animal and ran quickly to his car, with the Dane hot on his heels.

Forgetful But Also Remembers

PHIL REGAN now joins the rank of daily good men of the absent-minded. Phil decided to buy himself a new suit, but on his shopping tour he spied a new electric range Mrs. Regan had been wanting. He bought the range, forgot about the suit, and came home. He's afraid the next time he goes shopping for a suit, he'll bring home a piano or a vacuum cleaner.

Phil Regan has never forgotten the "gang" back on the New York Police Force. Re- cently, he received a letter from a cop who has been a steady correspondent with Phil since he left the force to go into his singing career. The policeman told him that another "copper" on the force, a close friend of Phil's, was shot trying to stave off a robbery. Regan immediately wired the money to cover the operation and hospital expenses.

In Good Pasture

DICK PURCELL played godfather to a doomed horse, and in doing, acquired a perfect riding horse. Purcell heard of the animal, a one time picture worker, who was to be sold by its owner to a junk man. Dick didn't like the idea at all, so he immediately bought the horse, started giving it some square meals for a change, installed it in his stables, and now he rides it every morning. Purcell is never away from the horse unless absolutely necessary, and every time Dick comes near it, it greets him with a grateful whinny. Love at first sight—or something.

Struck Earl

DAVE APOLLON, Russian comedian and orchestra leader, now working in Universal's Merry-Go-Round of 1928, bought two acres of land outside of Tulsa, Oklahoma, for $200 from a down-and-out friend. He had forgotten about the purchase completely until he received a check from the Shell Oil Co. for $10,067 recently as a first dividend on an oil well that just came through on the property.

Girls Under Bob's Bed

ALL the ship's officers and all the ship's crew of the Berengaria are mighty, mighty glad that they don't have a Bob Taylor sailing every day. Here was Bob, who, when he arrived in Hollywood last year, was about to go on his way to London to make the picture, A Yank at Oxford, was literally mobbed by three-or-four-hundred frenzied fans. But he was pretty well protected by the brawny cops. The fans got their autographs—and after the wear and tear was over he did miss a button here and there.

But the station welcome was as nothing compared to the "reception" the fans gave him on the Berengaria. Here it was a Saturday at high noon—the boat ready to leave on the stroke of twelve. But it was delayed over a half hour while the autograph fans and friends were ushered or shoved down the gang plank. They simply wouldn't give up their Bob. When he arrived in his suite what if these guarding him didn't find a couple of girls hiding under his bed! And armed with cameras, too. They had been hiding there for two hours on one of the hottest days of the summer. But neither rain nor snow or heat or gloom of night could stay these fans from storming all over the ship, hanging up the passageways, screaming and yelling and shouting and tugging and shoving—to see their hero in the flesh, to hear him speak, to touch him if possible.

And Bob sailed away and endeared himself to his public by showing himself, and being very friendly about it. He didn't high-hat them; he didn't shout himself up in his state-room; he didn't come aboard on the third-class gangplank and hide away. He knew he had to run the gauntlet. And he faced it with a smile—the while perspiration literally oozed down his face. The London bobbies will have their hands full when the boat train chugs into Paddington Station, keeping him from being torn to pieces by the London fans.

Here are Virginia Fields and Blake Owen Smith (left), June Lang and Michael Whalen (center) and Anne Shirley and John Payne (right). They attended the ball of the Film Welfare League at the Beverly Wilshire. Since the dance Anne and John got married
WHERE EDDIE CANTOR gets his pep was the wonder of everybody on the 20th-Fox's *All Right Go to Tuscany* set. After putting over a song with all the Cantor zip, he'd come off the stage and instead of going to his dressing-room for a rest, he'd do a little more clowning for the amusement of the assembled extras. To cap it all his secretary would appear on the set with a batch of letters to be answered. Eddie would stop clowning and start dictating. In the middle of a letter, when the director would call, "All ready, Cantor!" Eddie would leave the letter, go through his scene perfectly, then pick up his dictation right where he left off—and without having his secretary re-read it to him either! He's quite a card, that Cantor!

ON THE SET in Walter Wanger's *Stand-In*, Joan Blondell was asked for a technical definition of the term, "stand-in." Said Joan, "It's a girl you hire if you feel too inspired to perspire."

IN *Stage Door* they were having trouble lighting Adolphe Menjou. Finally the cameraman told him if he didn't stand still they wouldn't be able to get a good picture of him. "Don't you worry about me," said the suave Adolphe, "when the camera starts rolling, I'll be in focus all right." And he was. Very camera-wise is our Adolphe.

HUNDRED DOLLARS swapped hands on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's *Merry-Go-Round*. Ernest Truex bet Archie Mayo, the director, that spaghetti came originally from China. To Mayo's consternation Ernest was right—spaghetti was brought from the Orient to Italy by Marco Polo. Archie paid up like a gentleman. In one of the sequences one of the players had to fall through a trap-door and out of sight. Although a mattress and pillows had been placed on the bottom to break his fall, nevertheless they were a bit worried as to how he'd fare. Several lines of dialogue followed, so it was a minute or two before they could determine the fate of the faller. As soon as Mayo called "Cut!" he yelled anxiously, "Okay, boy, are you all right?" Several members of the crew rushed over to pull him out of the hole. The actor's head emerged from the door, he shook off offers of help and said earnestly, "Mr. Mayo—you don't need me in the next scene. If you don't mind, I think I'll stay right here and take a little nap!"

ON SELZNICK'S *Tom Sawyer*, the new discovery, Tommy Kelly, was in for a shock. In one of the scenes there were several little girls standing near-by with long pig-tails. Like all twelve-year-olds, Tommy simply couldn't resist the temptation. He firmly grasped one of the braids and gave a hearty yank. To his dismay the whole thing came off in his hand. There were so few little girls in Hollywood with real pig-tails that wigs had had to be made. "Gosh," gasped Tommy, "I thought I'd scalped her!"

INSTEAD of waiting to give presents at the finish of Paramount's *Well's Fargo*, Frances Dee presented her make-up girl and her hair-dresser with necklace watches the second day the picture was in progress. The calls to work were so early in the morning that Frances and her husband, Joel McCrea, had to leave their ranch and take a place nearer the studio so they wouldn't have to get up "in the middle of the night" in order to be on the set in time. But Bob Burns loved the picture. He had to grow a beard for the part—and says he could wander all over town without being recognized!

HUMPHREY BOGART was on his way to the commissary for lunch when he was stopped by Joan Blondell in the publicity department. Proudly she exhibited new pictures of herself, being just too elegant in evening gown and "jools." "Look," she said, beaming, "Get a load of the Duchess!" Humphrey Oh'd and Ah'd, then continued on his way to lunch. Shortly after, Joan came rushing in, in such a hurry that she bumped wham! into a waitress. The tray flew into the air and dishes clattered all about. In the clutter and confusion of broken dishes and spilt food stood an embarrassed Joan. Humphrey Bogart looked up from his lunch and called, "Yeah! 'Get a load of the Duchess!'"

JACK HALEY says it's impossible to get a swelled head around his house. His young son is the world's best Deflator-of-The-Ego. Jack, junior, has a yen to be a cowboy when he grows up. The other morning at breakfast he sat playing with his food instead of eating it. The nurse warned, "If you don't eat your cereal, you'll never make a good cowboy." The child wasn't fazed—he simply shrugged philosophically and replied, "Then I'll grow up to be just a man—like Daddy!"

RECENTLY CLARK GABLE, in a picture, was required to crawl under a bed for a comedy scene. He tried it several times but with no success—the director didn't like it. Exasperated, the director went through the whole scene himself, to show Clark how it should be done. As he scrambled out from under the bed he said, "You see, Clark, there's nothing to it—it's an easy stunt."

"Yeah," retorted Clark, "it's easy for you—but look at all the practice you've had!"

ONLY ACCIDENTAL falls hurt Joan Davis. She can skate all over the floor on her heels in those funny dances of hers and can take terrible falls on any part of her anatomy, without batting an eyelash. But the other day, at home, she slipped on a rug, landed lightly on her you-know-what and for two days had to eat standing up. I suppose it's all in being prepared.

Cameras take to sea for this unusual shot of South Sea Island natives greeting an incoming schooner for *The Hurricane*. The photo was taken right on a Hollywood set!

Billy House is no Gable or Taylor but he has a style all his own and Evelyn Brent falls for it in *Merry-Go-Round* of 1938.
Don't Call Me "Glamour Girl"

[Continued from page 58]

THEY adopted her, those old timers. She was the baby of the troupe. Trained by such celebrities of other days as Stanley Price (the original Abe of Abe's Irish Restaurant), by Garret Hughes, the man who created the role of Eveynow in its first presentation... She played parts that ranged all the way from Mooniean in Swillin' Through to Paul Robison in The Devil Passes. And it was while she was in this latter play that things began to happen in earnest.

A studio scout wants to see you," the usher said. The girl went right on powdering unperturbably. She knew better than to get excited over that. Hadn't they told her to be careful of so-called scouts and small-time "sucker" agents that haunt the theatre these days? (Already she had sent Fred Datig's card back to him four times never dreaming he was one of the greatest star-makers in Hollywood.)

"But I'm with the Warner Brothers," the usher added. So she decided maybe she had better see him... The next day she had an interview with Warner's casting director, Max Arno. Now millions of girls have pictured such an interview to themselves. The try-out... The breathless waiting... Here is the way this one actually went:

As she came in the door of his office, Arno regarded her speculatively. Then—"I hear you're an actress."

"That's right," she said, swallowing hard. It was like a cue in a play—a play in which she expected to make a hurried exit.

"What have you been working in?"

"The Devil Passes."

He thumbed through a row of books and drew one out. "Will you read this, please?" It was a scene from her play. At the end he said simply, "You're all right."

"Thanks." Her smile was a little wobbly around the edges. The interview was over. That was all there was to it. She was almost at the door when he called out, as if it were an after-thought, "Come in for a test on Monday."

THERE have been, according to the records, some 748,000 tests made in Hollywood since the advent of talkies—only nine per cent of which have "it." Even then, if it's a good test and you get a contract, that is only the first step on the long road.

The girl signed that contract with mixed feelings. She thought, "What if they give me namby-pamby Hollywood blonde roles? I can't do them!" And a little wave of terror brushed over her.

She held, of course, know what transpired in another section of the studio that same morning. A group of us were in the publicity department when one of the fellows said, "Come on, they're running those new tests in a couple of minutes over in the projection room. More blonde babies to try to tell the world about" and he groaned.

But it was a different story as we sat there watching the first try-out run off. It was of a very young girl with fair hair and blue eyes, the perfect ingenue type who wasn't an ingenue at all. There was a power and richness and strange exuberance in her voice that made you think of misty chimes ringing through a Parisian night. She dominated the camera, her little scene... When the lights flashed on we saw Mervyn LeRoy, one of the foremost producers in the industry, get up thoughtfully and signal to the projectionist to run it over again...

TO ONE—except young Miss Dickson herself—was very surprised when she assigned her the feminine lead in one of the most important pictures he has ever made, They Won't Forget. And those who have seen it won't forget her.

"I'll never be able to understand how life, the different little incidents in it, can dovetail so wonderfully," she says, still obviously a bit awed. "What if that postcard from the Federal Theatre Project hadn't come? Or if the studio scout had decided to go somewhere else that particular night?... And if it had not been for the one real heartbreak of my life I probably wouldn't be in California at all! I'd be picking potatoes back in Idaho.

"We were a very close family—Mother, Dad, my sister, Doris, and myself. They had named me 'Thais' because both my parents had loved the meditation from that opera so well. Dickerson is the last name. 'Gloria Dickson' is the studio's invention. Our life there in Pocatello was uneventful enough by most standards, I suppose. But I loved it. Giving plays in the basement with a corn cob goatee and feathers for whiskers... going for long rides in the country on Sunday afternoons.

Then, when I was ten, my father died. I can remember yet how I clung to mother in sheer terror, wondering how death had the power to break up a family as bound together as we were... We had to start all over again so we came to Long Beach, California. There wasn't much money. Just enough to go on. Doris was studying to be a doctor. She was older than I, different in every way (I practically had to step to a hospital!) And I adored her. She is still my idea of what a woman ought to be.

At high school I worked chiefly at drama and later I joined Gladitzsch's tiny Way-side Colony theatre there in Long Beach. We did Eugene O'Neill and Shakespeare mostly.

'O'Neill and Shakespeare—a pretty heavy diet for a youngster barely sixteen. Yet looking at the "glamourie," the amazing poise and depth of this girl who is the nineteen-year-old Gloria, you can well imagine it.

"I did sketches over the radio for a while," she was saying. "And then I joined a tent show, the Hart Players. Sometimes when the week was exceptionally good—I made all of three dollars!" chuckling. "But my best experience was with those fine trouper down at the Mason playhouse. I wonder how you ever repay a debt of gratitude like that?

ROMANCE? I didn't have much time for that. I was never really in love—until I came to this studio.

It's a singular story. She was like a lost younger in a new world those first few weeks before she started work on the picture. Exploring this department and that one with eager curiosity. But the one that interested her most was where they kept the clay-modelled heads of the stars, fascinating wigs. The make-up department. There was a de-finitely real young man at that end of it. Dark and vigorous and something of a sculptor himself. A chap by the name of Perc Westmore... "I don't like this wig," she told him one morning. "It's a good one! Look, it's hair-laced..." They argued hot and heavily about it for an hour. And at the end of that hour somehow, through some age-old alchemy, they were in love.

Gloria's wearing a very impressive square-cut diamond but they say they won't be married for a year. Every Sunday they go deep sea fishing and she acquires a fan which sends her into the make-up department Monday morning for a bleach-out. Life's pretty marvelous.

"I think that romance is the greatest thing in an actress' life," she tells you in that throaty, fascinating voice of her's. "Perc is such a real personality. I like real people. This manufactured glamour of the screen worries me. I don't want to be known as a Glamour Girl!" of these dressed-up personalities. I'm afraid of it—afraid of creating an impression I couldn't live up to." She meant it. There was a troubled frown puckering her forehead. She's such a straightforward young person along with all the unconscious mystery and high voltage allure.

She doesn't know—she hasn't the faintest idea—that already, she is Hollywood's outstanding Glamour Girl of the hour!
munch bran muffins—for health—between shots on the set, and referred to him caustically as “that mad Czech!”

Then they grew serious, and now everyone is predicting marriage bells. It’s something in the Hollywood air!

Miriam Hopkins gave a “Russian” party for Anatol Litvak, and the guests, including two dozen nationalities, happily quaffed vodka and sent their glasses crashing into the fireplace, a la Russe.

Claudette Colbert (France) and Joel Pressman (America) live the close family life that is essentially “continental,” with Mama a respected member of the household.

Just to give you an idea of the problems of a hostess in Hollywood today: Elissa Landi and Nino Martini speak Italian when they’re together. Miriam Hopkins and Anatol Litvak talk French, Galina Liss (Russia) and Ray Mala ( Eskimo) compromise on using English.

Greta Garbo (Sweden) and Leopold Stokowski (Russia), it is understood, don’t say much in any language.

Can they succeed, these hectic round-the-world matches?

Dolores Del Rio told me: “Far from feeling that there’s any difficulty of understanding to be bridged, I believe ‘international’ unions have the same chances of success as those between couples of the same country. Perhaps you won’t blame me for saying they have greater chances.”

“I am Spanish and my husband is Irish. I’ve found that an intriguing mystery is aroused by our differences in background and viewpoint. Cedric, with his Irish gaiety, humor, and moods, is always a source of engaging wonder to me. I find myself trying to understand why something amuses him—when to me it appears to be only a prosaic fact! Again, I try to guess why he sometimes is silent, even moody, with his changing Celtic temperament.

“Here, you see, is something only two people of different nationalities can understand. For we do not always ask each other ‘Why? Why?’ We feel that each is entitled to his own thoughts.

“Oddly enough, the realization that we have such different viewpoints makes us judge one another more fairly, less severely. We try, instead, to understand the opposing attitude. And we’re always stimulated by finding new fields of understanding!”

And it does seem that those on the international marry-go-round have a way of making their matches last—even though their home lives may be tempestuous!

Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez have battled and reconciled for three years now, but they’re still married. Karen Morley (America) and Charles Vidor (Austria) are noted as one of Hollywood’s most devoted couples, even though Karen telephoned a friend recently and waited:

“My mother-in-law is coming to visit us and I can’t speak a word of Hungarian and she can’t talk English. What’ll I do?”

LILI DAMITA and Errol Flynn made one of those “You go your way; I’ll go mine!” agreements when they married. Lili, bred to drawing rooms and social gatherings on the Continent, realized that her manner of living was far from that of Flynn, the adventurous Irishman.

Every year each member of this engaging team takes a vacation—to spend as he sees fit. This year Lili spent hers in Europe, while Errol cruised and fished along the Mexican coast. During the rest of the year, when they’re together, certain matches belong to Lili, others to Errol. On these occasions, one follows the dictates of the other. Supposedly without argument!

Eagily liberal in their viewpoints are Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets. If the latter Rainer must go to bed at nine for an early studio call, she insists that Odets dine out with others, even if it does give the gossip writers a chance to shriek, “Divorce!”

Luise, incidentally, agrees with Dolores that there’s nothing like a husband of different nationality to provide constant interest in the home.

“You don’t grow dull to one another,” is her belief.

Boredom, you see, is one thing you never need worry about when you step on the marry-go-round. Lyda Roberti and Bud Ernst dined with friends one evening. Their host, speaking of a new cook, said jokingly, “I’ve gained ten pounds since my wife quit cooking.”

Everyone laughed except Lyda, who drew the wife aside later and hissed, “If my house- band said so much about me, I would leave him!”

To this day, the blonde comedienne believes no wife should be funny—to her husband. In that way their relationship should be sacred, “I never joke about you,” she says reproachfully.

One day, acting as hostess in a friend’s home, Lyda became confused over a delay in the service. She whispered her panic to Bud. To relieve the fidgets of the guests, he repeated it for a laugh. Lyda sat tense, furious at him for betraying her. Yes, that’s one of the times they separated!

Nevertheless, every time they part, in the very act of packing her bags, Lyda mutters grimly, “I always said this is the only marriage I’ll have. It has to work out right.”

And if you don’t think the other international couples feel the same way, just listen to Mary Astor (America) and Manuel Del Campo (Mexico) or Maureen O’Sullivan (Ireland) whose husband is Johnny Farrow (Australia).

Says Maureen: “I’ve often thought how odd it is, that we came from the far corners of the earth to meet and fall in love in Hollywood. One of those miraculous, meant-to-be things.”

“Some day, when our work makes it possible, we hope to spend six months here, and six months in England. We’d like a large ranch, like Johnny had as a child, for our headquarters.”

Sounds permanent, to say the least!

Grace Moore (America) believes American girls can make successful marriages to foreigners just as she has triumphed so brilliantly over international barriers in her union with Valentín Parera (Spain).

“Being born in a little town in Tennessee,” she says, “my ideas of romance are centered on things European.” Every little girl, she believes, dreams of a Prince who’ll come riding out of another world—and for this reason, foreigners are apt to have more romance than men of your own country, whether you were born in China, Italy, or El Paso, Texas.

Just another reason why it’s fashionable—and fun—to hop aboard the round-the-world marry-go-round in Hollywood!
still fluffed around her pert little face in a golden haze. And she liked swing music—
or did they call it jazz four years ago?

"When one day," she said, "I looked in the mirror and I just didn't like the looks of my face. So I let my hair grow out and my eyebrows grow in—something just happened to my nose and it straightened itself out."

"But what did they say when they saw your eyebrows?" I asked. Because if there's one thing, judging by their vindictiveness against them, they seem to dislike, it's eyebrows.

"They just looked me over and said: 'What have you done to yourself? You look much better.'"

And of course she did.

SO THERE she was with the face she'd been born with—and goodness knows why anyone should have ever wanted to change it—and with hair its natural soft-brown shade fluffed around her face. And that left just one more thing to be done before she would be perfect—the hair needed sleeking down.

Neither Ida nor Hollywood is responsible for the now-so-sleek hair. That was the idea of "a very dear friend of mine" (we come to him later).

"It would look nicer," he said one day, "if you wore your hair smooth and turned under, page-boy style."

Ida shook her head doubtfully, but because the friend is pretty dear at that, she went home and fooled around with her hair and found he was right.

The outer woman is now up to date (in this article and in life). Now let's go back a bit and follow up what's been going on under the surface. You will remember I said something about swing music. Blond hair, pencilled eyebrows and hotcha just seem to go together, and the hotcha craze worked out of Ida's system along with the new set of eyebrows and a pretty serious attack of infantile paralysis.

If you have a burning fever and feel not so good anyway, it won't help your mental state at all for your doctor to come and stand over you shaking his head and saying: "You've got the worse case of infantile paralysis I've ever seen."

It didn't make Ida feel cheerful either. If anything, she thought she'd rather die than go through the rest of her life as a cripple, but neither prospect appealed.

Coming like that right bang up against a very unpleasant reality developed a serious streak in Ida she didn't know she had, and when she recovered (no ill effects) one of the first ways the serious streak showed up was in a sudden distaste for swing.

Into the garbage pile—Ida, who at all other times now speaks such perfect Boston American, still calls it the dust-pan—went the shattered remains of her collection of recorded swing. And as soon as she was able to get around, Ida, who had never known symphony from psalmsody, went out and bought every classical record she could find: 250 of them she has now.

She taught herself to play the piano, and one day, while riding in a taxi, a tune insistently repeated itself in her head. She was rushed into an apartment house, borrowed an apartment with a piano, and began playing her tune.

Since then she's written other music, partly orchestrated it, and heard it played over the radio by such well-known composers as Andre Kostelanetz.

Since then she's lived in a house up above Hollywood's Bowl and lain out in her garden on starlit nights soaking in music. Since then she's become so interested in developing her talent that she's stopped going out nights and spends her evenings practising the piano; gets in 15 hours practice a week, even when she's working. Her musical ambition: to write light opera scores—for the stage, not the screen.

ONE day I renewed my five-year-old acquaintance with Ida and had lunch with her at her dressing-room at RKO.

Coming right off the set of Fight For Your Lady she slipped off a Hungarian accent and a blue woolen frock trimmed with grey fox. The frock was the blue of her eyes which color scheme won't show on the screen except, as the designer, Edward Stevenson, says, in the confidence it will give Ida to feel she is looking her best. The accent is good, too, not one "ze" in a sentence. Ida hasn't got a musical ear for nothing.

After we had sent back one salad because it had onions in it ("It's selfish," said Ida, "to eat onions when you're working, much as I love them") and eaten another, a less offensive one, Miss Ward, who is Ida's dresser-companion, came in to massage Ida's ankles. Ida says that the heat makes her ankles swell and she should know. All I can say is that Ida's ankles swell up to half the size of anyone else's normal-size ankles.

Miss Ward is a cheerful, red-haired lady who once nearly became a nun, who has an excellent sense of anecdote, and who thinks Ida is pretty good. "You should see her dance," she says fondly. I said that I hoped to. Dancing is another of Ida's accomplishments that she takes time out for practising—five hours a day she practised for two weeks before the latest picture started. No wonder she weighs only 108 pounds.

"Yes, she dances beautifully. But she's going to have to cut down smoking or she's going to get winded," said Miss Ward.

"I'm not going to cut out smoking—or any of the things that make life worth while; life's too short." "I said cut down, not cut out." Ida shook her head. "Too many people die young," she said.

WE TALKED of a couple of young actors recently engaged.

"How he loved Ida," said Miss Ward. "She could have had him if she'd wanted."

"But I didn't," said Ida.

"Maybe you know Louis?" asked Miss Ward, suddenly.

"Louis" is Louis Hayward, for 18 months now Ida's steady beau and, as we hinted in the beginning of this article, very dear friend.

He's in England now, visiting his mother. And, if rumor tells all, or even a little, spending most of his pennies on transatlantic, transcontinental telephone calls.

"Miss him?" I asked.

"I should say I do. When you've spent most of your time with someone for a year-and-a-half it leaves a big gap when they go."

"Engaged?" I inquired impertinently. Ida was wearing one of those square-cut diamonds on her left hand that you and I look at in the jewelers' window.

She shook her head. "Not yet. Hollywood's no place for marriage," and she named the last two Hollywood brides to come back from their honeymoons with divorce petitions in their hands. "I'll see what happens later to our careers. We're both young."

What else? Well, Ida now lives on Lookout Mountain which is exactly what its name implies, way up there above everything. She lives with her mother whom she calls Connie and whom people still ask: "Which of you two girls is the elder sister?"

The third girl in the household is Ida's baby sister, Rita, the dark-haired Italian one, who's studying acting at the school of acting in which Connie has a partnership.

"I want her to get acting experience before she goes in the movies," says the head of the family (Ida).

So there you have Ida Lupino, 1937 model. At 20, a serious, beautiful young woman with serious ambitions, a serious hobby and a serious philosophy of life. She's through with night clubs, flirtations, shaved eyebrows and hotcha music. Think of that, next time you go to snatch your lipstick out of your 12-year-old's eager fingers.
The New Side to Irene Dunne

[Continued from page 32]

and still remain what is known in those parts as a human being.

Not that Miss Dunne has let herself be bothered either by the earlier tales of her “coldness” or the more recent hosannas to the “new Irene Dunne.” She has her own sense of values and is to be swayed by every shifting wind. And instead of wrapping herself away from the drafts that blow on every movie star, she sits her chest- nut head to them and enjoys the breeze.

“You know,” somebody said to me the other day—and I still don’t know how to take it. I’m trying to muster up courage to ask him what he meant. “When I sit and talk to you,” he said, “you’re one person. The moment you go into action, you’re another. Something seems to flow into you, something electric, vital. You simply generate,” he said.” Her face turned solemn. “Now what do you suppose he meant by that? Did he mean I was hollow until I started acting? I wouldn’t blame him, you know. I have a way of relaxing between scenes, letting every thought and emotion drain out of me, till I probably look like a bump on a log. Or was it a pretty compliment to my acting?” She shook her head sadly. “I’ll never know. I’ll just have to take comfort in the thought that I do generate.”

THERE’S nothing showy about her humor. It doesn’t pop and flash, but gleams from behind her gravity, with all the more tang for its soft-footed approach. As when she drew her brows together in mock bewilderment, and told the story of her first meeting with the man who was to become her husband.

“I went to a party at the Cascades on New York’s Biltmore Roof. I didn’t want to go to that party. I struggled bitterly against going. I don’t know to this day what made me go. But I went, I wore a red dress. I never wear red. But that night, for no reason I can give you or myself, I wore a red dress. Dr. Griffin watched me all evening. I didn’t know he was Dr. Griffin, and I thought he was watching me because of the red dress. One minute I’d vow never to wear red again, and the next minute I’d defy him and think: ‘Why not?’

“He got someone to introduce us. I danced with him. He asked me a lot of questions, and I answered them all.” A faint smile came to her lips. She seemed to be remembering something. Her eyes held a faraway look, as she said: “I hadn’t been around very much. I guess I must have been pretty naive.

“Then he asked if he might call. I said yes, when by all the rules of the book I should have been coy. But the rules didn’t seem to matter at the time.

“Well, nothing happened—which was typical of Francis. I had no way of guessing that he’d gone out next day to look at engagement rings. Finally I heard this chipper voice over the phone. ‘Remember me? There was my second chance for a good rousing no. But—I did remember. And that was the making of the end.” A smile that was charming in what it hid and revealed lit up over her face. She was silent for a moment. Then, with apparent irrelevance, she added: “New York’s a very nice place,” and laughed at herself at the thought sally brought.

MISS DUNNE’s happy marriage is eight years old. Much of the time she is parted from her husband, whose work keeps him in New York when hers takes her to Hollywood. She smiles at the notion that physical separation could bring harm to their marriage.

“I think a lot of silly theorizing is done on that subject, especially where actors and actresses are concerned. When a woman marries an engineer or anyone else whose work takes him away from home, you don’t immediately get that headshaking, whispering chorus of my, my, and how long do you suppose it will last? But somehow the notion has got abroad that it doesn’t take much to ruin an actress’s marriage.

“Well, in my marriage, I’m not an actress. I’m just such another woman as those whose job it is to cook and take care of the children. And talking of children,” a soft light grew in her eyes, “we have Mary Frances now.

“If two people love each other, there’s something deep and fundamental about their love that separation can’t touch. If they’re afraid, it’s because they’re not sure of themselves or each other. And that can drive them farther apart under the same roof than any distance in miles.

“I don’t say I advocate separation in marriage. I do say that, when circumstances make it necessary, it needn’t hurt your marriage. While I’m on a picture, I’m not much good as hostess or companion. I get home from the studio, tumble into bed, wake up and go to the studio. So long as we know that the other is well and happy in his work, we’re content. I know I’m close in his thoughts, as he is in mine. And we both know that the moment either of us is free, he’ll go flying back to the other.”

MARIAN FRANCES has blue eyes, shaded by very dark lashes, and golden hair—she’s not quite two. Her name is Mary for her mother, whose middle name is Marie, Francis with an X for her father. They call her Missy. “I was so in love with a baby in New York named Missy,” explains Miss Dunne, “that I insisted on calling her Missy even before we found her. Even when I thought she was going to be a boy.

“We’ve always had the idea of a baby, and we’ve always definitely wanted a boy. But we’re not so strictly devoted to that notion as you realize, until you’ve gone into it. You decide to devote your life to a child, and you want to be reasonably sure that the child will in some way be able to accept it. So you ponder and discuss and consider and consider and can’t make up your mind. After this had been going on for a while, I’d say to Francis, ‘Let’s look at my aunt and uncle.’ And he’d say: ‘Yes, let us.’ And then and take heed.” You see, I have an aunt and uncle who’ve talked all their lives about adopting a baby and never got around to it. They’ve been their minds probably never will. So when we found Mary Frances, whose particular setup seemed to fit so beautifully into our family, we decided we’d been all wrong about wanting a boy.

Characteristically, Miss Dunne won’t have the baby publicized. “She’s too young to have her picture in the paper,” she smiles. She did bring a photograph to the studio one day—the photographer had gone so far as that Leo McCarey’s director, insists her face has been haunting him ever since.

THERE’S nothing raftlike about Missy, however. Though she may look like an angel, temperamentally she’s the bouncing type, and accepts the fact with complacency, having dubbed herself “the bouncy one.” Up at six, she’s worn her breakfast with Mimi, as she calls her mother, the day is one long round of thrilling activity, of squealing, shouting, tumbling and general joy. Daddy McCarey play roughhouse with her, and if there’s anything more charming than the combination of Daddy and roughhouse, Missy has yet to meet it. Mimi will sing Sugar for her—otherwise known as Sugar Baby, and with their own two cents. “Again,” she cries, and Mimi sings it again. After Mimi has sung it through a long series of “again,” her daughter notes the symptoms of a certain reluctance to continue. But she has an almost certain cure for that. She coaxes her head like the beguiling minx she is, wrinkles her nose in an alluring smile and pleads: “Again—Mimi darleen.”

On their eighth wedding anniversary, Dr. Griffin was in New York, his wife in Hollywood. Except for a long-distance call, there could be no celebration till he returned. It happened, however, that the wedding anniversary of Leo and Mrs. McCarey fell on the same day. The company got wind of it, and as the day’s work ended, the strains of the wedding march were heard, a handsome cake was brought in, in ceremony and presented to the director.

McCarey is a close friend of the Grifins. He knew it was their anniversary, too. With a little cadging of minds, he got Miss Mimi and two to Miss Dunne. Smiling back, she slid it into the cake. “To the McCareys,” she said. Only her friend knew that the second knife-thrust was dedicated to Dr. Francis and Missy and their Mimi darleen.

The Awful Truth is the title of Irene Dunne’s new picture but the truth will always out-proving Irene a grand actress.
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.

One of the first women to use Pond's new "Skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, "It's wonderful," she says, "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

This new cream does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

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Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

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Pond's, Dept. 6-17, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "Skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 12c to cover postage and packing.

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By the time he had reached his sixteenth birthday, he was sure that he did not want to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a civil engineer. In fact, he didn't want to go into anything tinted with a serious, academic, professional background. He had only seen three or four plays, but the theatre was in his veins.

In short, he wanted to be an actor. His family, as all families will do under such circumstances, worked for months to dissuade him. He was promised gold watches and bicycles if he kept on with his studies. But pleas, promises and cajolements all proved futile. Haunting the stage doors and downtown casting offices, young John Stahl had the good luck to obtain a letter of introduction to Mrs. Leslie Carter, then at the pinnacle of her fame, and was given a small bit-in her new play, DuBarry. The bit, to be soberly statistical, consisted of one speaking line.

Half a loaf is better than none, however, and one line an immeasurable improvement over a walk-on. So the would-be actor graduated to character juveniles in New York stock, acted and collaborated on the writing of several vaudeville sketches, and followed this with a season in George Barbier's Philadelphia stock company.

HIS first important Broadway role was in Brandon Thomas's production of Robert Emmet at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which gave him considerable prestige in Gotham theatrical circles. Stahl's initial movie venture was The Boy and the Lane, made in the studio at Peekskill, N. Y. It was an independent seven-reeler, dealing with juvenile delinquency, and a tremendous commercial success.

His success here led to his selection by Benjamin Chapin to direct The Lincoln Cycle, a nine-reel feature dealing with the Great Emancipator, which was subsequently made into six two-reel pictures. Four Florence Reed starring pictures (including Woman Under Oath, and Wives of Men) and three Mollie King pictures, found Stahl well on his way as a director and producer.

In 1918 he went to Hollywood to join Louis B. Mayer at the Mission Avenue studios. Among his picture for Mayer were The Woman in His House, with Mildred Harris; Seeing the Wind, with Anita Stewart; The Dangerous Age, Why Men Leave Home, Husbands and Lovers, The Child They Gave Me, Fashions for Men, One Clear Call, with Milton Sills; Lovers, with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry; In Old Kentucky, and Memory Lane.

IN 1927 Stahl became vice-president in charge of all production at the industry's largest independent studios, Tiffany-Stahl, and made 60 pictures within the next 30 months. After disposing of his interests in Tiffany-Stahl in 1929, Stahl joined Universal as a producing director in June 1930. His Universal pictures were A Lady Surrenders, introducing Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart; Seed, bringing back Lois Wilson; Strictly Dishonorable, with Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox; Back Street, with Irene Dunne and John Boles; Only Yesterday, which introduced Margaret Sullivan; An Invitation of Life, with Claudette Colbert, and The Magnificent Obsession with Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor.

In January, 1936, Stahl rejoined Louis B. Mayer at the Culver City studios of M-G-M, directing Parnell co-starring chic Myrna Loy and Clark Gable. This is an adaptation of the Broadway stage hit dealing with the career and the great romance of Ireland's famous nineteenth century leader.

Stahl shares with Ray Del Ruth, director of Broadway Melody and On the Avenue, the distinction of being one of Hollywood's mildest-mannered directors. He never raises his voice, resorts to cutting epithets, or even publicly criticizes a player. Through the use of tasteful encouragement and subtle suggestion, however, he obtains striking results.

John M. Stahl instructs Myrna Loy in one of the moods he wants her to establish in Parnell. He uses tact and subtle suggestion.
The Kid Himself
(Continued from page 39)

young woman well known in movie circles. Even though he may have spent the evening at home with a toothache, the papers finally had him dancing around with Alice Faye. The impression grew that one Mr. Tony Martin was even gaining for young Mr. Morris with a water pistol loaded with harsh, angry words.

Between you and me, since we seem to be taking down our back hair over this Morris boy, the only time he ever spoke to Alice Faye was when Alice, herself, popped by his table and told him how much she had enjoyed his performance, or some such bit of innocuous chit-chat. Maybe she suggested they dance around a bit. One hears so, at any rate.

Anyway, the young Romeo thing grew into quite a cadenza of commotion, with Wayne neither knowing why nor what, nor wherefore of it. All he knew was what he read in the papers and the papers told him he was having a dandy-going-on with Alice Faye and Lara Turner and Dixie Dunbar. Didn't he know that people always got engaged, sooner or later, to Dixie Dunbar?

Well, he took it standing up. So easy for him to have said: “I've been home, tending to my own business, while the gossips have been rubbing raw glamour in my hair.” But he didn't. Which makes him okay with me, anyway.

THE idea seems to be that Kid Galahad was Wayne's initial appearance on any screen. No such thing. If it will ease the resentment of some of the “starve and slave” veterans who resent Wayne's easy advent into the movies, I shall state here and now that Wayne also served his apprenticeship. He made Westerns, fight pictures, action fracases and so on for several years before his big hit. Such little numbers as King of Hockey and Don't Pull Your Punches brought Mr. Morris to the screen. The Pasadena Playhouse also saw him in some very strange contortions prior to that.

He's a Native Son. Which may have something to do with the present resentment against him. Native sons who become actors, being rarer than hens' teeth, are naturally looked upon with more than a soupçon of suspicion until they prove themselves worthy of the name “actor” as well.

His dad has always held an executive position in California, thereby removing the necessity for starving, even as other actors. But for all that the lad has fortitude. Craving a job after school, he accepted the only one that came his way—a forest ranger on a long, lonely beat of nothing but trees and squirrels and, God help him, campfire girls on hikes. On his only day off, Saturday, he cleaned his lonely cabin, washed his clothes, cooked his weekly supply of food (that must have been something) and caught up on his sleep.

He kept that job for almost a year, and when his family moved from Los Angeles to Pasadena, Wayne came home. As the youth of Pasadena were to be found en masse at the Playhouse, Wayne just naturally gravitated that way, too, where a Warner Bros.' scout saw him.

He has only recently moved from his father's home in Pasadena to a hillside bungalow handy to Warner's studio. Anyway, the constant bickering between Wayne and his kid brother, Dick, over who would wear

• “Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot.”

• “I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and a-rarin' to go again.”

• “Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?”

• “I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect.”...

And perfect condition. Mothers, is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

[Continued on page 73]
But you're still not telling the story I think is best about Kelpamalt... It's this...

"IT MAKES YOU FEEL SWELL!"

Wrote Miss H. R., Bridgeport, Conn.

Hosts of thin, sickly, tired-out men and women find this new sea-plant iron, Kelpamalt, a genuine vitamin concentrate adds extra pounds, new strength and energy the first week! Results guaranteed or no cost.

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-out, feeling miserable, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you do, or what you eat. "I had been tired-out, sickly, pale and underweight for several years, and never felt well," writes Miss H. R., Bridgeport, Conn. "After trying many things, I finally took Kelpamalt, with surprisingly excellent results. You say Kelpamalt builds pounds and strength. It does, but I still think you are not telling the most important thing, which is this: It makes you feel swell."

Malnutrition (an insufficient supply of minerals and vitamins) often explains why folks starve, alienate, wear out, with weakened resistance. Doctors know appetite-satiating foods are deceptive because frequently they lack vital minerals and essential vitamins needed for body building. As a result you do not get the good out of the food you eat and your system lacks in strength, energy and weight.

Many thousands of sickly, pale, ailing folk have found glorious relief with Kelpamalt. This amazing true, boat and vitamin concentrate is rich in vital elements necessary for the body's chemical processes. It contains assimilable iron, copper, phosphorus, and sodium vital for blood and tissue building. Important, too, is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (don't confuse this with ordinary iodine, which is used only in laboratory work). It contains necessary iodine in balanced and normal function of liver, glands and blood. Kelpamalt is one of the world's richest sources of natural iodine.

In addition to these precious minerals, Kelpamalt contributes to the supply of the necessary vitamins A, B, and C. It is only when there is an adequate supply of vitamins plus minerals that you can get the good out of your food.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

Try Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, look better and feel just as much the beneficiary of the food you eat. This you cannot do with any other food. Why not try Kelpamalt? It is sold everywhere in your neighborhood drug stores. Beware of cheap substitutes. Insist on the genuine.

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Send for free Booklet, "Picture Parade" Scientific, showing how to build strength and add weight. Information on vitamins, minerals, iodine and their effects. Full of instruction for busy people. Send for free booklet. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1308, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

That Certain Woman

Keyed to an emotional pitch, certain to stimulate feminine audiences, this picture is a perfect pattern for the release of Miss Davis' energies. Its plot plays on her nerves of sympathy, curiosity—the tear ducts, the heart-strings of the patrons—telling, as it does, the tale of a gauzy widow, who, through shock and courage, lifts herself into the good graces of three admirers, her employer, a rich client and a bumbling newspaper man. These men all need her. The story is a companion piece to the gangster formula—showing a crook's regeneration. Here the girl goes through the same evolution—and as she makes good her character develops. Naturally such a story permits Miss Davis to run the full gamut of expression—calling for self-sacrifice, pride, pity, hatred, love and spiritual glow. Her portrayal equals anything she has ever done on the screen.

And should entitle her to rank as one of the best emotional actresses—if not the best. Rounding out a fine cast are Henry Fonda, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, best, and a host of others. Mark it down as well worth your while.—Warren Bres.

It's All Yours

A comedy bordering on farce is unfolded here which can be catalogued as smart, sophisticated and gay. Projecting a silly story of a player's all-glit, but left penniless by his uncle's will (the old boy had left most of his fabulous estate to his secretary). It speeds along, primarily as farce—comedy should do it, or the plot and turns are to develop perfectly. What? So the youth, to reap the wealth, becomes a secretary to the former secretary. This is all some of the wealth, becomes a secretary to the former secretary. This is all

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
The Kid Himself

[Continued from page 73]

the white sweater that day and who got the blue shirt, had his family at the breaking point and beyond it.

Now, if Wayne's face would Dick admit it (rather would he die first) but to his friends the kid brother boasts of Wayne's screen accomplishments. Wearing the actor's necktie while doing it, too.

THERE is none of the bored, ultra-sophisticated youth about young Morris. He has none of Tyrone Power's worldly knowing or Bob Taylor's bored bewilderment. The utter boyishness of him would warm even the coldest of hearts. Look how proud they are of the sheriff's badge he carries with him. "And see," he points out, "it has an 'A' on it, which brands it as a real one. Not a 'phone'."

He has a way of throwing up his head like a young stag at bay. A wise crack, a suspicion of a slam or unadulterated kidding brings up that blonde mane with a quick, sudden jerk. He realizes, mind you, that he's on the receiving end. But he knows how to take it.

He carries a two dollar bill around in his purse for good luck. Claims he's a terrible dancer and probably is. Wayne isn't exactly the rhumba type, if you know what I mean.

The roller-coaster at the beach is his idea of spending a grand evening with a girl. After a nice dinner of steak and potatoes, of course. He wouldn't give two cents for candy or ice cream, or liver either, if you want to go into the liver end of things.

We won't mention names, but on that set of Submarine D 1 there comes every day a certain beautiful young actress, just to stand and look at the tall blond giant of Kid Galahad. "You like him, don't you?" a studio friend once asked. Her eyes quickly brimmed with tears. "I'm crazy about him," she whispered, "but he doesn't even know I'm living."

We ASKED him about his ideal girl. That head jerked back and he looked at us long and seriously. To see if we were kidding you see, or on the level. Obviously, what he saw satisfied him, for he said, with boyish backwardness, "Olivia de Havilland."

And something in the way he said it told us that Wayne had let us in on a secret.

The idea of a joke is to call after a pal, "Hey, do you like that suit better than the one they're wearing this year?"

Even as he is proving, day by day, that he can take Hollywood's rebuffs and criticisms, he proved his true worth before the world's toughest audience. It happened while he was on location in San Diego. After a day's shooting near the waterfront, Wayne and a friend entered a joint frequented by sailors off Uncle Sam's ships. Wayne stepped up among the sailors and ordered a glass of buttermilk. If he had said "dynamite" the silence couldn't have been thicker.

"Say, ain't you a movie actor?" one demanded. Wayne admitted he was. "What about a speech?" another suggested. And the cry was taken up. Nothing daunted, Wayne (with neither profile nor curly locks stepped up and spoke as one boy to another.

Those sailors reached out and took young Morris right to their hearts. He was theirs and they were his — a man among men from that moment on. And to prove their affection, the navy neither smiled nor sneered when young Morris upped his glass of buttermilk.

"It takes the navy to know a real guy when they see one even, if Hollywood doesn't," his friend mumbled.

They are an improvement... for the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bob pins know what girls have been looking for in better hair waving aids. You'll find all the features you want in the revolutionary new HOLD-BOB CURLERS, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS and HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS!

HOLD-BOB CURLERS, for instance, have an exclusive "self-fastening" feature which makes them so easy to use and so effective. You just roll up the ends of your hair as you would with an ordinary curler... and then with one hand and from any position snap the fastener closed with a simple motion! No pins, no adjustments... quite the easiest and most effective curler you've ever used!! Four sizes—Midget, Small, Medium and Large.

And HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS form much deeper, more natural-looking waves than ordinary clips can, because of their patented "mesh-lock" feature. Yes, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS do more than hold the wave—they pull the hair up into a beautiful wave and hold it there! Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

The new HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS are the very smartest way to keep your waves fresh and deeply set. They are curved to fit the head and hold with just the right amount of pressure. Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

Try these new, superior hair waving aids—you'll be delighted with them. If your dealer cannot supply you —use the coupon below.

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For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. Massage gums briskly with 1/2 inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

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You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

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**ACROSS**

1. The late Jean Harlow's last film
2. "Is My Affair" (Abb.)
3. Bob Burn's native state (Abb.)
4. Many Wives
5. First name of Mr. Blore, comedian
6. They Care—a Gum
7. Remember—Negro?
8. Many winter scenes are filmed at—Valley, Idaho
9. He was Joe Jenkins in Pick a Star.
10. Date in December on which Victor McLaglen was born
11. Frances Farmer was The Toast of
12. Eleanor Whitney's initials
13. Color of lipstick worn by feminine star
14. Hero of Fortorn River
15. "It's Love—After"
16. Male lead in It's All Yours
17. Sue Carol's initials
18. Boxwell in Rhythm in the Clouds
19. Whose role was that of window washer in Blonde Trouble?
20. Irene Dunne's native state (Abb.)
21. "It's Love—After"
22. Male lead in It's All Yours
23. Sue Carol's initials
24. Boxwell in Rhythm in the Clouds
25. Whose role was that of window washer in Blonde Trouble?
26. Irene Dunne's native state (Abb.)
27. "It's Love—After"
28. Male lead in It's All Yours
29. Sue Carol's initials
30. Boxwell in Rhythm in the Clouds
31. Whose role was that of window washer in Blonde Trouble?
32. Irene Dunne's native state (Abb.)
33. "It's Love—After"
34. Male lead in It's All Yours
35. Sue Carol's initials
36. Boxwell in Rhythm in the Clouds
37. Whose role was that of window washer in Blonde Trouble?
38. Irene Dunne's native state (Abb.)

**DOWN**

1. No Lady
2. A star of The Emperor's Candlessticks
3. Kind of lights used on movie sets
4. Tom Keene's initials
5. Cynthia in Artists and Models
6. Of the Town
7. Cowboy star
8. Hollywood's latest Stella cult figure
9. Love on the
10. His last name is Roach
11. The League of Frightened
12. Villain's side glances
13. Feminine lead in The Frame-up
14. Violet in Vagels of 1918
15. Recent bride of Buddy Rogers
16. Margaret in Souls at Sea
17. His last name is Ritter
18. Michael Bolk in The Last Train from Madrid
19. City official such as Frank M. Thomas portrayed in You Can't Beat Love
20. Jack Oakie was Super
21. Hero of San Quentin
22. What motion picture stars must do
23. Lloyd Rogers in That Certain Woman
24. Famous fan dancer whom you've seen in films
25. To make a sound like M-G-M's Leo
26. Powdah in Souls at Sea
27. Billie Burrud is one
28. Sally Eilers was born in this month (Abb.)
29. Lloyd Nolan's initials

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**New BLONDEX**

**The Blonde Hair Shampoo & Rinse**

**Brown Haired Girls-be Blondes Again!!**

Get Back the Love-Ly Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo

Try this fascinating new Shampoo Rinsing which, in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, washes your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. Suffer, too. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and luster of your hair, the glorious, natural golden radiance that usually comes only in childhood. This amazing shampoo-called New Blondex—Shampoo Rinsing is used only for blondes, is not just as effective on brunette, chestnut, and near blondes, but a hair has grown darker and dull. Start New Blondex today. Contains no bleach or dye. Prevents brittleness and dryness and makes your hair look and feel "take" better. Sold at all stores. Buy the large size-it costs less for shampoos.
Solving The Mystery of Brian Aherne

[Continued from page 46]

He laughed. He laughs a great deal. “Don’t you think an actor has to be a little mysterious? I had six interviews last year. Isn’t that enough?” Have another biscuit—cookie, I mean. We call them biscuit in England.”

Now Aherne has plenty of British class, and I was curious to know if he has ever been broke and hungry.

“Certainly,” he said. “I went on the stage because I was broke, down to a few pennies, and couldn’t get any other job. For two years after I left Malvern College I worked for a firm of West African merchants in Liverpool. Then I lost my humble position—I was a bookkeeper—and went to London in search of another. It was in 1922, at the height of the post-war depression in England. No job of any kind was available. In desperation I went to the office of a theatrical agent, with the idea of earning a few pounds by acting until I found a real job.

“Have you done any acting?” the agent asked me.

“Oh, yes, a lot,” I said. I had grown up in a theatrical atmosphere, as my mother was a member of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company. But my acting experience was limited to school dramas,

“Listen,” he said, “can you run?”

“I told him I was one of the fastest runners at Malvern.

“Well run like hell to the Savoy Theatre,” he advised me. ‘They are looking for a young chap to play in Paddy, The Next Best Thing. A very small role.”

“I started for the door. ‘Wait a minute!’ he shouted. ‘How much do you want?’ Eight pounds a week,” I shouted back.

“Good God, that’s too much money. But anyhow you tell them eight pounds a week and shut your mouth tight.’ I ran like hell to the theatre and got the job, and have been a professional actor since then.

“What was your school ambition?” I asked him.

“To leave school.” He smiled.

“You didn’t aspire to an acting career?”

“No.”

“Now that you’re an actor, and a famous one at that, what’s your great ambition?”

“I am not ambitious. I like to play parts that interest me, and enjoy life as much as I can. I am afraid you will find very little of a personal nature about me that would make what you writers call good copy, but my career has been interesting, to me at least. I have played on three continents, Europe, Australia, America, all kinds of parts. I was a star in British films during the silent days. I refused Hollywood offers for nearly ten years before I came here. I was anxious to get experience and lay the proper foundation for my career, as I have always believed it to be a mistake for an actor to capitalize on his youthful appearance. I think an actor should be at his best between 40 and 50. It is then, if he has developed properly, that he should have something to give to the public. I don’t believe in snatching at immediate profits.

“Suppose I had come here ten years ago,” he added. “I had numerous offers. I am sure I would have been finished by now, and missed the opportunities for developing myself which I have enjoyed. I have never envied the position of youthful stars who are

F R E E D

Woman’s place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was unthinkably that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her’s is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman’s courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound.*

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham

for enabling the writers to go “smiling through” the ordeals of a woman’s life.

The bitter aches and pains, the emotional, mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go “smiling through.” Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

* For three generations one woman has told another how to go “smiling through” with Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.

2. Preparing for Motherhood.

3. Approaching “Middle Age.”

One woman tells another how to go “Smiling Through” with

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention November Motion Picture 77
mobbed by the feminine public wherever they go. That sort of success doesn’t appeal to me at all."

THERE isn’t another player in Hollywood who has such a combination of qualities for ruling the romantic roost as Brian Aherne. He has what it takes—looks, youth, sophistication, and real acting ability. He has a fatal charm for women of all ages and classes, and men don’t resent him. Yet he has been very casual about his screen career. The Great Garrick, is his first picture in Hollywood in more than two years. When I asked him why he doesn’t make more pictures, he said:

“Twice Irving Thalberg tried to sign me to a term contract, but I refused. He told me if I would only sign a term contract with him and settle down in Hollywood he would make me a very great star. But signing a term contract meant signing away my freedom, and it was also against my best professional judgment.

“One day Thalberg told me, ‘Brian, I’m going to find an extravagant wife for you. Then you’ll get on your knees and beg me to sign you to a term contract. You wait and see! I’ll fix you!’

“Then he asked his secretary to get Norma Shearer on the phone. ’I want you to find a wife for Brian Aherne,’ he told Norma. ‘One who has very expensive tastes and doesn’t know the value of the dollar.’ I could hear Norma’s voice and laughter coming over the wire. I said to Thalberg: ‘Find me a wife like Norma, and I’ll marry her in a jiffy.’ I left his office still a free man.”

Brian Aherne has the gift of bringing mixed emotions to life, and so I decided to get a closer look at him, and asked him to let me interview him.

“I believe in marriage with all my heart,” he said. "Why haven’t you married then?”

“Oh, I don’t know. It hasn’t worked out yet. One must marry young, when adjustments are easy to make.”

HE TALKED as if he were no longer young. As a matter of fact he was born in 1902, and looks even younger than he is. He has that irresistible combination of a boyish face with intellectual maturity and romantic sophistication which women find so disturbing.

I asked him about Merle Oberon, to whom, according to published reports, he was recently very attentive in London. Is it a romance? “I am very fond of Miss Oberon,” he said. “She is a remarkable girl.” But that was all he would admit. His current romantic interest seems to be Oliva de Havilland, who plays opposite him in The Great Garrick. "Isn’t she a sweet girl?" he asked me. "So unpopped, so charming. The other day we celebrated her 21st birthday. We had a large cake with 21 candles. I sent her flowers.

Brian Aherne has the right slant on this business of acting. Living and acting are intimately bound with each other, and the latter cannot exist without the former. So many actors in Hollywood stop living once they get their share of the movie coin. But Aherne wants to live, as a citizen of the world, and interpreter of mankind.

“As I see it,” he explained, “I have two duties as an actor. First, to live life fully, to foster experiences not generally known to other people, and to understand all types of men. Acting begins with living. In order to reproduce the emotions of someone else, you must have experienced them yourself. Otherwise your acting will be mechanical, will lack the vital and creative emotional spark.

“Secondly, to be able, to convey others what I have done, seen, felt, experienced, to infect the audience with the emotions of the man I am portraying, emotions which I have experienced myself. I’m afraid I sound didactic and pontifical, but this is really my credo as an actor, and I try to conform my life to it.

“The actor, like the novelist, must have plenty of material drawn from life to work on. I scored my first success on the stage as Langford in White Cargo. To this day it remains my favorite stage role. Well, I knew how to play Langford because I had

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Do your nails break easily?

Thousands are today making their nails more pliable and their cuticle softer thru regular application of Brit-tex. Brit-tex is a nail cream, compounded of only the highest quality materials designed to help brittle nail complaints and hangnails. Brit-tex is for sale in two sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter, but if your dealer is not supplied or if you are Yankee enough to want to try a sample first, fill in the coupon, mail with 10c and an attractive plastic container with a two weeks’ supply of Brit-tex will be sent you, return post.

THOMAS PRODUCTS INC.,
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Here is 10c. Send a sample of Brit-tex.

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!
met his prototypes when I worked for that firm of West African merchants. I had met many men, broken in body and spirit, returning to England from the outposts of the British Empire in Africa and the East. I myself was being trained for service in Africa—the British colonies on the Gold Coast. I lost my job because I didn't care to desert civilization for the jungles.

He intends to continue dividing his time between the stage and screen. It is the stage that gives him real artistic satisfaction, but he is fully aware of the merits of the screen. "I don't think any actor can afford to disregard the cinema today," he stated firmly. "It's doing unique and extraordinary things, beyond the scope of the stage. The screen has stretched the stage, perhaps not for the worst."

He explained that the technique of screen acting is entirely different from stage acting. "On the stage, you have to stand on your own feet, and are under the responsibility of dealing with a living audience, directly, with an audience that says in that silent and powerful language which all actors understand: 'Make us laugh, make us cry, make us happy, make us sad.' It's a wonderful stimulus. I miss this emotional communication with a living audience when I am acting before a camera and microphone.

"In screen acting, you have to do your work piece-meal, distracted by various noises and innumerable interruptions. And you are a puppet on the screen, created by the director, cameraman, sound engineer, cutter, film editor. When I go to see my pictures, I wonder, is that man me? I hate his voice, manners, everything about him. On the stage, you don't see yourself."

His favorite screen role is Lewis Dodd in the British production of The Constant Nymph. He enjoyed also What Every Woman Knows with Helen Hayes and I Live My Life with Joan Crawford. His favorite actress is Garbo, and screen actor, Cagney.

Born with a yen for vagabondage, he wouldn't live permanently in Hollywood, or anywhere else, for that matter. His passion for travel has taken him on tours of exploration in France, Italy, Germany, Australia, Ceylon and other parts of the world.

"Bob Taylor had his buttons torn off when he went to Honolulu," he said, "but they don't bother me when I travel, except when people mistake me for Gary Cooper, as they sometimes do. Naturally, I am flattered. I admire him very much."

He advanced his ability to travel un molested and really study the countries he visits as another argument against sensational stardom. Fame is a good thing, but too much of it becomes a terrible burden.

He thoroughly enjoys his periodic visits to Hollywood. He likes the movie crowd. "You hear all kinds of stories about the stars being temperamental and impossible. But I have found extraordinarily nice people in all branches of the motion picture industry," he has inherited from his father, who is an architect and typical country square, a love for attractive homes and outdoor life. He rents a house in Beverly Hills, with a garden and swimming pool. He has a secretary and two servants.

"I'm sick of hotels. I like to be able to go into a kitchen and cook something I like. What attracts me most about Hollywood is the opportunity it offers for a healthy outdoor life. I don't do anything special to keep fit. On my days off I am likely to play tennis or golf, or pilot my plane. I'm very keen on flying." He drives a big car.

[Continued on page 101]
When you start in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdo made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most beautifully...you can have them quickly, easily...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on Hollywood Curlers.

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c and 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

THE "HOW" OF PASTRY

2½ cups sifted pastry flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup vegetable shortening
5 tablespoons (about) ice water

Sift flour and salt together in mixing bowl. Add ½ of the shortening to flour, and "cut in" either with 2 case knives or a wire pastry blender, continuing until the mixture looks like fine meal. Add remaining shortening and continue cutting until particles are size of small peas. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, over dough. Work lightly together until all particles are moistened and in small lumps. Press dampened particles together into ball. Do not handle much. Wrap ball of dough in waxed paper and chill 3 hours or more in refrigerator. Dust wooden board lightly with flour. Roll out dough to ¼-inch thick. Follow through as directed above. (Makes 2-crust pastry for 9-inch pie.)

MASTER RECIPES FOR VARIOUS PASTRY

Single-Crust Pastry: ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 4-6 tablespoons water.

Double-Crust Pastry: 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 6-8 tablespoons water.

Cranberry Crust: Sift flour and salt. Do not chill shortening. Cut in very finely and add only enough cold water to hold mixture together.


From here on the technique is the same for all pastry: On slightly floured board, roll out pastry ¼-inch thick. For unbaked pastry, line pie pan with pastry and trim edges; for baked pastry, cover in-ter-pie pan, baking crust on outside of pan for 15 minutes, hot oven (450° F.). For a 2-crust pastry, bake entire pie 10 minutes, hot oven (450° F.), then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.), and continue baking until filling is done.

And now for some additional pointers: If the pastry shell bubbles and becomes uneven after baking, it is probably because the pastry was not "prickled" sufficiently to allow the air bubbles to escape easily. So prick entire surface of dough with fork before fitting into pie pan. For the same reason, prick the top crust also. Pour filling into shell when filling is cool or almost cold, so that there is least chance for the liquid to seep into the lower crust. Or, brush lower crust with unbeaten egg white, and set in oven 3 minutes to glaze egg, remove and pour in filling. Always allow dough to "relax" in pan, before trimming edge of crust. Shake pan up and down to settle dough and exclude all possible air. Let stand at least 5 minutes to prevent shrinkage. Many short or uneven crusts are due to failure on this score. Trim pastry ½-inch larger than pie pan, and turn back to make an upright rim. Flute or twist rim with fingers and thumb. A built-up crust with fluted rim is particularly nice for fruit and custard pies.

NOW with all this information on hand, shall we bake a pie together? Here's one that would make any husband's mouth water:

PECAN CARAMEL PIE

3/4 cup butter or shortening
3/4 cup light brown sugar
1 cup pecans, chopped
3 eggs, well beaten
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup light corn syrup
3/4 cup milk
3/4 teaspoon vanilla
Unbaked pastry shell

Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream together until fluffy and light. Add chopped nuts. Combine eggs, salt, syrup, milk and vanilla, and beat thoroughly. Add to sugar mixture, and blend well. Pour into unbaked shell. Bake 10 minutes, hot oven (425° F.), then reduce to moderate (325° F.) for 30 minutes longer. Chill. If desired, cover top with sweetened whipped cream, and sprinkle lightly with minced pecan.

Since Thanksgiving is already in the air, and pumpkin is a traditional holiday pie filling, what about trying the following new and interesting use of pumpkin? Note this pie is baked in a shallow square pan so that it may be cut into squares instead of the usual wedges:

COCONUT PUMPKIN PIE

1 cup cream
1 cup sugar
2 cups canned pumpkin
2 teaspoons salt
3/4 teaspoon mace
1 tablespoon nutmeg
3/4 teaspoon cloves
3/4 teaspoon ginger
3/4 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons vanilla
1 cup moist shredded coconut
3 eggs, well beaten
Single crust pastry

Combine cream, sugar and pumpkin, and blend well. Add salt, spices and

(Continued from page 63)
vanilla, and ½ cup coconunt. Add eggs, and mix thoroughly. Line shallow square glass baking pan with pastry, and pour in filling. Bake 20 minutes, hot oven (450° F), then reduce heat to moderate (325° F) and bake about 45 minutes longer or until firm. Sprinkle with remaining ½ cup coconunt, and brown lightly. Serve in squares topped with whirl of cranberry jelly.

A FRUITY filling is always especially welcome in winter when fruits are less abundant. The following recipe uses grapefruit in a very delicious way, and note that you don't have to cook the filling. Made with sweetened condensed milk, the filling thickens itself to a rich custard. Only the shell is baked, so just try it!

GRAPEFRUIT CREAM REFRIGERATOR PIE

1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup canned grapefruit juice
2 cups canned grapefruit pulp, drained and diced
1 teaspoon grated grapefruit or orange rind
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 egg yolks, well beaten
Baked pastry shell
Whipped cream
Whole canned grapefruit sections
Maraschino cherries

Blend together milk, fruit juices, pulp and rind, salt, butter and beaten yolks, and mix thoroughly. Chill. Pour into 10-inch baked pastry shell with fluted built-up rim. Cover with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with radiating "star" or grapefruit sections, and stick cherries around edge. Chill before serving.

WHEN TARTS ARE TRUMPS

WHEN tarts are trumps, any menu becomes a holiday one. A tart is, of course, a little pie, and quite fun to make with assorted fillings and garnishes. The professional pastry cook uses individual fluted pans of tin which are usually 3 inches across. Therefore cut out 5-inch rounds of rolled pastry and fit dough over outside of pan. Press a second pan down over the first, and bake thus, double, for 5 minutes in a very hot oven. This insures a perfectly shaped tart. Then remove top pan and continue baking at lower heat until delicately browned.

Another method is to shape the rolled dough over the backs of muffin tins, custard cups or any small molds, and bake. Always press dough tightly against pan, pleating excess paste if necessary to tailor a tight fit.

Here's a recipe for mince tarts which, dusted with powdered sugar, will certainly grace any holiday table:

MINCEMEAT CUSTARD TARTS

1 package (9-ounce) dry mincemeat
½ cup apricot or prune juice
½ cup sweetened condensed milk
2 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons molasses
Individual Baked Tart Shells
Almond or Walnut Halves or Candied Cherries

Break mincemeat into pieces and add cold water. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to boil and cook briskly 3 minutes or until mixture is practically dry. Cool. Blend together milk, eggs, molasses. Add cooled mincemeat, and mix. When cold, pour into pastry shells and bake, moderate oven, until custard is set. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and garnish with nuts or candied fruits.

ONCE you get to working with pastes, there's a lot of fun to be had in making a craft of it. Thus, cut lattice strips to fit over a fruit pie with rich color, such as cranberry, plum or huckleberry. From the rolled dough cut a turkey shape and adjust in center of cranberry or mince pies for Thanksgiving. For Christmas pies, cut out pastes to resemble bells, Christmas tree or stars. Quite a bit of skillful design can go into this Kitchen Kraft. Make tarts each with a star of pastry on top, or use nutmeats, candied citrus or fruit peel as garnish.

Here's wishing you, dear Mrs. Davis, and all other readers, "that perfect pie."

I LIKE SOMETHING DIFFERENT

I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good.
Eye Care for You

(Continued from page 59)

so that it will leave no traces. First, place hot, damp cloths over the skin to open the pores. Then grip your tweezers firmly and pull each hair with a lightning-like motion, in the direction in which it grows. You won't feel it, they're called balding hairs. There is no "replacing of divots." After removing the hairs, apply a bit of antiseptic solution to prevent infection, then a soothing cream.

THE fourth step-by-step picture of Mary shows her applying a special cream to stimulate the growth of her brows and lashes. This can be applied with the finger-tip, but it's more satisfactory to use a generic brush as Mary does. You get the preparation more evenly distributed, and closer to the base of the hairs, when you use a brush. And the friction involved in the brushing makes the brows and lashes grow faster, keeps them silky, healthy and bushy-looking—just as brushing has a beneficial effect on your hair. . . . Also, when the brows or lashes are rather straight and stubborn and inclined to shoot off in the wrong direction, they help train them in the way they should grow. Mary's movie star has acquired her beautifully arched brows by dint of much brushing.

There's nothing that spoils the finished effect of make-up more and faster so much as a film of face powder left in the lashes and brows or on the eyelids. It gives the eyes an old, tired look, takes away any natural beauty they may have. So, even if you don't choose to use eye make-up frequently, please don't fail to use a clean brush to go over your brows and lashes at the last minute, after you have applied powder, rouge and lipstick.

W ITH all her preliminary eye-work done, Mary Maguire is ready for the crowning touch—the application of shadow, pencil and mascara, in that order. These cosmetics must be applied according to the individual need, so it is useless for me, in this limited space, to try to give all the rules. If you are struggling unhappily with pencils and brushes, buy one of the many personalized advice on the subject, describing your eyes, lashes and brows in detail, as well as the shape and size of your eyes, the general contours of your face. Because Mary's eyes are strikingly beautiful in themselves, she places most stress on their care and grooming, uses cosmetics with a light touch. Just tips the lashes with cream mascara, blends a bit of shadow evenly along the full length of her upper lid and extends her eyebrows at the very ends with pencil, blurred slightly.

To begin at the beginning of eye essentials, I must tell you about the bath for your eyes that makes them feel grand and look oh! so clear and bright. It is made by a large pharmaceutical house that turns out products noted for their effectiveness and their complete list, and copy the complete list for complete information.

TO WOMEN, AGE 27!

What does it cost to dress you smartly?

This is an average young woman age 27 . . . she might be you. She probably has the same clothes in her closet that you see she wants smart, well-made clothes on a slender budget . . .

how will she get them?

Let us solve this problem for all you 27-year-olds. In your spare time at home you can learn to express your individuality in clothing by taking some time to copy the complete list for complete information.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. You will see on the back it is printed in natural colors sent immediately. Your negative will be returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 101, Des Moines, Iowa
would learn to love her. Purcell wired back immediately that he was leaving on his honeymoon. He hopes the gag works, but he’s watching each train and each communica
tion from Kansas City with no little con-
cern.

YOU all (as they say down in the
South) gotta surprise when Tall-
lulah Bankhead up and married the
other day. Talloo says it is the first
and last time. The beneficid is John
Emery, a stage actor who has been
associated with Katherine Cornell. He
also appeared in a small role in
M-G-M’s Parnell, . . . The happy
couple flew from New York to Tallo’s
home town, Jasper, Alabama, where
the bride was given away by her father,
William B. Bankhead, speaker of the
House of Representatives. Immediately
after the ceremony the bridalites flew
to La Bankhead’s Connecticut home
for a honeymoon of two weeks before
they go into rehearsal for Tallulah’s
new stage venture, Anthony and Cleo-
patra.

JUDY CANOVA, radio star, who talks
and sings the hill-billy stuff, says as
how she refuses to play second fiddle to a
dummy. She was referring to Charlie
McCarthy. Judy and Charlie’s mouthpiece,
Edgar Bergen, were that way about each
other. But Judy claimed that all Edgar
talked about was Charlie. Judy agrees with
W. C. Fields—that Charlie should go to a
sawmill and let a buzz-saw cut him into
small pieces.

DORIS DUDLEY, who divides her
time between stage and screen, is
now jiggling a bassinet. A son was born
to her August 29. She is the wife of
Jack Jenkins.

CLARA BOW, erstwhile “It” girl, and
her husband, Rex Bell, have taken over
the Cinebar Hollywood Nitery, and after
decking it out in new thisa and thats are
calling it the “It.”

REMEMBER Mae Marsh of the
silent pictures, who bounded to fame
in The Birth of a Nation? After
being married for twenty years to Lee
Arms, she went to Reno the other day.
But doesn’t admit seeking a divorce.

AND there’s Alice White, who after a
marriage of several years, is seeking
a divorce from writer-husband, Cy Bartlett.

THE Don Ameches are expecting
a precious lil package from old
Doc. Stork.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his
missus (the former Lady Ashley) have
sailed for Europe. It was a “hail and fare-
well” for him just before he sailed. He says
he is through with movie acting, the years
having caught up with him as a player of
those heroic-adventure roles which made
him the Gable-Taylor of his day a few years
ago. He prefers to let his son, Doug, Jr.,
carry on.

MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN and
her hubby, John Farrow, finally
went away on that belated honeymoon,
both heading for London via way of
Quebec. Maureen had a flock of lug
gage—almost as many pieces as John
Montague, the phantom golfer, when he
returned to the Adirondacks. Which
reminds us that when she first arrived
in New York from Ireland a few years
ago, she had but one trunk. . . . The
reason that Joan Bennett didn’t appear
in summer stock in the East is that by
the time plans were made the summer
season was over. So she returned to
Hollywood and movies . . .

I HEAR SHE AIN’T DOING
SO WELL IN THE CITY

I JUST KNOW THAT’S WHAT
THOSE GOSSIPs ARE SAYING
— AND I WONT GO BACK
HOME WITH YOU AND LET
THEM SNEER AT ME!

NONSENCE, AMY!

SUE, WE’VE CAME TO NEW YORK
TOGETHER, YOU’VE
HAD THREE RAISES,
BUT HERE I AM
OUT OF A JOB
AGAIN! WHY?

SOMETIMES IT’S
BAD BREATH THAT
HOLDS PEOPLE
BACK, AMY. WHY
DON’T YOU TALK
TO DR. BROWN?

YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 75% OF
ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE
BAD BREATH, AND 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 be-
tween your teeth
... emulsifies
and washes away the
decaying food depos-
ts 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 new
brilliance to your smile!”

THREE MONTHS LATER—
THANKS TO COLGATE’S

AND SUE, I’VE SAVED ENOUGH FROM
MY RAISE TO BUY CLOTHES AND A
ROUND-TRIP TICKET HOME, TOO!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH
BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

... AND NO TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY TEETH AS
BRIGHT AND
CLEAN AS
COLGATE’S!

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention November Motion Picture 83
Woodman, Spare That McCarthy

[Continued from page 57]

rascal Charlie and his boss for four pictures, the first to start in January and to be, perhaps, the story of Bergen's life. There will be another picture for the year after that.

BERGEN is uneasy at all the fuss a wooden dummy and himself are causing. "It's something new, this tremendous adulation, isn't it?" we asked him. Blue-eyed, tallish, slim, with the impishness of the Swede, he shook his head. "It's always been like this," he told us, "but it isn't as extraneous, but it isn't entirely new now."

If our remark sounded like lese majeste it was not intended that way. Bergen keeps him mentally fourteen, and a precocious fourteen at that. Charlie's first incarnation was through schoolboy in a baseball player's suit.

He came nearer to being the exact counterpart of the little gutter newsboy that he was modeled after in this earlier phase, "but he grew English after awhile," says Bergen.

"A top hat, white tie, tails and a monocle."

Observers will note that Charlie's voice did not adopt an Oxonian accent despite his change of character. Perhaps it is just as well.

It has been told that Charlie Mack, a skilled wood-carver, made him after Bergen's specifications. The newsboy was Irish. From this combination came the mighty mime's name. Today his personality is such that thirteen-inch "Charlie McCarthy" dolls are made in his likeness, "Charlie McCarthy" jewelry is about to make its appearance, he is billed $10,000 in Bergen's last testament (to make hospital and orphanage appearances after his creator's death), told to make his medicine and eat their meals and "cause Charlie McCarthy wants you to."

He gets fan mail, presents, advertisements, goes to premières, meets Shirley Temple; is, in a sense, the overnight, with one exception. He sleeps in a felt-lined (green) box and not in a satin-upholstered bed like other stars. Half of the fan-mail that comes to Mr. Bergen is addressed to Charlie. Children worship him. So do aged women. His patter makes their hearts go pitter-patter. He gets boutonnieres and posh notes, and his most recent gift is a foot-and-a-half square square cut made of inlaid woods. A dentist changed his office hours to be able to hear him on the air, and another dentist asked the privilege of examining his teeth. He seems to be afraid that Charlie, stunted from the dark forests and not the chemical combinations of man.

CHARLIE'S meeting with Shirley Temple is perhaps the most noteworthy event of his career, although Edgar Bergen cherishes his talk with Chaplin, at the Grove, as the highlight of his Hollywood visit. There was a scene with Charlie, table with him and talking with him," Bergen tells in honest delight. "When I was a kid in Decatur, Michigan, running the projection machine in the little theatre that was only open three nights a week, I used to polish the machine and give all Charlie Chaplin films his last possible projection because I admired his work. And then to meet him . . ."

He doesn't say it. But we do. Chaplin, the movie pioneer, meeting a craftsman as brilliant in another art as he is in silent mimicry. Mister McCarthy's meeting with La Temple had less epic qualities. This was a simple affair, minus the wrangling of the big private home, at dinner, and the host was a man who had met Bergen and McCarthy on a world tour (perhaps on a North Cape where the ventriloquist had been guest artist), and Shirley on her first trip to Honolulu.

The little Temple was in a dither all afternoon before she was to see the lively limb of lurch. At three o'clock she turned to her teacher and said, "How many hours will it be before I see Charlie?" When she did see him, after dinner, McCarthy accosted to the Temple. "Shirley Temple? Who is she? Never heard of her. Does she work in pictures? Probably does in parts. Does she get fan mail?"

Shirley was entranced. They exchanged autographs.

"Mr. Bergen," said La Temple to Charlie's spirit self, "we could all go out in vaudeville together. Charlie could sit on one of your knees, I could sit on the other, and then you'd have two dummies!"

Then, hastily thinking, Shirley added, "But I guess that's not very complimentary to me, is it?"

Kicking off, Bergen and McCarthy. This mischievous slyer sits on a high-four-legged stool, such as Strange's bookkeeper used. His head, never inactive, always moving, is on the same plane as Bergen's. He is always animated, never does he go "dead," as they say in show parlance.

Many ventriloquists boast that they can work six dummies on the stage at the same time, says Bergen, revealing a reason for Charlie's success. "They can do it, all right, but in dropping one dummy to animate another the illusion of reality is destroyed. I never lose an audience, other than "alive." I never toss him to one side and pick up another dummy. The result is that Charlie has always a living personality to them."

During a broadcast, in a film, in a nightclub appearance, Charlie is always the life of the party, even when he is not talking. He gets in to Bergen's ear, eyes the musicians, any pretty girl, grins with that trap-like mouth of his. Experienced actors may consider this scene stealing, like fingering a handcuff or a tie when another person has the audience's attention, but all rules are outlawed when it comes to a wooden actor.

SAM GOLDWYN will introduce Bergen and McCarthy to the screen in their first full-length film, the two-million dollar Goldwyn Folies, but it will not be the first time two boys bought gelatins. They have made some fourteen two-reel features and if you stay for the short subjects you have probably seen Nut Gigity, Double Talk and twelve others. The dialogue for these films, as well as for his radio and night-club appearances, is written exclusively by Bergen. He likes to have himself away to a babbling brook or a lake and
sit and meditate. From this meditation arises his incomparable wit. Sometimes he gets an idea—a gag idea—in the middle of the night. Later he dictates all his notes to the efficient and Irish Mary Hanrahan, his secretary.

How he built up his ideas baffled us. "I take a subject like—well, Charlie is a Boy Scout," Bergen amplifies, and I think of all the circumstances that might arise from being a Scout. Lighting a campfire with two matches..." and he lapsed into sample dialogue. "Charlie says 'I lit a campfire with only one match, Mr. Bergen,' and I say 'How was that, Charlie?' and Charlie says something like 'I took the match and lighted the fire and burnt down the whole camp!'"

Not very funny, perhaps, in its rough form, but wait until it is emitted from Charlie's trap-door mouth. Bergen, incidentally, was a Boy Scout.

In 1923, after a childhood spent in adding pennies to the family purse (his first job was at fourteen selling popcorn and peanuts) Bergen entered Northwestern University at Evanston. During the four years there he studied dramatics under the direction of Dean Dennis, and Alexander Dean among other things, worked his way through school "talking from the stomach" as they say of ventriloquists.

USELESS as his dramatic lessons may have seemed to friends in those days, they may come in handy with his Universal starring contract which calls for a turn at acting. It has been proven that Bergen's trained voice is able to express all the human emotions, so why shouldn't Edgar John who is entirely personable with well-cut features and dimples become a romantic actor? Don Ameche went from radio to movie stardom on a voice. Clark Gable on dimples. There is no telling where Bergen, born February 16, and Charlie McCarthy will find themselves.

If he does, there is one thing that Bergen will demand and that is to meet Garbo, as one Swede to another. He and Charlie have met practically all the Hollywood glamour girls at the Grove and over their NBC-Chase and Sanborn broadcasts, and have found them charming—particularly Charlie. Bergen, speaking for himself, finds Hollywood's most beautiful women among her high-school students, and he despises the super-sports that make West Coast women of forty look much older, "and so muscular and sun-burned," he says critically.

Mister Bergen is a bachelor, so perhaps it behooves the so-called fairer sex to heed his words. As for Charlie... he's a bachelor, too, but he won't be for long if some of the glamour maidens (Constance Bennett, Carole Lombard) carry out their avowed threats to kidnap him.

The termite's flophouse—that's what Bill Fields calls Charlie McCarthy—turns a cold and poppy eye on his defamer. He must have cracked good and wise, for Bill looks good and sore. And Carole Lombard and Edgar Bergen say "atta boy, Charlie"
“You Can’t Put Spencer Tracy Into Words”

[Continued from page 31]

through McGill Medical, some other young man whom thanks to Spence, will write those Latin prescriptions! He's through Medical now, that young man. "He graduated and in the ways they know are bad for them; I wish I could tell them that we can all break our bad habits if we want to—badly enough. I wish I could tell them that it would be impossible for me alone by the power of my speech. No one can 'make or break' a man, pretend legends and alibis to the contrary. No one can make a man do or be anything. No one can make a disorganized man a disorganized man, a peacock or a teetotaller, a good sport or a bad sport. It all comes from within. The seeds are there, I don’t know, maybe the chemistry of the body changes every so often and we break off old habits and acquire new ones. But whatever causes a man to change his ways comes from somewhere within that man himself. We can’t be ‘killed or cured’ by anyone but ourselves. The conquests we ever ourselves and some future within, or not at all. And what I want to say is this: we can achieve those conquests.”

I KNEW of what Spencer was speaking. I knew that he was speaking of the man who had been himself—the hard-working young actor with the scars of stage struggles still upon him; the young husband and father who had never had time to play and had then come to Hollywood and, for a little space of time, had got on what he always called “the merry-go-round; that mad, mad merry-go-round from which so few ever return. From which only the very strong ever dismount. But Spencer dismounted. Out of the ashes of his former self he has risen, as it were, a powerful Phoenix. And in his clear, honest eyes there is that which makes you proud to be a member of the human species. And very grateful that Spencer is.

"Probably," Spencer was saying, "I couldn’t have done those pictures, San Francisco, Captains Courageous and the others, five years ago. I couldn’t have been depended upon. So perhaps it’s the breaks plus the stamina to stand by them when they come.”

And now he hopes, does Spencer, that this will be the story to end all stories about the "merry-go-round?" He will never again be necessary to "go into that again.” He has achieved his conquests. He stands squarely on the abandoned territory of the "Past.” His face is set toward his future.

“But we were talking about Freddie,” Spencer said, "he’s a swell kid, as I said. He doesn’t think of himself any more than any healthy, normal kid does. He plays around on the sets, gets pig-dirty. He gets in your hair. He’s always hungry. He’s a real trapper, off the set. He’s with me. I can take any scenes with Freddie. I hurt him when we were working on the ship in Captains Courageous. Pulled him over the side of the boat and tore the skin right off his ribs. He didn’t even bat, not even to give the character he’s playing when he’s playing it and forgets about it when he leaves the set.

"That’s me, too," grinned Spence, "I feel that I’m playing when I’m playing it. You’ve got to do that. But I can’t say that I take my character role with me. I didn’t think I was the Portuguese fisherman when I was at home, Say, did you hear that one about Freddie when he was playing..."
in The Devil Is A Sissy? No? Well, seems that one of the kids in the cast called Freddie a sissy, and meant it. Freddie said: 'We're working now and I can't do anything about this. But as soon as this scene is shot I'll meet you out back of the sound stage and then we'll see.' They met. And Freddie kicked hell out of the other kid!

'I DIDN'T want to play Manuel, you know. Fought against it like a steer. Thought the characterization would be phoney. Didn't see how the pieces would fit together. Didn't know where I could borrow an accent. I went to every picture in town where an actor might be found speaking with an accent—saw Eddie Robinson, Muni, others. Then we scoured San Diego trying to find a Portuguese sailor to use as a model for Manuel. Finally we found our man. The chap came to the studio to see me. He was Manuel. The expression in his eyes, the way he walked, the way he sat, the way he used his hands, his knowledge of boats. Then he began to talk and—he spoke better English than I do.

'When I asked him what he thought about my calling the kid my 'leetle feesh' he looked at me patiently and a little pityingly and said, 'do you mean little fish, Mr. Tracy?'

'I gave up,' laughed Spence. 'Then we got an educated Portuguese to advise us. He told me that if you put an Italian, a Spaniard and a Portuguese in the same room and listen to them talk with your eyes closed you can't tell which is the Portuguese, which the Italian and which the Spaniard. So I sort of made up my accent as I went along. Maybe some of it was phoney, I don't know.

'Then the hair,' grinned Spence, looking

(Continued on page 102)
Hitting the Jackpot in the Gamble of Love
[Continued from page 51]

"Just ask for it," George urged him, and pointed out to him the many excellent features of that new dressing-room. The temptation was too great, and Bob went to the front office to see if he could get one, too. He was very apologetic about it. The front office told him the dressing-room he admired so much was his. And George, who was only gagging up on Bob, went back to his own lair on the set, which looks like a dog-house on wheels.

George lived with his sister and her husband when he was a kid, and was a schoolmate of Bob Montgomery's at Pawling. "Until I was twelve years old my burning ambition was to be a doctor," he said. "My dad had great hands for setting broken bones. He treated all kinds of injuries. He knew how to cure headaches by massaging certain muscles of the face and neck. His hands fascinated me." But by the time he was graduated from prep school his interests changed, and he wanted to be an engineer.

W. HEN he went to college he enrolled in the Sheffield Scientific School. At Yale the name Murphy means something. Old grads, many who had won their Y's, and some who didn't, who cherished the memory of his father, offered to pay his tuition, help him in other ways, but no son of Mike Murphy's could accept such favors.

"In my stubborn way I refused. I guess I'm too proud. I've been independent all my life. I don't like to be under obligation to anybody. Even today I don't owe anybody a cent."

He was a resourceful lad, and worked his way through college.

"I did all kinds of jobs. I got my meals free by waiting on tables at the "Y" Club. I signed thirty fellows for the Club, which netted me thirty dollars a week as commission. I worked for a tailor shop as its representative on the Yale campus. I knew everybody. One or two new customers meant another suit for me. I had more suits than anybody else. My employer was a good tailor. He used to make clothes for Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor. During the summer vacations I worked in an automobile factory in Detroit."

"I did all right, in a quiet way, you know." He winked. "Still water runs deep."

No great shakes as a scholar was George. But he distinguished himself in sports—track, baseball, basketball, football—and as a raconteur rated high with the campus wits.

"I spent more time memorizing stories than studying my lessons," he admitted. "I got only 15 in chemistry. I was pretty fair in other subjects, but chemistry baffled me."

He was a member of the Cloister Club, composed of the aristocracy of the Yale campus.

AFTER three and a half years at Yale I decided to work in a coal mine. My older brother had been in the mines for two years. I had specialized in mining engineering, and wanted to start from the bottom.
WHILE he was running errands in these mighty citadels of finance at $12 a week, he met a girl, Juliette Johnson, who was attending a school nearby. She was a bundle of vivacious femininity, whose acquaintance he had first made at a party in Detroit, when he was working in an automobile factory. He hastily put his greasy overalls away and went to the party with a friend, wearing his best suit, and distinctly a Yale man again.

It was a big, adroit affair. As the hostess introduced him to this girl, that winged little boy with the bow and arrow flew into the room and scored a direct hit. "It was love at first sight," George explained with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye. But their paths led in different directions, until they met again in New York. She was studying to be a dancer and actress. She suggested that they would make a swell dance team. He scratched his ear and agreed that it wasn't a bad idea. He had always danced. And besides, a girl like her needed a strong arm to protect her in show business. Cupid listened and screeched in delight. Juliette had found her Romeo.

"We practiced three routines," George recalled, "and pestered an agent to get us an engagement. He finally got us a week's engagement, and I gave up my job in Wall Street. The George—Murphy—Juliette Johnson dance team was launched."

As THEY clattered their heels onto the floors of stages and night spots in volleys of breath-taking rhythm, or pirouetted gracefully, Cupid did somersaults above them and one day Juliette's Romeo popped the question.

"When I proposed to her we were making $150 a week jointly. It wasn't a big sum, as most of it had to be spent on clothes and shoes, but I was certainly more prosperous than in Wall Street. We had a quiet wedding and went to work that night, billed as George and Juliette Murphy."

Impressarios of such celebrated nocturnal salons on the Gay White Way as the Montmartre, the Lido, Central Park Casino, the Club Richman, the swank Mayfair in London, the ultra-smart Opera Club in Paris, yammered and dickered for the services of this dance team, whose fame and price increased as the months rolled by. But dancing is a precarious profession, and they have been through some awfully lean periods.

"One time," George recalled, "all the night clubs in New York were closed. I took a suit to the cleaner, and on my way home, I remembered that I had forgotten a $50 bill in my coat pocket. It was all the money we had. I ran back to the cleaner, but the bill had already disappeared. He denied that he had found it. For the next three days we had to live on a few cents."

George also gained a reputation as actor and singer. In 1928, a year after his marriage, he played the juvenile lead in Good Night. Then he performed successively in such Broadway productions as Hold Everything, Shoot the Works, Of Thee I Sing, and Roberta.

"My wife convinced me that we should come to Hollywood," George said. "I was

[Continued on page 104]
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Have ever-youthful looking hair this
SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid
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brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks
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Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wind
winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath
was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible
because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the
disease is slowly wearing your life away, don’t fail
to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a
free trial of a remarkable method. No matter
where you live or whether you have any faith in
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If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried every-
thing you could learn of without relief; even if
you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope
but send for this free trial. It will cost you
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Movie stars know the value of glamorous
eyes Reddish with fatigue
need several refreshing to
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The De Luxe Safety combined
Eye-Cup and Dropper
may be used with any lotion
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Preventive thinning or spilling,
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Please now for a better job and a future by 12-weeks’
training here in the famous COYNE school. Not by books or
lessons—actual shop work. Don’t let shortage of cash
hold you back. Send coupon for all details of my “Pay-
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how we give our graduates job help after graduation.

N. D. LEWIS, President, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
4001 S. Cottage Grove, Chicago, Ill.

When Jon Hall calls Lamou, Lamou to
Dorothy Lamour in The Hurricane, he
isn’t calling but telling her he loves her
that swept her to Hollywood and fame.
Brunette Lamour lost out. In 1931, as
Miss New Orleans in a Galveston beauty
contest, she lost again. It may have been
then that doubt about her own beauty
overtook her. The needs of what she now,
in the modern world, calls her "inferiority
complex" were solved.

Statistics show that the lovely Lamour
took the long way to fame. The road of
night-club singing, modeling, radio.
Dorothy Dell’s destiny took her to im-
famous, and sudden death, when a
speeding car swerved into a telephone
pole one dark midnight. Her career had
come and gone in a few short years.
Lamour’s success was of slow eleva-
tion. She found time to fall in love, with
the rare kind of love that is devoted and
enthralling.

FOR three years she was in an agony
of bliss, loving the young bandleader
for whose orchestra she sang, not know-
ing that he loved her in return. For two
and one-half years they have been mar-
rried. And for Dorothy Lamour her emo-
tional life has been rich from these ex-
periences than if she had been scooped
into starchy successes earlier. She has learned
the value of certain important funda-
amentals.

"I didn’t know that Herb loved me," she
said, anxious to talk, as women are, about
the man she loves. "For three years I sang
with his orchestra, went out with him to
dinners and lunches and parties, watched
him, listened to him, worshiped him, until
finally I decided that I couldn’tcrunch my-
more... I never said anything
about liking me all those years. After we
were married, he said he was so stubborn
that he didn’t want to give in to the point
of showing that he cared for me.

"My NBC contract was a good excuse
to get away from Herb," continued Dottie. "I
got to New York and sang over the net-
work. I went to Chicago, where
Herb’s band was playing at the Black Hawk
cafe, I told him that I was through. ‘I don’t
want to be bothered about hearing from you,’
I told him. ‘And don’t bother to write, be-
cause I won’t answer.’ A few days after I
got to New York, my ‘phone rang. It was
Herb. ‘I’ve got something to ask you,’ he
said. So he came over, and asked me. And
I said ‘Yes.’"

That was the end of a courtship and the
beginning of a richer romance that sounds
like it had stepped, already written, from
the head of a fiction writer. The little Lamour
was a child of divorce parents separa-
ted when she was two years old. She is the
only child. "So is Herb," she says today
with a grin. "It’s too bad, in some ways,
because our children won’t have any aunts
and uncles." Mrs. Kay would like to have
four children, incidentally. "It would be nice
if two were twins," she says, practically,
"but Herb says to me, ‘A glamour girl
pushing a double endeavors don’t have
Hollywood Boulevard would look nice!’ "

As An only child, Dorothy found eco-
nomic clouds fogging the present and the
future. Her father died six years ago in a
plane crash. It left Dorothy and her
mother to face an indefinite future, and to
forget a lean past. Various Dorothy tried
her hand in business offices; as a chorus girl
(four months with Dorothy Dell) in a
French and Marco revue. She lost in the
finals of the Galveston beauty contest but
1931 found her with $250 in compensatory
awards. With this she and her mother went
to Chicago on vacation from her commercial
office job.

Chicago was pretty impressive to this
French and Irish (three-to-one in favor of
the Gaits) girl from the South who had no
Southern accent. "I spoke nothing but
French when I was a tiny girl," tells Dorothy.
"There wasn’t a word of English that I knew.
My Aunt Jeanne and everyone else around
me spoke French. Mother decided it was
best time that I learned my native tongue
and she started teaching me to it, carefully
enunciating all the ‘r’s’ and ‘s’s’ so when I
did speak English I emphasized all the let-
ters that the Southerner slurs and I talked
like any Northerner that you know.”

Thus equipped, all unwittingly, the little
Lamour went for dinner to Chicago’s Black
Hawk restaurant, little knowing that Des-
tiny wove the baron on the orchestra’s dais.
She took one look and succumbed to the
enchaching fellow’s personality. Do you think
that Lamour could leave Lake Michigan’s
metropolis when Winnetka-born Herb Kay
bested the inland girl? She didn’t. She
explained to her mother about it, and
Carmen Lamour understood. In a jiffy, the
beauty that young Lamour deprecates today
got her a job as model in Marshall Field’s
department store.

As depression slid over the land, the

Not the Type?
(Continued from page 40)
modeling job vanished. Dorothy took a job as clerk in the same store. Finally, she became the elevator operator. Times were hard.

But still there was the lure of the voice and the clean Irish look of Herb Kay (he's three-quarters Irish and one-quarter German). She hadn't met him, yet. A publicity woman at the Morrison Hotel took care of that. It was celebrity night at the cafe in which he was bartending. She induced Dorothy to sing. Can you guess who heard her? You're right, Herb Kay. Again the fictional twist. He asked her to join his aggregation. And she did, and sang with his band until 1938. Then she married the music.

IT'S nice to picture the Herbert Kays at home, running over their scales, thumbing through sheet music, scoring the latest ditties for Dorothy's sweet, soft and low tones. But no. You're boned for disappointment. "I can't read a word of music," confesses Dorothy. "And I've never taken a singing lesson in my life. Put a page of written rhythm in my hands and I'm a total loss. Tell me to sing pianissimo and I don't know what you are talking about, which reminds me of something..."

"My husband flies out here for occasional week-ends—his contracts take him all around the country—and one Saturday he sat in on a rehearsal of the Chase and Sanborn show. Werner Janssen was then conducting the orchestra. 'Miss Lamour,' he asked, 'a little more pianissimo on that last bar...' he said to me. I gave him a blank look. 'And what does that mean, Mr. Janssen?' I asked. 'Softly—very softly,' he explained to me."

"When I finished the rehearsal, I joined Herb. He was running his hands through his hair: 'My lord, what a woman!' The wife of an orchestra leader, and asking what pianissimo means! It wouldn't do me any good to know musical terms, because I just sing."

Her ability to "just sing" in good old torchy style (her favorite song is Gershwin's Man I Love), plus a streamlined figure, one hundred and seventeen pounds of tantalizing femininity, thirty inches of long straight brunette hair, brought her to film-makers' attention when they were casting Jungle Princess. So well did Lamour acquit herself that Paramount snapped up her first option a month before it was due. The second option was plucked two months before it was ripe.

Under her contract she has also made College Holiday, Swing High, Swing Low with her favorite actress, Carole Lombard, and High, Wide, and Handsome. It was in the Lombard film that Director Mitchell Leisen nicknamed her "Toozie," short for "Toours Lamour. Later it evolved into "Toozie, the Rhumba Dancer," because of a Cuban number she performed. "I was terrible, dancing it," she says, characteristically.

WHEN it comes to titles, men have usually done our Dorothy wrong. It started out with her father who hired him off to the City Hall to register his daughter's birth, and put down the name of Marylita Dorothy Lamour, when he had been expressly told to dub her Dorothy Marylita Lamour, after maternal and paternal grandmothers. "It would have sounded too burlesque-y if I had let it stay that way," says Dorothy today. "Imagine Marylita Lamour" on a billboard! The girl is right. It was Edgar Bergen's young pine upstream, Charlie McCarthy, dummy of the Sunday radio program, and the whole thing started as a studio gag. You never can tell when such things will turn into boomerangs.

Lamour, wide-eyed and honest, tells you that divorce is furthest from her mind, and, after seeing all of the Hollywood glamour lads, she would not trade her Herb for a gross of them. And the funny thing is that she means it. She means it, too, when she says she isn't the type for pictures. Everything is okay with Mrs. Kay, it seems, except her ego. It needs a little inflating.

---

**What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?**

When you are constipated two things happen. **FIRST**: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. **SECOND**: Partly digested food starts to decay forming gas, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired, groggy and miserable.

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**When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention November Motion Picture**
about them—so that they will be famous before they make their Goldwyn debuts. That happened with Vilma Banky. It happened with Anna Sten. And with Merle Oberon.

Yet, with Sigrid Gurie, Sam's tactics have been totally different. You could almost accuse him of being secretive about his new star-to-be. He hasn't even told Hollywood how to pronounce her name. (It's pronounced Sy-griid Goor-ce.)

But if Sam's silence about the beautiful Sigrid is something unusual, there is a reason. Sigrid, herself, is something unusual. So unusual, Sam believes that the public will be able to decide for itself that she is a sensation.

He hasn't spent a year or a million dollars, teaching her English. She spoke it beautifully when she arrived. He hasn't been coaching her in the science of glamour. He hasn't permitted her to take one acting lesson. He has insisted on her being herself—and, despite her ambition, patient. He has simply been waiting for the "right" role in which to introduce. And Princess Kukachin looks like the role.

There is a shrewd gleam in Sam's sharp eyes, a grin on his face that won't come off. He has the air of a man about to spring a surprise. And a man confident of the reaction to his surprise:

Who is this Sigrid Gurie? Where did he find her? What has she done? What is she like? What is her story?

Sam has such a passionate dislike of being mistaken that we suspect that it's right—again. (After all, we have seen Sigrid, ourselves.) And we, in turn, passionately dislike to be caught napping. So—we lose no time in getting Sigrid's story. And her first Hollywood interview.

IN PERSON, she is surprisingly unlike the pretty Princess Kukachin. She is prettier. Her hair is not a lacquered black, but a silky natural blonde. Her eyes are a Scandinavian blue, not slanted. She wears no make-up. The tint in her cheeks is natural. As natural as her unforgettable voice. Or her smile.

She is young, yet she has poise. Not pose. There is nothing affected about her. She is too carefree, or too clever, to begin her Hollywood life wearing a mask. She isn't trying to be impenetrable, mysterious, exotic. She is trying to carry out the Goldwyn orders and be herself. And is succeeding admirably well.

She is trim-figured, with the liveness of a girl athlete. Yet she prefers dresses to Hollywood slacks; she is that feminine. Her eyes bespeak the dreamer, the quiet idealist, and her hands, the artist; and she is both. In a hectic town, she has an enviable serenity. With Sigrid, there is time for tomorrow—when tomorrow comes.

She was twenty-three years old last May 18. She is Norwegian, and her family, on both sides, has been Norwegian for centuries. But she was almost born in New York, not Oslo.

"When my father was a young man," she relates, "he, too, came to America—to be a civil engineer. He helped to build Grand Central Station in New York, and a big viaduct, and some other things I have forgotten. He met Mother at the Norwegian Club there. They lived in New York ten years. My brother, Knut, three years older than I, was born in New York. But Mother couldn't stand the climate. They went back to Norway. And soon afterward—in Oslo—I was born."

Born with the urge to be an actress—which she cannot explain. There were never any actresses in the family. Or actors, either.

"Yet, always, as long ago as I can remember, I was acting. I knew hundreds of fairy-tale stories by heart, and would act them all out, all by myself, in the woods near our home. Every day. I could never stay away from it. And I was always imagining myself a Princess—though never a Chinese Princess. I remember some lace curtains that Mother had, that I would drag down to make long trains."

"When I was six, I was sure I wanted to be an actress. And not just any kind of actress. A movie actress. I saw my first movie when I was six. And it wasn't seeing a feminine star that made me decide. It was Charlie Chaplin. I never had a doubt.

Sigrid Gurie gets the opportunity to show her talent and beauty in The Adventures of Marco Polo. She makes her American debut in the Goldwyn special, and according to our coast spies will create a sensation opposite Gary Cooper in title role.
that some day I would grow up and go off to America and act on the screen. And, always, I thought of the screen—rather than the stage.

"When I was sixteen, I told my family. They laughed. They wouldn’t listen to the idea. I was heart-broken, I remember. If I didn’t start then, I’d never start. Why, by the time I was eighteen or twenty, I’d be getting old—too old to start. Now, I’m twenty-three, and just beginning. And I feel horribly young."

But sixteen, for all her heart-break, was the turning point in her life. She had reached the age to be sent abroad to school.

"Norwegians are that way," she explains. "They are not narrow. They know there are other worlds beyond Norway. They try to give their children some years abroad, studying. It may prevent restlessness later.

"I left home the first time, to go to a finishing school in Brussels. I didn’t want to go. I wanted to be an actress, go on the Oslo stage, instead. My parents wouldn’t let me. I felt my life was ruined. I remember saying so. I said, ‘All right, I’ll go away to school and come home and marry and ruin my life.’ Nothing would console me. Not even my parents’ feeling that I had artistic talent and should develop that. They didn’t object to artistic talent.

"Brussels took some of the sting off my disappointment. There I went to parties and operas and the theatre to my heart’s content—as long as a chaperon went with me. Always, always, there had to be a chaperon, even going shopping. And never, never, did I go out with a young man. That was strange, after Norway, which is very free, like America. But I think young girls in middle Europe need chaperons. They are not level-headed; they are too impulsive, too romantic...

"I was a year in Brussels. Then I went back to Oslo for a few months. Then to Biarritz, to another school, where I had a cousin. I had drawing lessons there. Then—back to Oslo, where some of my drawings were published. I had offers from two magazines, illustrating. I turned them down. I still wanted to be an actress.

"I belonged to a sports club in Oslo. All my friends also belonged. They urged me to try out for the Christmas play, Elsa, at the Norwegian National Theatre. My heart in my throat, I had an audition. I didn’t think I was good enough. I had never had any acting lessons, except in finishing school, and those weren’t any good. But they seemed to think I could play the role. Anyway—I played it.

"After that, there were three or four other plays. They made my father and mother unhappy. They didn’t like to see me trying to become an actress. Not because of any moral scruples, but because there was too much hard work for a young girl, too many disappointments. They don’t object to an actress in the family. But they would like to see their daughter at home, happily married, having children. Some parents are like that. It is understandable.

"I went back to art. I went to London to study, at the Heatherley School. Alone, this time. While there, at a party, I met Mr. Goldwyn. He heard I had done some acting. He asked me if I was seriously interested in an acting career. I wanted to say, ‘Yes, yes.’ Instead, I said, ‘No.’ I did not think I had had enough acting experience, even to think of Hollywood. He said, ‘If you should ever change your mind—if you should ever come to Hollywood—come and see me.’ I did not think then I would ever be coming. That was two years ago..."
STAYED six months in London, painting, constantly painting. That was not bad for me, I think now. There is a connection, a subtle connection, between painting and acting. Both must have careful, detailed composition—the right strokes in the right places. They must not fall to pieces.

"After London, I went back to Oslo. Everybody thought that now I was going to settle down. Even I thought so. Months passed by, I did one play—Ibsen’s The Wild Duck. Then some friends suggested that I go with them on a holiday to America—to Chicago.

"Always, I had heard so much about America. My parents had talked about it. My brother had talked about it. He had gone to Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was fascinated by America, and what he said fascinated me. We talked about it, hours on end. Always in Norwegian. We were too shy to talk English. We both had decided accents—his, American; mine, English.

"I went with my friends. We saw Chicago, visiting people they knew. Then we went on to New York. We could not leave America without seeing New York. I tried to picture my mother and father there. We were almost ready to sail for Oslo, when my friends decided that we had time for a quick trip to Hollywood. We really should see Hollywood. We took a plane out. That was how I came. On a holiday.

"I remembered what Mr. Goldwyn had said in London. I also remembered what my friends had said whenever I had mentioned any screen ambitions. 'Sigrid, you’re funny!' I did not tell them what I had in mind. I simply said, one morning, that I was going out for a little while. I had a taxi take me to the Goldwyn Studio.

"Perhaps Mr. Goldwyn would not see me—or, if he did, would not remember me. Perhaps he would not remember what he had said. Perhaps I did not stand a movie chance. Perhaps I still did not have enough acting background. But here I was, in Hollywood—where I had dreamed of being all my life. I would be a fool, not to find out. I would never cease regretting, if I didn’t.

"Mr. Goldwyn seemed so friendly, I almost believed he did remember. I almost dared to hope. And a few days later, I did have a test. A few days after that, I had a contract. My friends were astounded—sailing for home without me."

[Sigrid came to Hollywood, buoyed by an old dream, by ambition. She was burdened by an inferiority complex. She doubted her abilities. She asked Mr. Goldwyn what she should do to prepare herself for the screen.

"I don’t want you to do anything at all,' he told me. 'Don’t change, in any way. I signed you as you are. I want you to stay that way.' I wanted to take dramatic coaching; he wouldn’t let me. I thought I might learn how to be prettier. He told me to stay away from the make-up department. I did nothing for months. Finally, I pleaded to do [Continued on page 101]
The New Heart-Throbb

[Continued from page 36]

seeing it on the screen "Oh, come, come, now, things like this don't happen!"

For it is a twisted tale. The "writer" exhibited all manner of blind spots before he brought it to the ending—and the beginning—of a Goldwyn contract.

Jon was born in San Francisco, March 24, a little more than twenty-four years ago. He was taken at the age of three to Tahiti where his father had business interests. His mother is one-fourth Tahitian which makes Jon one-eighth Tahitian. And there, facing the palm-fringed sea, blue lagoons, blue mountains, the young Jon grew to manhood. He spent his youth in bathing trunks or wearing, more often, one of the abbreviated sarongs of Tahiti. He developed there a perpetual tan which some additional Hollywood sunning has burned a clear bright copper.

He spent his youth swimming, diving, canoeing, riding the surf-boats over stormy waves. He fished with spears. He met his match in sharks. He shimmied coconut nuts. He lived as young savages lived when the world was young. He lived, also, in a cultured, very civilized home. His father had lived much abroad in his earlier life. His sisters, one of whom is married, the other acting as her brother's amansuensis here in Hollywood are, like Jon, tall and strong and lithe and copper gold.

The combination of the island life outdoors and the charming life of his home gave him his strong fine body and his civilized, cosmopolitan mind and manner. He went to the movies, he told me. He saw, and

MODERN women no longer give-in to functional periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable relief for such suffering.

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PSYCHOLOGY LOOK

How to Get It!

AND so, he is in Terangi. This first picture may not prove conclusively whether he can act or not. He lives the role. He is the Tahitian boy you will see in "Hurricane." But did those who should have helped him instantly. He was brought for the screen rise up and hail him as "Terangi?" No. But wait a bit... the story follows.

In Jon's veins, to sketch in his background a bit more fully, the blood of New England sea captains, of French pioneers. And the Tahitian blood from the maternal side. His maternal grandfather, Captain Charles Ford, is his own savior into the harbor of Papeete. His maternal grandmother, Madam Charles, was a pioneer of Tahiti. His maternal grandmother was the wife of the first governor of the Islands. His father's people were busy men with sound continental connections, impeccable manners and fine appearances. Today, Jon's challenge to the most prominent white citizens of Tahiti. And control many of the island's leading industries.

Young Jon was educated in Tahitian schools where he acquired, among other things and besides fluent Tahitian and English, equally fluent German. But he had his first college course at the University of Neuchatel, Switzerland, and later transferred to the International University at Geneva. There he won renown as a ski jumper, track star, swimming and diving champion.

He lived in Paris, in Vienna. So that, in addition to his physical prowess at sports of all kinds, on land, in the water, he has, also, the sleek sophistication, the easy charm of manner, the social graces of a number of many continental salons. He enrolled, after Geneva at Badingham College in England. And specialized there in Latin and law. It was his plans to go to Oxford and prepare for a diplomatic career. That ambition got somehow sidetracked and Jon returned to Tahiti.

NOW comes the first strange factor in the silly symphony precluding Jon's name on a Goldwyn contract. For to whom do you suppose he is related? None other than James Norman Hall who, (with Charles Nordhoff) wrote "Hurricane," and, as you know, "Mutiny on the Bounty." Now, wouldn't you suppose that even as James Norman Hall wrote his character of Terangi, he would have had in mind, as he is that, as Rona McMorris or Monday Morris or whatever his name is, the social graces of a number of many continental salons. He enrolled, after Geneva at Badingham College in England. And specialized there in Latin and law. It was his plans to go to Oxford and prepare for a diplomatic career. That ambition got somehow sidetracked and Jon returned to Tahiti.

Any old "supposer" would suppose that, I should suppose. But when the novel "Hurricane" was finished some three years ago author Hall sent one of the first copies to Jon's parents. Jon read the book. He thought it was so good that he had thought "Mutiny on the Bounty" was swell. Cousin James and his collaborator, Charles Nordhoff are Jon's favorite authors. Yes, he thought the book was swell and he thought that it would make a picture. More terrific, if possible, than the "Mutiny." He also thought but he didn't say, being a young man of no unprincipled presumptions, with, indeed, even the desire of taking his smooth role... he didn't give voice to his thought that he might so well play "Terangi"... that modesty, by the way, was to cause Sam Goldwyn considerable time, also anxiety and money in days so soon to come.

On the island, however, Jon had met Zane Grey and Gouveneur Morris. It was Morris who advised Jon to go to Hollywood, and told him he should get a big break, in pictures. Jon came to Hollywood. His family—mother, dad, unmarried sister, came with him. They took a house. The house was right next door to the one of John Ford who is directing "Hurricane." But, nothing. Nothing of the sort happened. John Ford, perspicacious as he is, did not lead Jon to Sam Goldwyn triumphantly—de to him, "Have brought you—" Terangi!" He, like cousin James, "never thought of it."

T've always known that the mills of the gelatin gods can have it all over the mills of the other gods for "grinding exceeding fine"—but this has all the gods and their grinders stopped!

But no. Nothing of the sort happened. John Ford, perspicacious as he is, did not lead Jon to Sam Goldwyn triumphantly—de to him, "Have brought you—" Terangi!" He, like cousin James, "never thought of it."

I've always known that the mills of the gelatin gods can have it all over the mills of the other gods for "grinding exceeding fine"—but this has all the gods and their grinders stopped!

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FUNNY, I thought, thinking of both of them: Arlington Brugh and Charles Locker: Robert Taylor and Jon Hall! It is Aladdin's Lamp, boys, you just had to rub three times, with a circular motion, that's all. You caught on.

At any rate, young Jon made very good indeed in the Clip shows. Then the lightening of film fame seemed to strike him. He was signed for a juvenile role in Charlie.
Chau in Shanghai. Nothing further came of that. He never played extra but he did, then, do two or three bits, in quickies. The lightning hadn’t struck, after all, then...

... Jon began to grow restless. He went out a bit, dates with Simone Simon. Anita Louise, this girl and that... perhaps, he thought, he’d better go back to Tahiti, to the Riviera, to Oxford...

And then—then Sam Goldwyn began his famed fine-combing of Hollywood talent for the part of *Terangi*. Joel McCrea was Goldwyn’s first choice for the part. But Joel begged off. “My nose,” he said to Mr. Goldwyn, “will never look Tahitian.” Mr. Goldwyn, always perceptive, acquiesced. And then began one of the most exhaustive series of tests ever made for any one part. At least 150 tests were made of 150 persons. And at this juncture John Ford, returning from Samoa on the Clipper, watched the tests run. Among them, the test of Charles Locher. He exclaimed: “Why that boy is my next door neighbor!” Said Mr. Goldwyn quietly; “and my next star!”

Thus, abruptly, the twisted tale righted itself. Charles Locher was christened Jon Hall. A long-term contract was signed. And a new star began to rise—

“I STILL don’t believe it,” Jon told me, “I don’t believe I am playing *Terangi*. Maybe because I don’t feel that I am ‘playing a part.’ I seem to know the fellow so well, to be him so naturally. But no one ever said to me, in so many words: ‘you are chosen for *Terangi.*’ I just came to the studio and went to work. I didn’t want to talk about it. I didn’t want to announce it. I’m too superstitious. I’m afraid that material words will scare away immaterial miracles. I still knock on wood, you see, step on combs when I drop them, refuse to walk under ladders...

“I feel such an ordinary fellow to have all this happen to me. I am such an ordinary fellow. Just another one of the boys who likes to swim, dance, play tennis, eat hamburgers, go to the movies.

“I can’t tell you how I’ll feel when I see my name in lights and all that. I expect to be carried into the premiere of *Hurricane*. If I succeed, if they like me, I’ll know still less what to do about it all. One thing I think I can state positively, though, and that is that I’ll never do what is rather gru-sonely called ‘losing my head.’ I’ve seen enough, I’ve been around enough, I’ve even been in Hollywood long enough (about two years) to be able to gauge pretty accurately how much and how little being a ‘popular star’ really means. I mean, I’m certain I’ll always be able to divide myself, me, Charles Locher, from that illuminated shadow which will be called Jon Hall. It is to that shadow that the incense, if any, will be swung, the fan letters written, the attentions and flattery given.

“I’m tremendously keen about having a career in pictures, of course. There is some talk, now, that Mr. Goldwyn may give me a spot in his Goldwyn Follies. I’ve had my voice tested. I never thought about whether I have a voice or not. In the South Seas, of course, we just sing—sing as we breathe and swim and dance and eat. But I had the voice tested. And if Mr. Goldwyn says I have a voice, I have a voice.” (I am [Continued on page 103])

Don’t Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the “Common Cold!”

Don’t “kid” yourself about a cold. It’s nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivi-
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Working internally, Grove’s laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure—Be Safe!

Bromo Quinine now comes sugar-coated as well as plain. All drug stores sell both kinds. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and play safe! Ask for—and insist upon—Grove’s Bromo Quinine!

GROVE’S LAXATIVE.
BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio! NBC Blue Network, Mon. & Thurs. 8-11 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

Andrea Leeds is the girl who won some publicity several months ago in a kissing endur-
ance test. But she came through with flying colors and won more endurance than Frank Shields. Since then she has made good in six films, the latest being *Stage Door*

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION NOVEMBER MOTION PICTURE
him, Paramount had to send a final shooting script to Homolka in England. He read it, smiled a bit to himself at his intuition about the injection of sex into the story—but accepted. The character of the man he was to play was left intact, as Stevenson created him. It was still the most dramatic role of a dramatic picture.

A realistic, Homolka knew that people would go to the picture to see Frances Farmer and Ray Milland. But he also knew that if the character of Capt. Thorbecke was not tampered with, nothing could keep people from talking about, and remembering, the man who played Capt. Thorbecke.

THE screen story opens on the island of Tahua in the South Seas. The camera focuses on three white men, all exiles from the world of others of their kind. Homolka, an embittered ex-sea-captain, deprived of his papers for being drunk and useless when his ship had encountered trouble; Milland, an exile for unknown reasons; and Barry Fitzgerald (he who played Fitcher in The Plough and the Stars and stole that picture) as a sly, shiftless Cockney.

Into the harbor of Tahua comes a sinister-looking ship flying the yellow flag of pestilence, its captain already dead from the fever sweeping the vessel. The crew are Kanakas. They cannot sail the boat away. The desperate harbor authorities get rid of their problem, and their three beach-combers, by putting the dishonored ex-captain in charge of the vessel, telling him to sail it to its destination—Australia.

Each of the three, for reasons of his own, doesn’t want to face questioning in Sydney. They turn the prov of the ship toward far-off Peru, intending to sell both ship and cargo. But two complications arise. The dead captain’s daughter, hidden aboard the ship, makes her presence known. And Homolka and Fitzgerald discover that the cargo is champagne and make the most of it. A storm comes up, with only Milland and the girl to handle the wheel. When the storm is over, they are far off their course, with an uncharted island directly ahead.

On this island, they find a white man—Nolan—a religious fanatic who rules his natives like an emperor. He isn’t glad to see them, but, on the other hand, he doesn’t want them to leave—to spread his secret. Only two of the four escape: Milland and Farmer. But what happens to the other three is the unforgettable part of the story—

which you will enjoy discovering for yourself.

PARAMOUNT had its difficulties, finding a three-master that would look the part of the ship in the story. Three-masters of any kind are rare nowadays. The few left are mostly used as fishing boats in the Far North, where fuel depot is few. The ship they finally found is now an Alaskan fishing boat—the Golden State. Once green-colored, but now weathered black. A har-ridian of the sea.

It was easy enough to find sea—right at Hollywood’s front doorstep. Though the Golden State had to go out thirty miles to find an empty horizon. And the settings for Tahua and Nolan’s kingdom were to be found only twenty odd miles off the coast of Long Beach—on Santa Catalina Island. The location site for many a sea epic before this, including Mutiny on the Bounty and Souls at Sea.

Santa Catalina has a reputation as a resort. But the reputation is limited to one thin edge—the southern edge—of this private domain of the Wrigley family, ruggedly mountainous and twenty-five miles long.
The storm, "The spot sheltered, too. wild. The palms decaying and building post left cipitous dreds proach The clouds. black the other is sitting shore. Hogan's camera—vectors them sitting down. Hogan almost vanishes. Hogan doesn't dodge rough water. He looks for it. He finds plenty, but not enough to suit him. He wants a hurricane. And, begad, he gets one—even if he has to manufacture it himself. The Technicolor men say a storm has never been photographed in color. Maybe it can't be done. Maybe not, Hogan says, but he's going to try.

He builds a full-sized replica of the Golden Stute in the huge outdoor "tank" on the Paramount back lot. He has the tank filled with water. He has pneumatic, under-water jacks rock the ship. He sends water spilling down big chutes at regular intervals to simulate waves beating against the vessel. Overhead are strung perforated pipes, releasing a torrent of water. Big wind-machines on the sidelines drive it in every which direction. He even provides "lightning." The camera and the microphone, as well as the players, take a beating—but Hogan gets what he wants.

You've never seen as realistic a storm on any screen before. You've never seen a storm in color before. The fact that Hogan not only photographed the sea in all its moods, but photographed a storm, is all the proof Hollywood needs of the potentialities of color. Nothing is so difficult to photograph as the sea, unless it is a storm—because of the difficulty of lighting the colors. The color of objects we see, one of the experts tells us, does not depend so much on pigments, as on the light playing on those objects.

And what do the players think of Technicolor?

Frances Farmer says: "I never have liked grease-paint. It makes me self-conscious about my face, as if I had to keep it in constant repair. Now I can forget all that. Technicolor make-up is practically invisible—flesh-colored cream topped by a thin dusting of the same-colored powder, to remove shine from the face. And incidentally perfect protection against sunburn. The first few days on location, everybody was hideously sunburned—except the players. The answer was the make-up. Now, Jim Hogan has made the entire camera crew are wearing it, too. Why, they've even put some on you!"

Ray Milland says: "The other day, Jim Hogan had an ordinary camera catch the same sea scene the Technicolor camera caught. I saw the rushes last night. You should see the difference. The flat deadness of the black-and-white—the life-like color of the other. Say, I wish I never had to make another black-and-white picture!"

Lloyd Nolan says: "I'm in favor of seeing things as they are. I'm all in favor of color. It makes even the 'eary of the piece look more human!"

Barry Fitzgerald says: "Marvelous! Marvelous! I used to think the movies had..."
Most women don’t need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexions and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system. Try Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. At all drugstores, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musterole gets action because it’s NOT just a salve. It’s a “counter-irritant” — stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All drugstores. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children’s (mild), and Extra Strong, 60¢ each.

There are very few players who own planes—and who can fly their own planes can be counted on the two fingers of one hand. Brian Aherne happens to own his own plane and can fly it, too. Here he spins the propeller for a Hollywood flight.
New Sensation No. 1—Sigrid Gurie

[Continued from page 94]

a small part in a big picture at another studio that had been offered me. 'He refused, and kept refusing. He said he wanted to be the one to introduce me to the movie public. He taught me how to mix ambition and patience.'

By giving her nothing else to do, he also taught her how to be natural in Hollywood. Without her realizing it, he also taught her un-self-consciousness. So that today, although The Adventures of Marco Polo is her first picture, she can say:

'I think I have defeated self-consciousness, although I am still a little afraid to let myself go. I expect, in my second or third picture, it will be all gone. I don't ever think of the camera. I am not conscious of the mike. They do not bother me. What bothers me is this: When it isn't acting, when you really feel an emotion, to have someone say 'Cut'—maybe twenty times a day.'

She has no explanation for her unforgettable voice.

"I never sang. I suppose some day I will have to find out if I can. Caruso's accompanist once said I should have lessons."

She lives in a little hillside house near the Hollywood Bowl—and wishes she were a little nearer, so that she could hear the music. 'I am so fond of music. I cannot be without it. Particularly opera. I have, I think, all the records of Gigli and Scotti and Caruso. And every time I hear one of them, it seems like the first time.'

Because she likes swimming, she has a pool. She also likes horseback riding—and, without naming any names, mentions that she has "a boy friend who is very fond of horseback riding, also." Yet she adds that she is not "one of those sporty women who have to play tennis and golf." She doesn't go much to night-clubs or parties. "I don't really care for running around," she explains.

She would much rather drive herself out to the beach and watch the sunset or go in search of vistas she would like to sketch. Or read books about painting, sculpture, plays, "all sorts of books—even silly, stupid love novels and detective mysteries."

Hollywood isn't what she expected, from all her reading about the place. Its streets are narrower than she anticipated, and there are fewer palms. But she likes its friendliness—everybody calling everybody else by his first name. ("People are so formal in Europe!") For a native Norwegian, however, she has one strange idiosyncracy. She likes the balmy warmth of Southern California much more than the brisk cold of Norway. "At home, in the wintertime, I was always a joke to friends—wearing two or three jumpers."

She has never met Sonja Henie, although they have mutual friends in Oslo.

She is "afraid" she is inclined to be impulsive. "I have a good temper, but—I know I can lose it. When that happens, I never lose it for long. I never brood. Please say that in my favor."

Before she left Oslo, she says, she was "in danger of falling in love—but never really did." She denies, with a smile, having been in similar danger since. But she is not to be lured into a prophecy about how long she will remain heart-free.

She isn't so intent on being an actress that she is forgetting to be feminine. She is reasonably sure that when love does come along, it will make everything else unimportant. And that—for the present—is Sigrid Gurie, Hollywood's New Sensation No. 1.

If you saw High, Wide and Handsome then you haven't forgotten Ben Blue's characterization of the "hired man"—who followed Randy Scott like a faithful dog. Here is Ben arriving at the Hollywood premiere of the picture in a dog sled. Some fun eh?
You Can't Put Spencer Tracy Into Words

[Continued from page 87]

somewhat shame-faced at the mere mention of curls, "I sure thought," he grinned, "that the critics would level me off for that hair. It took me two hours every blessed day to get the hair cutled. They had women working on it at first. And they couldn't do a thing with the straw that grows on my head. They finally had to get a man. He used grappling irons, I guess. Anyway, he got a grip on the stuff and the curl stayed in.

"The death scene was the most difficult scene to do. Had to be in iced water for three days running. Time to die a hundred deaths. People have asked me whether my love for my own boy colored my performance as Mamel. No, not consciously. Maybe sub-consciously. My kid had a curious reaction to that death scene. He kept asking me when we were going to shoot it. He was uneasy and anxious about it. When we began to shoot and for that three days, he was jitters. Then later, when he saw the picture, he didn't shed a tear. He knew that I was okay. Funny, how cleanly kids can divide realism from illusion.

"Vic Fleming sure did a magnificent job on that picture. Over a year in the writing, six months on the stages alone. He must have done a magnificent job. Because it was the first picture of mine I ever saw where I sat and forgot all about myself, lost track that was me up there. Just thought it was a great picture...I want to keep on playing characters. I can't play these leading men or heroes or 'straitlaced' or 'straightforward' or whatever you call 'em. I want to do the kind of things Laughton does, and Muni...characters"

LOUISE was calling Spencer. In the near distance I could hear the muffled roar of the Big City...passing Spencer's dressing-room came Alice White, Gwen Lee, Eddie Quillen, playing bits in Big City...

"Spencer, called Luise, "they are want-in-us"...Spencer ran his hands over his hair, pulled down his cuffs and, guiltless of makeup, without a glance in the mirror, went into action.

I wish that I could put Spencer Tracy into words, the right words. Words that rung as true as he is.

AN ACTRESS MUST LIVE DANGEROUSLY!

And this lovely blonde backs up her statement with an amazing, scintillating story in the November issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine. Read why Madeleine talks this way, the thoughts that motivate such a statement. You will be surprised at the article's frankness.

10c
The New Heart-Throb

[Continued from page 97]

told, by the way, that Jon’s has indeed a voice, a thundery baritone, rich, robust, resonant. ” I know too well what I want,” Jon went on, “to be affected by anything that will swoon me from getting what I want. And what I want, all I want, is enough money to buy a schooner of my own and sail it back to Tahiti, into the harbor of Papete as my grandfather Chapman did before me. And there, in Tahiti, which will always be home to me, I want to build my own home, have my family, raise my sons as I was raised...”

(Jon, did you know, so developed his skill at swimming and canoeing that he can beat the Tahitian natives at their own games? Not only can but has. In 1925 he competed in the swimming championship of all Tahiti and paddled away with the title.

“YOU mean, then,” I said to this young man whose star is just rising into the hearts of all the Judy O’Grady and Colone...”no you mean that you plan to get married?”

“Of course,” said Jon at once, “I am a marrying man.” He added, laughing, “you look as though I had told you I was going to retire among them Thibet or something. Is there anything unusual about a young man wanting to get married?”

“Oh, no,” I said limply, “no, of course not. Still, I think there will be a revolution...” He eyed me in some alarm. I said: “Bob Taylor gets to be a star and in all the time he’s out here he goes with two girls. You are, I mean you will be—well, you go steadily, it seems, with one girl. You may even marry, perhaps soon.” I tried to let the general idea sink in. I murmured something about the good old days of Casonovas and Loharios and kind of people.

This exceedingly, I am afraid, estimable and normal and well-brought-up young man shook his head over the vagaries of the feminine mind and said briskly: ”I’m not much of a goer-over, a ‘chaser,’ as you say here. I’ve only been to the ‘Top’ twice since I’ve been in Hollywood. I don’t think I’ve ever been in love—before. Not really, you know. Not with matrimonial intentions, certainly. I’ve never been one to go about falling in love, indiscriminately. I say ‘before’—well, as you may have heard, Andrea Leedes and I are going out together a lot. In fact, we are going out together. We have such a lot in common. We drive together, swim together, dance together, go to movies, watch performances. We’re both here on the Goldwyn lot, you know, both beginning. We have a lot to learn about pictures and it’s fun learning it, together—we—”

Director John Ford’s voice called: “Charles, we’re ready to shoot!”

Dorothy Lamour’s voice called: “Jon, we’re wanted on the set—get back in that water!”

Mama, passing looked in and said: “Terutevaegiai, they’re calling you...”

“I’ll you excuse me, please,” Jon said, “they’re calling me. I thought: ‘Millions of voices will be calling you soon, my lad... will only one be answered?’... who can tell, when a new star is rising...”

Dorotha Kent, who plays the carnival queen in the picture of that title, is a dancing girl who asks the player and ticket-seller, Robert Wilcox, to give her a nice build-up—something about the pretty little blonde on the end. “Step a lil closer, gen’men”
Hitting the Jackpot in the Gamble of Love

[Continued from page 89]

skeptical about my chances in the movies, because I didn’t think I had the looks, but I respected her opinion because she was my best critic.” The Murphys came to the Coast without any fanfare of publicity, quietly slipped in from the back door, so to speak. George was placed under contract by Sam Goldwyn, then by Columbia, but the breaks didn’t come his way. The producers seemed to think he couldn’t be an actor because he was a dancer.

“In desperation I played in Henry Duffy’s production of Anything Goes to show them what I could do.” He appeared in a few pictures, good, bad and indifferent, and the movie public was hardly aware of him until Universal’s Top of the Town was released. The Metro Brown grewlly approximating, shot out a possessive paw, and tucked him under his breast.

The Murphys are building a commodious love-nest in one of the more inaccessible parts of filmland. “We bought the house, but we haven’t enough money to furnish it all at once. I never buy anything on credit.”

George growled, “We can furnish the living-room and dining-room. The kitchen was a surprising item. I had no idea so many things are required to set up a modern kitchen. We have three dogs—two collies and a Grey Blue terrier—and a Persian cat. When I take the dogs out for a walk the cat follows them. She is their pal.”

George doesn’t care for fancy chariots. “A car is a car to me, as long as it furnishes transportation. I’m satisfied with a 1936 Ford,” Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Gary and Sandra Cooper, Ann Sothern and César Romero are close friends of the Murphys.

George has started the first water ski club in the world with Frank Shields and Courtland Hill, at Lake Arrowhead. They ride on ordinary skis behind carreens speed boats, and would like to meet a similar club for competition. They are sure they can lick any team of aquatic sportsmen. George wins a mean racket at the Westside Tennis Club in Hollywood, and belongs to the Lakeside Golf Club, of which Bing Crosby and other stars are also members. The Murphys are a familiar couple in the swing salons on Sunset Strip.

George has an extravagant yen for silk socks and handkerchiefs. He always gets in bed from the same side, and always puts the right shoe on first. He hates fresh corn and taxis, and prefers good old Irish stew to the finest caviar from Astrakan.

In spite of his many years of exhibition dancing, his gait lacks the ballroom glide. He doesn’t look and behave like a boeder or actor, and is utterly natural before the camera. Visitors on the set, don’t bother him. His modesty is disarming.

On the set of This Is My Wife he was asked by a studio press-agent to pose for a photograph with a girl who seemed to be an important out-of-town visitor. Perhaps the daughter of an exhibitor in Iowa. She had an autograph book with her, and their picture was taken as he signed his name in it.

“When she goes back to her home town,” George told us, “she will show that picture to all of her friends and acquaintances if I am a success. But she won’t show it to anybody if I am not.”

Maybe his wife Juliette ought to tell him that he is already a success.
a static future—they weren't life-like enough. Now their future is limitless."

Oscar Homolka says: "Color makes more demands on an actor. It is so life-like itself, he has to be life-like. He can't trust to a story or tricks of make-up to make his character believable. He has to make it believable himself. He has to act—without seeming to act. This is good."

You will think so, after you see Homolka in action. Capt. Thorbecke is a stolid man, whose emotions are, for the most part, locked within himself. But watching Homolka's face, every onlooker becomes a mind-reader. Without dialogue, without action, every onlooker knows Thorbecke's emotions. This is acting. Acting of a kind to give Paul Muni competition.

Homolka is Viennese by birth. His father was a shopkeeper; he was to be a shopkeeper, too. No one in his family had ever been an actor—but, in him, there was an irresistible, inexplicable urge to act. He ran away from home, to get the chance. He starred, to get the chance. He kept the flame burning through two years of compulsory military service.

For ten years after that, he was a Max Reinhardt star. He also starred in German films. Then came the time when dramatic art was changed into propaganda. The German theatre and screen were stifled. There was no theatre in Austria. None in Italy—for the same reason as in Germany. Homolka was a man without a career. For a year, he idled, hoping for a change. There was none. He said to himself, "I must learn another language—English."

He went to the Isle of Wight. For a month he took English lessons from an old chap there. Until one day he decided that this man did not talk as other Britons talked. He was learning English from a Soot! He went to London, found another teacher. Six months later, he was on the London stage—a star.

That's the kind of man Oscar Homolka is. Intense, with driving will power. A man with keen eyes and a keen mind, absorbed with watching life and men. A man who talks vividly, but little. A man who gives an impression of being lonely without realizing that he is lonely.

In Berlin, he married a beautiful stage star. The marriage did not last. "I cannot be happy when I am acting," he says, simply. "I am too absorbed with creating. Like an artist trying to create a painting of a vision he has had, or an author trying to make others see as clearly as he sees. I cannot imagine them happy, either, when they are creating. But I cannot imagine, either, their ever wanting to do anything else."

Watch for Oscar Homolka and the color in Ebb Tide!
The Movieland Tour is now a happy memory and the Tourists are back in their homes after spending the happiest vacations of their lives as guests of Hollywood stars. The top photo shows the Tourists at Richard Arlen's. Can you find him and Wayne Morris? Above, a few pose with the Arlens. Above right, they snap Arthur Treacher. Right and below, with Morris and Irene Rich.
"We're so happy—and we've been married almost a year! I often sit by our big window after breakfast, and think back how it all started...how we worked out our problem of getting married without much income. Bob was making only $21 a week, then, and I had just finished high school and was working as a stenographer in an office. We were terribly in love, but everything seemed so hopeless as we looked into the future—our future!

"Bob often had to work until 8 or 8:30 at night, and I'd sit around waiting for him—wishing there was something I could do in that extra time to help out the finances. And then one night the idea struck me! Why not work during those lonely hours? I didn't say a word to Bob about it at first. I bought a Royal Portable Typewriter—paid just a few pennies a day—and went into 'business.' I typed restaurant menus, bills for a drug store, typed two medical papers for our family doctor—you'd be surprised how things mounted up. I'll never forget the night I showed Bob the savings book with my 'extra' earnings in it! We were on our way!

"Bob got interested, too. Soon he was typing as much as I was...only his was in connection with his regular job. He typed all his reports, and sent in typed suggestions to the boss about ideas he had for the business. It was this extra work that showed the company what I knew Bob had—and he got a raise—and another in three months.

After marriage, too
"We've called that Royal Portable our 'Golden Chariot' ever since—and I honestly believe I wouldn't be in Bob's arms tonight if we hadn't had it two years ago. I still make all our 'dancing' and entertaining money on the Royal—and have swell fun doing it! I should think every married woman, too, could profit by my experience. It's so easy to make 'pin-money'—and there's nothing like a Royal Portable to help her husband get ahead—I know!"

You, too, can earn the extra money that rings "Wedding Bells"

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FREE CARRYING CASE. Mail the coupon for complete information on how to buy a brand-new Royal Portable for only a few pennies a day. Also how to get a beautiful CARRYING CASE FREE and the famous Tangora Touch Typing Course FREE. Send the coupon.

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□ I should like to know how I can get a Royal Portable for only a FEW PENNIES A DAY, with FREE Carrying Case and FREE Touch Typing Guide.
□ I would like a FREE TRIAL of a Royal Portable in my home, without any obligation on my part. Also send FREE copy of your book, "Your 14% Better Chance for Success."
Name:
Address:
Her Singing Coach Advised
A Light Smoke

Carole Lombard* prefers Luckies
because they're easier on her throat

"When I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies. "I soon found that even when singing and acting 12 hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like... without the slightest throat irritation."

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... with men who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

"Star of the new Paramount production "True Confession"
A Light Smoke
Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"

*Copyright 1937 The American Tobacco Company

With tobacco experts...
With men who know tobacco best
It's Luckies 2 to 1
WHAT EVERY YOUNG ACTRESS SHOULD "NO"

TRUE CASE-HISTORY OF HEPBURN
FACTORY TO YOU
NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

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AT LAST! The famous Remington Noiseless Portable that speaks in a whisper is available for only 10¢ a day. Here is your opportunity to get a real Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment. Standard keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Variable line spacer and all the conveniences of the finest portable ever built. PLUS the NOISELESS feature. Act now while this special opportunity holds good. Send coupon TODAY for details.

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We send you the Remington Noiseless Portable direct from the factory with 10 days' FREE trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

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With your New Remington Noiseless Portable we will send you—absolutely FREE—a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, used by all expert typists. It is simply written and completely illustrated. Instructions are as simple as A, B, C. Even a child can easily understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or adult, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-Day Trial Period we give you with your typewriter and you will wonder why you ever took the trouble to write letters by hand.

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form...helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

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Please tell me how I can get a new Remington Noiseless Portable typewriter, plus FREE Typing Course and Carrying Case, for only 10¢ a day. Also send me without obligation, new illustrated catalogue.

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GREATEST TYPEWRITER BARGAIN IN 10 YEARS

The gem of all portables. Imagine a machine that speaks in a whisper...that removes all limitations of time or place. You can write in a library, a sick room, a Pullman berth without the slightest fear of disturbing others. And in addition to quiet is a superb performance that literally makes the words seem to flow from the machine. Equipped with all attachments that make for complete writing equipment, the Remington Noiseless Portable produces manifolding and stencil cutting of truly exceptional character. Furnished in black with shining chromium attachments. Mail coupon today!

FREE CARRYING CASE

Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay...send in the coupon for complete details!

A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or graduation...one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come...give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a New Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.

By surprise didn't bit!
HOLLYWOODENIZED Nursery
Rhyme:
Gary, Gary,
So shy and wary:
How does your family grow!
You're all in a whirl
O'er the new baby girl;
Will it be the first of a row???

NO ADHERENT to the legend that
fathers are worse sufferers than
mothers when the stork arrives was
Gary Cooper, when he went to Holly-
wood's Good Samaritan Hospital to
welcome his 7-pound baby daughter.
Nurses who expected Gary, like all
fathers-to-be, to jitter about the corri-
dors found him wisecracking instead.
He saw a big sign at the door of the
maternity ward, which read: NO
CHILDREN ALLOWED!
"Humph!" humphed Gary; "that
makes it kinda difficult, doesn't it?"

Then he took a room next to his wife's,
waited patiently until, at 2:16 a.m.,
they woke him and told him Sandra
Shaw had donated a lovely daughter
to the Cooper menage. Next day, at
the Goldwyn studio, hundreds of dol-
inars were paid off in bets that had been
made by studio attaches as to whether
Gary's first would be boy or girl.
Name of new Cooper?—undecided as
we go to press.
"Wait until Mrs. Cooper is ready to
discuss the matter," explained Gary,
violely turning down studio press-
agents' proposals that the baby be
named "Miss Marco Polo Cooper".

TUG-at-the Heartstrings—ITEM FROM
Milwaukee: *
Arriving in the beer capital of America,
where he married Mae West 26 years ago,
Frank Wallace (better known as Mister
Mae West) admitted the other day that it
gave him "a tug at the heart" to be back
where he once promised to love, honor and
cherish Mae.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rosita Diaz and handsome Jon
HALL—
Cupid's got 'em backed to the wall!

IREVERENTIAL Hollywood, cynical
as ever, comes staggering out from under
the surprise of its two star-elopement-mar-
rriages in one day, and is already making
book on "how long'll they stay married?"
Of Man Tattler, utterly without intent to
vex either Mr. and Mrs. Anatol Litvak or
Mr. and Mrs. Tony Martin, merely feels im-
potent to admit to the point being made;
the former are better than on the latter.
Maybe Hollywood feels that Miriam Hopkins, with
two marital experiences behind her, will stay
a while longer this time than Alice Faye,
who's never tried winging it before.

Of the two weddings—both of which fol-
lowed week-end plane dashes from Holly-
wood to Yuma, Arizona (where you don't
have to wait three days to get a license)—
the Hopkins-Litvak I-do-ing was far less of
a surprise to Hollywood insiders than the
Faye-Martin wedding. Miriam and Director
Litvak have made no secret of their pit-a-
patting about each other—and only recently,
Miriam, foreminded about honeymoon con-
veniences maybe, presented Litvak with a
completely equipped auto trailer.

BUT as for Alice Faye and Tony
Martin—that's another story. Oh,
yeah, yeah—they've been going to-
gether for a long time, but despite the
gooey mush publicity mush it didn't
really look like marriage. Inside facts:
only a few weeks before they eloped,
Alice upspoke to a close friend of hers
and said that she "liked" Tony but
she'd never marry him, "because he's
kinda too young!" Other inside facts:
Although Tony's always been sweet on
Alice, he never really got matrimonially
excited about her until he sensed
that Alice was not altogether cold to the
charms of George Brent, currently en-
gaged in the difficulties of unmarried-
ing Constance Worth. The birds whisper that
Alice got a bit bothered about George, that Tony sensed it, put on the
pressure—and somehow, overrode all
Alice's objections and carried her off
to the Justice of the Peace.

Now he's cooking dinner for Alice.
At least that's what he said when he
dashed away from the studio early the
other night: "Gotta get home an' cook
for the wife!" he yelled. My, my, my!
—so the boy can cook, too...!
[Continued on page 8]
Something
to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS

"FIREFLY"... Now at POPULAR PRICES... M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"THE LAST GANGSTER"... The season's melo-dramatic hit!... Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)... A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...

"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"... Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"... Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.

"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"... What a cast!... Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"... Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart... A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"... A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"... Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model... with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"... It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"ROSALE"... starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others... Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself... Beautiful girls... new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II... WOW!
WHAT ABOUT THE NEW GARY COOPER?

Gary Cooper, boy and man, has been around quite a few years now. And is still one of the ranking favorites. Indeed, he is more popular than ever. The hold he has on his public is proof of his personality and talent in many respects he has changed. But way down deep the true Gary is the same as he was in the silent era. Gary always makes good copy. He is live news and when he says something it has a point to it. A Cooper story will be one of the highlights of the January MOTION PICTURE.

You'll want to read about Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin—those talented youngsters. You had better order your copy now!
Hands attract attention so give them attention and make them attractive.

Gloria Dickson's slender, graceful hands are expressive as well as beautiful.

By DENISE CAIN

The Feminine Touch

With a lovely gesture of her slim, white hands and a smile the camera should have got, Gloria Dickson excused herself to answer the telephone... She probably doesn't react so prettily to all 'phone calls, but this one was different! Any girl would be thrilled by the prospect of hearing her fiancé's voice bridging 3,000 miles... For Gloria was in her New York apartment, being interviewed by your beauty editor, while her devoted beau was languishing in Hollywood.

When I heard that Gloria, the Warner Brothers player who made such a splash in They Won't Forget, was in Manhattan rehearsing for a stage show, Wise Tomorrow, I decided to find out what, besides undoubted acting ability, makes her stand out from the hundreds of comely girls in movieland.

So far as I can see, there are three types of women: the ones with pure, classic beauty; the ones who try to make up for a lack of beauty by over-glamorizing themselves; and the ones who have neither beauty nor glamour and don’t seem to care. Gloria seems to me to strike the proper balance. She is no classic beauty. She makes no attempt to change herself into a spectacular and dangerous creature, dripping allure. But she never overlooks a single opportunity to play up her best features, to present a complete picture of exquisite grooming and natural attractiveness.

Although Gloria was tired from all-day rehearsals the evening I saw her, she managed to look fresh and compellingly lovely in her gold brocade housecoat. Her shoulder-length blonde hair gleamed softly, her skin had the translucence that comes with regular care and her nails were perfectly manicured... It certainly wasn't the flashing diamond on Gloria's finger that called attention to her hands. It was their slenderness, whiteness and their perfect poise. While they were nice hands to begin with, Gloria cannily realized, at an early age, that they could be spoiled unless she gave them expert and faithful care, unless she trained herself to use them in the most graceful way.

SOME of her remarks on hand care were well worth noting, I thought. "It seems to me that hands are almost as important as faces," she said, "in conveying an impression of attractiveness. It is so distressing to me to see a pretty girl who uses her hands awkwardly—flapping them about loosely, keeping them curled up tensely, fingering everything within reach—including her face and hair—handling a cigarette clumsily." [Continued on page 68]

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hairdo, the same-face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.
THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!

The favorite play of America is
THE SCREEN HIT OF
THE YEAR!
A year of preparation—3 months be-
fore the cameras—production costs
breaking all studio records—and now
the-love-and-laughter show that en-
thralled New York and London stage
audiences for two seasons is ready to
flash its glories on the nation’s screens.

"Tonight’s our night
—there may never
be a tomorrow."

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TOVARICH"

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER · ISABEL JEANS
MORRIS CARNOVSKY · VICTOR KILIAN · Directed by
Anatole Litvak · Screen play by Casey Robinson · Adapted
from the play by Jacques Deval · English Version by Robert E.
Sherwood · Music by Max Steiner · A Warner Bros. Picture

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Motion Picture
CUPID'S COUPLETS:

Lovely Jean Rogers and handsome Jack Otters

Cupid's got them "all hot an' bot-
terson . . . !"

PUZZLED is newest-Hollywood-bride

Anne Shirley, over the wedding gift she

got from the crew of Stella Dallas, right

after her marriage to John Howard Payne.

Crew's gift was a huge scrap book.

"But we're never going to have any

scraps!" protested Anne.

WONDER if she thinks the in-
fluence will affect her new hubby?

—anyway Miriam Hopkins and Bride-
groom Anatol Litvak are going to start

married life in the former home of the

screen's Great Lover, John Gilbert.

Oldest-timer in the list is Paul Panzer

(remember him as the glowing "he a y"
of the Perils-of-Pauline
days?), who is now a grandfather,
thanks to the co-operation of his son

and daughter-in-law, to whom an eight-
pound son was just born.

Another screen heavy, not yet ex-

actly old-timer, crashes the love-news

because Georgette Bancecroft is going to

get married. Georgette is the 20-year-

old daughter of George Bancecroft, and

she's the fiancée of a Santa Monica

business-man, to marry whom she's

going to quit her three-year-old film

career.

Third child-of-star to make news-

hearticale material is Bob Moreno,

24-year-old son of one-time screen-idol

Antonio Moreno. Bob, an assistant

cameraman, just announced his forth-

coming marriage to a non-actress.

[Continued on page 12]
Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy — zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938
A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

with BERT LAHR - JIMMY SAVO - BILLY HOUSE - ALICE BRADY - MISCHA AUER - JOY HODGES - LOUISE FAZENDA - JOHN KING - BARBARA READ - DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Darion Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by B. G. De SYLVA - CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

HIT SONGS!
"I'm In My Glory" "More Power To You" "You're My Dish" "Where Are You?"

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December MOTION PICTURE
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now it's Joan Davis with Michael Whalen!
(Constancy sure isn't Michael's failin' . . .)

HOLLYWOOD isn't what it used to be . . . ! Things are too, too sedate! Can you imagine what a pretty pass things have come to when Comedian Joe Penner is guest at two weddings in a row—and nary a ribald gag pulled . . . ! Why, he never even brought a duck . . . ! ! !
As a matter of fact, he had to leave his duck home to be allowed to see the wedding of Charles Correll ("Andy" of Amos n' Andy, to you!) and Alyce McLaughlin, stage dancer. Correll, fearful that Penner would bust up the ceremony with clowning, made Joe promise to come alone and behave. "This," explained "Andy," "was serious. I was never more scared in my life than when I said 'I do.' I couldn't take a chance with any Pennering!"

OTHER well-behaved wedding at which Penner restrained his antickeing was the marriage of Billy (Ka-Choo) Gilbert, who's in the middle of Lily Pons' new picture, and Ella McKenzie, screen actress. They met seven months ago, when both were in the cast of Outcasts of Poker Flat. Now Bride Ella is going to quit the screen. "I'm going to make Billy my career," she said. Besides Penner, Comickers Jack Oakie, Parkyakarkus, Charlie Chase and Victor Moore were ushers at the wedding—and not a gag was pulled.

No sir—Hollywood ain't what it used t' be!

BLESSSED-EVENT of the Month:
BORN, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson (Frances Farmer, y'know)—three babies!!! All males. Already named Groucho Erikson, Harpo Erikson and Chico Erikson. The mother, if you must know, is

[Continued on page 90]
From the pages of Faith Baldwin's greatest story comes this tense, moving drama of a woman who faced the world, alone, for love.

The picture with the perfect cast!


Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Original story by Faith Baldwin. Associate producer Albert E. Levoy.
"I'm in love
WITH MY
LANE HOPE CHEST"
says Rochelle Hudson
20th Century-Fox Star

GIVE THIS TRUE LOVE GIFT
WHEN you select this romantic gift in which your future home will start, be sure it is a genuine LANE—the glorified modern Hope Chest, with exclusive features that give absolute moth protection—backed by a free moth insurance policy. Your Lane dealer is now showing a glorious array of the latest Lane models at surprisingly modest prices. See these ideal gifts for sweetheart, daughter, sister, or mother before you make up your gift list. The LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. G, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributor: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

“Prize Letters
HOW READERS RATE THEM!”

MAGNIFICENT MUNI
$15 Price Letter
TIME dims the vividness of most remembered things. Places and persons lose their significance and impressions remain.

Once in a great while a picture is produced which embodies the situations or personalities that enable it to join the small group which continue to haunt the memory long after the picture has been reviewed. The Life of Zola is such a picture. Paul Muni's magnificent characterization of the title role defies you to leave the theatre absolutely unmoved by his fine portrayal of Mr. Zola. The court room scene in which he pleads to defend his friend, Captain Alfred Dreyfus, in the trial that made history, will certainly go down in the history of the cinema. It was whole-hearted, remarkable in its reality, and left nothing to be desired. It will remain indelibly stamped in the memories of all. For his interpretation of this role, and I feel certain that many will share my belief, Paul Muni should receive, and in all probability will receive, this coming year's Academy Award. And so let us offer a salute to Mr. Paul Muni, the greatest of all character actors.

Sarah Piazza, 2114 Bathgate Ave., New York, N. Y.

FILMS MINUS FEMALES
$10 Price Letter
WHY does there always have to be Love Interest in every picture? No matter how ridiculous and far-fetched her presence in the setting, a girl is invariably dragged in. Often, I admit, a touch of romance adds color to an otherwise lifeless drama. But sometimes it destroys the originality—occasionally even the point—of the story; particularly when the plot is changed so that the romance is made the main issue. Romance is fine where it is appropriate, but it is not requisite for box-office success. Look at All Quiet, The Lost Patrol and other of the few and far-between FILMS-MINUS-FEMALES. Men's pictures, smart hits. And popular not despite, but (particularly) because of the fact that the action did not center around some woman whose part in the book was of no consequence—if there at all.—Ruxton Bright, 1719 No. Orange Grove Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

PAGING M-G-M
$5 Price Letter
I'D NEVER heard of her until I saw Broadway Melody of 1938, and neither had many others in the theatre, for when she appeared on the screen people all over whispered, "Who is she?" Without the benefit of elaborate hally-hoo build-up she scored an instant success. The audience to a man sat up and took notice, and with excellent reason, too, for exhilarating little Judy Garland hits a new high in Grade-A entertainment. This winsome muis has all the zip of Martha Raye and the provocativeness of Simone Simon, a rare combination and a lovable one. Not only does she possess beauty, super-charm, a vibrant personality, and a lovely voice, but she can act (and didn't you love that delicious little wrinkle of her nose?) Judy can handle stellar roles, and we are all anxious to see her again. M-G-M, you're being paged.—Freda Smudette, Route 1, Box 198, Anahiem, Calif.

GLORIA—WE'RE WAITING!
$1 Price Letter
SUPERLATIVES can never express my gratitude to Motion Picture for the feature story on Gloria Swanson, written by Virginia T. Lane. An or-chid to you, Miss Lane, and that goes for the thousands of loyal Swanson fans. The story hit the spot. Mainly because I'm keenly interested in Gloria's return to Hollywood and pictures. Having kept up with Swanson through the years through the medium of motion pictures, naturally I would be interested. I want to see her on top again. And once she gets started in the right direction, she'll make the grade. To those who fail to remember, it was our own beloved Swanson who gave us Sadie Thompson and The Trespasser. The latter being her first talkie, but one we will long remember. The years have only added grace and beauty to Gloria. There's always that certain glamour about her that seems so hard to define. And now I'd like to say, thanks again Motion Picture and Miss Lane—and Gloria, we're waiting!—J. W. Colaco, Route 9, Box 206 F, San Antonio, Texas.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!
Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded each month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
RAINs REIGNS

$1 Prize Letter

AT THIS late date, may I put my ear in for one of the rarely mentioned, but truly great actors of the screen—Claude Rains? The first picture I ever saw him in, Crime Without Passion, made me sit up and take notice for his acting was superb and his personality strikingly different from those of the ordinary run of screen stars. Since then I have seen him in a variety of other roles, all of which he handled magnificently. After his portrayal of the wicked Earl in The Prince and the Pauper, I said to myself that should any picture ever be made of the life of Christ, Claude Rains would be the only completely satisfactory selection for the part of Judas Iscariot. With his compellingly beautiful, but insidious voice, his arresting appearance, and his grand acting, he would do wonders with that role—Donald W. Leathers, 43 Myrtle Ave., Fitchburg, Mass.

A GREAT FORCE

$1 Prize Letter

MANY people rave about the worthless-ness of the movies without giving any consideration to good points. That is being narrow. How anyone can say those things after seeing such pictures as The Tale of Two Cities and Romeo and Juliet is beyond my comprehension. The screen helps in a big way to immortalize great works of literature. It is true the screen has its faults, but who or what hasn't? The movies are life itself—how can the screen be blamed for what life is? The producers can't change human nature. If the critics are so superior they better start working with their test tubes and revamp society. To my way of thinking the movies on the whole are educational, entertaining and informative. But most important they are instrumental in bringing the whole world closer together and a great force in promoting peace. That, to me, far outweighs any evil.—A. Chester Kean, P. O. Box 477, Casselton, N. D.

SYMPATHETIC FAN

$1 Prize Letter

I HEARTILY admire Robert Taylor and other stars for their good nature, yet I wonder if some day one of the more adored, yet hounded, celebrities won't crack under the strain and scream defiance at the hordes of women who make every public appearance a veritable marathon for the unfortunate idol. The sad part is that a star no doubt needs a trip occasionally, and after traveling miles, alights on foreign shores to find the milling fans voraciously waiting for autographs, bits of clothing, or anything they can carry home as reminiscent of the occasion. Yes, fame must have its disadvantages, and a star-struck woman must be the same universally.—L. C. Rolapp, 4643 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Don't make up your Christmas list until you have seen the January issue of MOTION PICTURE. You will find many helpful suggestions for attractive and inexpensive gifts. Real finds...

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

I cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs—lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure soaps wear twice as long."

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—don't use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—don't let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!
BEING one of Hollywood's young stars, who is more than a 4-to-1 bet to reach the top rung of movieland's ladder of fame isn't enough for Patric Knowles. Pat and his wife also want to be American citizens—so the two young Britishers have taken themselves to Mexico a few weeks ago and secured quota numbers as the first step toward taking out naturalization papers. That in itself isn't unusual, but the change in Pat's attitude is. A year ago when he was here playing in The Charge of the Light Brigade, Pat thought Hollywood was the worst place in which he ever had lived. His wife, the former Enid Hodson of London stage fame, didn't share Pat's ideas completely—but she did think it would be very nice to return to British soil again. They had been back in London only a few weeks when both experienced a decided change of mind. During a rainy spell both went to bed with very bad colds which they were unable to shake...and it wasn't long before they were longing for some California sunshine...with the result that they came back to Hollywood a month before Pat was needed for his next picture, fully determined to make Hollywood their permanent home. Primarily occupied with the business of making pictures...He recently completed It's Love I'm After and Expensive Husbands and is now working in the big color special, Robin Hood. Pat still finds time for his favorite hobby—flying...Knowles is a licensed pilot with 85 solo hours to his credit...when he's not at the studio, you nearly always can find him either in the air or hanging around some airport. From the time he was a small boy Pat wanted to be either an actor or a train driver...but up to the time he was 18 he had to be satisfied with being a typesetter in his father's print shop...he finally ran away to London where, after literally starving for three months, he got a job with a repertory company...once in a while he got a job of doing a walk-on-walk-off-the-stage part...but never attained much prominence until after starting his film career...that in itself, was an accident, caused by a lack of stage jobs that made it necessary for Pat to either try the studios or start dieting...almost immediately he clicked in pictures and played leads in nine British films before coming to Hollywood. A 20-year-old, six-footer, he has made a tremendous hit with Hollywood girls to whom he pays practically no attention...he has time for only one girl, his wife...but the fact that other girls would like to attract his attention is a good indication of how feminine fans are going to feel about him.
With Ginger making her exit from Stage Door she gives you her gladdest smile because, Having Wonderful Time (her next), she wishes you could join her in a last dip of the year in her pool. "Wish you were here!" Oh, boy, you said it, Ginger.
As David Garrick in The Great Garrick, Brian Aherne plays the most famous actor in dramatic history. The film is the screen's first attempt at costume comedy and gives Aherne the acting opportunity of his career.
In royal ermine Anna Neagle is a queenly personage in Victoria the Great. It recreates the life of England’s famed Queen from the time she mounted the throne to the climax of her career—the Diamond Jubilee.
This Year's Crop of Misses

Every year brings forth a crop of newcomers. The 1937 crop is the largest and lushest in a decade. Which among them are Tomorrow's Stars?

By JAMES REID

"She would be worth a million dollars to any studio, right now," says Cecil B. De Mille. He is talking about a girl who has been in Hollywood only eight months, and who didn't speak English when she arrived. No one has yet seen her. No one has heard her. No one knows anything about her. She has just started her first American picture. Yet De Mille as much as says, "This girl can't fail." No other producer would dare to make such a prediction. It might come back to haunt him, six months hence, as a wrong guess.

This gives Cecil B. a monopoly on sensational prophecy. But it doesn't give him a monopoly on sensational discoveries.

Hollywood, at the moment, is full of them. The 1937 crop of new movie misses is the largest, and lushest, in years. Somewhere among them are several million-dollar finds. Stars-to-be. You have seen a few of the newcomers. You have heard of others. Some are not even names to you yet.

Which of them will find fame and fortune? Which of them, tomorrow, will be rivals for today's favorites—new reasons for going to the movies?

You can't pick the potential winners from photographs. They all appear promising. But look into backgrounds, and talents; find out what the girls have done, and what they are capable of doing. Inquire into what opportunities they are getting—for a girl may have everything that a movie star ought to have, but she needs the breaks to prove it. Find out all this, and you will have a preview of Next Year's Hits.

Franciska Gaal, for instance. You will soon get used to saying "Francease-kah Gahl." She isn't, De Mille will have you know, merely a million-dollar find. She is also "a combination of Helen Hayes, the early Mary Pickford, Elisabeth Bergner, and Clara Bow." Those are fighting words. Franciska must have something.

She has, for one thing, the leading feminine role in The Buccaneer. She plays a little Dutch girl, saved from the sea, who becomes the beloved of the pirate, Jean La Fitte, played
by Fredric March. She is Hungarian. Five feet three, trim-figured, with auburn hair (which Hollywood has changed to blonde), sparkling brown eyes, a fascinatingly mobile face, a low, vibrant voice. Before Hollywood, the boast of Budapest, expert in farce, tragedy, musical comedy, everything.

A promising sign: She is an actress first, not a glamour girl. She is making her American debut in wooden shoes and a peasant’s frock. Paramount has already announced her for two big films-to-come. It looks as if De Mille will not have to eat his prediction.

Another new foreign find, of another order, is Isa Miranda. She is too newly arrived, and, as yet, too unfamiliar with English, to have embarked on her first American picture. But give her until January first. And, in the meantime, don’t forget that eight Paramount executives—not the usual bored press-agent—met this newcomer’s train.

She is the “breath-taking sophisticate” type, in case Marlene Dietrich is interested. And Marlene should be. Isa also is lissom to the point of providing new inspiration for Paramount’s ace clothes-sculptor, Travis Banton. She is blonde, and Italian, and a graduate, cum laude, of Italian films. Mussolini, in person, hosted her farewell party there. Isa rates your attention.

So does brown-eyed, black-haired, five-feet-three Olympe Bradna. She was born seventeen summers ago, in Paris, the daughter of vaudevillians. She first appeared in the family skit when eighteen months old, and has been in show business ever since. At 8, she was a specialty dancer in Parisian musical comedy; at 14, a full-fledged star. All of her brief life, she has danced. Now, she is being groomed for dramatic stardom.

Her appeal is elusive, indefinable. A blend of joy and sorrow, wistfulness and courage, naivete and passion. Whatever it is, it has magnetized audiences in The Last Train from Madrid and Souls at Sea. She is still so young that she can grow indefinitely in dramatic stature. And she will.

But all of Paramount’s finds-worth-watching are not foreign. Take blonde Stella Ardler—born Stella Adler. (Hollywood inserted the extra “r” for reasons known only to itself.) Her birthplace was New York City. And acting was her birthright. The Adlers have been at it for generations.

She was college-educated and repertory-trained before she ever stepped on a Broadway stage. An immediate star. A highly dramatic star.

She wouldn’t accept any of the movie offers—until she could do “something different.” Different, that is, for her. Paramount finally offered her Love on Toast. It’s a farce-comedy.
If movie audiences like Stella Adler, the comedienne, as Broadway audiences liked Stella Adler, the emotional actress—well, you'll be seeing a lot of both of them.

Brunette Louise Campbell also is American, born in Chicago. Born Louise Weishecker, which didn't stop her from dreaming of a stage career. And making the dream come true—teaching in a university, and working as a dental assistant, to pay for dramatic schooling.

She played her first theatrical bit three years ago. Paramount talent scouts caught up with her last Spring, on Broadway. The immediate answer to her test was the feminine lead in *Wild Money*. Now she is the dramatic ingenue in *The Buccaneer*. You'll be noticing her.


Then, there is Terry Ray, who, according to one critic, "Would have a figure even in a raccoon coat." If she learns how to keep the attention she instantly captures—look out for Terry. Not to mention Florence George, the prettiest find from radio since Dorothy Lamour. (And everybody knows how Dorothy is doing.) Also—Judy Canova, who avowes that all movie finds don't have to be Venuses. Her strenuous comedy singing, imported from radio, may eventually be bad news to Martha Raye.

Meanwhile, don't overlook Evelyn Keyes, from down Georgia way. A blonde with a classically oval face and sloe eyes. Under personal contract to De Mille, she is now getting the dramatic training that she didn't get as a night-club singer. She has everything else—as, I venture to predict, De Mille will soon be tempted to testify.

A ROUND the corner, at RKO-Radio, Joan Fontaine is rising rocket-like to stardom. Ten months ago, she faced her first camera. Today, four pictures later, she is playing opposite Fred Astaire in *A Damsel in Distress*.

Blonde, with cameo features, she is only nineteen—and an instinctive actress, rather than a trained one. She still has "much to learn." But, meanwhile, she is natural. That is in her favor. Few people now call her "Olivia de Havilland's sister." They call her Joan Fontaine.

Next most promising of RKO-Radio's young hopefuls is blonde, brisk Lucille Ball. Ex-showgirl, ex-mannequin and protege of Ginger Rogers' mother, Lela Rogers, she has a future as a flip comedienne. Notice Lucille in *Stage Door*.

And keep your eyes on a fascinating little minx named Dorothy Moore, Irish and eighteen. In her graduation play at dramatic school, she was "discovered" by three studios simultaneously. RKO-Radio won her, and—it isn't going to waste her. Ann Miller is one of the "New Faces of 1937." Her specialty is tap-dancing, Brunette, tall and slender, she is potential competition for Eleanor Powell. Just give Ann a while in the studio acting school. She's young.

Joan Woodbury is a brunette eyeful. Diana Gibson is a blonde ditto. So far their pictures have been inconspicuous. But don't forget—many a star has started the same way. Joan and/or Diana may have what it takes.

G O ON up Gower street to Columbia Studios and you will find excitement over a newcomer from Vienna. A slender, vivid brunette named Luli Deste. The daughter of a Baron, and the young widow of a Baron. In London, last year, she asked Director Marion Gering for a screen test. He scoffed at the thought of a Baroness trying to act. He lived to cheer, and—introduced her to Columbia. Now, in *I Married an Artist*, Columbia is introducing her to the world.

She has lived a dramatic life. She is dramatic. She could be exotic. But so many foreign finds try to be just that. Luli—she will be different. She will surprise. Her first picture is made-up comedy.

Surprised? You may be intrigued.

Another Continental newcomer is: Dolly Haas. Petite, vivacious, animated. A cornstall blonde, with big brown eyes. Europe, according to rumor, has been desolate since she left. Dolly, herself, was desolated by her first encounters with our language. But now she is smiling. She has won the battle. She is going to work—in the big musical, *Paris on Broadway*. At the top of the cast.

O VER at United Artists, Samuel Goldwyn has outdone even Samuel Goldwyn as a discoverer, this year of 1937. For example: Sigrid Gurie.

She was born in Oslo, Norway, twenty-three years ago, with hair of a silky blonde and eyes of a startling blue. As long ago as she can remember, she wanted to be an actress. [Continued on page 64]
Youth...beauty...glamor and exotic appeal are caught dramatically by Madge in a study taken by her brother Tom. She's the college boys' dream.
YOU know those wooden dolls you slap down and then, after a barely appreciable moment they bob up again, even more gaily and spiritedly than before? And somehow valiant? They were made to be slapped down. Katharine Hepburn reminds me of them. Reminds me of a bright challenge to the world to slap her down so that she can demonstrate her ability to bob up again. For Katharine's life has been a series of slappings-down and gettings-up.

If you take the case history of Katharine, as I now propose to do, you will come to the conclusion that she was, indeed, born to be hurt. She is vulnerable. She is, also, invincible. She says of herself: "I possessed the ability to cry at will, even when I was a very small child." As though tears were on tap, provided by Nature, in readiness to pour their healing over her hurts.

One of six children (with two older brothers) she began life by being hurt because she was born a girl, not a boy. For her brothers, and the elder of the two in particular, were the idols of her childhood—and the envy. A boy, she could have kept stride with her brothers, matching strength for strength. It sort of slapped her down, that she was not a boy. And she has never forgotten the first (and last) time her brothers barred her, on the grounds of her sex, from one of their hell-raising games. That hurt. But Katie didn't stay down long. She took a fierce moment to think it over and then, without a word, went straight to the nearest barber, had her bright mahogany hair shingled to her head, put on one of her brother's suits and demanded the equal right to be scalped. The boys were playing "Indian."

From the first Katharine was an actress. And knew it. As soon as she could speak she began to write [Continued on page 83]
DEAR LARRY:
This Hollywood is the darndest place! You can find the oddest, weirdest things. And not always inside the studios, either, by a long shot. Take a peek, for instance, into Harold Lloyd’s cellar, down under that big hilltop house of his in Beverly, and what do you find? Why, Larry, you find jars and jars containing, of all things, Black Widow spiders!!! Those jolly little wenches, whose bite means excruciating torture — and then death . . .

And they’re alive, too, Larry. And what’s more, they’re Harold Lloyd’s playmates. And when a comedian like Harold goes playing with sudden death in a shuddery form like that, it just goes to show that when in Hollywood, you’d better leave normalcy and sanity behind, eh?

Of course, Mildred Davis (she’s Harold’s wife, you know, Larry; and that’s another record of some kind in this Hollywood, where people don’t usually make a habit of staying married so long), but what I started to tell you is that Mildred isn’t particularly keen on Harold messing with these Black Widows of his. Especially not since one of them got away — and hid and kept the whole household (Mildred and Harold and the kids and the servants and everybody) shivering in mortal terror lest she pop out, unexpectedly, and bite one of them. That would have meant death — and living with crawling death loose in the house is NO fun.

Not even in Hollywood! Believe me, Larry, Harold himself was plenty scared. Until he and his brother-in-law, Jack Davis, finally cornered the spider, and Harold grabbed her with a pair of tweezers and popped her safely back into her glass jar. Where she forthwith showed her rage by biting two other Black Widows to death inside ten minutes!

No, Larry, I’m not kidding you! All this is gospel. It’s a side of Harold Lloyd that you and your readers probably didn’t know about. That’s why I think you’d be interested.

You see, Harold’s interest in these spiders dates back to a trip he took to Germany, four or five years ago. He visited the Carl Zeiss plant there, where they make those marvelous lenses that are world-famous — cameras, and telescopes and binoculars, and microscopes. That’s what got Harold, the microscopes. Harold remembered that Mildred’s brother was up at the University of California studying medicine. So, for a gift, Harold bought him one of Mr. Zeiss’s finest, highest-powered microscopes.

And then, just like a kid with a new toy, Harold, himself, got to peering through the “mike,” and before he knew it, he was a microscopist, or whatever you call ’em.

SO, WHEN he got back to Hollywood, his press agent—that’s Joe Reddy, who keeps Harold living in a glass house—sent out the story about Harold’s microscope, and the next thing you knew, people all over the world began sending Harold bugs and things to look at through his lenses. And just about then, the papers were full of the Black Widow scare, and, naturally, a lot of the bugs people sent in were Black Widows.

And because Harold, basically, is the sort of fellow who always hunting around for nice things to do for people, he suddenly found himself devoting his time to the task of studying Black Widows, and their habits, and how to control ’em, so they wouldn’t kill so many people. Sounds odd for a movie star to do, but it’s all on the up-and-up, and anyway, Harold, between movies, finds lots of time on his hands to peep into the private lives of Black Widows. Mildred is eternally grateful, Larry, that Harold is NOT the sort of movie star who messes in the private lives of more orthodox widows . . .!

Anyway, with the enthusiastic help of Jack Davis, Harold fixed up a laboratory in the cellar of his house. And then he and Jack began [Continued on page 66]
What Every
How to Abstain from Fashion

THE Hollywood glamor maidens are afflicted with the same trouble that you and you are, which makes everything cozy in a wardrobe way. The top-notchers have unlimited sums to spend to snare the ineffable chic that lends them luster, but some of them have gravest doubts, frequently, about how to achieve it.

The graceful younger players trying to create an "appearance" on their slender stock company salaries, furrow their brows trying to think of how to get the most, in costume, out of the least expenditure. And you and I, housewife, secretary, telephone operator, clerk, home girl, wonder whether a sixteen-gored skirt will do for next season and whether we should buy a red fox fur. (Confidentially, it won't, and you shouldn't.)

Well, all that brow-wrinkling is

Orry-Kelly, Warner designer, tells you what you should "no" in dress

(1) The Egyptian influence marks Olivia de Havilland's evening gown. Note high waistline and application of chiffon for frontal curves. (2) Kay Francis' un-broad shoulders are emphasized in a brown velvet afternoon gown—un-trimmed except for 'gator belt. (3) The full high-waisted frock of Napoleon's day is styled by Olivia de Havilland in her wine-toned crepe. (4) Kay Francis wears sable, but if you buy one fur piece be sure it's conservative. (5) Margaret Lindsay's cocktail dress is in iris blue crepe toma. (6) Kay Francis uses little decor for a gold metallic gown and (7) black for chic
Young Actress Should "NO"

Follies . . . Cautions that Apply to You, Too, from Hollywood Designer, Orry-Kelly

By DOROTHY SPENSLLEY

over. We present a fashion Moses (Australian by birth) to lead us out of the women's wear wilderness into an oasis of common sense. Orry-Kelly is the master's name. And he's chief designer at Warner Brothers-First National's huge Burbank film factory. It means that under his guidance Cinema Fashion Leader Kay Francis is gowned. Bette Davis, too, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Joan Blondell, Gloria Dickson, Lana Turner, plus many others. That is, if they are lucky enough to achieve Class-A films and the personal consideration of this big, square-shouldered Irishman with his unerring sense of what is right in line and beauty.

"The most important thing to caution a professional woman, or woman in private life is to ignore minor defects in her face or body," said Oracle Orry-Kelly. "If she can forget that her face is what she thinks 'too round' to wear a high collar, or 'too pointed' to wear a low V-neckline, or that her shoulders are 'too broad' for the exaggerated modern sleeve, she has won the first round with herself for fashion assurance.

"The keynote of fashion competence is utter unself-consciousness. Forget yourself. Forget that your cheek bones are too high, you think, and that your hips are inclined to breadth. If exercise and vigorous massage can't do much about your hips, an anatomical fault like that can be overcome by avoidance of dress and suits that emphasize their size. Flat chests should not be undraped and if your back is a boneyard, avoid evening dresses that let the world know your secret.

"I will admit," continued the designer, "that certain basic bodily imperfections need thought in designing clothes and buying them, but my all-important 'no' to actress or non-professional, is to forget the minor imperfections. Almost the greatest annoyance that I have in my studio here is from younger players who come in, look at a sketch, try on a dress that we are doing for them, and then say 'But, Mr. Kelly, I can't wear that. Not with my face. I never wear high collars. And this line from the shoulder to the bust is something that I always avoid. Could you do something about the hemline, too? I can't possibly look well in that!"

"I NEVER hear comments like that from Kay Francis or Dolores Del Rio. I take a dozen or more sketches in to Miss Francis and she looks at them silently for a moment, then says 'Fine, Jack. Really fine.' Never tells me to change a line or re-do a bodice fold. They know that I know my business, which is to make them look superlatively well on the screen. They understand to the point where they know, too, that if they look badly on the screen, if their clothes fail to bring them distinction, that they are not as much at fault as I am. And that this failure is going to re-act more on me than on them in this one brief badly-gowned appearance. I endanger my reputation as a designer.

"Most women have clothes sense," continued Warner Brothers' costume ace. "They don't always heed it, but they have it. Women who have more money to spend on clothes than they know what to do with

[Continued on page 39]
The most voluptuous, come-hither appeal to quicken male pulses since the debut of Clara Bow promenades before you in Lana, the SWEATER GIRL. 17 years old, whom Warners coaxed from Hollywood High—she appears in The Great Garrick. And girls like her, too
FREDDIE Marches On

There’s a star who goes merrily on in Hollywood, free and happy. His name is Fredric March. Here are all the answers

TO MILLIONS of cinemaddicts from Kamchatka to Cape Horn the beatitudes of Hollywood surpass the delights of Mohammed’s paradise. Here, on the warm and sensuous shores of the blue Pacific, the lads ‘n’ lassies who are the darlings of all nations lead seemingly enchanting lives. They live in lovely mansions scattered in the luxurious solitudes of stately palms, cruise our tropic bays in sleek, graceful yachts, and command every resource and device for making life a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Yet how many of these favorites of the gods are really happy? Consider, for instance, the case of the orchidaceous Marlene Dietrich, the screen’s foremost exponent of sex glamour. She gets $250,000 for every picture in which she displays her gowns and submits with moist lips to the passionate kisses of an impetuous hero. In private life, she steps out with more cavaliers than the gossip sleuths can keep track of. Yet she is one of the unhappiest and loneliest women I’ve ever met. I once asked her why she is so sad when she has everything women crave—beauty, wealth, fame, the adulation of thousands. She smiled sadly, nay, bitterly, and tossed off a bon mot in French to the effect that she enjoys her misery.

Or consider the case of Garbo, getting eight or nine thousand smackers every week. Anyone who really knows the Silent Swede—and you can count them on the fingers of one hand—will tell you, sotto voce, that her sadness in real life borders on the psychopathic. I

[Continued on page 78]
RAINER is NOT high hat.
And I think that I can prove it.

Hollywood has had little fits of petulance about Rainer these past few months—occasional little pouts and suspicions that she is wearing the tall silk hat at a very so-so angle. Radio commentators have suggested that she come "off it." We have been told that she closes her sets to visitors, up-stages writers and fellow players, refuses to be photographed, won't okay stills, doesn't "go with" Hollywood folk, offends hostesses by turning down all invitations, just snobs around something awful.

Now really this is nearly all nonsense. The only reason that it isn't one hundred percent nonsense is that it is nine-tenths fiction and one-tenth understandable misunderstanding. It is because of that one-tenth interpretation that the jibers and gossipers should be forgiven.

It is misunderstanding for two reasons—both of them good. One is that Rainer does not yet speak English perfectly. That is to say, she is not familiar with the shades and subtilties of the language. She says things she does not really mean to say, things that do not convey her exact meaning. And many have been the misunderstandings therefrom.

The first of these misunderstandings, the father and mother, probably, of all the others, occurred from an unintentional misuse of words. Not so much the misuse of words, perhaps, as from the fact that the man who overheard what she said did not understand all that had gone before.

It happened one day just after Luise had seen her first test for The Good Earth. Now Luise, you may know, never wanted to make that picture. It was a case of Mr. Thalberg's perception and persistence against the Rainer protests and objections. She didn't "see" herself as Olen. She didn't feel that she was the type. She didn't believe that she knew the Chinese woman, her temperament, her problems. She felt, also, that she was too new in Hollywood, too inexperienced to attempt so ambitious a role. She said to me at the time: "I do not want to play what I cannot play right. I would rather be a servant in somebody's house than do my work false." But Mr. Thalberg knew differently. And Rainer made the test. And then she saw the test. And she came out of that projection room with her face flaming, tears running down her cheeks, exclaiming: "I am goot—but I am goot—I am goot!"

A passing reporter overheard her. So, she thought she was so "goot," did she? He stepped on the gas, parked in front of the first available typewriter and told the world that Rainer was egotistic, vain, bombastic, showoffish, another of these "foreign importations" who think they have it all over our homespun Lombards, Crawfords, Blondels. He didn't understand. He didn't understand that Luise, who had believed that she would be so very bad, had suffered so many qualms, agonizing an inferiority complex about it, simply meant that she wasn't so bad; simply meant that she was better than she ever thought she would be. That was all. It was an understandable misunderstanding on the reporter's part, no doubt. There have been many such.

And it is reminiscent of a similar anecdote about Garbo. This happened when Garbo first came to Hollywood; when Garbo, too, was fumbling with the English language. She was having, one day, great difficulty with a scene. She couldn't understand what the director wanted of her. Both their tempers were taut. And suddenly, and much to the director's speechless fury he heard Garbo cry out: "I am important—but don't you know, I am important!" The director found his tongue and used it—as a lash. He yelled back "Important, are you? Important, huh? You are about as important around here as... why, you don't mean anything in Hollywood, nothing at all, etc., etc., ETC." It took Garbo the rest of the day to untangle herself from that. to make it plain to the director that she had meant: "I am imported"—which was her way of explaining why she did not understand what he was saying—why, a foreigner, she did not grasp Hollywood ways.

So, unconscious misuse of the... [Continued on page 61]
Jimmy of Hollywood and Martha's Vineyard appears in his first song and dance role in Something to Sing About. And substitutes a top hat and bosom shirt for cap and sweater of some former films. Maybe this means his grapefruit-tossing days are over—(remember how he socked heroines?) Having sung and danced on Broadway, Jim knows what it's all about.

They didn't wear top hats and tails in Old Chicago (Don's next)—not when Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow kicked over the lamp. But the Don did dress up thataway in You Can't Have Everything. It's his idea that if Charlie McCarthy can go to town in topper and tails that he can wear 'em, too, and not resemble a clothing store dummy. That's cracking back, isn't it Don?
A gang of dare-devils are crawling around the catwalks high up among the rafters of a mammoth sound stage. "Number three, pull it down," the gaffer or head electrician says to his aerobatic "best boys," directing their activity. "Lower. Flood it out. Number four. Catch the end of that nigger and flood it out on the door. Bring a baby here. Spread it. Kill Number five."

A spotlight up on the catwalk is directed on the faces of a young man and a girl, sitting on a modernistic sofa, his lips against hers. Hard lights play around them, and shade lamps are adjusted to eliminate the shadows. Presently a battery of lamps pour a cataract of lights behind their backs. A new shadow bobs up from somewhere, as it always will. The gaffer detects its origin and kills it. A camera is trundled up and leveled at the lovers as they sit immobile, like two statues. Two cameramen run a measuring tape from the lens to the girl's cheek, then turn her around a little to get the right facial angle, and lay her limp hand where it should be. There are seven—or is it seventy?—different varieties of screen kisses, created by means of camera angles and a mathematically worked-out play of lights and shadows.

It takes more time to light a scene than to act it. When the lights and cameras have been adjusted to the proper focus, an operation that might take an hour or more, our young lovers, looking quite wilted, step out, and another young man and girl walk in, fresh and vital, to take their places on the sofa.

Joan Blondell's stand-in, Connie Ray, who gave up studying law to become an actress. Rehearses with Joan every day.

Joan Bennett's stand-in, Isabelle Sheridan, is Mary Pickford's cousin and stood in for her and other stars. Doesn't care to stand-in all her life.

This is NOT Loretta Young, but her double, Betty Bryson, who knew each other when children in Salt Lake City.

Mal Merrilugh, former ball player for Kansas City, is Cary Grant's stand-in, double and business manager. Says Cary's a regular guy.
motor cable of the camera is plugged in, and the director says, "Roll 'em!" as the new lovers go into a clinch. A microphone, suspended from the end of a long steel extension arm or boom and manipulated by an indifferent man picks up the rapturous words of the hero, and the juicers stand or sit by their lamps, languid and aloof, watching this intimate love play. And thus another immortal and tender moment that will thrill millions from New York to Madras is filmed.

These two players are the stars, while the couple who preceded them were merely their stand-ins. The alter egos of the stars play at being prince charming and Cinderella, hero and gilded lily, king and queen—but you never see them on the screen. They troupe behind the scenes, unknown and unsung.

But the world will soon become stand-in conscious, for out at the United Artists studios Walter Wanger has produced a picture to end all pictures about Hollywood. It is called Stand-In, starring Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell. You may like or dislike Hollywood according to your tastes, but the film capital has one supreme grace: it knows how to make fun of itself. And Gene Towne and Graham Baker, the authors, are supreme kidders here. Incidentally, the play, Boy Meets Girl was written around them. Tay Garnett, the director, aids in gagging it with [Continued on page 801]

At top the doubles with Fay Wray are Carole Dietrich (Marlene), Jean Seale (Jean Harlow), Sylvia Lamarr (Joan Crawford), Virginia Rendell (Mae West). In center are Grace Moore and later stand-in, Irene Crane, who was killed in an auto accident. Photo at left shows Leslie Howard and stand-in, Richard Foster, who wants to become a producer. Right, Sylvia Lamarr fools everyone as Crawford's double

All of the ranking stars have stand-ins and doubles—unseen and unsung. Most of them hope to become Big Names some day

By LEON SURMELIAN
Mary's ingenue days are over and so are her wistful heroines. Now a fine emotional actress, she is certain to make *The Hurricane* stand out like Zenda.
Why JACK is Oakie-Doke

By CAROL CRAIG

ON THE set of Lily Pons’ new picture, *Hitting a New High,* there is a rehearsal in progress. In front of the camera are Lily, Edward Everett Horton and—Jack Oakie.

The setting is a leafy glade in the African jungle, with a forest pool in the background. In the center of the glade stands Lily, wearing a costume no operatic star ever wore before; a brief brassiere of feathers, a brief skirt of feathers, and a large helping of tan make-up from her bare head to her bare toes. No other operatic star ever had a Pons figure.

But—where was I? Oh, yes. There is Lily, in the center of the jungle glade, when Jack and Eddie, dressed in the Boy Scout pants and pith helmets of big-game hunters, break through the brush and discover her.

Horton, entering the glade first, sees her first. He rushes forward. Twittering like a frightened bird, she retreats behind a tree. Horton, who doesn’t speak the native lingo, begs Oakie to ask her who she is. Jack comes out with something that sounds the way jungle gibberish ought to sound. Ceasing her musical bird-like chittering for a moment, she answers in similar mumbo-jumbo.

Oakie translates for Horton: She is a bird-girl. She says she has lived with the birds so long that she can do anything that the birds can do. Horton, his mind momentarily blank in the well-known Horton manner, nods benignly. Then his face freezes. He realizes, with a start, the full import of Jack’s words. He remembers that he is famous for discovering musical talent. Heaves! They must catch her! The chase begins....

It is an amusing scene as the scenarist has written it. Lily and Eddie play it as written. But not Jack. He sees a couple of spots for extra laughs. Without warning, he adds to the script.

“Jack Oakie is the youngest old timer of the movies. Boy and man he has been at the top for ten years. He is a bargain for any studio—no matter the price for her amusement. But the director objects to Jack’s extemporaneous additions. They aren’t in the script, which, after all, the Front Office expects them to follow. The Front Office may not like the additions. He is all for leaving them out.

Unconsciously, Jack does a Horton. Thinking of something else, he nods absent-mindedly. Then, suddenly, the full import of the director’s verdict hits him. His face, however, doesn’t freeze. His mouth arcs upward in that blithe, bland, persuasive Oakie grin.

He chides the director for not listening to the laughs. He offers to bet that the Front Office won’t touch the added gags before the preview. And he offers to bet on the audience reaction at the preview. Kiddingly, he coaxes the director into allowing the Yiddish business. But the director can’t be coaxed into letting him add the line about the bath in a saucer.

[Continued on page 72]
It was one swell shot.

A black satin mule, which a moment before had been tucked over the pinkly bare toes of Gladys George, went sailing through space. It landed with deadly accuracy against an idly grinning Buddha sitting majestically over the George hearth. It broke, naturally, in a dozen small pieces.

I was not particularly disturbed; it was her house and her Buddha. The George dander, when it's up, has been known to overlook such minor details. Besides, I'd seen Gladys in many a pet before and knew from experience that these sudden storms blew down as quickly as they came up. My cue was to sit tight and I'd hear the whys and wherefores in due time.

Presently she threw down the blue-covered script she had been reading while I tended to my knit one, purl two, and rose defiantly. At least it was as nearly defiantly as hobbling on one foot to retrieve the mule would permit. When she was again seated, it started.

"What's it all about?" she asked me in that low, throaty voice that still fascinates me after listening to it for more than twelve years. "It's got me stumped. I don't mind telling you."

"First they pad me front and hindside until I look like the original specifications for Old Ironsides. That was good old Carrie, even if she was a valiant lady.

"Then they deck me out in those sweet little 1918 numbers, any one of which would defeat even a Miss America, and stick me in the front line trenches for Spence and Franchot to argue about. That was in They Gave Him a Gun and if audiences didn't wonder why any argument occurred in the first place, I miss my guess.

"And now! Now they're all set to load me down with wrinkles and a grown son! If I'm the type to play Madame X now, I ought to be ripe for Elsie Dinsmore about thirty years from now."

She strode angrily to a mirror, peered critically at the reflection, then faced me in plain bewilderment.

"You've known me long enough to be honest. You don't have to kid me. Tell me, what do you see?" she asked. "How would you cast me if you had the say-so?"

Our long-standing friendship, begun years ago when Gladys was playing in stock in a small western city and I was an alleged dramatic critic, not yet dry behind the ears, always has privileged me to shoot straight from the shoulder with Gladys. She expects it, and I've done it lots of times and not always in exactly a complimentary way. She always was as willing, perhaps even more so, to listen to sincere criticism as praise.

What did I see? Looking at her with the unbiased eyes of a stranger, I saw a girl whose piquant beauty in its fullness never yet has been shown you on the screen. A girl no older than, say, Joan Crawford. As seductively slim as Myrna Loy. As tall as Claudette Colbert. A girl with more subtle allure, to my way of thinking, than Dietrich and more downright sex appeal than lovely Jean Harlow whom we lost so short a time ago.

Adding it all up, I said, I saw a darned good example of modern stream-lined glamor. Nor was it my judgment alone: I've seen too many men and women alike fall under its spell. Hard-headed business men and women who usually resented that attribute in another woman.

"No," she said bluntly. "I'd be a hypocrite if I tried to pretend that I don't know I have passable beauty of features. That's nothing to get set-up about; so have thousands of other women. More beauty than I. I don't, however, claim to be glamorous, as we know and use the word today, at least in Hollywood. I do know, though, that with the help of the camera I can create the illusion of beauty and that with proper grooming and coiffing, I can create the illusion of glamor. It's one of the tricks of my trade."

I let that pass, even if I knew better. Any woman knows that glamor is like Barrie's definition of charm—you have it or you haven't. It's an [Continued on page 71]

By KAY PROCTOR

Speaking of Glamor—Here's GLADYS!

Gladys George has more of that ummph than most of the numbers in Hollywood. She can out-glamor the most exciting Glamor Girls.
TABLE RESERVED FOR TWO

He may not like to wear a white tie and top hat but he likes you to dress in evening clothes. Florence Rice, appearing in M-G-M’s *Double Wedding*, agrees and does.

If you are partial to white (and he is) and you’re tired of the old ermines why not wear a long white fox cape? Florence Rice wears one over her purple taffeta.

When he suggests dinner and dancing, wear a gown like Florence Rice’s (left) with the new long waistline. The full skirt, shorter in front, is of old rose taffeta. The moulded bodice of black velvet elastic.
Make him feel you are his queen by wearing a long silver fox wrap over a purple crepe dinner gown. Miss Rice wears them, right, and she says the color scheme is very regal.

He will also think you’re a royal girl if you wear mink over purple. Florence Rice, above, wears a mink box coat featuring the new short length sleeves over her purple crepe gown which is very low-cut in back. Left, another royal ensemble selected by Miss Rice is a black velvet dinner gown with a three-quarter length ermine coat. The dress is trimmed with white venetian lace at the waist, sleeves and down the front.
If your eyes are green or you want to make the other girls green-eyed with envy depart from silver fox and wear a luxurious red fox cape like Florence Rice, right. Underneath, Miss Rice wears a black taffeta gown.

The above gown will add a touch of gayety to the party. Made of mouseline de soie in black and white, the full skirt has a wide band of horsehair around the bottom, underneath the hem, to make it stand out. If he dates you for Hallowe'en or Thanksgiving the dress at the left is particularly suitable, the colors being black and orange. Miss Rice's is of black taffeta with an orange ruffle. The waist is tight.
If you have seen Souls at Sea you will agree with us that Olympe Bradna, formerly of the French Casino, is the most promising young actress in Hollywood. Olympe has it in her blood. Her uncle is the ringmaster of Ringling's Circus.

Mary Carlisle must be terribly in love for they say a woman is at her loveliest then and we have never seen Mary looking so gorgeous. With her new make-up and sleek figure, Mary is going to stir Bing's pulse in coming films.
I HOPE for the Best

MAYBE it’s the Irish in Hope Hampton that makes her love a fight. Especially a fight against great odds. A fight that enables her to encompass the impossible.

As, for instance, abandoning a full-blown screen career to battle for eminence in grand opera, and with this triumph won, being lured back to new stardom in the talkies.

Yes, maybe it’s the Irish in her. For Hope is Irish, despite her Texas nativity and her adoption of New York. There’s Killarney blue in her eyes, the golden tints of a Kerry sunrise in her hair, and her skin is smooth and rich as the cream which was spilt by Kitty, of Colerain, and has been sung of ever since.

“It’s the adventure and the struggle of life that makes it interesting.” Hope explains in those low vibrant tones which distinguish her speaking voice. “When existence becomes static, it’s time to get into action. Funny folk, actors. I’m sure I don’t know what’s to be done about us!”

From the beginning, the Hampton horoscope must have been marked by the laws of change. Hope could never stay put. Infused with the ambition that has ever lashed her onward toward real accomplishment, she invaded the deep canyoned city of Gotham. She tackled the calloused giant alone, armed only with courage and wit. Beauty, too, she had. But that by itself is a sterile asset. And her talent was an unknown quantity. Even to herself.

One characteristic that distinguished the Titian-tressed girl then as it does now, was her firm belief in the necessity for thorough preparation for the future. There’s no hit-or-miss element in the Hampton success. Her castle stands on solid rock. Others have dared the shifting sands and found disaster. But not Hope Hampton. Her first move in the direction of a seemingly distant objective was entrance into Sargent’s Dramatic School, from whence many a school-girl had found a path to stardom. So it was with Hope Hampton.

When the school gave its play in the Empire Theatre, she was among those who trod the historic boards. That she faced these first footlights in telling fashion is indicated by the event that followed. In the audience were producers and directors from both stage and screen. Before Hope left her dressing-room after the final curtain, she had her choice of theatre or studio. She chose motion pictures.

EVEN as now the screen and its people moved in an atmosphere of greater glamour. Its stars were fabulous persons that filled the dreams of the multitude with romantic shadows. There was the incurable Garbo,

【Continued on page 74】

Hope Hampton comes back to the screen to give voice to the best musicals, past and present

By SHAUN DENNIS
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

With a spot of tea, Wally Beery hopes his troubles are over. He accidentally shot himself, acting a two-gun role, and daughter, Carol, was threatened by kidnappers.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S just shaken his now-all-white thatch (it's black only when he dyes it that way for a picture) from side-to-side in his perennial denial. It's the same old denial: He is NOT—
(a) —going to talk in his next picture, or,
(b) —going to abandon his famous big shoes, be-derbied, rattan-caned tramp character.
Charlie's denial followed Talk-of-Hollywood that he will play a "straight" sophisticated role opposite Paulette Goddard in the picture he's writing for her, and which is to go before the cameras come New Year's or so.

As a matter of fact, it may be years before you see Charlie on the screen again—because he says he will produce two Paulette pix before making another himself.
And take it from your faithful old Hollywood keyhole-peeper, it's a pretty good bet that Charlie himself will never make another film...! Put that in your clarinet and toot it.

Pillow Stuffed?
WOE-OF-THE-MONTH is Bing Crosby's equator. He can't keep it under control. He diets; oh, how he diets. But the girth-rate goes up. Paramount wonders how many more belt-notches before romance weakens...?

Collecting Lip Prints Now
NEWEST fad in Hollywood is collecting lipstick-wipers-offers, or waddever you call those little crepe-paper morsels the gals use to remove excess lip rouge.

Discovering that Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Myrna Loy use a lip-adjustment technique that gives a quite-perfect cupid's-bow effect on the discarded paper, autograph fans have now added the collection of these trophies to their routine.

Joan—Broadway Bound
TALKING of Joan, here's a straight tip: La Crawford is but-definitely planning to quit the screen in 1938. She's going to take a whirl at the Broadway stage. The inside is that she even has her play all picked out. How long she'll stay off the screen depends on how good she makes on the stage.

Clara "It" Is Back
BACK to Hollywood in a burst of red-headed vitality comes the Ittest gal the screen ever produced—Clara Bow herself. With hubby Rex Bell and her

Sylvia Sidney has retired from Hollywood and movies for a time. She stars in the Broadway play, To Quito and Back
Dorothy Lamour has become so associated with South Sea films that she uses South Sea atmosphere for her play-room.

"Well, I'll show you where I come from," says Bob Burns. "It's down there where my finger is pointin' in Van Buren, Arkansas. An' that's me and my bazooka." The map decorates a wall of Bob's new home. He's in Wells Fargo.

HOLLYWOOD

three-year-old kiddie. Clara skyrocketed back from the gargantuan cattle ranch that sprawls over the California-Nevada state line, and on which Hubby Rex raises steers. Tired of ranch life, Clara has bought out one of Hollywood's niteries—the once-named "Cinnabar" in the Plaza Hotel. She's renamed it "The

Frank Shields, who gave his all in a long kiss screen test, appears in Food for Scandal.

Ida Lupino and John Boles are brought together as a new team in Fight for Your Lady.
Joy Hodges' beauty and figure appeared in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*. She's in the Broadway musical, *I'd Rather Be Right*

IT Cafe" and Clara, herself, hair as fiery as ever, and with pounds off her once-too-curvacious hips, even carves a slice of roast beef for her best-friend patrons, while Rex dishes out oysters.

Not only that, but Clara right now is dickering with Grand National films to make a screen comeback. She's had tests and they turned out just as hot as ever. Only hurdle is that Clara wants more money than G-N wants to pay.

**Ay Tank Ay Lose Toothbrush**

**TALKING** about stars' ex-homes—when Neil Hamilton moved back into the house he'd leased to Greta Garbo while he was in Europe, he discovered that the Garbo had left a toothbrush behind ...! Neil doesn't know whether to return it to her, hang it over his own mantelpiece, or send it to the Smithsonian Institution.

**In The Harlow Home**

**UNSUPERSTITIOUS** are the William Gargans. They have bought the house where Jean Harlow was living when she died. Real estate men feared the house would be an unsaleable jinx.

**Judy's Lucky Number**

**SUPERSTITIOUS?** Is 13 your UN-lucky number? Then envy Judy Garland—it's her GOOD-luck number—She signed her first M-G-M contract on the 13th of the month.

She was 13 years old. She got a gift bracelet from Clark Gable with 13 charms on it; and Mary Garden gave her a 13-diamond-studded jade ornament. And to top it, they previewed her newest hit, *Broadway Melody of 1938*, on the 13th—and a Friday-the-13th, at that!

**Life In Ha-Ha-Ha-Hollywood**

When one of the stenogs on the Warner lot first saw Errol Flynn wearing his *Robin Hood* goatee, she burst into tears, she was that heartbroken ... or maybe she's just ticklish ... Basil Rathbone collects "significant" shoes ... he has a boot once worn by Charles I, an ancient Irish brogue (that's a boot, not a dialect), a pair of Egyptian sandals, and things like that ... how handy for weddings! ... Doug McPhail collects miniature anchors, but he's afraid to have it publicized lest some gagster send him a full-sized Normandie anchor, express collect ... Bob Montgomery just can't eat lunch or dinner without having two full-sized stalks of celery with it! ... they've been next-door neighbors for two whole years, but Fred Astaire and Charlie Chaplin have never spoken to each other ... when she's scared, Carole Lombard's ankles knock together! ... taking a census from her fan-mail, Claudette Colbert learns that there are at least 56 children named after her—latest is Claudette Colbert Lapidus of New York; oddest is Claudette Wu Sing of China ... Stu Erwin lives in a closely-built part of
Beverly Hills, yet he has 18 dogs at his home. Mary Maguire has just sent to Australia, where she hails from, for her pet kangaroo. She says she's going to walk it right down Hollywood Boulevard. When Lynne O'Verman tried to outwit autograph hunters by wearing his right arm in a sling while entering and leaving the studio gate, he failed to reckon on the fans' keenness. They all knew he was left-handed, so he had to sign anyway! Garbo just hates electric lights, so her new home is candlelit from dining-room to bedroom.

[Continued on page 89]
Song Hits Come from the Movies Now

The song hits come from the movies now. So bring on your tunes, boys, radio and dance bands will give them to the world.

When Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart returned to Hollywood a few months ago they effected a revolution of musical films. They call themselves “musical dramatists,” a title which the studios recognized as significant.

The new vogue in film musicals is an old purpose to Rodgers and Hart, one they tried to put across on the west coast five years ago, but it took dozens of the wrong kind of tunes pictures and at least one excessively costly lesson to bring the movie moguls around to the R and H idea.

At least three times since the advent of the talkies, musical pictures have been “through” in Hollywood. And yet, as long as there’s a screen and a film theatre there will be orchestras and singers in the California studios. The trouble, as Dick Rodgers and Larry Hart tried to point out to the producers as far back as 1932, has been not with music in the movies, but the wrong kind of musical productions. Only it has taken four years for those who ought to know to “find that out.”

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart are the Gilbert & Sullivan of the western world. As musical dramatists they collaborated on The King and the Chorus Girl.

Four years these two composers whose hits have been sung in every tongue all over the world have protested against the inopportune injection of songs into a picture just because the hero or the heroine could sing. When the poor composer viewed his brain child on the screen it was crowded into a minute of an impossible situation with the hero crooning it under a weeping willow tree to the accompaniment of a thirty-two piece orchestra although, to be consistent with the plot and locale, the nearest piano would have had to be ten miles away.

Knowing what ought to go into a musical film and getting the producer to see it their way were two entirely different things—until this year. And now Hollywood has come around to the Rodgers and Hart theories, or so Dick and Larry hope.

It was in 1930 that they were first called West, the salary inducement being a little better than alluring. They had been engaged to write...
Irving Berlin is recognized as the greatest song writer of them all. He wrote the music for Top Hat, On the Avenue, the score for Hot Heiress which turned out a cold proposition for just as they were hitting their stride an edict went forth: "No more musical films!"

So Rodgers and Hart went back to New York and gave the stage what the movies wouldn't have—A Connecticut Yankee—with songs that swept the country and are still being heard with relish. Eventually time softened their resentment for Hollywood. Also the second offer was for more money than the first and there was the chance that things might have changed musically in Hollywood. Their hopes were justified. They were assigned to do Love Me Tonight with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. Not once during their sojourn did any supervisor query why they hadn't in any single lyric rhymed "moon" with "tune," which made them feel that maybe there was something to these Hollywood contracts after all.

The Phantom President with George M. Cohan followed, then Mississippi with Bing Crosby, Manhattan Melodrama, some new numbers for The Merry Widow and Dancing Pirates came in due course. Meanwhile the stock of the composing duo was rising higher because of notable contributions to each theatrical season.

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Believe you us, Ray Milland of London, was down to his last dime. Then came Movie Luck and the GIRL

By IDA ZEITLIN

IT IS probably news to most of you, as it was to me, that Ray Milland—that young Britisher who combines the best features of Lord Chesterfield and Old Nick—fathered a stillborn movie career before launching the current effort which threatens to send him breezing along to stardom.

"I came back," he'll tell you, "because I missed the California orange juice. And because I couldn't get the damn laundries in England to do up my collars properly." Then he'll turn plaintive. "You know the London soot? You put on a shirt in the morning, and by midday—" He jerks out a cuff, and his grimace tells you the rest.

What actually brought him back was that he couldn't endure separation from his wife.

On the screen his hair stays decorously where it belongs. I saw him on the red-letter day, when he and his wife had broken ground for the house they've dreamed of. One dark lock kept falling over his forehead. His hazel eyes glittered. Sitting and talking quietly enough, there was yet an indefinable bounce about him that communicated his own exhilaration to you.

He's naturally buoyant and devil-may-care. Something—happily, not too much—of the latter quality was washed out of him when he fell in love. He learned that life is occasionally real and earnest. He learned that money can sometimes be put to sturdier uses than reckless spending.

At sixteen he decided that his free spirit had submitted long enough to the trammels of home and school, so he ran off to sea. Six months on a potato boat taught him that the sea carries its own restrictions. But since school was more than ever out of the question for a boy who had seen the world, he went to work on his uncle's stock ranch. There he learned to do everything that can be done with a horse, which

When Ray set eyes upon Muriel (non-profesh) it was love at first sight. Now Mr. and Mrs.

[Continued on page 77]

For Orange Juice, Clean Shirts...

and a GIRL
Now this New Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"
Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely."
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin."

Treatment with Pond's new "skin-

vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Motion Picture 51
PICTURE

STAGE DOOR

AAA-

An excellent stage play makes even a better picture—with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers sharing stellar honors. Telling a very human story which sparkles with fine dialogue, it carries on in a very natural manner as it's lived in a theatrical boarding-house. It is powered with first-rate situations and characters as it revolves around its theme of two girls trying to make good in the theatre. They face the future seriously—one because she has to make good—she is determined to. The incidents developing from the theme provide vivid glimpses into the lives of girls who suffer for their art. It is emblazoned with plenty of humor. The scenarists have done a good job in the adaptation, peopling the story with picturesque characters, and knitting the action so that it consists rivets your attention. Both stars give outstanding performances, and they are assisted by a perfectly rounded cast, consisting of Adolphe Menjou, Gail Patrick, Constance Collier, Franklin Pangborn and Andrea Leeds.—RKO-Radio.

DOUBLE WEDDING

AAA-

Double Wedding will do more to further thefad of light comical entertaining pictures than any other production to date. The cast, headed by that gay team Myrna Loy and William Powell, turns a performance second to none. The preview crowd rolled in the aisles at the antics of Jessie Ralph, John Beal and Sydney Toler. The plot, what there was of it, had to do with the romance of a rather campy youth (John Beal) and the girl in question (Florence Rice) and the older sister (Myrna Loy) put on a domineering attitude toward any and everything the young couple attempted. Myrna portrayed the more typical business girl (more than typical because such people exist in movies only) who has never had a romance and can't. or knows nothing other than work, work, work. Of course, when Powell appears on the scene as a happy-go-lucky half-baked portrait painter, the whole thing takes on a different color... but the climax is just where it ought to be... the last few minutes of the picture. For romance, gaiety, laughter and the stuff of which life is made, see Double Wedding; it's one of the best!—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MADAME X

AAA-

Some eight or nine years ago the producers made a silent version of this picture— with Ruth Chatterton as the star. Now it comes forth again as a tear-jerker with sound—and Gladys George as the star light. The lurid story has done yeoman service and never fails to establish its protagonist as an emotional character of the first order. Miss George gives a moving performance. She should keep a femme patron's handkerchief constantly at hand the eyes. The plot is rather out-moded now, and remains practically unchanged. We still respond to the crying woman, cast off by her puritanical husband, sinks to the depths of degeneration. And on to the famous courtroom scene where the woman's son, now grown up after a long time's absence, defends his mother on a murder charge though he believes her not guilty. His dramatic plea for her life is the high spot of the picture—and John Beal deserves much praise for the feeling he puts into the character. The supporting cast is adequate. It's a tear-jerker which has its moments.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CARD INDEX OF
**FIRST LADY**

A first-rate dish of nonsense along whimsical comedy lines is furnished in this take-off on Washington (the city, not the father of our country). It punctures the stuffiness of the Washington bigwigs—as well as some of the lesser luminaries hanging on the fringe. Kay Francis, playing the grand-daughter of a president, is the wife of a state secretary for whom she fosters presidential ambitions. And before she calls it a day—and by the time the story reaches a climax, Kay is in for all kinds of social intrigue. The picture is shot through with humor—and most of it generates plenty of laughs. For such a story it needed clever characterization. It has received such from Verree Teasdale, Walter Connolly, Gregory Gaye, Preston Foster, Victor Jory, Anita Louise, Grant Mitchell and several others—all of whom give finely tempered performances. The picture will appeal to smart, intelligent audiences. It’s one comedy that’s different.—*Warner Bros.*

**THE FIREFLY**

A colorful costume musical takes shape here—which is entitled to much praise despite the innumerable length of the story. On its melodic frame rests the interest—and why not with Rudolf Friml’s score being so lilttle and catchy as sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones? The picture is beautifully mounted, and while you follow its romantic development you are apt to become just bored because of the plot ramifications. Jeanette MacDonald is never in better voice. She gives the fullest expression to the Friml melodies. And Allan Jones also rises to the vocal heights in his rendition of several songs. The action takes place in Madrid and across the French border and projects a deal of intrigue before the lovers are reunited at the end. One thing about the story is its plausibility. This means that the plot has a meaning and is not used merely to introduce a musical dressing. The picture has background and surely is one of the better achievements. If it moved a bit faster and told less plot it would have no faults.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

**ANGEL**

Angel is a triangle which has its points, for Paramount has taken an age-old plot and given it a new angle. And there is La Dietrich, who is the wife of an important English official. He is constantly away from home on government affairs. So she rebels to the extent of taking a short trip to Paris, where she accidentally meets Melvyn Douglas who falls violently in love with her, since she insists on remaining incognito, he gives her the name of “Angel.” Later, Melvyn Douglas and Dietrich’s husband, Herbert Marshall, meet in England. In reminiscing over their mutual war experiences, they become close friends. The sub-sequent series of events and extreme tension before the final discovery of the Paris interlude between Dietrich and Douglas, holds the rapt attention of the audience. Comedy sequences in volving the back-scene activities of a staid English household are cleverly handled by Edward Everett Horton, Ernest Cossette, Laura Hope Crews and Herbert Mundin.—*Paramount.*
If You Won't Talk Turkey

Substitute these delicious, delectable dishes

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

IF YOU don't want turkey, around what other meat shall you plan your holiday dinner? You may not like turkey, delicious and traditional as it is; or your small family may not be equal to turkey-the-third-day, with visions of its later transfiguration into hash and soup; or you may be such a popular individual that you will be invited out constantly over the holidays, and know that you will be served turkey everywhere else; or you may have to face that dreadful person, A. BUDGET, and thus exert your wiles to thwart or mollify him. Well, for whatever the reason, if you don't want turkey, here are many suggestions for feasting at home on other fare.

Take the Crown Roast of Pork. Yes, take it from your butcher, after he has neatly and dexterously tied together an entire pork loin and so shaved the rib bones that they stand up like points of a crown, ready to be decorated with food jewels such as cranberries, tiny beets or carrots. The spacious hollow center of the crown roast of course is just waiting to be stuffed to bursting with a grand and glorious holiday dressing of raisins or of rich oysters and Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Roast carefully and baste often, and you can't fail to be proud of your very, very regal meat.

SHREDDED WHEAT DRESSING

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup butter} & & 1 \text{ cup oysters, coarsely chopped} \\
\frac{1}{4} \text{ cup onion, minced} & & 1 \text{ tablespoon poultry seasoning} \\
& & 2 \text{ tablespoons parsley, minced} \\
& & 1 \text{ cup cooked rice} \\
& & \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup giblet stock or hot water} \\
& & 6 \text{ Shredded Wheat Biscuits, crumbled fine} \\
& & \text{Salt, pepper}
\end{align*}
\]

Melt butter in skillet, add onions and celery, and saute until golden brown. Add cooked rice and Shredded Wheat crumbs together with oysters. Combine poultry seasoning and parsley in hot stock, together with salt and pepper, and mix well. Add to first mixture, and mix together thoroughly. Use as stuffing for fowl or roast pork or veal. (Shredded mushrooms may be substituted for oysters. Add more liquid if more moist dressing is desired.)

CHICKEN or fowl, while common enough for every Sunday, may be companied with an unusual dressing. For after all, just as it is with frocks, it's the accessories that count. Take even the plainest dress, but wear it with a charming fresh collar, novel handbag and matching shoes and gloves, and the accessories "make" the dress. So we may, in speaking of foods, say that the stuffing, the garnish and the relishes served with meats really "make" the meal. (And it is with this thought in mind that I prepared the special holiday leaflet on novel stuffings and a marvelous relish, which I hope you'll let me send you free of charge.)

Use chicken then, or capon, and stuff it with a delicious new dressing. Serve it with some... [Continued on page 62]
RESUMING a career that was interrupted four years ago when she fell in love, blonde Barbara Roberts today is on her way to celluloid fame. And this time she is determined to let nothing stop her. Once before she was just getting a good start up the film ladder. Having appeared in Earl Carroll's 'Tambourines in New York, she was signed for the feminine lead opposite George Walsh in an independent western that led to a contract and a trip to Hollywood. Soon afterwards the company went out of business and Barbara found herself wondering what to do next.

Two days later she became one of the Goldwyn Girls in 'Eddie Cantor's Strike Me Pink' that was when Cupid stepped in to alter her life. The company was working on Thanksgiving Day but Barbara decided she was going to have her Thanksgiving dinner just the same. So early in the afternoon she walked off the set hurried through the casting office stepped into her car and started to drive off. Casting Director Bobby Webb saw her and asked where she was going. "Home to my Thanksgiving dinner," she replied. Bobby told her she couldn't. She insisted she was going to anyway. A terrific argument ensued. Early the next week Webb called her and invited her to dinner. Three dinners later they were engaged. And on September 16, 1933, they were married in Beverly Hills. Bobby wanted his wife to give up her career--he figured that one member of the family in the movie racket was enough--so Barbara gave it up. But the desire to make a name for herself finally got the upper hand, and bit by bit she coaxed friend hubby into letting her go back to work. First it was just doing plays in Ben Bard's Little Theatre. Then she was back before the cameras again, first playing a bit in Walter Wanger's 'Vogues of 1938' and then a more important role in Wanger's 'Stand-In.' With that as a start she already is on her way up and you'll be seeing her name in electric lights before many months have passed. She has what it takes to get there--determination, personality, a photographic face, good figure and acting ability. Besides that she's very romantic and has a terrific temper. Both excellent assets for exhibiting emotion on the screen--when properly controlled.

Born and raised in Philadelphia, where she attended public schools, Barbara, now 23, was offered her first stage job at the age of 15. That was a chorus job in the Ziegfeld Follies. But her mother wouldn't listen to her leaving school at that time so she tackled her text books and forgot about acting or dancing until after graduation.

PEARLS cast a spell of romance...

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HELLER - DELTAH CO.
New York - Los Angeles
James Cagney and Evelyn Daw give you Something to Sing About, their new film

Victoria the Great—AAA½—A striking, impressive drama depicting the reign of England’s most beloved queen. Done with much feeling and sincerity and given a lavish production this appeal to the emotions in a manner which most historical films fail. It winds up with a beautiful Technicolor sequence, Anna Neagle is most effective in the title role and Anton Walbrook as Albert, her consort; matches her splendid performance.—W.H.R.X.

Something to Sing About—AAA—Victor Schertzinger’s lilting tunes, James Cagney’s versatility and an interesting story about Hollywood itself gives Grand National something to sing about. The yarn reveals the Hollywood process of building a star. The villain one Thaddeus McGillicuddy (James Cagney) a song and dance man. Which, incidentally, offers Cagney the opportunity to display his acting talents. Evelyn Dav, a newcomer, is the lady in his life.—Grand National.

Wife, Doctor and Nurse—AAA—Loretta Young, Warner Baxter and Virginia Bruce in a smart triangle. The plot is laid against a hospital backdrop with Miss Bruce in the role of the doctor’s able assistant and Miss Young as his sociable wife. A clever comedy with brilliant dialogue and a very surprising climax. The principals are excellent in their parts.—20th Century-Fox.

Music for Madame—AAA—A light, pleasing romance with a touch of melodrama and an abundance of delightful music. Vino Martinis charming personality plus his musical ability is reason enough to include this on your “must see” list, but even if you are not a Martinis addict you will find this highly entertaining. Besides, there’s Joan Fontaine who surprises with her vocal accompagnement in duets. Gordon MacRae and Gene Kaa are credited with the music and lyrics.—RKO-Radia.

Big City—AA½—the highlight of this film, as it is in any picture in which he appears, is Spencer Tracy’s grand performance. The main story is an original by Norman Krasna with a rocketeer angle, using a taxicab war for emotional effect. It is loaded with action, particularly when Tracy’s wife performance is not comparable with Tracy’s brilliant dramatics.—RKO-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This Way, Please—AA½—Boy-meets-girl yarn staged as a musical comedy serves for Mary Livington’s screen debut. Miss Livingston enthralls in her radio style and Betty Grable and Buddy Rogers carry the romance. The person

Tovarich

The play everyone has heard about, will soon appear as a movie—starring glamorous Claudette Colbert and handsome Charles Boyer. The story version of the film, in all its sparkling charm, is one of the many big feature functions in Movie Stars Magazine for December. You won’t want to miss it.

Other topnotch Hollywood productions presented in story form include Hurricane, Samuel Goldwyn’s dramatic new million-dollar spectacle; Live, Love and Learn, starring Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell; A Girl With Ideas, with Wendy Barrie and Walter Pidgeon, and Bad Man of Deadwood starring Wallace Beery and Virginia Bruce.

Better get your copy of Movie Stars Magazine now—10c at all newsstands.

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DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION DECEMBER MOTION PICTURE 57
When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss."

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

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William Dieterle
Director of The Life of Emile Zola

This is an EXPOSE! When these pictures are listed in the select circle of the ten best box-office pictures of last year—and these are directed by ONE man, it is an achievement seldom, if ever, recorded in motion picture history. And, if the pessimistic predictions of studio wiseacres that these pictures would flop because they were too scientific were "true" the director's achievement is nothing short of a miracle.

These pictures were The Story of Louis Pasteur, The White Angel and A Midsummer Night's Dream. In this year of 1937, the director has made his greatest picture, The Life of Emile Zola, again starring the brilliant actor, Paul Muni. The director is William Dieterle. Due to his extraordinary ability to stay behind the spotlight, this man is less known to picture fans than any of our leading directors. In this vignette, we plan to paint a word-picture of a man, who is now one of the leaders among the creative thinkers and doers in motion pictures.

William Dieterle is the "noblest Roman of them all." Six-feet-four-inches tall, of athletic physique, his appearance makes him a singularly dominating figure of a man. He is a personality of strange contrasts. To explain the "noblest Roman," William Dieterle was born in Germany, yet he is literally of Roman origin. Mark you, we said "Roman," not "Italian." He has raven-black hair, an olive complexion, and the finely-chiselled features of a Latin. Born in the Palatine, along the river Rhine (the most romantic region in Germany), Dieterle comes of his Roman ancestry honestly because it was in the Palatine that Caesar's legions conquered the Teutonic tribes and settled down to live. Visitors on his sets at the Warner studio have mistaken him for an actor because of his striking appearance. This is not at all odd when one considers that five years ago the Warners brought Dieterle, then a noted stage and screen actor-director in Germany, to Hollywood as a potential American picture star.

Yet he was never to ACT in a single Hollywood production! Instead he directed and acted in three German versions of successful American pictures. These were so good that he was entrusted with the direction of Richard Barthesmes, who, at that time, was one of our most popular stars, in The Last Flight. Dieterle, the man who played Donnat and Bruno on the stage; Ludvig, the Mad King of Bavaria, and other great screen roles in Germany—the actor who might have meant as much to the screen as Charles Boyer or Charles Laughton because of his romantic appearance and talent—was destined to achieve fame as a director.

We know that Dieterle has no regrets because he is essentially a creator, rather than a mime. Yet fame doesn't mean nearly as much to him as the pride of artistic achievement.

He might be called a practical idealist. He is usually willing to direct two so-called "B" pictures for the producers in exchange for the opportunity to make a Louis Pasteur or an Emile Zola. The Life of Beethoven will probably be his next important production.

In the privacy of his secluded life, we reveal Dieterle as a study in contrasts. Like most dreamers, he is an inveterate bookworm. He not only owns one of the finest libraries of classical and contemporary literature, chiefly American, German, French, English and Chinese, and is an authority—yet he finds time also to exercise daily like a college athlete. He swims each day, summer and winter; hikes over the trails of the Hollywood foothills—and plays a blistering game of badminton.

Gigantic in size, yet he consumes less food than the average person. A glass of fruit juice for breakfast; a romaine salad, bran muffin and water for luncheon; and, vegetables for dinner. Meat seldom, almost never.

He is usually clad in an old sweater or jacket, a pair of plain trousers, and a shirt. He dislikes fancy clothes intensely. He hates monogrammed lounging robes, handkerchiefs, under-wear and shirts. Likewise, gadgets which are designed to hold this or that in the precise position decreed by fashion.

William Dieterle's Life of Emile Zola will probably win the Academy Award as the best picture of 1937. His courtroom scene of Zola on trial is magnificent drama.
Romance never came her way

...until she learned this lovelier way to avoid offending...
FRAGRANT BATHS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

WHY RISK OFFENDING?
Don't forget that nothing gets you "in the wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely scented soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—ever!

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That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean...so fragrantly dainty!

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And how much more alluring—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's sublime way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle way! For Cashmere Bouquet's sublime way!...gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

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Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx on corns, sores, sore spots, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster in any desired size or shape and apply it. Economical. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c Stores. Sample and FOOT Booklet free. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 54, Chicago.

KUROTEx

FOOT PLASTER

YOUR WITNESS

on the STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. How much does it cost a studio to send a company out on location?

A. Well, take The Adventures of Marco Polo, for example. The actual location cost of that picture was $20,000 a day, and that figure does not include salaries of principals, set costs or costs of lighting, film and transportation.

Q. How long has Lionel Barrymore been acting?

A. For fifty-nine years. His mother, Georgia Drew, started him on the stage when he was an infant in arms.

Q. How much are Hollywood stunt men paid?

A. It depends on the stunt. The more dangerous or difficult a stunt is the more the man gets, but the smallest check a stunt man can receive is $35.

Q. How old is C. Aubrey Smith?

A. He is seventy-four. He was born in London on July 21, 1863.

Q. In the old silent days, I once visited a film studio and was amazed at the faked and flimsy sets. Are they built stronger now?

A. Oh my, yes. Notice the six-terrace night club set in The Awful Truth. Each terrace was strong enough to support a two-ton camera crane, a ton of sound equipment and the weight of dozens of actors, technicians and lights—AND all without squeaking. Today, the construction of even the most modest cinema cottage equals that in a $100,000 home. The reasons are desire for realism and safety, and the appalling case with which a microphone picks up even the smallest squeak.

Q. Are there any silent pictures made now in Hollywood?

A. Yes, but they aren't silent when they reach your theatre. M-G-M alone makes thirty-six silent pictures a year. These include the Pete Smith specialties and the Robert Benchley shorts. The dialogue and sound effects are added after a simple, microphone-less camera catches the action.

Q. What stars are the nicest and easiest to work with?

A. According to the extras—who ought to know—the tops in good temper, consideration and generosity are William Powell, Gary Cooper, Paul Muni, Tyrone Power, Warner Baxter, Clark Gable, Eddie Cantor and James Cagney for the men. For the women, Marion Davies, Myrna Loy, May Robson, Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell and Jean Parker.

Q. Who designed the costumes for Stella Dallas and how many were there?

A. Omar Kiam designed one-hundred-and-twenty-two gowns: thirty-three for Barbara Stanwyck, twenty-seven for Anne Shirley and twenty-two for Barbara O'Neil. He designed forty additional gowns for supporting players.

Q. Was the resort-hotel set seen in Topper as big and elaborate as it seemed to be on the screen?

A. That particular set took up all the space of Hal Roach's new sound stage . . . 180 feet by 120 feet. The ceilings were forty feet high, and it required ten miles of satin to drape them. There were more than 200 feet of ornamental railings made of glass.
Rainer Is Not High Hat

[Continued from page 32]

language is one reason, and a sufficient explanation of many misconceptions about the little Rainer.

The other reason is that she is honest, I mean, literally honest. The dictionary definition of the word. Which includes, among other meanings, "free from fraud." This may seem an academic explanation, but it isn't. There are so very few people who are genuinely honest. And honest people invite disaster. They say what they mean—and what they mean is not always, nor often, what you want them to mean. And then there is trouble.

AN HONEST person doesn't reason as other people do. Luise, for instance, has the idea that when people tell her unflattering things they do so because they care for her or they wouldn't take the trouble to be honest with her. And so, when she tells people unflattering things she does so for the same reason—she cares for them and so would not give them anything less than the intrinsic truth.

It may be a little mad to be this honest. It may even be a little dumb. I don't know. That phase of it I won't attempt to explain. All I know is that Rainer is honest, like that and either doesn't know how to be any other way or just couldn't be any other way.

Just recently I was in Luise's dressing-room on the Big City set and a friend of hers came in, wearing a new outfit. She said: "How do you like my suit, dear?" Luise gave it a careful survey, then said: "I think it is terrible. I do not like you in that color. It makes you look so—so muddy." The girl was peevish. Luise was surprised. She said: "But you ask for what I think and I tell you. I think you want to go around looking all the time muddy."

There are these "Children of Nature," you know, these "enfants terribles" who tell the truth and shame the Devil. We've all heard of them. There is one to about every five million. Luise is one of them.

WITHIN the past year the studio bought a story for Luise, a story she especially wanted to do. Politics, the ambitions and demands of another star took the story away from Luise. The day the picture went into production the "winning" star sent Luise a basket of flowers and a note saying she was sorry things had worked out as they had, she hoped Luise would understand. . . . Luise told everyone how sweet Miss . . . was to send her flowers. She did not perceive that right there might have been a tiny thorn of malicious triumph concealed among the roses. She said: "But there are other good parts . . . she did not need to feel concern . . . what is one story?"

Subtle in her emotions as an actress, because she loses herself completely and enters into the body, the heart, the temperament of the character she is playing, Luise, in real life, is as natural as a child. She is as direct as sun or rain; following, without equivocation, its predetermind pattern.

She has, also like a child, very, very definite likes and dislikes. When she dislikes a person she seems to have no means of concealing that dislike. She will stick out her tongue, run out of the room, refuse to talk, avoid those she dislikes. When, on

[Continued on page 70]
If You Won't Talk Turkey

[Continued from page 54]

delightfully contrasting relish as given below, and your simple dinner becomes a holiday menu:

**SPICED CRANBERRIES**

2 cups sugar
2 cups water
4 cups (1 pound) cranberries
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated orange peel

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries, and boil without stirring another 5-8 minutes, until the skins pop. Add spices, juice and rind. Remove from fire when popping stops. Allow sauce to remain undisturbed until cool. Serve very chill with hot or cold meats.

**BREAST-O-CHICKEN**

Before leaving the holiday possibilities of chicken, I must give you a choice treasured recipe of Jeanette MacDonald. It is one of those too, too heavenly dishes which you will want to serve often:

**JEANETTE MACDONALD'S BONED SQUAB CHICKEN**

3 small chickens (1 1/2 pounds each)
3 sweet potatoes, cooked
6 marshmallows, quartered
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
grains white pepper
grains paprika
1/4 cup melted butter
1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup orange juice

Carefully remove all breast meat from chicken, giving 6 portions. Mix sweet potatoes and marshmallows, and blend well, mashing with cinnamon, pepper and paprika. Arrange this stuffing on each chicken breast, and sew or skewer meat together. Mix 1/4 cup butter with cream, and baste stuffed meat. Place pieces in baking pan, and bake about 30 minutes, moderate oven (375°F) until tender and browned. Baste frequently with remaining butter blended with orange juice. Serve with orange sherbet. (Utilize remaining chicken in stew or soup.)

**RABBIT**

Rabbit is another suggestion for holiday dinner and when well prepared, a baked or braised rabbit (cooked like a pot roast under moist heat) is a dish for an epicure, particularly if it is served with wine sauce, or cranberry or apple sauce to cut the rich flavor of the meat and lessen the fat. One of the newer electric casserole is just the thing in which to roast or braise rabbit. The delicious high game flavor and the inexpensive price of rabbit meat make it a desirable food to be served frequently during the winter season.

Shoulder of veal is familiar to many, and treated with an interesting stuffing and sauce, it is rich, luscious and economical. So treat your family to this raisin stuffing, guaranteed to make a feast from left-overs, if need be!

**RAISIN STUFFING**

1 cup ripe olives, sliced
3/4 cup seedless raisins

3 cups celery, chopped
3 cups cooked white or brown rice
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon sage
pepper

Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly, and stuff into meat "pocket." Serve with ham, pork or other meats.

And by the way, before I forget it, don't fail to serve either a refreshing cranberry cocktail or a fruit cup before your heavy roast meats. These cool acid drinks or appetizers prepare the digestion to handle more easily the heavier dinners of the holiday season. And how easy it is to prepare a fruit cocktail like this one:

**CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL**

4 cups cranberries
4 cups water
1/2 cup granulated sugar

Cook berries and water about 5 minutes or until skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. Return juice to saucepan and bring to scald. Add sugar, and boil 2 minutes longer. Chill. Serve "straight," or combine with ginger-ale, sparkling water etc. Or, use as base for holiday punch bowls.

Or a fruit cup like this one:

**CRANBERRY COCKTAIL GRAPEFRUIT CUP**

3 grapefruit
2 cups Cranberry Juice Cocktail

Remove grapefruit segments, remove pulp, and place in small glasses. Fill with Cranberry Cocktail. Serve very chill. (Canned grapefruit sections may be substituted for fresh.)

Another grand contrast to baked meats is sherbet. For this purpose, make your sherbet of cranberries, elder, lime or grapefruit juice, and just see how refreshing this tastes alongside your holiday meat course.

**HAM**

Ham done in the grand manner is another festive meat, especially when baked whole, garnished with sugar and spice, and flanked by choice sections of pineapple. The whole ham bakes slowly, and gives generously for its cost, as it can be utilized to the last slice and crumb. For the small family or two-some, it is well to buy a canned small ham, and then just heat it in the oven, sprinkling with the traditional sugar and spice. But when serving a lot of people, don’t forget a whole fresh ham, which doesn’t break the bank either! Choose a 12-pound fresh ham but, and roast very slowly. Let it cool in its own juices before slicing. Serve with fruit relishes, baked stuffed apples, or orange-raisin relish (recipe given in special leaflet).

And now for duck, squab or guinea-hen! The duck dinner is another perfect choice for the smaller holiday dinner. Roast or braise ducks after filling them with peanut or wild rice or celery-almond stuffing. Serve with orange cranberry currant jelly sauce, and wait for your guests to rave.
CELEY-ALMOND STUFFING

4 cups toasted bread crumbs
1½ cups celery, diced
¼ cup celery leaves, shredded
¼ cup whole blanched almonds
3 tablespoons melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½-¾ cup milk

Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. (Makes 6-7 cups stuffing, sufficient for 2 ducks).

And here is that famous orange sauce for duck, the favorite, by the way, of Robert Taylor, whose mother makes it often when he visits her:

ROBERT TAYLOR'S ORANGE SAUCE (for Duck)

½ cup rich brown duck gravy
1 cup rich brown stock
salt, pepper
1 teaspoon onion, minced
juice 1 orange
1 tablespoon gravy
½ orange rind, shredded fine

To make brown stock, previously boil poultry bones, herb bouquet, etc. Combine strained gravy from roasting pan with stock, add salt, pepper and onion, and bring to a boil. Skim if necessary. Add orange juice, wine and shaved rind, and heat, but do not cook. Serve immediately.

Toby Wing greets Eleanor Fisher, winner of True Confessions Magazine contest to find a "Miss Typical America." Both are in Carole Lombard's True Confession

NOW all ye holiday cooks and merry makers, here are some jottings from the kitchen note book of a seasoned housewife: Approximately 1 cup of stuffing to 1 pound of poultry is a good proportion.

To give poultry a fine even brown, first brush it generously with unsalted fat.

For chicken, allow 30 minutes per pound; for turkey weighing 7 pounds (and stuffing) allow 3 hours; for Turkey weighing 18 pounds when stuffed, allow 5 hours.

For all poultry and roast meats: Bake in very hot oven (500°F) for first 15 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350°F), and continue cooking.

"To stuff," states Mr. Noah Webster, in his famous dictionary, "is to fill the skin by crowding something into it; to press or pack the skin with seasoning." Also, he continues, "to stuff is to eat glutoniously." But whether you are stuffing your holiday meats, or whether this in turn will stuff your guests, be generous with seasonings in all your holiday dishes. The cold weather, the hustle and bustle of Christmas shopping and all holiday activities will enable the caterers to "take it." Sugar and spice, rich relishes and piquant sauces must be called forth from their hiding. If you must stuff, why do it in the high, fine and handsome manner of the Victorians? And if you don't want turkey, be content that a dozen other royal meats are worthy substitutes.

FREE FREE FREE

Let Me Send You the set of 8 Star Stuffings, including Crabmeat Poultry Stuffing, Stuffings for the Kitchenette Cook, and also Cranberry-Orange Relish.

Just mail this coupon on a post card, and send it to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

(This offer expires December 31, 1937)

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...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

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"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 new brilliance to your smile!"

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention December Motion Picture
She's Suzanne Rose, a rival crows from Hollywood guaranteed. It shoe Accept "Our Relations—\[Continued from page 24\]"—STOP—STOP way, Will Cheeks, double youthful! can STOP INFLUENCE looking a in in Saving that wave IVAN ADRIAN in "Our Relations? A Hal Roach Production DON-A-CAP The Original FORM-FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR FITS BETTER is made better lasts longer is more comfortable The Patented Don-a-Cap has been imitated, but never equaled. For complete satisfaction, insist on the original. At stores and beauty shops everywhere, if not obtainable, write . . . A special model at Ten-Cent Stores only. DONA MANUFACTURING CO SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA Just a drop of RUN-R-STOP • That's all you need to save a pair of stockings! Carry a tube of RUN-R-STOP in your purse. Handsome RED & BLACK VANEITY—FREE with each tube—protects it from sharp objects. RUN-R-STOP will stop a snag or run permanently. Will not wash out. Ask for it at any drug store, department, hosiery or shoe store 10c. Include RUN-R-STOP With Your Gift Hesley Camille RUN-R-STOP is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping against advertised theretries. RUN-R-STOP Camille Inc., 43 E. 21 St., N. Y. C. • HOW TO CHARM AND INFLUENCE MEN WITH YOUR FACE and FIGURE Learn, now, the secrets of influencing men and women. Your natural beauty, improved and applied in the right way, will help you win what you want! Want Secrets of Allure? There are Secrets of Attraction that can be yours. Let me show you how to look vital, interesting, compelling, youthful. Let me help you smooth lines of suffering and age from your face! See how quickly my secrets help your double chin, crow feet and neck lines, without special creams, straps, masks, facial surgery! Here’s quick help in rounding out cheeks, making eyes lovelier, smoothing out a corded neck, improving bust, slimming hips! FREE Write today for my absolutely FREE BOOK—"How to Charm With Your Face and Figure". Send Penny postal card or clip this ad, today! Lydia Lane, Inc., 1163 McGee St., Kansas City, Missouri. This Year’s Crop of Misses
at Darryl Zanuck's show shop is Louise Hovick, once better-known as Gypsy Rose Lee, star of the strip-tease. On the screen, she is putting on glamorous clothes, not removing them. The effect is less sensational, but intriguing. Louise definitely has—er—personality. The siren kind. It may take her far.

Then there is Joan Davis, on her way to becoming the most eccentric comedienne in the business. That's an accomplishment, these days. In four pictures, she has risen from eighth billing to second. Next she may be tops.

And the studio is extra-well stocked with promising ingenues. Virginia Field, beautiful Briton—the saucy barmaid of Lloyds of London. Leah Ray—who may get there with a song on her lips. Pauline Moore—ex-artist's model. Mary Rogers—pretty daughter of Will. Marjorie Weaver—movie-magazine beauty contest winner. June Storey. Jayne Regan. And, particularly, Arleen Whelan—who you haven't seen yet. She's being "groomed." But her movie test was the million-dollar kind. It's whispered: She's a younger Janet Gaynor.

At Universal, as at Fox Hills, there is a 1937 movie beginner who already is a star—and has the beauty, the personality and the voice to remain a star. Her second picture, One Hundred Men and a Girl, leaves no doubt of that. Deanna Durbin is here to stay.

Like Deanna, Barbara Read was born in Canada. Like Deanna, she made her movie debut in Three Smart Girls. She also will last. But in a different way. A dramatic way. If it hadn't been for Deanna's singing, Barbara would have stolen their first picture. She did steal The Road Back. At 20, she is a dynamic actress. She won't be an ingenue forever.

Nan Grey, the third of the Three Smart Girls, is 17. A natural blonde, born in Texas. She had no acting ambitions when a talent scout first saw her. Now she is making up for lost time. And Universal is convinced that it has a package of blonde dynamite in Dorothea Kent—free, blonde and 21. Started her career at seven, as a dancer. That partly explains her figure; Providence explains the rest. She is a born scene-stealer. And scene- stealers are the people who become stars.

W. A. R. N. ERS are sowing a big crop of new talent in their new pictures, and reaping richly. Consider Jane Bryan. In three films—Kid Galahad, Marked Woman and Confession—she has become a Personality, not just another Ingenue. And only nineteen.

Gloria Dickson, from Idaho and the Federal Theatre Project, who took top acting honors in her first picture, They Won't Forget. Warners won't forget Gloria. Nor Lana Turner, the "sweater girl" of the same picture—only 17 but already under long-term contract. She's from San Francisco.

Gloria Blondell—brown-eyed, brown-haired sister of Joan, and unafraid of sister-comparisons. She's starting in a leading role. A typical Blondell role. Marie Wilson—smart enough to play dumb blondes. A Californian who may be around as long as another Californian, ZaSu Pitts, Ann Sheridan—a romantic lead from Dallas (Texas) Little Theatres.

New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

DOCTORS have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "skin-vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always grand for flaky skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight softener.

But now, this cream is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softens lines; best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

The same jars, same labels, same price New Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

Remember—it now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin health.

Mary Maguire—pert, dark-eyed, 17-year-old Australian, known in Melbourne and other spots "down under" as "The Mary Pickford of Australia." Rosemary Lane (she sings) and Priscilla Lane (she dances)—sisters of Lola Lane, and both distinct hits in their first movie, Varsity Show.

And last, but not least, there is Grand National's Evelyn Daw. The first girl in Hollywood history to live the old Cinderella fiction story—the story of the untrained unknown, finding fame overnight.

She was born in a South Dakota hamlet, where she sang in the church choir. Neighbor folk thought she had a good voice. Evelyn longed to go somewhere to study singing. A friend of the family was driving to Los Angeles. Evelyn came with her.

To pay for lessons, and food, she had to wash dishes, wait on table, care for children. She never thought of trying the movies. Didn't think she was pretty enough. But a friend of hers knew Victor Schertzinger, and talked the disinterested director into giving her an audition.

He was about to start James Cagney's new picture, Something to Sing About. The cast was already set. Then appendicitis put Frances Langford in a hospital. There was a frantic search for a "name" singer to replace her. None could be had on such short notice. Schertzinger, in desperation, finally mentioned his untired find. She got the role. And—P. S.—the other day the Metropolitan Opera Company invited her to have an audition.

These are the feminine finds of 1937 who will soon be your new reasons for going to the movies.
The Black Widow's Love Life

[Continued from page 27]

hunting Black Widows. Believe it or not, they actually picked some off the very hedges around the Lloyd estate. But their best hunting ground was the Mojave desert. Looking for all the world like a dust rat, in his sloppy clothes and in the rear with Jack—week-end after week-end, into the desert. Armed with tweezers and jars, they turned over stone after stone, popped spider after spider into captivity, returned to Beverly in high jubilation.

NOW it's necessary, scientifically, to dissect one's specimens, to study them. But how, Harold balked! You know, Larry, Harold is utterly mutes about this kindliness-to-animals thing. He won't hurt an animal, if he can help it. He has never hunted a creature, with gun, in his life. Believe it or not, Larry—and while this sounds like the purest (or is it impurest?) press-agent hooey, Harold Lloyd won't even swat flies! So when it came to dissecting the Black Widow, Harold backed out of the picture. That left it to Jack to do, and Harold insisted on knowing nothing about it. (However, he did consent to look through the mike at the taken-apart spiders, after it was all over.)

But just peering at them through the lens was only the beginning—and least interesting part—of Harold's game with the little ladies. He began studying their habits. And he unearthed the queerest facts. For instance, he watched her most extraordinary love-life, from its inception to its quite morbid ending. He did it by putting a Black Widow's egg sac on a microscope slide with the specimen, and focusing it. The male, incidentally, is a tiny, spindly thing compared with mamma—much smaller, and, according to research, much less deadly. But to get back to their love-life—

Harold watched the courtship begin. The male approached the female gingerly, reaching out for a few of his long legs, touching the female's legs, when she didn't seem to care particularly, he came closer, Harold hitched up his chair. Finally, the female showing complete acquiescence, they set up housekeeping. But, the Black Widow played it as a dirty, mean trick on her husband... she turned around and ate him!—calmly bit him, watched him die, and then devoured the tiny corpse.

Wouldn't it be funny if Hollywood ladies did that to their boy friends? It'd sure make for an awful scarcity of leading men, Larry...!

But anyway, the next step in Ma Nature's processes intrigued Harold, too. He watched Madam Black Widow—now a widow in actuality, through her own appetite (and that's how she got her name)—creep off to the back of the house, and go about rearing her family. Day after day, Harold watched the process—saw her deposit her eggs in a huge, cocoon-like sac. Watched the sac grow. Finally saw the eggs hatch out, and swarms of tiny Black Widow's emerge, until the glass jar, once empty now get save for Mom and the remains of Pop, literally swarmed with tiny spiders.

And all along the way, Harold was sharpening his mechanical tendencies of the beasts into assertions themselves. "They began eating each other up," says Harold, "until finally, there were only two left out of about 1200 spiders! In other words, the majority of them, actually all, until instead of having 1200 little Black Widows, Harold had only one male and one female to play with..."

NOW, this may sound like idle pastime. But the next step led to a discovery for which Lloyd is actually recognized in entomological circles—he was one of the discoverers who found that a certain hornet, or wasp, that comes from Texas, is death to Black Widows. And as a result, entomologists are beginning to develop a cure for the Black Widow plague. Harold has found it, too. But the specimen is an adult Black Widow and one of the Texas wasps, sent him by a fan from the Lone Star State, into one of the glass jars together.

The first time he tried it, the Black Widow snared the wasp with a deadly-flying strand of web, bit it, killed it. But Lloyd's second wasp was a regular Joe Louis. Before Madam Black Widow could lasso him, he'd moved in, stung her with that lethal rear-end of his—and before you could say Gustav von Seyffertitz, the Madam was deader than her husband on the morning after.

Lloyd has been in communication with recognized scientists, reporting his and Jack Davis's findings during their Black Widow research. He has received warmly commendatory letters for things he has discovered.

"But I'll be darned," says Harold, "if I'll go as far with my research as did Prof. Baerg, of the University of Arkansas. Baerg deliberately let a Black Widow bite him—and then took no treatment, so he could scientifically record the results!"

So did Dr. Alan Blair at the University of Alabama, Lloyd tells me. Both Blair and Baerg's spiders were subjected to normal treatment when the effects of the spider-bite had reached the dangerous stage. Both recovered, but not until after days of the most excruciating torture.

With true humility, Lloyd pays a handsomely, Larry, to these scientists. "Isn't it a funny commentary on life," he asks, "that I, who do nothing but clown before cameras to make people laugh for an hour or so, live to see my name a household word and from it get the material I have, while these men, who risk their lives and do for all of us to save people's lives, get only passing mention in an obscure medical journal and there—and little else!"

He may be a movie comedian, Larry, but there's enough of the scientist in Harold Lloyd to make his words pack an awful punch when he talks of the bravery of these unsung heroes.

That Black Widow laboratory of his, down there in his cellar, is as carefully guarded as Uncle Sam's gold hoard, in that specially-built fort in Kentucky. Harold has forty or so long-legged charges only too well. So the only persons allowed in his cellar are himself and Jack Davis. And, now and then, Mildred—but not unless either Jack or Harold, and preferably both, are there to protect her.

MILDRED, as I told you, isn't particularly keen about the spiders. But she's become very interested in her husband's hobbies. A lot of wives could learn from her, eh, Larry? And so, now and then, she goes down-cellar with Harold, and peers into the microscope, shoulders as McGraw, and his other glass jars, and asks funny questions. Jack Davis, like a brother, guffaws at her. Harold, like a lover, answers her patiently, delights in her
interest in the things he’s interested in.

As for the Lloyd children—well, Larry, they’re not allowed any closer to that cellar than your neighbor’s kids are to the bedroom closet, the week before Christmas. And neither are the Lloyd servants—but for that matter, Harold tells me that his servants would as soon walk up thirteen steps to the gallows as down the Lloyd cellar stairs!...

You see, Larry, Black Widows aren’t the only weird things Harold and Jack keep in that den of theirs. They’ve got scorpions, too. And frogs. And disease germs. Sounds like one of Dr. Fu Manchu’s evil workshops, doesn’t it? Well, it’s all part of this microscope game that Harold and Jack play at.

Disease germs come mounted on glass slides, to be peered at and studied, so the ones Harold owns aren’t really dangerous, because they’re dead and pickled in more alcohol than Will Hays can frown on in a year of censoring. As for the scorpions, they’re just a by-product of Harold’s quest for something that will kill Black Widows. Only when he put the scorpion and the Black Widow together, Ma Widow kicked blazes out of the scorpion, and ate him! Just a killer and an eating fool—that Widow!

A

OTHER mania of Harold’s, that he plays at down in that subterranean “lab” of his, is hunting some way of eliminating the most dread scourge of dog-lovers, distemper. Lloyd is a dog-lover, if ever there was one. He owns kennels of Great Danes. Only recently, he had to move his kennels away from his Beverly Hills house, because his neighbors complained at their baying.

Not long ago, distemper ran epidemic in the Lloyd kennels, and Harold suffered the agony of watching several of his best-beloved Danes die in torture. From that day on, he has devoted time, effort and much money in trying to find an antidote, a serum, anything to conquer distemper. He sent his ailing dogs to six different veterinarians—one to each. The veterinarians who pulled the dogs through were commissioned and subsidized in cash by Lloyd to continue their work and research. And down in his laboratory, Lloyd himself studies the germs, the virus, that causes distemper, tries out, in scientific manner, too technical to explain quickly here, various compounds and cultures which he hopes will combat the distemper-causing organisms. When he goes after the dog-bugs, his Black Widows have to sit in the background.

TO BE sure, Larry, all I’ve been doing so far in this memo is rave about Lloyd’s activities. Maybe you, and your readers, would be a bit interested in learning, from Harold, enough about these Black Widow gal-friends of his to help you avoid them—or even to treat yourselves, if and when you’re ever bitten. Well, here’s some facts Harold told me—

“You can tell the real Black Widow,” he says, “by a reddish mark on the bigger part of her body. It’s shaped like an hour-glass, this mark, and definitely identifies Lactroductus Macans, which is the Black Widow’s scientific name. Aside from that, her body is glossy, her legs are long”—(like Marlene Dietrich’s, Larry)—“and she’s about an inch long, from leg-tip to leg-tip.

“She isn’t really dangerous, because she’s sluggush. The only time she bites, usually, is when disturbed. You could sit and look at her for hours, and she’d sneak modestly away under your scrutiny, before she’d bite. But poke her, irritate her, frighten her—and wham, you’re bitten. Then the trouble begins.

“The only thing to do is call a doctor, quick—or hurry to the emergency hospital nearest you. In Russia, where the Black Widow is a scourge, the peasants in the overridden districts carry pieces of raw onion. If they’re bitten, they rub the onion hard on the bite. And strange as it seems, this superstition is not all wrong—because the onion juice is slightly helpful in counteracting the bite’s effects. But the best treatment is a tourniquet, tight around your arm or leg between the bite and your body. This’ll keep the poison from spreading too quickly. Grit your teeth, and open the flesh around the bite with a sharp clean knife. Suck out the poison—and wash your mouth out after you’ve done it, too. At 15-minute intervals, release the tourniquet slightly to allow a gradual absorption of the remaining poison into the bloodstream. This treatment, while it’ll make you terribly sick and sore, may save your life. But above all, get competent surgical and medical aid as quickly as possible. These little Black Widow gals can take you over quicker than a gold-digger. And they’re a darned sight more dangerous.”

So there you are, Larry. The next time you see Harold Lloyd clowning on the screen, don’t forget that underneath all that damfoolishness, there’s an awful lot of sense—and an oddly interesting fellow.

---

STAR OF RADIO AND STAGE...

Benay Venuta

"Choose your makeup by the color of your eyes."

"You’re lovelier...when you wear this makeup, keyed to the color of your eyes," says attractive Benay Venuta. "It’s Marvelous, the new Eye-Matched Makeup—and it really works!"

"It’s makeup that matches...face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in scientific color harmony. It..."

Makeup that matches you...for it’s all keyed to your own personality color, the color of your eyes. And it’s a..."

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Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup
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The Feminine Touch

[Continued from page 6]

But it's even more annoying to see hands that are too at least, and she washing or nails that scream for a manicure!

"I wash my hands twelve or fifteen times a day, and don't think that's too often to keep the skin looking white and clear. Of course, I always use a mild toilet soap at home, but when I'm forced to use the not-so-mild solutions in wash-rooms, I see to for your hands is in your lap, one hand held lightly in the other, with the fingers relaxed and held upward.

"As a matter of fact, it's always a good idea to remember to hold your hands upward whenever possible. This position is most flattering, showing the fingers in their most appealing light. And it prevents the ugly, distended veins that show when the hands are held down and the blood is allowed to collect in the veins. In our grandmothers' day they knew this. Just before going to a ball, they stood with their arms stretched overhead for a few minutes, so their bare arms would be smoother and whiter for the grand entrance into the ballroom!

"Keep your wrists relaxed, always, if you want your hands to seem graceful," Gloria continued. "Remember this especially when you are smoking. By holding the cigarette this way, you prevent unsightly nicotine stains on your fingers, besides looking more natural, graceful and at ease. Economy of motion is necessary when smoking, too, to present an attractive picture. If you go through a lot of unneeded gestures, wave your cigarette about or fumble pointlessly, you madden anyone watching you! And please don't crook your little finger—it's awkward looking as well as very displeasing to Emily Post!"

Speaking of nail polishes, as we were a few paragraphs back, there is a grand set of two fine polishes and a bottle of polish re-

Three famous creams now contain skin vitamin to add to their effectiveness

it that their harshness is counteracted by an extra dose of emollient cream and cuticle oil.

Gloria's fussiness about manicuring methods is probably responsible for the excellent condition of her nails and cuticle. She never allows manicurists to probe at the base of her nails with metal instruments, never permits them to cut the cuticle or file the nails down too sharply at the corners. Her nails are filed with a flexible steel file, shaped with the smoother side of an emery board.

You'll never catch Gloria with chipped nail polish because she never gives it an opportunity to wear off. Changes the shade every day and sometimes oftener, to harmonize or contrast with the particular frock she's wearing. Almost invariably she matches her nail polish to her lipstick, in general tone at least, and she usually applies the polish far out on the ends, leaving only a hairline of white. Like most of us, Gloria has discovered that this trick makes the nails and the fingers look longer and more tapering.

MANY of Gloria's rules for using the hands gracefully, she learned at dramatic school, where students are taught hand gestures with as much firmness as they are taught vocal inflections . . .

"First of all," Gloria explained, "you must learn to keep your hands still unless you are sure that a gesture is in order and that you have mastered its technique. A good place

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Who wouldn't be pleased at getting this set of nail polishes and oily remover?

You can buy this set for $1.75 at all of the better department stores. Incidentally, this same firm puts out a most helpful free chart, telling you which of their twenty-one shades of polish you should wear with different colored frocks. You might ask for it at your department store, if colors confuse you.

ANOTHER novel presentation that lends itself to Christmas giving is the "bath shell," a small, portable box of bath luxuries complete with a sturdy silk cord by which you can attach it to the bathroom wall. Simplifies no end, the problem of the shelfless bathroom. There are three preparations in the shell—a rose geranium scented bath salts in a hand molded bottle, rose geranium dusting powder and a refreshing toilet water. The shell itself is covered with a glossy white paper in a smart tile pattern. Retail for $3.

A BARGAIN in beauty is the Christmas gift box, priced at $2, which contains a box of face powder, rouge and lipstick. The deep blue containers, relieved by touches of white, creates a nice impression and the cosmetics themselves make a lasting impression, equally as favorable. The powder is fine-textured and available in a wide variety of shades, and the rouge and lipstick perform smoothly even in the hands of an amateur. The same company puts out its largest bottle of creamy hand lotion in a special Christmas package (at $1) that makes an ideal gift to any member or friend of the family. If you, like Gloria, believe in washing your hands fifteen times a day and using hand lotion after each washing, then you'll appreciate a Christmas gift of this "jumbo" bottle of lotion, with which you can be as lavish as lavish...

I don't believe I've told you about the three popular-priced creams that now contain the active "skin vitamin"... What with all the punishment your skin has to take around the holidays (witness: rich foods, late hours, cold weather), it would be a good idea for you to lay in a supply of these, marking them "to be used three times a day without fail"... There's a cold cream for cleansing and softening that will keep your skin clear and soft in texture in spite of cold winds; a vanishing cream that smooths away surface roughness and provides an excellent powder base, and a liquidizing cream for quick, emergency cleansings. The introduction of the skin vitamin in these creams, which was made only after extensive laboratory experiments, has not increased their price. The familiar white jars with blue-green caps still come in several inexpensive sizes. Want the trade name?

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES.

As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

ADLERIKA is one of the few products on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Laxatives usually act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No gripping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. We believe you'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

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69
Rainer Is Not High Hat

[Continued from page 61]

the other hand, she likes anyone she is warm, humble, eager, demonstrative, affectionate. She just doesn't know how to be dishonest, how to resemble, how to be suave and silken.

It is, I think, the things which people do, not the things they say, by which they should be judged.

I REMEMBER one scorching day in Chatsworth where the Good Earth company had put a lovely, plumpked down in the midst of a wheatfield, crooning over a very fat, very cross Chinese baby. I said: "Are you having fun?" Luise said: "It is not for fun. But the poor mother feels so seckle and she worried about the baby in this hot day and I take care of it so she do not worry. I like to do it." Luise, very sweaty in her peasant rags, was the popular conception of a glamorous star. Nor was she my conception of a "foreign importation gone high hat."

She said: "swexit of Big City a few weeks ago. Spencer Tracy, with whom I was luching in his dressing-room, told to Luise and asked her to join us. Luise yelled back: "Thank you, Spen-ber, but I have made a date." Later, we got sitting on a camera case lurching with her hairdresser, two of the wardrobe girls and an assistant cameraman. They were havi- ng fun, so, some German cakes Luise had baled herself.

Luise, Spencer told me that day, has one trait which always marks the truly humble of heart, the genuinely modest person. She takes the opinion of everybody." Spencer said: "She asks her hairdresser what she thought of her work in Emperor's Candlesticks; she asks one of the grips what he thought of the scene she did in the morning; did he like it, if so, why; if not, why not. She asks waitresses, chauffeurs, cameramen, anyone she happens to be talking with what they think of her make-up, her clothes, her hair, her manner of speaking. And she listens humbly to what they say. And she takes the advice they give her, thoughtfully.

She said to me one day: "I may have fight with the big executives. They can take care of themselves. I do not have the fight with people who cannot fight me back." That, too, is Rainer.

SHE doesn't like to talk about herself for publication because she feels, and honestly, I am convinced, that people cannot, certainly should not be interested in what she does, thinks, is, once she stops being the actress. She gives, she has told me, everyth- ing she has to work on the screen and believes that when she leaves the studio she should be "a private person."

She doesn't like to be photographed, especially at home. But when she agrees to the ordeal she goes through with it, one hundred percent. Not long ago the studio requested that she telephone. She agreed. She came home late, after a difficult day, the set of Big City and the "boys" were waiting for her. She said: "Ah, you have waited too long... that is too bad... we begin right away... in fact, she photographed her as she ran upstairs. She stumbled, not gracefully, and let them photo- grapher that stumble, too. She told them to come to her room with her and she slapped cold cream on her face, rubbed it off, slapped more on and then, liberally smeared, she turned to them and said, laughing: "I must look too bad... poor Europe! I am not here any more!"

The wedding took place at Luise's home in Brentwood. There were two guests, Lewis Milestone and his wife, friends of Mr. Odets. There was no music. There was no troussseau. There were no caterers. There were no photographers, reporters. There were no flowers. At the very last minute a bouquet was dropped. Luise offered to help Luise. She should be the florist. She didn't. She rushed into the room and brought in the pots, the home-grown geraniums. She tore upstairs to the linen closet, got a sheaf, pinned the geranium petals onto the sheet, forming the initials R and O. "Now," she said, "it looks nice, very nice and pretty." And so they were married. And after the ceremony someone mentioned champagne. And Luise unearthed two bottles of very warm champagne, put ice in the glasses and served the marriage toast!

SHE tells tales on herself. When she is working, she says, she always goes to bed early. Mr. Odeits sometimes goes to the studio to work. Because, explained Luise, "I can't say 'I must stay home so you can't go away.' At such times, Luise sleeps in an adjoining room with bath between their two rooms. One such morning she opened the bathroom door and saw that her husband had been working until dawn. She wanted to be so very quiet. She stole into the bathroom, on tip-toe. She opened the cabinet for the toothpaste or something, caught a sleeve on the hinge of the glass door and it came crashing down into the basin, ten thousand splinters and crashes of nerve-wracking noise. There was a nuflied explosion from Mr. Odeits' room. He rushed into the bathroom, into the bedroom con- necting and there was Luise, huddling under the covers, hiding ...

She has few friends among the picture people. Most of her friends are musicians, "people," she says, "with sort of curly hair; most of them are Mr. Odeits' friends because Luise believes that a wife follows her husband's lead and tastes, says.

She has her name in the phone book. It wouldn't occur to her not to have it there. "People might want to ring me up," she sensible, matter-of-fact, Luise says. "It is," Spencer Tracy says "one of the really great actresses..."

The little Rainer is not high hat. I have tried to prove it. Whether I have succeeded or not doesn't enter into whether you take my word for it, believe what I have told you.

[End of page]
Speaking of Glamor—Here's Gladys!

[Continued from page 38]

...something that you cannot, alas, put on like a hat, more's the pity for most of us.

"Then why do they make me keep on playing old women, frumpy women on the screen?" she demanded. "Even if they are great characters," she amended. 

A lot of George fans are wondering about that. Maybe it is because she is such a whopping fine actress in a town where real actresses are worth their weight in gold—115 pounds in Gladys' instance—that Hollywood has lost sight of the other gifts she can bring to the screen. Gifts of beauty, youth, personality as well as fine talent.

"Now you're being over-generous," she protested. "But I do know this, as surely as we are sitting here. If it keeps on, this playing this kind of role, I'll be pegged in the fans' minds as a middle-aged character actress, and it will be too late to do anything about it. Middle-aged at 32! That doesn't make sense, even in Hollywood where Shirley Temple is an oldtimer!"

...right, you know. But even leaving Gladys' personal feelings out of it, the fans themselves are being cheated as things now stand. The world is glamor hungry and given even one chance, she could out-glamor the most exciting of the Hollywood Glamor Girls. The world is hungry for the enchantment of youth and gaiety, and Gladys has so much of both, shared now with only those who can come in personal contact with her.

And is it such a crime, what she is asking? To be allowed to look beautiful and alluring?

"Every woman wants that, doesn't she?" Gladys asked. "It is inherent in her. I'd be psychologically off-balance if I didn't want it too."

But, I reminded her, it wasn't as if she'd never been allowed to look young and beautiful and alluring. There was her role of the movie star in the sensational stage success, *Personal Appearance*, in which she was starred for 35 smashing weeks just prior to making *Valiant* is the *Word* for Carrie. Certainly that proved what she could do along those lines.

"Ah, yes," she conceded. "But as you just said, that was on the stage. And for every person who saw me on the stage in that part, how many are there who have never seen me as anything but a harassed Carrie or the colorless, ineffectual nurse in *They Got Him a Gun*. The same percentage, exactly, as will see me next in *Madame X*—if they care enough by now to want to see me again."

*Personal Appearance* is over and done with. I'm working in pictures now and for picture audiences. It is them I must win, to whom I must prove myself. They can only take me at face value, not on past reputation.

And that's as it should be. That's only fair."

She picked up the script, sighed, and went back to studying. The foot with the offending mule was tucked under her as if to say "there'll be no more of that kind of nonsense today." The clock ticked on. Suddenly the silence was broken.

"You know," she said, "I wonder if the way I live my private life could have anything to do with it?"

I knew then that she had not been seeing the lines on the pages she automatically turned, that all the time the puzzle had been

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Why Jack is Oakie-Doke

[Continued from page 37]

Jack takes his half-victory, half-defeat with a shoulder-shrug and a chipper grin. "One gravy lick is better than none," he opines.

IN CASE your Hollywood education has been tragically neglected, a "gravy lick" is a chance for an actor to add something of his own to a scene. It's the stuff that picture-stealing is made of.

But far be it from Jack to show any char- grin. Or, as Hollywood calls it, tempera- ment. Far be it from him to sour on his associates, or on the life of an actor.

He's a kind-hearted lad: Mrs. Offield's robust lad, who can't help having his little joke, wherever he may be. Between scenes, behind the camera, he spends his time bantering with anyone handy. Costar or prop man, it makes no difference to him. The verbal by-play is the thing.

He doesn't hear his comedy for a micro- phone. In person, as in pictures, he is a corny laugher, a quipper, a droll ad libber. He practises on everybody he knows—and he knows everybody.

The director gets so used to this Oakie behind the camera that, before he knows it, he's getting used to the same Oakie before the camera. By the time the picture is fin- ished, it will be studded with Oakie gravy-licks. And it also will be studded with lines that didn't exist in the original script.

When a studio gets Oakie for a picture, it gets a bargain—no matter what his price may be. (You guess what his price is.) The studio gets not only an actor who will give a wavy human, amusing per- formance, but also a quick-witted, audience- wise script doctor. He never fails to add to a picture. And his additions never fail to clinch it.

He is the gravylick champion of Holly- wood. That particular fact hasn't been mentioned before. It should have been. It's the tip-off to a Hollywood success-story that's different. A story of a success that has endured and will endure.

In his early twenties, Jack Oakie is the youngest old veteran of the movies. Boy and man, he has been at the top for ten years.

Ten years! That's a long time in Holly- wood. Long enough for moviegoers' tastes in stars to change completely. Long enough for them to forget who were the Great Lovers and the Great Sires of 1927. Long enough for all the players, except one, who were on the same contract list with Jack when he started, to lose their grip on fame. Long enough for Jack to become an old- timer in his early thirties.

THINK that one over, and you wonder: Why has Jack lasted, when so many others haven't? What's the explanation? What's his background? Where did he come from, anyway? What did he do to get where he is now?

He appeared on the scene so long ago, (according to Hollywood reckoning) that even Hollywood has a hard time recalling the details of his arrival. Those outside Hollywood who remember the details are few. Most of today's moviegoers have never heard them.

He was born far from the footlights—in Sedalia, Missouri, to be exact. He was born into a family that had never had an acting urge. No one—least of all, his par- ents—ever expected him to step upon a stage. Their lack of forewarning led them to christen him Lewis Delaney Offield.

Yet they were the ones most responsible for what he eventually became. In the first place, they gave him, as they say, a brain for talking. Some might call it a gift of gab. In the second place, his father was locally famous as a "joshier," and his mother had a grand sense of humor. She still has ("I call her she takes it from me," Jack quips.) And, in the third place, they brought him up in small towns. First, Se- dalia. Then, after a few years, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

He could have been born with a sense of humor, and a fondness for opening his mouth, and still not have become a comedian—if it hadn't been for that small-town up- bringing.

"In a big town," he says, seriously for a moment, "you're born suspicious. You don't trust nobody, nohow. You don't warm up to people or vice-versa. You don't kid them, and they don't kid you. You're strangers. But country boys—they're different. They're wide open for two-way kidding. They get a big boot out of it. I had to be a kidder to be in the social swim. After a while, it was a habit.

"Look at Will Rogers. How did he get his start as a humorist? Grew up in a small town. He had a chance to perfect his ribbing. Until, finally, he could pick on Presidents and such, and make 'em love it. They couldn't accuse him of being vicious. He was just giving them a good, whole, old-fashioned country roasting. There's nothing like it my boy, for improving the sense of humor."

THERE came a time, however, when he found it hard to laugh. The world turned upside down and went black. His father died. Jack was still in grammar school. He couldn't keep his mind on his lessons; he couldn't think of anything but that his Dad was dead. Eventually, when he was in the small town, he was haunted by memories of his father—his laughter-loving, life-lov- ing father. Life there was empty without him—not only for Jack, but for his mother and his sister Alice. They could stand the loneliness no longer. They Red Muskogee. They went to live in a big, rushing town.

Jack finished grammar school in Kansas City. Then his mother had a chance to teach in New York. There, Jack and Alice went to De La Salle High School.

Jack wasn't a brilliant student. He wasn't a dull one. Just a bored one. Time was waster. Men were doing great things in the world—and here he was, still going to school. He didn't know, exactly, what great things they might be. He was up to anything.

A friend of his family, with connections in Wall Street, finally decided for him. He became a broker's clerk.

As such, he found himself in a teeming back-office of the Stock Exchange, part of an army of brokers' clerks, all of whom were quick thinkers. And they didn't con- fine their quick-thinking to high finance. They were Jack's world. (And he did take up his opinion), the world's fastest wisecrackers. He couldn't keep up with the stock market. He didn't try very hard. But he tried to keep up with the clerks who were also clowns. He developed a reputa- tion. It reached the ears of his boss. His boss happened to be Paul Adler, of the
Jewish "Four Hundred." He asked Jack, an out-and-out Gentile, to appear in the Four Hundred's annual benefit show. Jack saw this as a chance to get into society, and he couldn't foresee what else it might get him into. May Leslie, who put on these society shows, was an ex-Follies girl. She knew show business. And she kept buzzing in the ear of the brush, free-and-easy brokers' clerk. "The stage is for you." He didn't listen—until he heard the applause of the Jewish audience for the Gentile boy. There and then, he decided to stop adding his brains in the Stock Exchange. He'd go crazy in the theatre, instead.

He went to see Julian Mitchell, who had staged the dances in the show. (Jack, among other things, had done a dance with Gloria Gould.) Mitchell got him a stage job. A job, believe it or not, as a dancing comedian. About the same time, someone—perhaps it was Mitchell—said, "An Offield under any other name would smell sweeter at the box-office."

He rechristened himself Jack Oakie. He doesn't know, now, where he got the Jack. "Mom says it was some-think I was hoping to earn." But the Oakie is easily explained. When he landed in New York, no one could miss his Oklahoma twang.

He was handed the nickname of "Oklaho-ma." Which, in time, was shortened to "Oakie" and, finally, "Oakie." He was used to answering to it now.

For nine years, from 1919 onward, he was on and off Broadway. But the only times he was off were the times when he was touring vaudeville with Lulu McConnell, the only one who, it is alleged, could talk the ears off a cornstalk. They carried their partnership into several Broadway musical comedies. In one of them, Immortal Eyes (1924), there was a chorus girl he was to remember. Her name was Joan Crawford.

For nine years, he hoofed and sang and clowned in front of the footlights. Less hoofing, and more clowning, as time went on. He lost his profession if (and after) his arches broke down. He experimented with gags, both vocal and physical.

He found out what will, and what won't make an audience laugh. He learned the only way that a comedian can learn—from audiences, themselves. For nine years.

He acquired the rest of his theatrical education from Variety, the Bible of show business. He couldn't help noticing that Variety was carrying more and more Hollywood news. Came 1927, and a shortage of Broadway shows. Came 1927, and increasing mention in the Hollywood news of a newcomer named Joan Crawford. Jack, who hadn't seen her on the screen, and remembered only the girl in the chorus line, wagged his head, and said, "If she can get in, I can."

Hollywood hadn't been to see him. So he went to see Hollywood. He had a little money saved, and time on his hands; he could afford the trip. He was in Holly-wood two weeks when, at a party, he met Wesley Ruggles, the director. Ruggles was talking about the new picture he was going to make with Laura La Plante. Oakie thought he heard opportunity knocking. Brash and free-and-easy, he asked Ruggles, "What are you going to do for a comedian?" Ruggles looked him over, as much as to say, "Who is this guy?" and went on talking. But that didn't keep Jack from managing to bump into Ruggles a few days later—accidentally, you understand. He talked himself into a role. That's what comes of being blessed with a gift of gab.

That he was also blessed with a sense of humor also became apparent when the picture Finders Keepers was previewed. Jack had stolen the picture.

"It wasn't my fault," Jack says today. "Ruggles taught me a lot of things. And don't think I didn't have a lot of things to learn. You may be an actor, but—until you've had movie experience, you aren't qualified to call yourself a movie actor."

He qualified early. In one year, he made fourteen pictures. Since September, 1927, he has made sixty-five, all conspicuous. He has played at every major studio. He has worked with more people than any other actor in the business.

"And," he says, "I've learned this: There's always a guy smarter than you are, who can put you in your place—if he doesn't like you. You never know when you're going to bump into him. Me—I'm friends with everybody."

You'll never find Oakie wearing a high-hat. You'll never find him wearing makeup, either.

Jack, "Maybe I could look as handsome as John Boles, if some make-up genius really tried. But Boles could never look as ugly as me. That's my distinction. The first time I ever worked in front of a camera, the cameraman told me, 'Don't let 'em pretty you up. Stay as you are. You'll be different.' He was one of those guys who was smarter than I was. I took him serious-like."

Oakie got used to Hollywood long before Hollywood got used to Oakie. The town had never seen anyone who couldn't stop kidding when it was time to start work. He got a local reputation as a perpetual playboy. Today, he says of that: "Life's too short to have fun living it. What's a job worth, if you can't have fun at it? But if that's your way of working, first thing you know, people will be calling you 'irresponsible.' A supervisor called me that once, and wanted to throw me off the lot. An actor-friend stopped him. He said, 'You expect Oakie to be sane—like you. But all you want to think about, all day long, is a budget. He has to be thinking up new ways to be silly. That's an all-day job, too.' Punny thing. I always had a soft spot for that fellow.

Hollywood had him definitely catalogued as "Playboy No. 1"—until he married Venita Vardon. Now, belatedly, Hollywood is getting a new perspective on Jack Oakie.

He first met Venita in 1921 in New York, where she was glorifying the Folies. Their conversation consisted of two "Hellos." He next met her in August, 1935, at a party at the Trocadero in Hollywood, where she had come on a movie contract. They were married the following March, in Yuma, Arizona, aboard a train making a fifteen-minute stopover there. Only five thousand people attended the wedding.

Soon after his first anniversary, a columnist came up to Jack, and said, "Well, Jack, I never thought you'd make it. A year already. How did you do it?"

Jack relishes the memory of that moment. "I said, 'I'll have you know I married a swell girl.' He didn't have any more to say."

He carries his bills fastened with a heart-shaped silver clip—a gift from Venita, sometimes called "Vimie," sometimes called "Mrs. O." On its inner side is engraved this sentiment: "You can bet your bottom dollar everything is Oakie with me. Vimie."

She'll have him know she married a grand guy.
The lissome Lombard, the alluring Shearer, Crawford, Swanson and the rest, and the hope, Hampton stepped among them, first as a Metro star, then as a leading glamor girl for Warners, Fox and Paramount.

It was a new, exciting, different life for the runway was a dream, the ambition of the graduate of the dramatic school. Hope thrilled to it. Even when the thrills were fraught with fright, as they were in one of many novel tales which filled the Hampton reminiscences.

There was a circus scene, it seems, in one of her pictures. Hope, the heroine, was prominent in the front row. Hidden from the camera’s eye was a great lion. A troupe of lions were to file into the arena. Really the kings and queens of beasts were slated for merely minor parts in the production. They were to serve as circus background, atmosphere, against which Hope and her hero were to carry on the drama of the piece.

Before the cameras cranked the director called, “Now, folks, these lions are not used to picture work. There won’t be any trouble, but just in case anything should go wrong, don’t precipitate a panic. Just sit tight and give a general yell. Don’t you—places! Ready! Action! Camera!”

The players went through the motions of their roles. A muffled roar proved that the lions were headed toward the arena. Then, without warning, but a great roar cleared the barrier in a bound, lifted his maned head and tossed terror into the hearts of all the make-believers with a snarling roar that had long been waiting to burst.

He stood a moment, silent. And in that time the guards regained their surprised wits, and leveled rifles on the giant cat. But before a saving shot could be fired, the beast walked slowly toward Hope and laid one huge steel-clawed paw in her lap. His feline breath was hot upon her, Death stood, quite literally, at her side. The crack-shot riflemen gazed upon the scene powerless to act, for even though bullets missed the star and hit the lion, he, in his wounded agony, would be certain to sink those cruel fangs in her throat, or claw her to ribbons. Says Hope: “I’ve never been as nervous for that director to tell me not to move. I couldn’t have stirred an inch. I understood then what it meant to be petrified with fright. Never a true—no, gracias! Anyhow, I’ve learned something.”

This might be a cue to ring in that quotation about music having its charms to soothe the savage breast. Only at that time, Hope didn’t sing a note, except, of course, in the shower like all the rest of us. That came later.

THERE’S at least one experience, fully authenticated, which Hope relates to intimates with the ever-present prefab, “of course I never told this one, but I do hold to my gospel truth nevertheless.” And here it is, just as it happened when Hope was on location for a film in far-off Cairo.

“...there was a little perfume shop situated up one of those tortuous little alleys in the native quarter where the bazaars are located...”
Charles B. Dillingham, heard her and reported back to his boss that here was a real "discovery," a girl with youth, beauty, personality, histrionic talent, and—a voice.

That was the study in one daring line. She made her bow to the critical audience of the Opera Comique in Paris. The role she sang was that of Massenet's "Manon." Before the opera had ended, it had been decided that her self-confidence was justified. The enthusiasm was delirious. And the critics shared it, repeating their "encores" in the print of Paris' famous newspaper, L'Intransigeant, the name of which is familiar to every American who has ever sipped an aperitif on the sidewalks before the Café de la Paix, raved over her voice and beauty. And indeed, she did. She had all the rest. As one reporter wrote, "Hope Hampton triumphed, perhaps, beyond even her own expectations.

HELLO, Hope went to Hollywood. Just on a visit. For the movie friends of her former film days had continued in their starring orbits. Now, naturally, the gracious girl who not exactly "singing for her supper," was happy to oblige with a song at the Coast sorices which she attended. And at one supper party it so happened that Charles E. Hampton, of Universal Pictures, was another of the guests. Rogers, ever alert for new picture talent, insisted that the stunning-looking actress-songstress make a movie test for Universal.

Who could say "no" to such flattery? The test was made. One of the most complete and exhaustive in the history of Hollywood. Besides the visual tests, Hope sang three songs and a grand opera aria of the dramatic third act is close to grand opera.

ALL Hope could see was "close to grand opera." All Hope could dream about was "close to grand opera." All Hope could think about was "close to grand opera." Here was a new and greater thrill. This "how close to grand opera" she wondered? And she set out to find out. As usual, there was nothing abortive in the Hampton scheme, and a long record of preparation for the rarest of all success. Now her goal was grand opera.

She was in the atelier of one of her teachers, a former pupil of the Philadelphia Opera in the title role of Massenet's opera, Manon. Later she sang Mimi in Puccini's La Bohème. And Marguerite in Faust. Thus came true the Liebling prophecy, in all its three-fold progno-
stication. It was hard to believe, the critics said, that this flashing, young soprano, accurate, assured, and of course, inexperienced with the笔者 At Dawning at a personal appearance five years ago. But the headlines proclaimed her "Most Glorious Manon Ever is Hope Hampton." She shared honors with the great pupil in Manon. She shattered all the tradition saying that opera singers must be rather old-looking folk, given to chesti-
tness andembership, folk, in short, that should not sing in opera. She not only sang her roles. Not only acted her parts. But she looked them, too!

Well, for Hope Hampton, it had been a pretty lucky start. She zipped for Texas. She posed for Pompadour. The morning after its premiere, she awoke to find herself fully launched upon a new career.

Following the run of Pompadour, she was starred in the role of Madame Giry in the Broadway producer. He offered Hope an audition, and she thrilled at the prospect, responded eagerly. The outcome was that she was signed over, owner of the role in the Fall of the Prettiet, Madame Pompadour. The morning after its premiere, she awoke to find herself fully launched upon a new career.

So the only star to step from cinema to opera crossed the Atlantic in much the same manner as Caesar crossed the Rubicon. She staked all the years of her life in one daring line. She made her bow to the critical audience of the Opera Comique in Paris. The role she sang was that of Massenet's "Manon." Before the opera had ended, it had been decided that her self-confidence was justified. The enthusiasm was delirious. And the critics shared it, repeating their "encores" in the print of Paris' famous newspaper, L'Intransigeant, the name of which is familiar to every American who has ever sipped an aperitif on the sidewalks before the Café de la Paix, raved over her voice and beauty. And indeed, she did. She had all the rest. As one reporter wrote, "Hope Hampton triumphed, perhaps, beyond even her own expectations."

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Speaking of Glamor—Here’s Gladys!

[Continued from page 71]

WELL, that was that. It was, as I said, just before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started shooting *Madame X*, one of the greatest sob stories of mother love and sacrifice in years, with Warren William and Joan Beul in the supporting roles of husband and son. Gladys was anything but a happy girl.

She folded her amazement, then, to find her radiant and one hundred per cent sold on playing *Madame X* just two or three weeks later when I again dropped in for a bit of gab. Part of it I could understand, when I stopped her. She was working, and working hard, after months of idleness which damed near drove her crazy. Gladys has to work to be happy, strange as that may seem to some people. I’ve actually seen her chase the servants out of the house when she was not on call at the studio and pitch into scrubbing and cleaning. Anything to use up some of that driving energy which besets her night and day and must be expended.

But the enthusiasm for *Madame X*. That one stopped me. How come, I asked, she had changed her tune?

“Because the picture is going to be tremendous!” she exclaimed. “I feel it in my bones, just as I know I am doing some of the greatest work of my career. I’m going to be as grateful for this as I was for *Carrie*. And imagine me, it’s no lead pipe cinch! It’s taking everything I’ve got. I don’t dare fail.”

So, then, it was Glamor Go Hang, the play’s the thing.

“No. More than ever, no!” she answered. “I’m going to need that role you insist on calling ‘glamorous’ but which I call young and gay more vitally than before. They’ve made me almost too convincing as the old *Madame*!”

(Notice how she said “they” not “I” in giving credit? That’s Gladys for you!)

“I gave in this time, and I’m honestly glad of it all at the same time, I’ve missed a magnificent opportunity. But—”

G LADYS didn’t finish the sentence. I’d like to be by making a prediction here and now. But—if she doesn’t get that role she wants next time, preferably a light and rollicking comedy which she does so well, my hunch is that she’s going to see something the like of which it never has seen before. It’s going to see George in action, raising merry old—well (naughty word). It’s going to see some temperament as is temperament, and a dose of plain old-fashioned temper along with it. In words of one syllable, it’s going to have the sweetest fight of all time on its hands with a girl who knows all the plans and fancy rules and has a few original ideas on the subject in reserve. There’ll be fireworks enough for New Year’s celebration throughout all China. It’s old trick, but dogs don’t it doesn’t work! You can’t can a good little “bad” girl just so long. Then it pays to be a bad little “good” girl.

If she does get the one chance she is ascendant to play the kind of a part she wants, mark these words: There will be a new way of spelling glamour on the screen. G-E-O-R-G-E.
led by easy stages to a place in the British Household Cavalry—the King's personal bodyguard.

When a distant aunt left him seventeen thousand shining dollars, he saluted the army in respective adieu and hied him to the continent, where he enjoyed one golden year as a gentleman-farmer and spendthrift, returning to London with fifty of the seventeen thousand left in his pocket. This he blew in on a dinner at Ciro's with Estelle Brody, English picture actress, who acknowledged the courtesy by inviting him to dinner. "You don't mean to say they can actually talk off the stage! Just like you and me? Don't tell me!"

It didn't take long for an American film scout to spot him, sign him and ship him to Hollywood.

In Hollywood lived a girl named Muriel Webber—Mal to her friends. She was tall and slender, blue-eyed and beautiful, and came as the new wave agent on the way agent her life had been fun. Into her father's office one day, when she happened to be there, fate sent Mr. Milland. Two gay, good-looking young people, they fell headlong in love and married—only to discover that gayety and good looks weren't enough.

The young husband's career failed to prosper. "I was raw out of London night life," he explained. "I was taken over the one, Mal and I separated. The reasons are my own."

The reasons, however, aren't far to seek. Mal had been trained to the niceties of life. Ray couldn't provide them. She didn't care. She was willing to take the lean with the fat. He wasn't willing to watch her take it. Misery developed in him black moods and tempers, which made her miserable, too, and so the vicious circle of living and loving. He broke it by going back to England.

His one object was to gather enough money together so that he and Mal could make a new start. He heard that someone in London was looking for an American who could talk with a fake British accent. He wasn't an American, and his British accent was genuine. But why be dished out of a job by a trifle like that? They probably wouldn't be funny. They weren't.

The director pointed to the name Ermen-trude in the script. "Say it.

"Oy-mentrude," said Milland. That made an American of him, and the job was his.

He fixed on the sum of fifteen hundred dollars as a respectable one to take back to Mal. So when he saved that much, he took ship for America with the idea of notifying his agent. At the back of his mind, in the foreground and through the center ran the refrain of Mal. "I'm going to see Mal—I'll fix things up for you."

On the third day out, a steward came up with a cable from his London agent: "You made off with a female bound, I've signed you with British Lion, and where are you?"

"On the high seas and I can't swim," he cabled back contentedly.

Came another cable, still more frenzied: "Signed you at twenty-five pounds a day. Come back or I'm in a hole."

Twenty-five pounds a day. That would make another nice little wad to add to his stake. "I'll come if they pay me passage back," he replied and, when they agreed, could only find strength to mutter: "Why didn't I ask for the fare both ways?"

He had an hour in New York to transfer from the Europa to the Berengaria. Back he went, marked his fingers and money had formed. Never mind. Fifteen hundred was enough. He'd worked hard, he was a better actor, he'd find a job in Hollywood.

But as he neared New York, confidence began to ebb. How did he know Mal wanted him back? Coming right down to cases, why should she? By the time the skyscrapers towered, he was a poor man. Four days, and he'd know the worst. He had an impulse to turn tail and flee. It was then he was seized by a really brilliant idea. He'd engage passage to California via the Canal. That would take two weeks, which he could spend in girdling up his courage. It took, besides two weeks, a goodly slice of his painfully saved money. He arrived in Hollywood with four hundred dollars.

The first thing he did was to take a room at the Plaza. The second was to call Mal.

Her voice, asking impersonally who it was, was all but drowned him. He managed to tell her. Impersonality is bad enough, but a glacial chill is worse.

"Oh," said the glazer. "You're back."

"Yes."

"Well, that's fine. I'll see you some time."

Click!

It took him two months to wear her down. There was no job in sight. He'd left the hotel for a cheap room. He was eating at a drug store in an effort to conserve his rapidly sinking funds. One day Mal met him there. He treated her to a sandwich.

"This where you always eat?" she inquired carelessly.

"Oh, it's all right. The sandwiches aren't bad," he assured her, a note of uncomplaining martyrdom in his voice, in his eye the glint of triumph. "But tell me, my heart," he was telling that organ. "She feels sorry for you. It's the thin end of the wedge."

And so it proved. They had sandwiches together more and more frequently.

For two weeks a filling station had been holding out hope that they might be able to use him to man a pump. One morning he dug out of his pocket the nickel and dime left of his fifteen hundred, phoned the station and was told to appear that afternoon.

On the bus he met Joe Egli, one of the representatives at Paramount studios. "Like to come back to the Cag?" said Egli. "He's casting Bolero with Raft and Lombard. Might be a part for you. Why don't you get off with me now?"

Milland tried to look as if a bombshell hadn't been tossed into his lap. His head started whirling. There was the matter of clothes, for instance. He owned just one suit. There was the more immediate matter...
am sure thousands of shop girls earning $16 a week are happier than Garbo and get much more fun out of life.

When I first met Bob Taylor he had Society Doctor to his credit and was regarded as a promising young actor. He put his feet on the desk and we talked for hours. A year later, very much to his own bewilderment, he had become the romantic stage star of five continents, God’s gift to women in all climes. As we lunched together again, I noticed the anxious, strained expression on his face. To him it still flashed his copyrighted smile when posing for photographs, but in reality he was grimly miserable. And I told him with disarming modesty: “The faster you rise in this movie business, the harder you fall.”

I SOMETIMES wonder, who can be free and happy in Hollywood? Well, I know Fredric March can. Both are actors in a profession to negotiate their own terms, and are not tied down by any studio contract. Both have stage reputations and can get along without them. Only for both, every day is an exciting adventure every minute of which must be lived to the full. They lead the kind of life that befits men of intellectual maturty, and although I don’t think it’s all that isn’t. As I have told you of Mr. A. in another article, I’ll confine this to Mr. M.

I found him on the set of The Buccaneer, high-booted, red-sashed, crossing swords with Ian Keith in a prison yard. He was the swashbuckling Jean Lafitte, out to kill a villainous senator who was in league with the British forces around New Orleans in the spring of 1812. His men, mob of rugged freebooters locked up behind the bars of a dismal prison, cheered as the hefty Keith crashed to the floor. The cocky Lafitte wiped the blood off his triumphant sword, and turning to his men, thumbed with a French accent:

“You want to get out of here?” They roared yes, “All right, all right,” he growled.

“Who will fight for America?” The shouting died down bars. Tavern silence.

“If you won’t fight for America they will hang you,” he warned them. “But if you fight for America, Jackson offers you freedom.”

“I’ll fight for America,” shouted Alkim Tamiroff, a leader of the buccaneers, holding a horse-pistol.

“Viva los Americanos!” yelled another pirate. A hundred lusty voices raised their approval. “Cut!” Cecil B. De Mille ordered, beaming with satisfaction. His yes-men relaxed. When De Mille shoots a picture, it’s the best show in town.

FREDDIE lighted a cigarette and strode over to the corner where I stood. “As soon as I finish this picture I’ll go to New York with my wife to play a play on Broadway,” he said, panting hard. “Acting on the stage again has been a fond dream for both of us during the past few years. I’ve definitely made up my mind to make only one, or at most two, pictures a year and devote the rest of my time to the legitimate stage. My wife, Florence Eldridge, is a very good actress and was a star on Broadway, but I feel I’ve never really made good in the theatre. There are days when I wonder if I can. At any rate, I have the fever of the footlights and I can’t be happy if I remain entirely out of the theatre. We haven’t chosen a play yet: but we are considering several scripts.”

I asked him how he developed his French accent, and whether he studied with a French teacher,” said, “I had some French in school. My wife speaks beautiful French. I’m practically living over my childhood days in this picture. When I was a young man around ten years ago, I used to steal timber and build rafts, on which I imagined myself ruling as a pirate chief. We RAIDed fields and orchards, and cooked our provisions on camp fires. I remember, when I was ten years old, I led a raiding party into a cantaloupe patch, and was captured by the irate owner. I escaped a fine when my father promised the judge to give me a licking, which I got.”

Mr. M. continued, “but this was too good to pass up. A Star Is Born was my first modern picture in almost three years.” I told him he gave a memorable performance as Norman Maine. “Thank you,” he said. “That picture sold out my fan mail. Norman Maine, or Mr. Vicki Lester, was a tragic figure, wasn’t he? It was a composite of several actors I’ve known—men who committed suicide to end the tortures of lost popularity.”

“Very few motion picture actors will admit that they do get angry,” Mr. M. explained, a somber look in his eyes. “It seems impossible to them that a public which idolizes them can become so cruelly indifferent, and even malicious. You can’t take your success for granted, you have to work at it until it wears you out. But falling stars have the optimists of consummats in the last stages of the disease. They always believe they will get well, and to their dying day think they are the last. The fall of Norman Maine was inevitable for a variety of reasons. The career of a motion picture star is limited to best to a few years, for in this business personality is more important than acting. And the public soon gets tired of personalities. Then Norman Maine lost the public’s favor by the scraps he got into, by his heavy drinking, dissipation, etc.”

Mr. M. believes an actor should live like an athlete, and always be in the pink of condition. Before starting a new picture, he goes into training like a boxer.

“I want to be an actor—a good actor, and not necessarily a highly paid actor—when I’m 60. When I quit banking, I wanted to make acting my life work. It isn’t a temporary thing with me. On the stage you can last as long as you can act. And that’s one reason why I’m returning to the stage. Another is that I want to get more experience. I can’t get a lot of experience in the acting profession. I started out with a number of handicaps. There has never been anybody in my family who has ever been an actor. It’s a calling that has run in my family. I have a business man in a small midwestern town. There is nothing glamorous about my background. I feel that whatever success I have attained on
the stage or screen has been through hard work.

"What kind of parts do you like to play?"

"I prefer playing characters and dramatics. I've always considered myself a character actor, and straight romantic roles haven't been my cup of tea," he added.

Mr. M. had to do plenty of clowning in Nothing Sacred, a wild technicolor farce with Carole Lombard, which should be released by the end of the month. It was filmed at Selznic, the studio that produced A Star Is Born.

"I enjoyed my part as a newspaper reporter in Nothing Sacred," he asserted. "It's about the roughest pictures I've been in, and it's a cazy thing on the order of My Man Godfrey. Ben Hecht did the screenplay, and it is full of violent comedy situations.

Yes, I enjoyed that picture very much."

Mr. M. has been likened to a business man, say, a young banker, looked up to in a Rotary club. The color writers of Hollywood have deplored the fact that he looks so utterly a commonplace American and has done nothing exciting. He has no eccentricities, has always led an exemplary life ever since he has been in the public limelight, and his name has never been on any particular page or column.

Well, in my opinion it is precisely this solid and utterly sane quality of his that is at the foundation of his success.

It was not by an accident, or just for the Bohemian parties of it, that Mr. M. became an actor. "I've always wanted to be an actor," he says. He still remembers the poem he recited at parties when he was eleven years old.

In a dark and dismal attic,

Where the sunshine never came,

 Dwelt a little lad named Tommy,

Who was sickly, blind and lame.

Tears and tragic gestures accompanied his recitation. At 12, he staged a series of melodramas in the family barn, in which he played both the hero and the villain. Admiration, however, is in a certain case a greater marble was accepted. Although his father was a man of moderate means he sold newspapers and magazines, ran errands, made the mule trains—beyond economic activities that make America the great democratic country it is. At 16, he felt he was a man of the world when he became a junior clerk in the local bank. He dressed well, and had a way with the girls, numbers of whom he favored by taking them to dances and shows. He made frequent trips to Chicago over the weekend to see a play. As he was a big movie fan, he brightened. "Those were the happiest days of my life."

He felt important, not only because of his job in the bank, but also because he was the president of his class when he graduated from high school. Not a bad record for a cantaloupe thief.

He went to the University of Wisconsin, joined a fraternity, made sundry other campus societies, and in his senior year, attained the distinction of being the president of his class. He underwent a period of training in the infantry camp as an artillery officer when the United States entered the World War, but Armistice was signed before he was ready to go overseas. He still has the bearing of an officer and a gentleman.

After the war, he returned to his activities, this time in New York. But he spent all of his spare money, and more, buying tickets for Broadway plays.

An emergency operation for an infected appendix was the excuse he needed for not returning to the bank and pleading himself to the noble pursuit of the dramatic muse. He began his dramatic career as a movie extra, playing the roles of the meanest. Lean days followed, he posed for commercial artists, displayed suspenders and other accoutrements of the male attire.

Then he talked himself into a very small part in the play called Debar, at Belasco's, when he was down to his last dime.

He mapped out a course of action, and played stock for six months in Dayton, Ohio, then went on the road with negligible experience. More stock experience followed in Denver, Colo., where he met his present wife, who was the star of the company. He is very much in love with her, and has proved that it is easy to keep a woman.

His impersonation of John Barrymore in the coast production of the famed Royal Family landed him in the movies, in 1928. Whereupon Miss Elridge gave up her successful career on the stage and concentrated on being the wife of screen star Fredric March. She is his keenest critic, and he can never praise her enough.

Mr. M. believes the home without children is like a beehive without bees, of which there is nothing emptier and sadder. The Marches have two children, a girl, who bears the classic name of Penelope, but is familiarly addressed as Penny, and a boy, who has been christened after the classic actor Mr. M. immortalized in the Royal Family. The girl is five, the boy is three, and recording their daily activities has made Mr. M. a cameraman. He is very anxious to keep them out of the public limelight and give them every opportunity for growing as normal American children.

The actor has not entirely eliminated the Banker in Mr. M. He keeps all of his accounts himself, is a stickler for accuracy, and extremely methodical and punctual. He donates annually several hundred dollars to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, is very judicious in his investments and charities. He employs a secretary to take care of his voluminous fan mail, and every photograph and letter of his signature is genuine and not simulated.

The Marches do not go in for lavish, space grabbing parties. They like to entertain small, intimate groups. The Bolts, Montgomerys, Dorothy Parker and Allan Campbell, director John Cromwell, Paramount producer Harlan Thompson, are among their close friends in the movie colony. When a man like Ernst Hemingway comes to Hollywood, Mr. M. is sure to give a party for him, and invite his liberal friends to open their pocketbooks for a worthy cause.

Mr. M. has resided in Hollywood for the past nine years, without relinquishing his rights to the deeper satisfactions of life—a wife, home, children. He knows how to live in a town where so few do. And although he does not consider himself a romantic personality, his name spells big mazuma for the movie moguls. No other player has such a consistent crop of worthy grossers at the b. o.

"Let me remind you of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (which won him the Academy award), Les Misérables, The Dark Angel, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Anna Karenina, Anthony Adverse, The Road to Glory, A Star Is Born—Certainly an impressive record, Nothing Sacred and The Buccaneer should boost his b. o. score to greater heights. Stars come and go, but Freddie Marches on forever.

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RICHARD FOSTER is Leslie Howard’s stand-in. He is unmarried, lives with his mother and sister. Dick studied mathematics and business management at Ohio State University in Southwestern California, and, appropriately enough, stood in for banker-mathematician Howard. He hopes that his work as a stand-in will be a stepping-stone toward a career in the production and business end of motion pictures. “A stand-in,” he told us, “has all the chance in the world to learn how pictures are really made.”

But Dick had never seen Leslie Howard’s stand-in as follows: “One night I was dancing at the Cacoatatz Grove,” he recalled. “I met a fellow there who turned out to be a casting director. He asked me to stay. Some days later, I met him again and was told I could do the part. I had never given the movies a thought. To begin with, I went over to his office, and found myself appointed to be Leslie Howard’s stand-in. He was making Animal on the set of the film at the time, with Myrna Loy and John Gielgud. I was his stand-in in the scenes with the dog, and it was inevitable that a stand-in should know a little about animal life. Leslie Howard, according to Dick Foster, is typically English, a little aloof, but very genial and democratic. The accompanying photograph was taken of the set of Stand-In, while Dick was telling Howard an English story. “Did he get the joke?” we asked him. “Oh, yes. He has a keen sense of humor.” They are good friends. Dick is able to fill for Marla Shelton, new Walter Wanger star of Indian ancestry who plays the world’s conception of a glamorous movie queen in Stand-In. Now Leah has a baby contest and she still has the medal to prove it, she has studied ballet and tap dancing, has been a photographic model in Hollywood and New York, but when she tried to crash the workshops she was turned down. The double has to have a close facial resemblance to the star, and might be required to perform dangerous stunts.

Connie Rae is Joan Blondell’s stand-in. A great deal of make-up as Joan does. My dress doesn’t have to be exactly the same style, unless she is wearing a special costume, but must be of the same color. I’m a little shorter than Joan, so I wear shoes with higher heels, but just about the same shape. I wear my hair as she does.”

The Warners pay her $50 a week whenever she substitutes Miss Blondell in the hot spots, but she is contented that she got more work on the Warners lot, even the shooting of Stand-In. She is quite certain, and as a matter of fact, so are we, that some day she is going to have her own stand-in. Connie married a year ago, with Miss Blondell acting as bridesmaid at her wedding. They are pals. Her husband is Dick Powell’s business manager and press-agent.

For the page 80 accept no substitutes always insist on the advertised brands...
of Bob's phenomenal rise as the screen's No. 1 hot shot, and questioned Bob about it. He still named Don Miloco as his best friend. Don is in London at the moment, with Bob, and no doubt having the time of his life. It seems the British public would not admit him as his stand-in, because of quota restrictions on foreign talent, but Bob was permitted to take a friend along, and he took Don. The enduring friendship between these two wouldows shows a very fine side of Bob's character.

O'바리아 데 하비앙다스 has a special clause in her contract with the Warner Brothers studio to the effect that only Ann Robinson should be her stand-in. "I've been with Olivia ever since she started in pictures," Ann told us. She treats me very kindly and I may be prejudiced, but I think she is tops.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do for her. She always remembers my birthdays and gives me lovely cards. We visit each other in our homes but we lead separate social lives. They have publicized her as a kissless girl, which she resents. She likes to have fun, but she doesn't care to go out with men who do, just for the sake of getting publicity.

Ann is from Tennessee, and was educated in the Tennessee College for Women, where she studied to be a concert pianist. She came to Hollywood four years ago, and needed a job. She worked as an extra until a friend in the publicity department sold her to the casting department as a stock girl. "I never made more than $10 a week before I got that contract, but now as a stock girl I get regularly $50 a week. When I am not standing-in for Olivia, I'm a stock girl, and then as a dress extra or minor bit player in the pats made on our lot." We noticed a misty, dreamy look in her gray eyes. She admitted that she is terribly in love and will soon marry an important studio official.

M알 레어히크 is Cary Grant's stand-in and double. He is a former University of Chicago, played professional baseball with the Kansas City Blues, but a broken finger ended his diamond career, and he came to Hollywood, and became the stand-in and general factotum of starring Waterloo. No. 1. Again, we had an inspiring friendship between star and stand-in. Mal is paid by the studio whenever he stands-in for Cary, and that is practically always, as it would be difficult to find a husker actor in filmland, and in addition he is under personal salary to Cary. This double income has enabled him to marry a beautiful Los Angeles girl, and has enabled him to buy a house in the Hollywood hills, an accolade for his remarkable appearance. He agrees with the other stand-ins that this odd calling, over which some writers have shed tears, is most valuable, although he is only twenty-two. He has rehearsed dialogue with Katharine Hepburn and other principals in the casts of Cary's pictures, and I've learned plenty from them. My schedule is a dull moment in my life. When I'm not standing-in, I'm attending to Cary's business. There is always something to do."

Mal summed up the virtues of his debonair look by mentioning him as a "regular guy." When he is out, Cary replaces him as his own stand-in. Recently he had his broken finger set right by a surgeon, and Cary paid for the operation.

Joan Bennett's stand-in is Isabelle Sheridan, a cousin of Mary Pickford and a former stand-in of America's sweetheart. Isabelle has just completed a novel about Hollywood, utilizing her behind-the-scenes experiences. She was born in Toronto, Canada, came to Hollywood in 1925, and has been a stand-in off and on for seven years. "I started with Constance Cummings," she said. "I've also been a stand-in for Merle Oberon, Mai St. John, Pat Paterson, Sally Eilers, and a few others. I can't remember all of them now. It's a means to an end, but I wouldn't care to be a stand-in all my life."

A NOTE of tragedy creeps into this story. Irene Crane, Grace Moore's singing stand-in—the only singing stand-in in Hollywood—is stationed in the part of Martha, and weeps on her shoulder. She had sung all over Europe, and for two years was prima donna with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. She was an expert swimmer, and had won the Carnegie medal for saving two lives.

Carole Dietrich (that's her real name) is Marlene Dietrich's double, and her sister, Betty, is Garbo's double. They have been doubles for Dietrich and Garbo for over ten years, and have toured the country with a Fanchon & Marco company impersonating those two glamour queens. Carole had just come back from the studio when we visited these two famous doubles at their home. "Mr. Lubitsch is shooting some retakes of Marlene Dietrich with Herbert Marshall and Mervyn Douglas. "But Marlene is in Europe, so I doubled for her. They dressed me up like her, and shot me from the side and from the back. This is the fourth day I'm doubling for her in Angel. In the only one they can get, nobody else looks like Marlene as I do, so I get two bits for it." She asked us to be sure to call her a double, and not a stand-in. The studio pays her daily, while stand-ins only $6.50. She is frequently mistaken for the glamorous lady with the famous pantaloons. "If I walk into a shop on the Boulevard," she said, "they flutter around me excitedly, and say, 'Yes, Miss Dietrich, yes, Miss Dietrich!' '

"What do you say?" we asked her.

"Nothing! My name is Dietrich. We Germans call Marlene's real name is von Losch." When her sister, Betty, wears dark glasses, everybody stares at her, thinking she is Garbo. But she is a dead ringer for the Nordic star, even without the dark glasses. In fact, the resemblance is startling. You remember that scene of poignant beauty in Camille, when Garbo runs over a hill and across flowered meadows, wearing her white gown and a white, flapping straw hat and carrying a bouquet of wildflowers in her arm? In the long shots of that scene, Garbo was really Betty Dietrich. In the Courgette scene, even for Garbo by walking down a staircase with Charles Boyer. "Garbo likes to do all of her work herself. She is very particular. If you don't walk like her, there's trouble," she says, "I don't like it myself." She was happier in Madame Walewska than I've ever seen her before. She said hello to everybody. But I never talk to her, I'm afraid. She looked gorgeous in that black taffeta gown, with a golden brown, her face very white.

The Dietrich sisters are in the Columbia picture, It Happened in Hollywood, with twenty-five other doubles. Richard
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She Who Gets Slapped

[Continued from page 26]

her own plays, produced them, starred in them, in the hình of the theatre her father
had built for her in the back yard of their
home in Hartford, Connecticut. When she
was ten or eleven she wrote a little fantasy.

It was her dearest brain child. She labored
on it at night, and read it aloud to her father
and mother, who were overjoyed. With the
most sensitive care she set her stage,
cast the play, produced. The neigh-
boring children were, as always, the audience.

At first, she dreamed of fast-grown-up
lovely stars, but soon, she was fazed by
the idea so fragile they could no more grasp
it than they could have grasped the moon-drift
out of which it was made, they booc'd it.

They booced the small hurt "she," they howled,
"What'a talking 'bout? We don't know what
it means. What's all about?" And that
hurt. That hurt vitally because it was
Katie's first experience with non-compre-
hending hearts. It was her turn to suffer,
loved and rejected. And what does to
someone you have loved, to have it
snatched away from you, just so quickly?

KATHARINE had, now, that she was
almost always the star of her own pro-
cussions. And that if anyone else didn't
like the way she did things she simply
walked out and stayed out until they asked
her to come back. They always did. The
same held true no matter when, grown up,

she went into the theatre. She has, more
than once, walked out and stayed out. She has
been asked to come back and has come back.

She has met with success and failure.
She has met with brilliant success. She has
been slapp'd down. She has popped up
again.

It was when she was fourteen, a soft,
sensitive age, that her elder brother, adored
by her, died. A tragic death. She has
never gotten over it. And, psychologically,
to be traced to the adoration of this
brother much of the Katharine Hepburn of
today; her intellectual honesty which is
masculine in its uncompromising ruthlessness;
his athletic prowess which dates back to
the days when she took "daring" no mat-
tier how daring rather than be thought "a
tag-along" by the brothers.

Katie today, swims, plays fast tennis and
neat-championship golf, wears slacks, over-
alls, and has no make-up, never has a
double in any of her pictures no matter how
dangerous the stunts to be done—she is,
still, the little girl who was hurt because
she was a little girl and had to fight, double
strength, to make the grade in spite of the
handicap.

Katharine's father is a well-known Har-
dford surgeon. And, from infancy, she was
accustomed to the talk of pain, to a
understanding of the merciful cruelty of
the knife. She heard accounts of major
operations, tales of suffering and gallantry in
the face of death. She became familiar
with the idea that we are all of us born to
be hurt, at one time or another, in one way
or another.

Katharine's mother has, for years, been
prominently identified with national cam-
paigns for suffrage and for birth control.
And, always intimately close to her family,
one with them in all of their interests and
troubles, like everyone, early, the

idea of ignorance, of bringing into the world
those who will certainly, not just possibly,
be hurt.

Katharine went to grade and high school
in Hartford. She matriculated at Bryn
Mawr College, her mother's Alma Mater.

She became a member of the dramatic Club
and those who saw her collegiate perfor-
mances have never forgotten them. She
was graduated, also, with the degree of
Doctor of Psychology. She wanted, for
her, to "watch the works go round—
the complicated mechanism of the minds
and emotions of human beings. She made no
close friends in college.

And after college Katharine went to New
York. And, contrary to general opinion,
she went with her family's blessing. Be-
cause, though they may have wished for her
a less strenuous, less heartbreaking life, they
had reared their children on the "Honor
System." In other words, they had left
their children free to bring themselves up
to make their own decisions, accept their
own rewards.

FOR Katie, New York was to be a series
of stepping-stones. First of all because
she suffered from bashfulness to such an ex-
tent that it was, she says, "a disease." It
was agony for her to even talk to strangers.

She haunted the offices of agents and pro-
ducers, and supporting players, who could
not make casual contact with the living
world. She sat for hours, speechless, in
waiting-rooms and wondered how ambitious
young actresses ever managed to get up
courage to say they wanted to see a producer,
let alone how they talked to the producer once
they had gained admission.

"I was always moving at top speed," Katharine
remembers, "I always ran, never walked. With
dismal results. For the by time I had raced madly
through one or two offices my face would be wet
with perspiration, my hair all over my head,
my clothes disheveled.

Katharine would see, in the offices, mar-
celled and beautiful blondes, crisp as ribbon
candy; sleek brunettes velvety with self-
assurance and would feel, instead, young
and raw and untrained and hurt that, since she
had to be a girl at all, she couldn't have
been one of those manhandled mannikins who
were known to all the answers to all the
questions.

She managed, finally, to get a part in
a Little Theatre play given somewhere on
Long Island. She was thin and gawky and
wretchedly inexperienced. She didn't "last"
in the play, but Kenneth McKenna, later
to be Kay Francis' husband, was a
guest star in the same play. And he sensed
the potential genius in the young actress; he
felt the impact of what he described as "a
terrible personality." And he had the cour-
age, the kindness, to point her shortcomings
out to her. And Katharine had the courage
to take his criticism gracefully. She recog-
nized, she says, "the surgeon's knife with
its merciful cruelty."

It was after this experience that Katharine
began to study. She studied voice with
Frances Robinson Dunn. She studied
the Russian Ballet with Olga Preobrajenski.
She was bruised and sheared until she had done
all she could, at the time, to improve her
voice, her diction; to transform the bashful, gag-
gling girl into a poised and graceful young
woman.

Her first good engagement, following her
months of study, was the lead in The Big
Pond. Katie and the director disagreed
as to her interpretation of her role and she
walked out of the cast. And did that hurt!

Her first big chance in a play on Broadway!
Arthur Hopkins had witnessed the try-

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exception to this being when she is playing with new players who are nervous and who can be encouraged and emboldened by the star having imperfections, too.

But in this instance, allane with the hope and not the perfect place, the perfect part for her, the girl who always runs and never walks, fairly ate the lines overnight. She studied the script until she was not only letter-perfect in her own part but knew all the other parts, too. Came the rehearsals. Came Katharine's swift, assured reading of her lines. Came the tumbling and faltering of the male star when he tried to read the lines. Six days after rehearsals started Katie was fired from the cast. That was, perhaps, the biggest hurt of all. Because it was poisoned with injustice. The star that once was a very young, very eager girl, standing on her tip-toes. He saw only a slick young woman who seemed to be trying to "show him up." Katie was given, then, a role in The Warrior's Husband. She was nearly broken her neck working on that role. The rehearsals were triumphs. Just before they were to open she was dismissed from the cast. They needed a new face. And they tried to get one. Only after every available trooper on Broadway had been tested did they have to admit that no one could play the part as nameless little Hepburn played it. A great role and asked her to come back. Katharine "went back." And on the strength of her performance in that play was urged, by George Cukor, to come to Hollywood.

KATHERINE will, perhaps, never forget her first day in Hollywood; the first time she walked into the RKO commissary with her lunch and saw Irene Dunne and Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, bevies of luminous girls. On the boulevards she caught glimpses of Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis... She said not a word. But Daniel in the Lions' den must have been comfortably at home compared to Katharine's feeling when she was pushed into the luminous "hostess" den of Hollywood. For here was the Garden of Fair Women, here were the hurts of those earlier days in the agents' offices, the marcelled blondes, the sleek brunettes, all lacquered with Beauty Shoppe loveliness and self-assurance. Once again she realized that she could never be as they were, tried, at first, to do as Hollywood does. She gave interviews and was hurt by personal questions. She was misquoted. She posed for stills in battling suits or evening gowns. She went to some parties— and said the wrong things. One such occasion she met Elisa Landi, Miss Landi, who had played The Warrior's Husband on the screen, asked Katharine which scene of the film was most enjoyed. "Well," grinned Katharine, "I liked the scene where you run across the field and vault the fence. It had more life and spirit to it than the other scenes, I thought it was more like me in the play, knew it in which a double had been used. Katie was, of course, blissfully innocent of the blunder. She didn't, then, even know what a dummy was.

Katie, soon after Bill of Divorcement with John Barrymore, stopped giving interviews. She became known as a recluse; she was accused of being unapproachable, too odd for her own good, an eccentric, rude and tubercular girl_still was slapped down from every direction. Only those who work with her really know her. An enigma to her public she is beloved, dearly, by every man, woman, child who has ever worked with her in pictures. Recently, in a magazine, a picture of Katie was captioned: "Hepburn is, reputedly, becoming more human." Her fellow workers blamed when they read it. There was all but a riot on the set of Stage Door.

Her refusal to give interviews, to go to parties, premiers (she always goes to the "sneaks" of her pictures) to conform to the Hollywood merry-go-round was, partly, a measure of pain; but the hurt was born to be hurt, as she seems to have been, she is a willing martyr. She doesn't expose herself, needlessly, to the harbs and arrows of outrageous fortune—or fools.

**THERE** is the belief in Hollywood that Katie was quite recently in love. Painfully in love. So in love that, for once, she was unfeignedly hurt. For it was, too, a hurt, this love. Unattainable. Unrealizable. And rumors are abroad that she is engaged to Howard Hughes, the millionaire producer of REUl BLACK AUGUST Verticals, made the late Jean Harlow a star. But Katie won't confirm or deny the rumors.

She is still so shy that she will not go into the studio except for the sake of some friend into accompanying her. Or eats in her dressing-room, alone. She refuses dinner invitations but is seen frequently sharing a sandwich with a stage-hand. She resists publicity. She is a greenhorn in this métier. The word is that she has written a novel, "a lamb" all during the making of Stage Door, in which, a situation potentially Dynamite, she co-stars with Ginger Rogers. And given. And is told, her most magnificent performance.

Not many weeks ago she called a young player on the RKO lot to her dressing-room. She said to the girl: "I've been hearing that you are going very high, getting sort of 'exclusive,' unattainable to the public and the press. Let me tell you something—not do it. I tried it and it doesn't work."

**YES,** Katie's life has been a series of slappings-down and gettings-up—there have been Bill of Divorcement, Christopher Strong, Morning Glory, Little Women, Spiffies, The Little Minister, Break of Hearts, Alice Adams, Sylvia Scarlett, Mary of Scotland, A Woman Rebels, Quality Street, new Stage Door, next Bringing Up Baby. She has been slapped down in some of them, bobbed up again, to bravos in others. She did The Lake on Broadway and was unmercifully slapped down. It must have hurt unmercifully, too, because her heart was in it—and because she is a fierce and strong. And because the criticism was laced with unnecessary spite.

She came back and made Stage Door where she was unmercifully, her highest triumph. She played Jane Eyre on the road. She is, as yet, undecided about playing it on Broadway. For, despite entirely flattering personal notices, she is not sure of the merits of the play. And she is grimly, unshakably determined to make, one day, a smash personal hit in a smash play.

Born to be hurt—yes. Born to be healed, too. Others inflict the hurts. Katharine absorbs them.

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Kelly in an ultimatum. “If she is sallow let her relieve the dress with some stiff starched material at the throat or elsewhere. Papers, ribbons, or bows revolve to a choker necklace, or bring out her pearls, real or a good imitation.”

A “no” for fashion-would-be favorite is to avoid too much decoration. Notice that the theatrical software of Orry-Kelly is very simple, round bust, long sleeves, and a loose skirt. But those are the rules of the game, and the film is far from being a decoration or if you are going out to conquer the fashion world. In Kay Francis’ First Lady, the style-wise observer will notice Orry-Kelly’s non-decorative edict carried out to extremes.

One of La Ges’s gowns is a stunning gold metallic cloth evening dress, with deep square décolletage in front, and full shirred skirt on the back. The gowns of Orry-Kelly deserts the high-waisted Empire dresses that he favors at the moment in this creation (for it is that), like Pygmalion, the sculptor, he has created a statueque Galatea. The dress is a costume in the absolutely devoid of trimming, except the wearer’s own jeweled bracelet, gives Miss Francis the dramatic quality of a Lynne Fontanne.

Another little First Lady number is the rust-colored smock that Kay Francis wears. It slips over a pencil skirt of dark brown wool, and carries for trimming only a brown belt, and a few inches, a huge bag of the same skin. Chic? You said it, my style sister. Then there is an afternoon frock of brown velvet, with tunic. Tunics are out, you say. They are if they are not becoming, says Orry-Kelly. Nothing is “out” if it enhances your appearance. Supposing, says this rebel, that skirts fourteen inches from the floor in style. And supposing, further, that you look better than you are, twelve inches from the floor. What would you do, sacrifice what you knew became you because fashion, which dictates to the masses and not to the individual, said you must? The answer is obvious—go on talking about the Francis’ afternoon gown and its lack of trimming. An alligator belt is again its only decoration.

THERE is another gown in the Francis’ First Lady ensemble that deserves attention, but unfortunately, you won’t see it for the sequence in which it appeared was cut from the film. That’s the classic drape, dear to Orry-Kelly’s heart, for it is the fashion artist his fashion conceptions stem back to the ancient Greeks with their draped chiton and chlamydes. It is made of jersey—rust colored jersey, one of those “smudgley” tones that delight Orry-Kelly, and its sole decoration is a monogram on the left bosom. “Be careful of jersey, cautions the designer. It requires a lot of time and effort.”

It seems that all the people at the party and a woman who was once a famous star was there in a skin-tight jersey dress. You could see the tight outline of her bust, her waist and her hips where her thighbgrowth, and her posterior.

“How do I look?” she asked me, knowing that I would be honest, for I was an old friend. Now, mind you, this woman had kept her figure and it was still beautiful but the jersey made it look lumpy and saggy.
"Take it off when you get home and give it to your younger sister," I told her, frankly. She still wore a size twelve. You get an idea of how Jersey can betray your figure in.

It's a good "no" to know, unless, of course, the clinging material is treated as Orry-Kelly has done in this classically draped dress of Kay Francis.

The gored skirt is going with the winter winds, predicts Orry-Kelly, and the tightly-fitting long skirt with its full puffed sleeves, full bodice, and high waistline, reminiscent of military uniforms, will be here for even longer. Did Garbo revite it, we asked, thoughtlessly, conscious of her new film which delves into the private life of Napoleon's Codeine? But Orry-Kelly is aware of world politics. He shook his dark head with that strand of white hair at the brow, like a plume. British-born, like the Paris couturiere, Captain Molyneux, Mr. Kelly is aware of brooding war clouds. No mere movie star revived the Empire gown.

"I don't like to predict it because it is too horrible to think about, but the fashion world reflects the jumbled emotions of 1916. Two years ago we had the military mode, now with the war in Africa. Incidentally, the buttons, the braid and the square outline were none too becoming on women who held themselves badly, and walked badly. Now the world is again in an upheaval. No one knows what will happen with nations seeking peace and curtailing war. The fashion world is uncertain, too. That explains some of the baroque designs that are coming in from Paris, so near the center of diplomatic maneuvering. We have a revival of tiny waists, frail-veured, veils, plumes, rustling taffetas. In clothes, the smart woman is getting the feel of the World War. The best of the fashions is the Empire line, which had a vogue at that time. But is this all an indication of what is to come? I would not like to predict. It is enough that the fashion wizard tells you and you and me what we should "no" in dress.

realistic atmosphere and give vocal outbursts their proper place, the New York boys there would go the whole way and produce a picture that was a real musical with the right balance of songs, plot and dialogue. And so they wrote On Your Toes especially for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. It had everything—romance, grand music, comedy relief and a brand new idea in plot. But when they offered it to a producer it was voted out.

So, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart took their play to New York. On Broadway it wasn't a question of finding a producer but a matter of turning down a couple to whom had drifted vague rumors of On Your Toes. It opened on a Saturday night in April and the following Christmas you still couldn't get seats for the matinee. It was the musical hit of the year and, of course, it attracted the flesher scouts and eventually it was bought for Hollywood production.

The reaction to that incident was a series of offers from the California studios for Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hart to name their figure but to please come West. And they did it.

THE last Hollywood hegira was the most important yet made by Dick and Larry. It is doubtful if they would have accepted an offer other than that from Mervyn LeRoy. Being a producer his new status assured Rodgers and Hart of no interference when they collaborated on The King and the Chorus Girl.

While Larry and Richard are the only musical dramatists in the entertainment world, various other maestros who make the world's most musical place in which to live have answered the call of Hollywood's coin-clinking opportunities. And it means a musical cycle in the cinema which will dwarf any yet inspired. There is Nacio Herb Brown of Broadway Melody fame, and his partner, Arthur Freed. There is Gus Kahn, too. At Paramount, for instance, musicals have been made for Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Irene Dunne has given us High Horses and How to Marry a Millionaire, Jerome Kern music and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Victor Herbert's tunes are to be glorified in a story of his "life and loves." Rudolf Friml's music is in The Firefly.

It's been full speed ahead musically at RKO-Radio, too, where the world-famous Oscar Strauss was imported from Vienna. Strauss gave us The Chocolate Soldier and The Last Waltz, among dozens more, and he is quoted that boys like Larry and Dick, Gordon and Revel, Jerome Kern, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Mitchell and Pollack, Warren and Dubin, and the rest, reaching the huge film audience, are broadening musical America.

DARRYL ZANUCK, the ball-of-fire who guides the destinies of 20th Century-Fox films is another who has laid out an ambitious musical movie program. In On the Avenue he brought one of the world's greatest musical figures to film prominence in Irving Berlin, who has given us some of the sweetest melodies ever written in the past two decades. Beginning with Alexander's Ragtime Band, there are, quite literally, scores of Berlin hits reaching right down to On the Avenue. Berlin is another who looks like a permanent fixture in the sphere of Hollywood movie musicals. Zanuck, of course, has him under contract. He also has Mitchell and Pollack, the composers of Sing, Baby Sing and the musical numbers of Souja Henie's first picture One Million.

For the Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie film, Wake Up and Vote, Darryl Zanuck signed a song-writing team almost sufficient in itself to guarantee the success of any picture. It is composed of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, the boys who gave us Did You Ever See a Dream Walking, Feather in a Brace, Love That Neighbor, Take A Number From One to Ten, Stay As Sweet as You Are, and dozens more.

Oddly enough Winchell "discovered" Gordon and Revel, and his column gave them the first break in Hollywood. Now they have done the songs for his picture, and will write the hits for Walter's next picture. All in all, it looks as though we're in for a musical renaisance sponsored by the cinema. Those who declare that talking pictures and singing stars are here to stay! Which means that the nation's song hits will continue to come from the movies.
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for Orange Juice, Clean Shirts... and a Girl

[Continued from page 77]

of a dine. He'd traveled far from the day when he'd spent seventeen thousand in a single year. Suppose he didn't land the job in Bolero and lost the pump as well. It was on the tip of his tongue. He couldn't break the trip. No, better not. It might not sit so well. He'd take the chance, get down to the gas station somehow.

UGGLES saw him and said: "I'll let you know..." that most depressing of all sentences in the Hollywood routine. Ray rubbed a dine town down, was told to report tomorrow morning, and waked back home.

But Ruggles did let him know. Ruggles told him to report at nine on Monday morning for the part in Bolero. His solitary suit, thank heaven, would do for the part. But the pump continued to haunt him. There had been something solid and safe and reassuring about it. If he were putrid in this picture, he'd never get another.

The upshot of all this turmoil was that he appeared at the gas station Monday morning at six, dressed for his Paramount role. He'd understood that the job was his, but found a score of others waiting in line. Laborers who eyed him squarely and muttered:

"What the hell's this dude doing here?"
He returned them look for look, bolstering his spirit with silent repartee.

"I've got to work..." And there's Mal. They might throw me out of the picture before they start.

His eyes followed the creeping hands of the clock. When the office girl appeared, he stood up, not to see the boss. "You'll have to wait your turn," he waited till the last possible moment before making a second plea. Getting the same just but unfreeing rejoiinder, he pushed by, leaving her to stare aghast while he poured out his tale of woe to the boss.

Not that he confided the news of his being a movie actor. He knew full well that would land him, "My aunt's dying in Ohio," said Mr. Millard. "She wants to see me. Would you hold the job open four weeks?"

The tale was false, but the young man with eyes full and heart full was as real. "O.K." said the boss. "I like your spirit."

When, four weeks later, a jubilant movie actor with a long term contract in his pocket, confessed the truth, the boss eyed him grimly for a moment. Then: "I dunno why ya had all that trouble gettin' a job. You're the best damn actor that ever pulled the leg o' mine."

He and Mal got together. They've been together ever since. "And we're going to stay together ever since—all Mal's." said with a fervor there was no mistaking his eyes that day.

There was more no flinging of money to the winds. They saved together till they could afford to build, and soothed their impatience by attending auction sales and picking their furnishing, lovingly, stick by stick.

Having heard the story, it was easy to understand the mood in which he'd returned from breaking ground for his home and Mal.

He was at the door. For the twentieth time he pushed the unruly lock out of his eyes. "I'm a son-of-a-gun for luck," he crowed. "I came back for orange juice and clean shirts. And look what I got!"
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 47]

videly Jeannette MacDonald (Mrs. Gene Raymond to you!) is so intent on being a goody-woody wife that she spends an hour a day in the kitchen, learning to cook... at least, her press-agent says so, huzzah... Ted Healy is an inventor... he's patenting fake lapel buttonholes that impart a wallowing electric shock to the nose that smells it too closely... he's named it "Healy's Bloomin' Shocked of Curious Noses."

Penguin Champ
R OLAND YOUNG takes second place in Hollywood's penny-collecting championship race. Leader now is Helen Troy of M-G-M, who owns more than 500 miniature pen- guins, against Young's hardly-over-300.

Ex-Theatre Usher Goes Uppity
NEVER renowned as Hollywood's Most Gracious Star, Janet Gaynor's new skyrocketing hasn't changed her in that respect. It happened at a recent preview... as Janet swept grandly into the foyer, a wizened, limping little lad with a thin, blue face, dodged under the ropes, past the po- liceman's arm, up to Janet. He held out a card and pencil. "Please, Miss Gaynor— your autograph," he begged.

Coldly, Janet swept on. "Next time," she said. "But..." (he coughed). "...perhaps I won't be here... next time," the child said. Janet went right on. There are quite a few famous names in the white-faced child's book. But Janet's is NOT there.

Eleanor's New Steps
A NY question of whether or not Eleanor Powell is the world's dance-mistress must be settled by the fact that within two days after it was publicly announced that she's de- vised a new "chuck-a-boom" dance, dozens of wires came from dance-teachers all over the country, asking her for the "how."

Julepers
N EWEST club in Hollywood is The Julep Club. They haven't got a club-house yet—but they DO have a club-pin; a tiny silver mint julep glass to be worn in the lapel. Charter members include Clark Gable, Preston Foster, Donald Crisp, John Boles, and a few others of the Catalina boat- ing gang. Membership requirements are (1) ownership of a boat that can cross the channel from Santa Monica to Catalina, and (2) the ability to make a GOOD mint julep.

Mysterious Mourner
R UDOLPH VALENTINO's "Lady in Black" did not fall him this year, for on the anni- versary of the Great Lover's death, the crypt in which his remains lie in Hollywood cemetery, in the shadow of the studios, is visited by scores of mourners, who leave the tomb deep under flowers on that day. Always—until last year—there was one faithful visitor: a woman, dressed all in black, with a heavy veil hiding her identity. Always, on the date he died, she came, mourned silently, left a great mass of red roses. Always watchers wondered in vain who she was. Last year she did not come. But this year, once again, she was there—mysterious as ever. She came just at noon. It was noon on August 23, 1926, that Valentino died. He was betrothed, then, to Pola Negri.

World-Rocking Revelation
S HIRLEY TEMPLE loves to play "kick the can" between takes!

Didja Getta Kiss, Sam?
A N DREA LEEDS is gonna be a good girl now, and so Papa Sam Goldwyn has given her a nice present—the leading role in his Goldwyn Follies.

Remember the Leeds pout?—it came when Andrea, (skyrocketing to fame not only because she IS a good little actress, but also because Sam's press-agent genius Jack Lawrence dubbed her the "most-kissed-gal-in-movies" after she swapped 467 kisses in her first screen test) suddenly went temperamental, flatly refused to play the part Goldwyn assigned her to in that Woman Chases Man thing. So the Great Goldwyn got mad. He suspended her without pay.

When the saw the picture, Andrea, repentant and payless, went contritely to Goldwyn, told him she was sorry. Half-relenting, Goldwyn loaned her to RKO for a role in Stage Door. Andrea did good work. Convinced of her reformation, Goldwyn has just given her full rein- statement on his lot with the plum-role in the Follies. Whether or not Andrea and Goldwyn swapped her 468th kiss when they made up is not revealed.

Home On The Range
G RANDEST gesture of one of Hollywood's grandest guys—that's the thing Gary Cooper is doing now. In San Fernando Valley, Gary is buying a 30-acre ranch. On it, he's going to build a mess-house, dormitories, other ranch buildings. He's going to stock it with horses, cattle, fowl. Then he's going to make it over, in full legal form, to the unhindered use of that little handful of about a half-hundred old-time cowboys—the remnant of the hundreds of real western cowboys who flocked to Hollywood when western movies were in their glory.

Always, Gary has found among these old cowhands his real pals. He gathers them in Jim Davis' harness shop, on a side-street off Hollywood boulevard. There he drops "star-ism," swaps old hoss-tales and ranch-chatter with his buddies, most of whom hardly make ends meet. In these effete movie days, to keep patches in their chaps. It was the tales of privation and hard-luck he heard in those leather-shop talk-fests that gave Gary the idea of fixing up a between-pictures ranch-home for the gang he loves with that hard-fisted camerad- erie that is so characteristic of the old west.

Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package o' BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL can give welcome relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher
LEARN AT HOME to play by note. Piano, violin, viola, cello, guitar, harmonica, tambourine, ukulele, banjo, drums, harmonica. Send 10c for free catalog. Leaders containing 2 booklets, 23 lessons. Learn at home rapidly. Also a free catalog to those outside U.S. School of Music, 3012 Broadway, N.Y.

At Last! All New Rubber CURLER THAT
1. Is lightweight... one piece.
2. Is utterly comfortable... awake or asleep.
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4. Makes smoother, more lasting curls, quicker!
5. Does not conduct heat.

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U.S. patent No. 1,815,442. Manufactured by Paris Curlers, Los Angeles, Calif. Use this free coupon. Continental delivery. Send for free PARIS CURLERS as checked... postpaid. (1) curler $1 (2) curlers $2 (3) curlers $3 (4) curlers $4 I enclose faced stamp(s) to cover cost. Name. Address No. & No. City. State.
Charles Correll (Andy of "Amos an' Andy") to you was married recently to Alyce McLaren, stage dancer. Now he can tell Amos the truth about marriage doing well. She's Frances Farmer's lady bull pup.

Anyway, Frances says she's a lady.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Wayne Morris' mayn't marry Nan Grey:
Her guardian says she's too young; so say I!

**RTE: magazine, in the midst of all this Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor are-they-married-or-not? furor—take Ol' Man Tatter's word for it—they're NOT—despite all those rumors that they stole away for a secret I-do-ing just before Bob sailed for England.

They're just good friends, in the good old you-know jollywood fashion! She calls him "Bob" and he calls her "Boob," believe it or not! But even though he calls her "boob," Barbara isn't one. That's the main reason they're not married; also the reason they probably will NOT marry—anyway, not for a long time. Love each other?—yes, your old Tatter believes they do. But even though Bob would marry her the moment she'd let him, Barbara is grand-old-trouper enough to know that much of Bob's screen success depends on his bachelorhood—and the quaint hope that holds out to the hordes of gals who mob Bob. So Barbara, loving Bob, wanting only the best for him, hasn't yet seen fit to put the hurdle of being a Husband across Bob's path to the heights.

So go to it, gals!—if any of you think you can beat Barbara's time, Bob's still free. Meanwhile, however, don't overlook the fact that Barbara and Bob make enough between them to be able to afford hundreds of dollars a week in telephone bills to tell each other "I love you" from Hollywood to London.

---Wide World

**HOLLYWOODENIZED Mother-Goose Rhyme:**
Humpty-Dumpty Brent
Tumbled off his wall;
Kersmack into marriage
Georgie did fall!
And now all the judges
And best lawyer-men
Quite fail to UN-marry
Him an' Connie again!

**AND so both George Brent and his Mexican-marriage-missus, who was Constance Worth of Australia, are seeing their lawyers to find out what they can do about getting annulled or divorced or what, since California's Superior Court Judge Haas said he wouldn't dissolve their Tia Juana marriage on such flimsy grounds as has been presented to him. Despite the highly-technical points raised, Judge Haas said that Connie and George had apparently been married "in good faith," and lived right out loud as hubby and wife.

Next step will probably be a plain divorce action, since the annulment didn't take.

**ALTAR-ations in Status:**
—after a six-months betrothal which followed their meeting in England, Comedian Lou Holtz and actress-model Phyllis Gilman tiajuana-ed into matrimony.
—after everyone in Hollywood had taken it for granted and settled that sooner or later she'd marry Dr. Frank Nolan of Hollywood, Mae Clarke up and married Pan-American airpilot Steve Bancroft, honeymooned at Agua Caliente while Dr. Nolan went on attending his patients in Hollywood, Mae says she's quitting pictures to live in Rio de Janeiro with her flying hubby.
—Patsy Ruth Miller married screenwriter John Lee Mahin in a secret ceremony at Tia Juana, after throwing their gaggling friends off the trail by taking out a California license.
—six-shootin' Tom Tyler broke a personal-appearance tour in Georgia, flew to Hollywood, married screen actress Jeanne Martel, flew back with his bride to continue personal appearances.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Michael Bartlett and Florence Rice Say "we're just friends!" Ah, how nice!

**TWOSOMES-of-the-MONTH:**
Thomas Beck and Arleen Whelan still at it; Glenda Farrell and Drew Euberson, Binnie Barnes and Jean Negrulesco, Irma

Warner and Al Rogell... Universal's Joy Hodges and Bob Wilcox... John King and Frances Robinson... Eleanor Hansen and Bill Lundigan... three-some: English actor Cecil Howard and American writer Robert Riskin vying for Frances Drake's attentions... Charlie Butterworth and Hazel Forbes, again, yet and ever... Leah Ray (20th-Fox says she'll have to reduce) and Jerry Wald... Douglass Montgomery and Whitney Bourne... Gwen Kenyon of Paramount, and John Howard... Mary Brian's current incandescence is Alexander D'Arcey... Lew Ayres (still undivorced from Ginger Rogers) dating Rochelle Hudson... Dixie Dunbar and a number of fellows including Bob Herndon, Jack Tavenman and who's next?... Jimmy Dunn excited about Frances Gifford... retakes for Audrey Sutherland and Addison Randall... it's writer Joe Mankiewicz who has the inside track in Loretta Young's run-around now... when Cecil Howard (in case you forget, he's the Earl of Suffolk) isn't battling Bob Riskin for Frances Drake, he's nitelubbing with Eleanor Powell... and when Lew Ayres isn't with her, you'll find Rochelle Hudson passing time with Lee Bowman or Sid Burnap... Universal's Connie Moore is wearing "Mort Schwartz" diamond ring... Joon Woodbury and Bill Corson, heating the nite clubs...

**COOLING-OFF notes:**
...looks like temperature's downing between Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines... and Virginia Field and Blake Warrick-Owensmith aren't even speaking any more...

Warmer and warmer grows the climate wherever Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor are stepping out together. Colder and colder grows the ice under Sonja Henie's skates.

"Well, it helped him to be seen around with me when I was the Olympic champ and he was just a screen beginner," consoles herself Sonja.

**RUMORS** there are of tiffs between Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. Well they can make up, can't they?
What a Difference Maybelline does Make!

What a Truly Marvelous Improvement MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scrappy brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long, curling, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Mascara—in either the economical Solid-form or the popular Cream-form—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

Every time you squint or blink your eyes the tender skin around your eyes is creased, encouraging wrinkles. Help to avoid these crow's feet, wrinkles and laugh lines—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.
Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard... light up Camels... With a "Hard ale!") Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over... heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY MAE FAIR
SOCIETY EDITOR

Mrs. Howard F. Whitney told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the Chinook, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift'! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
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Mrs. J. Gardner Godbold, 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drewel 3rd, Philadelphia
Miss Wendy Morgan, New York

Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Rufus Peine Spalding III, Pasadena
Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
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Costlier Tobaccos!
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO... Turkish and Domestic

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL
"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn’t it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn’t it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of “pink tooth brush” disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, “gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.”

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset’s Double Duty Tooth Brush.
Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit! ...Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

Featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUire

COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
"WILL I LAST?"
—TYRONE POWER

That's what Tyrone Power is asking himself and you. The most popular idol of the past year has been catapulted into fame and fortune. And he hopes he'll retain his popularity through succeeding years. This story is but one of the features of February MOTION PICTURE, which includes such headliners as Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple, Fernand Gravet, Ann Sothern, and everybody's pal, Charlie McCarthy. MOTION PICTURE leads the way every month. It features the liveliest gossip and news of Hollywood. Order your copy from your newsdealer now.


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LAURENCE REID
Editor
JANUARY, 1938
Volume LIV, No. 6
Twenty-sixth Year

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ODD, isn’t it?—how even in this ultra-modern, super-sophisticated Hollywood, they’ll turn every now and then to some age-tested homily. What I mean is, the old adage: “There’s safety in numbers...”

When it comes to dating, most of the younger-set gals are climbing aboard the Safety-In-Numbers bandwagon these nights. It’s probably a self-preservation gesture on their part, to protect themselves against the notorious movieland gossipers’ habit of having a couple engaged when they go out together the first time, secretly married when they date twice, and preparing for a blessed event by the time they’ve had three dates in a row. (Please note, Mister Hays, that Ol’ Man Tattler behaves; he had ‘em married the second date!)

Anyway, observe:

EXHIBIT A in the Safety-In-Numbers tactics is ROCHELLE HUDSON. Let’s interview Ol’ Hudson about it—

Q—Rochelle, honey, who wuz that man I saw you with at the Tropics last night?
A—Oh, that was Count Theo Rossi, the Italian nobleman who won second place in those Chicago boat races.

Q—And Rochelle, dumpling, who was that other foreign-lookingish chap you were dating the night before?
A—Why, Mister Tattler, I’m ashamed, you not recognizing Ivan Lebedoff. He kisses your hand so divinely...!

Q—Not MY hand, Rochelle, pet; but the night before, weren’t you out with—

A—Yes, that time is was with Bill Caldwell.
Q—And Rochelle, sweetie-pie, the night before THAT, who was the guy?
A—Ah, that night it was—hum, let me see—why I think it must have been Sidney Burnap.
Q—And the night—
A—before Sidney, it was Lee Bowman, and tomorrow night, it’s none of your business, but maybe it’ll be the Three Ritz Brothers all at once, and if I get the Marxes to go along, it’ll be okeh, too...!

Q—By the way, Rochelle, my little dove, what are you doing some Saturday night soon?

(Well, anyway; that’s a good way for Ol’ Man Tattler to end his theoretical interview. Rochelle might even take the hint and say nothing—and then you’ll read Ol’ Man Tattler telling you about Rochelle adding Ol’ Man Tattler to her list of guys-I-go-out-with.)

P.S.—No, she hasn’t dated Freddie Bartholomew. Yet.

[Continued on page 8]
PHIL REGAN • LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva • James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DIMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX THERUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star
GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play
by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

LEO CARRILLO
CAB CALLOWAY
KAY THOMPSON
TED LEWIS
JOE DIMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

LUIS ALBERNI

 Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS
CUPID'S COUPLETT:  
Director Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce—  
Just a coupla heart-throbs on the loose!

AND so we come to Exhibit 2 in the Safety-In-Numbers matter.  
DIXIE DUNBAR. Dixie can't take 'em on like Rochelle. After all, Dixie only weighs 98, and every time she loses a pound, her boss, 20th-Fox's headman Darryl Zanuck, makes her go to bed with milk and eggs to gain it back. That's a tough handicap for a gal who'd try to keep up with Hudson! However—Dixie manages to juggle dates with Bob Herndon, Wayne Morris, Jack Warner, Junior, and a few others, without getting seriously engaged to any one or two of 'em.

CUPID'S COUPLETT—and triplet, quadruplet, quintuplet, etc. . . . (this being Exhibit 3 in the Safety-In-Numbers rage that's sweeping Hollywood):  
Cecilia Parker and Tommy Wonder—  
Look like you couldn't drag 'em asunder;  
'Til Cecilia Parker and Stanley Kahn,  
Start their goings-on, and on, and on.  
But Cecilia Parker and Billy Seymour,  
When it comes to bein' warm, couldn't be more!  
Yet Cecilia Parker and Vic Orsatti  
Seem for each other to be quite batty;  
Still, Cecilia Parker and Arthur Lyons  
Appear that way, from all the signs . . .  
So Cecilia Parker, I gather, has found  
That safety means just Cupid's arrows . . . !

TALKING about Vic Orsatti hitting the nities with Cecilia Parker now and then, brings up the silliest rumor Hollywood has heard in a long time. That's the whispered "tip" that Vic and ex-bride June Lang are going to try it again. That, take it from Ol' Tattler, is a lot of mousy apple-sauce. There's as much chance of the Orsatti-Lang marriage re-jelling as there is of Shirley Temple eloping with Man-Mountain Dean.  
Vic, for one, is doing no torch-toting. Besides Cecilia, he whiles away

[Continued on page 69]
QUAINTEST "Dinner De Luxe" of the Hollywood month: Ella Logan's tripe-and-onions dinner, at the Home of the Sculptor, Betty, Betty, with her artist-hubby, Roy Perry, are from England, as you may have guessed, like America's corned beef an' cabbage, so is tripe-and-onions England's down-to-earth meal. Ella, herself Scotch, cooked the tripe and onions—and then put on a very formal evening down to serve the plebian dish herself, in a great silver lowboy!

WILD" Hollywood Party—Ginger Rogers had a bunch of Hollywood big shots, including Norma Shearer, Bob Rioin, Margaret Sullivan, Jimmy Stewart, Betty Furness, Lee Bowman, Cesar Romero and others, up to her house for a party. Ginger's house is on a mountain top—perfect setting for whoopee without disturbing the neighbors enough to call the police. So while—so after a barbeque and dinner by all spent the evening too, too sedately in the quaint old parlor-pastime of writing and reading. No more for Ginger, her famous guests have to get up early next day and go to work. But acting out quotations was so much fun imagined—that Ginger's party didn't bust up until after 2 a.m.

AND if you still have the idea that a "Hollywood Party" has to have pate de foie gras and hummingbirds' tongues sauce, and wind up in one of them-there new orgies, then contemplate the beach party thrown by Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother) and Wife, Boots Malory, Down on Santa Monica Beach—the public beach, where hot pollo goes—they barbecued steaks on an open grill, toasted wieners, and after eating, whiled away the evening in such devils pastimes as quoit-toss, blind-man's buff, and drop-the-handkerchief! Handkerchief—dropers, frog-stoppers and blind-buffers included Jean Parker, Arthur Lake, Anne Nagel, Gordon Oliver, Frank Albertson and all of the so-called younger set.

MORE Hawaiian than Hawaii is Hollywood. These nights, with its row of tropic-setting nightclubs. And so, many a Hollywood party turns out to be typically wailikian. There was, for instance, that hula given for post-star Don Blanding, who hosted the Hula Party by producer Joseph Lewis. A hula is a Hawaiian feast—in the islands, they cook a pig under hot stones and serve it and other dishes on big leaves. The Hollywood version ran mere to plates, knives, forks, corsas. Besides Dore, there were in attendance Lenu Mache's, Mamo Clark and other tropic-folk in Hollywood. Anyhow, there was not much, not enough much more uh-uh, if you know what I mean, was the one given by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, Mrs. Raymond (eh, Marie MacDonald). At the Cezar's Palace, they gave the affair at the Raymond's Bel-Air home—and such a success, the Raymond's friends at Home and home the Raymonds spent their honeymoon. The dinner, including Hawaiian delicacies, to music by a Hawaiian orchestra, was a veritable hula-thing. If the guests in the very latest Schiaparelli's things and evening dress, there was no grass skin at the Raymonds. No, sir! BUT—an after-dinner, they went informal and sit upon expensive seats and cramp up expensive broadcloth when they sat across-legged on the floor and played—all of things!—saying, "Hollywood is going simply too, too childish!"

NEAREST Hollywood-atmosphere snare in Hollywood is the Waikiki, which enced all the sunsets in Hollywood blazing into the sky. However, inside, the lighting effect—Hawaiian moonlight, you know; grand for romance!—is so low that the waitresses actually have to carry tiny flashlights so you can read the menu. And such a menu! (In that, (that's sea weed), Pakau-Te (red something or other), and (a dried fish) given at the table! However, it's the great guns in Hollywood, which has gone so Hawaiian in its night-clubs that one night-clubs, when you're SO sale on a party, one night, the party is being advertised in big type in the Hollywood papers— "NOT a Hawaiian place?"

PARTIES—On-the-Set—Nothing Hollywood likes to more than throw a party at the studio, during, or at the close of production. Get 'em any excuse at all—birthday, or an anniversary or simply because somebody feels like it—and when, there's a party! On the set of "Newly Blue and Gold" at MGM, a big roast of beef was the excuse. It was brought on for a sequence in the picture. And it looked so inviting that when the sequence was shot, Director Sam Wood called time, and they had a roast-beef party and finished the whole roast, with Bob Young, Jimmy Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Florence Rice, Tom Brown and the cast of the set a swell job of finishing.

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

How a Penetrating Cream Works
Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream penetrates the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleaner. At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't Buy
I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream free and postpaid. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther 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.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
Lady Esther, 7300 West 66th Street, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name
Address
City State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

9
HEAVENLY GIFTS

The cosmetic counters are dotted with as many gold star Christmas gifts of beauty as there are luminaries in Hollywood or real honest-to-goodness constellations in the sky on a clear Christmas Eve... Just do a little star-gazing at the gifts assembled on these pages, and you'll find that your Christmas shopping problems have vanished... There are exquisite perfumes and colognes, whose fragrance will keep glamor and sweetness in the lives of the recipients for months... There are sets of creams, lotions and cosmetics that are as practical as they are festively packaged... A lotion and a completely equipped manicure set that challenge any woman to keep her hands looking like the ones we see on the screen... A smart compact, silver-starred on a midnight blue background, that will go along merrily through an evening of dancing... Cigarette lighters designed to keep fingers whiter and prettier... A water-proof bag with smart alligator accent that will hold bottles and jars solely on weekend trips... A Grecian-looking atomizer for cologne, enabling you to spray these delightful scents all over yourself, so that their faint fragrance envelops you throughout the day... There's even a de luxe edition of a famous lavender-scented shaving soap in a sternly masculine bowl that is large enough to last your best beau or your father literally for years... Soap, skin lotion and powder all scented with a light and lasting floral bouquet in a box labelled "Merry Christmas." Here they are, pictured for your convenience. You can find them easily at your drug or department store toiletry counter, even though you are one of the last-minute shoppers who still insist on remembering everyone in the circle of family and friends... Your Christmas will be happier, your friends more contented, if you give starred cosmetics as gifts.
1. "Elation" Perfume by Dorothy Gray, for lovely ladies.

2. Bring delight to Lady Esther users with this gift.


4. Eleanor Whitney receives Max Factor set with smiles.

5. Spray cologne with this new atomizer from DeVilbiss.

6. Cigarette lighters by Lekitrolite are flameless ones.

7. Travel Companion, waterproof bag from Kleinert.

8. Yardley's Shaving Bowl in de luxe size is smart buy.

9. A Godey's print tops this wooden manicure set made by Cutex.

10. A clear, golden liquid for hands, Chamberlain's Lotion.

11. Trio of Cashmere Bouquet toiletries in Christmas box.


13. Fay Wray loses no time trying her Marvelous Matched Make-up.
Is YOUR family getting all it can out of life?

When certain families have a 14% better chance for success than others—it's worth looking into! Records show that families owning Royal Portables have a decided advantage in work, at school, at home. No typing experience is necessary—thanks to Royal's own features, it's easy for anyone to use.

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DAD will put his ideas down in the clear, legible type that gets attention; will use the Royal as a stepping stone to a better job, better pay.

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"The Typewriter Everyone Can Use"

FREE Carrying Case
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[ ] I should like to know how I can get a Royal Portable only for a FEW PENNIES A DAY, with FREE Carrying Case and FREE Touch Typing Guide.
[ ] I would like a FREE TRIAL of a Royal Portable in my home, without any obligation on my part. Also send FREE copy of your book, "Your 14% Better Chance For Success."

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

Q. How much did The Birth of a Nation cost to make and how much would it cost today?

A. D. W. Griffith spent all of $85,000 to make that picture, and it grossed around $12,000,000. It could not be made today for less than $1,250,000, and authority for this statement is Archie Mayo, who is spending $1,500,000 on The Adventures of Marco Polo.

Q. Would it be possible to eliminate make-up altogether and let the art of lighting take care of greasepaint, shadows, lines, etc?

A. Most cameramen say yes. Such make-up "props" as beards, scars, long noses must always be used, of course. But lighting and camera angles can accomplish miracles. It is possible to age an actor almost thirty years, and to subtract that much from his real age, merely by the use of lights. Harsh lighting will magnify wrinkles and skin defects into a prophecy of a face thirty years in the future, and soft lighting will wash them out.

Q. Do stand-ins wear duplicates of the star's gowns?

A. Not usually. As an ordinary thing, a stand-in's dress must only approximate the star's. In The Awful Truth, however, three copies were made of each garment Irene Dunne wore. The first dress was used for actual filming. One duplicate took care of wear and tear on the original during rehearsals; the other was worn by Kay Stanley, Miss Dunne's stand-in. The reason for this extraordinary precaution was that the gowns were made of bead-work which glittered or a metal cloth which produced unusual highlights.

Q. Was the slum set in Dead End built outdoors or on a sound stage?

A. It was built indoors and filled the biggest sound stage on the Goldwyn lot. Richard Day, art director, built it to scale. The buildings were smaller than the ones on New York's Fifty-second street; the street itself was narrower and shorter. But Day forced the perspective, so that it looked all right. The set was 300 feet long, 150 feet wide and the buildings were only 32 feet high. The river (really a tank) was 50 by 70 and nine feet deep. And did you notice the sky line? The Rockefeller center was turned the wrong way. Day did it on purpose, however, to save putting up a lot of backing. Yes, the barge was real, but it was only half a barge. The cost set $50,000.

Q. Do the studios have many libel suits?

A. They have surprisingly few, and they go to extreme lengths to avoid them. Usually a film carries a foreword stating that the story and all characters are fictional. But as most fiction is based on or inspired by fact, there is usually someone who reads himself or his family into the picture and expects to be soothed financially. Studios are always careful never to use the name of any real, live person. They never use the name of a real race horse; the names of nightclubs are always checked carefully so that no original is used; doctors' names are especially checked for duplication. All automobile license number is absolutely taboo. Studios use phonies. All studios have separate departments devoted to nothing but censorship of detail that might cause trouble. They also have city directories of every city, town and hamlet in the world.
HELEN VINSON

As the spirit of a Hollywood Christmas, Helen Vinson gives you the Lady of the Poinsettas. Helen, who is considered one of the best-dressed women of the screen, showed her flair for wearing clothes (talent, too) in *Vogues of 1938* and *Live, Love and Learn*.
THE AWFUL TRUTH

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help us, is that *The Awful Truth* is the comedy hit of the year, and that Columbia Pictures have a potential academy award winner. Remember *If I Had a Million* and *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*? Well, it seems as though Columbia has another prize comedy in the bag, *The Awful Truth* starring Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. And it wouldn't surprise us at all if Miss Dunne gets a little "Oscar" for her grand interpretation of the heroine in this domestic comedy which is based on a play by Arthur Richman. Vina Delmar is credited with the screenplay. The film commences with the unexpected absence of said Lucy Woriner (Irene Dunne) upon her husband's (Cary Grant) return from a vacation to Florida. He never really went to Florida and that is probably why he is suspicious of his wife's story when she returns home in last night's evening dress with her music teacher (Alexander D'Arcy). He dislikes her innocent story of a breakdown and they both breakdown with reprisals. You'll howl and scream with laughter at their goings-on.—Columbia.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

Get on Eddie Cantor's magic carpet and he will transplant your theatre seat into a beautiful land of fantasy where Eddie Cantor rules in his best style. If you're not already a Cantor fan you will be after you see Cantor as *Ali Baba Goes To Town*. And Eddie really goes down in Ali Baba and entertains you as you have never been entertained before. Toned as a musical it possesses a swell story, rich in satire, picked good-naturedly at the New Deal. The clever story was conceived by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler and the tuneful music contributed by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel and vocalized by Tony Martin. If you've heard Cantor tell you what he'd do if he were President in a song, now let him show you what he'd do. Cantor dreams it up on a motley picture location set where they're filming *Ali Baba*, after taking a sleeping potion. Besides, Cantor and Martin there's Roland Young, Jane Lang, Louise Hovick and others too numerous to mention. It's a riot—don't miss it.—20th Century-Fox.

STAND-IN

Hollywood has made a discovery! It has discovered that the public takes to pictures about picture making like a duck to water and as the public pays, Hollywood takes a ribbing at its own expense and gives you *Stand-In*, Clarence Budington Kelland's *Saturday Evening Post* story, adapted to the screen by the illustrious team of Graham Baker and Gene Towne. The result is a grand satire about the Industry with Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell scoring heavily in the star roles. Leslie Howard, a wizard at figures, is sent to Hollywood to investigate the colossal losses of *Colossal Films*, representing the bankruptcy firm of *Pennybacker and Sons*. Howard, however, doesn't count one figure and that is Joan Blondell, secretary and stand-in. But he cuts quite a figure with Joan and so she takes him in hand and teaches him everything he ought to know about Hollywood. Proving Hollywood has an unexhausted mine of entertaining material, Humphrey Bogart, Marla Shelton, Alan Mowbray and C. Henry Gordon also rate applause for their efforts.—*Variety*, 7/14.

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES
THE GREAT GARRICK

Brian Aherne plays the title role in this charming, romantic period comedy to its hilt, resulting in another success for that young, independent producer, Mervyn Le Roy. Sharing Mr. Aherne's laurels is Ernst Vajda who wrote the screen play and delivered a bright, ingenious and beautiful script. The story relates the comic experiences of David Garrick at the hands of the company of the Comédie Française when he visited France at their invitation. Although gifted, Garrick was very vain and the members of the company decide to play a prank on him. He falls wise to them but the innocent victim of the gag is Olivia de Havilland who Garrick mistakes for one of the troupe, makes violent love to and then upbraids for being a poor actress. But the joke is really on him for he falls in love with her. Who was this David Garrick you ask? Well, he was the idol of the English stage a couple of centuries back. The capable cast also includes Edward Everett Horton, Melvill Cooper, Lionel Atwill, Henry O'Neill, Luis Alberni, Lana Turner and a host of others.—*Warner Bros.*

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who gave you the popular *Thin Man* team of Myrna Loy and William Powell have discovered a new team right in their own lot who will probably find as much favor with the public as their co-workers did, if their second picture together is any sign. Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell who were seen in *Night Must Fall* are the pair discovered, but here they are seen in decidedly different roles as the gay, young couple in a bright, sparkling romantic comedy. Enhancing the efforts of this sprightly team is Bob Benchley who's no slacker when it comes to drawing the laughs. Others in the cast who earn applause are Helen Vinson, Monte Woolley, E. E. Clive, and Mickey Rooney. Robert Montgomery wrote for his art and love Rosalind Russell, a girl who has been afforded every luxury, but who is willing to learn how to live in a garret for love and art. Their success comes to Bob and terrible things begin to happen. It's well made and loads of fun, so don't miss it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

EBB TIDE

The significance of this Robert Louis Stevenson-Lloyd Osborne story is that it is done in color—the new Technicolor. Also, it is the first time any sea picture has been done in color in this process and the effect is breathtakingly beautiful. The camera has caught all the natural beauty of the sea. Of significance also is the debut of Oscar Homolka, a homely middle-aged foreigner, who was brought from England specifically for the role of the sentimental renegade Captain Thorbecke. And Mr. Homolka may well be proud of his first American performance for he has delivered a difficult assignment most handsomely. His face is extraordinary expressive and his portrayal is one of the highights of the film. Another is the characterization of a derelict Cockney beachcomber delivered by Barry Fitzgerald a member of the Irish Players. Also admirable are the performances of Frances Farmer, Ray Milland and Lloyd Nolan. It's a grand adventure story of the South Seas and will appeal to all audiences.—*Paramount.*

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES
GVEN goodies from your own kitchen! Anyone can buy a necktie, a pair of gloves, a smoker's set or other article, but a homemade food gift is one of the straightest ways to a man's heart, or to the warm appreciation of friends. Cookies, candies, spicy nuts, jellies and jams, all the jolly tidbits on which folks, and men in particular, love to munch, can easily and inexpensively be made right in your own kitchenette. Just try it; it's fun!

Food delicacies are, by the way, increasing in popularity each year, as gifts, especially in the movie colony. One important studio executive last year gave over five hundred whole baked spiced hams to his employees on the lot. Another director ordered novel package-baskets of assorted marmalades, cactus candy, dried fruit and other California dainties. When the food was eaten, the pretty pottery jars and baskets were still attractive and useful. Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple, leaders in the youngest movie set, helped pack and wrap homemade goodies for their little friends.

So if you want to be in the know, it's smart to give homemade food gifts this Christmas. Of course candy has always been a standard gift from beaux, but too often it is just a gold-lettered pasteboard box with a bow on top, the stale contents of which are not worth the price. But when you make candies, cookies or other sweetmeats from your kitchen, you are sure to give full value gifts of freshness and quality. So put your kitchen to work, and do your Christmas baking early!

COOKIES and small cakes are of course a welcome and practical filling for the holiday gift box. You may use a good foundation recipe and, if you like, [Continued on page 64]
Shirley Temple never blows her own horn. The Heide scene

The Westland Case—AA½—Preston Foster’s first assignment is solving the mystery of who killed Mills, a character in the popular Hopalong Cassidy series. William Boyd again plays the title role in his pleasing manner and Judith Allen is attractive as the woman in his life. Others in the cast are George Hayes, Raisell Hayden, Robert Kortman and Alexander Cross.—Paramount.

Youth On Parade—AA—As you can gather from the title Life of Emilie Soló— Warner’s crime wave. Republic gives you a human interest story and Marian Marsh and Gordon Oliver in the leading roles add their efforts to give you an entertaining tale of romance and crime. Boy meets girl under strange circumstances and it’s a hard job for the villains, the other a wealthy wastrel.—RKO-Radio.

The Game That Kills—AA—Now that the football season is over, the new excitement is hockey, and Columbia is very timely with their yarn about this fast and fascinating game on ice. An expose of the unusual practices indulged in by the professionals, it has pace and retains the interest. Charles Courtney and Rita Hayworth are the stars and they are supported by J. Farrell MacDonald, Arthur Leff, John Gallaudet and John Tyrell, others.

Here’s Flash Casey—AA—An interesting picturization of George Harmon Cox’s story Return Engagement with Eric Linden and Boots Malloy. Can infant mortality rate be reduced? This picture is interesting as it sponsors some informative material for the expectant parents. The latter is played by Samuel Hopkins, best friend. There’s romance for the ladies and plenty of b-h-c-m stuff for the men.—Grand National.

DON’T MISS

Any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: Last Horizon—an artie masterpiece made possible by the combined efforts of cinematographer Ronald Coleman, Sam Jaffe and H. B. Warner. A heartrending story of little Capra and Robert Riskin’s adaptation of James Hilton’s famed novel... The Good Earth—a non-famous novel—Pernell’s book makes one of the greatest films ever produced. Starred are Academy award winners Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. The Life of Emilie Soló— Warner’s crime wave were lavish in producing this fascinating story about France’s greatest dramatist. And with Paul Muni in the title role the result is superb... Stage Door—an excellent stage play transferred over a better picture. Sharirin stellar heroes are Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo with fine dialogue and tells a very human story... The Firefly—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones are a perfect team. They are going to play their third screen mounted... Souls at Sea—Gary Cooper, George Raft and Frances Dee in a highly interesting narrative of the sea. Made on fact. The highlight of the film is its gorgeous photography.

PREVIEW INVITATION!

Do you know that for only ten cents a month you can preview all the coming big pictures before they are shown at your local theatres? The artie stories of all the important new motion pictures are published in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film! No wonder more than 250,000 movie fans demand MOVIE STORY EACH month. You can get the latest, hilarious new comedy starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray; or one of five great grand stories and features which are yours—for ten cents a month! In the big January issue of MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. Better get your copy now! It is on sale at all news-stands.

Barbara Stanwyck-Herbert Marshall co-star in RKO’s Breakfast for Two

The Perfect Specimen—AAA½—Here is another profitable film that keeps the audiences in stitches but, unlike the others, this has a serious purpose. Its performance, Errol Flynn, hero to millions, is the perfect hero, until Joan Blondelli crashes his life and teaches him how to live and understand the things grand—May Robson—taught him. It’s packed full of laughs and the principals plus Hugh Herbert, Edward Arnold, Herbert Horne, Dick Foran, Beverly Roberts and Allen Jenkins are particularly excel-lent.

Heidi—AAA½—Accompany the children when Heidi comes to your theatre for you’ll get as much kick out of it as the youngsters. While it contains some hokum, it ticks pretty close to the original and has been given an exceptionally fine screen play and elegant direction. Shirley Temple appeals strongly to the emotions and has never been seen to better advantage. She enchants with her mature thespian qualities and not with the cute, coy tricks usually adopted by the younger set. In support are Jean Hersholt, Happy Chandler, Wally Westley, Mary Nash, Sidney Blackmer, Mady Christians, et al.—20th Century-Fox.

Mayerling—AAA½—France has given us a beautiful romantic tragedy here, Mayerling, a melodramatic love story of the Archduke Rudolf of Austria and the young Baroness Mary Vetsera. The film is far superior to the average imported film both in production and cast values. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux are such as the tragic lovers, and the English titles help make this a sincerely enjoyable film for American audiences.—Fox, Film.
HEAR YE, HEAR YE
$15 Prize Letter

At present there seems to be a noticeable shortage of real actors in filmdom. Our current releases are all headlined with pretty boys who are much too effeminate to start the feminine pulses beating. The current run of glamor boys with their sleek locks and posed profiles are becoming hard to take—even the villainous antics of a Basil Rathbone are a refreshing contrast to the Robert Taylor school-girl's delight variety. Twentieth Century women are still old-fashioned enough to prefer their heroes a trifle rugged and not quite so synthetic. A romantic lead needs more than plucked eyebrows, a tap dancer's smile and a manicure. We are making a plea for more manly men—the kind that made grand- mother never even think of a career other than just hanging around the house to flirt with grandpa.—Elba Killoyne, 212 Chelsea Bank Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

BOOS AND BOUQUETS
$10 Prize Letter

In all of my movie fan days I have never seen a screen star so emotionless and unconvincing in her roles as Marlene Dietrich. She is as expressionless as a robot. It would indeed be interesting to learn what ever decided her to seek a screen career. She is a mannequin, not an actress. A mere struggling extra could have supported Robert Donat in Knight Without Armor with more success than Miss Dietrich. Mr. Donat is indeed a fine actor and should be persuaded to come to America. I shall never forget his Count of Monte Cristo. As a rule I do not care for foreign films but England has given us some fine film personalities. Stars of other countries are always improved by Hollywood producers. And cinema make-up experts in Hollywood can certainly do wonders with some of these foreign importations.—Mrs. Samuel Nickolin, 1709 Pleasant St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY
$5 Prize Letter

A few years ago much was being said about the demoralizing effects of the movies on children. And justly so, for we were swamped with gangster pictures, horror pictures, ultra-sophisticated pictures, and a host of others. Now I am not one to condemn these themes entirely; certain subjects are quite suitable for adults—but only for adults. And we would certainly get tired of nabulums aimed especially at child audiences. So we movie-goers have longed for the day when producers would find a golden mean—pictures suitable for children yet interesting to parents. That day has come, for pictures like Wee Willie Winkie, The Prince and the Pauper and Captains Courageous—to mention a few—fulfill every demand. These films are grand fare for children and, best of all, are so well presented that they are most entertaining to parents as well.—Edward Oakley, 539 West 179 St., New York, N. Y.

INSPIRED PERFORMANCE
$1 Prize Letter

I had begun to think that Grand National could put out nothing but dull and weakly contrived pictures, but now it seems they have scooped everybody with To Sir, With Love. I can almost foresee that any letters you receive anent this picture will in all probability concern those swell bits from The Mikado, the importance of bringing Gilbert and Sullivan to the screen, etc. Therefore, I wish to say, because I'm afraid no one else will, that greatly as I did appreciate Gilbert and Sullivan, what was even more enjoyable to me was that grand and sparkling and totally unexpected inspired performance by Irene Hervey. Vaguely, I remember seeing her in any number of pictures, even several years ago, I think, and she made no particular impression on me; but this seemed a new Irene Hervey in The Girl Said No. She was completely made over—a different personality entirely—and her portrayal of that saucy role was magnificent. On the basis of this picture alone she has become one of my prime favorites and I hope we shall have more of her. I haven't seen any pictures of her in the magazines so may we have one please?—Henry Hasse, 1236 Wade St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A "NATURAL"
$1 Prize Letter

Jane Bryan is like a breath of sweet-smelling country spring-time, after a cooped-up winter in a noise-wrecked city. She's no beauty yet, just a wholesome, natural girl. But, she brings back, poignantly, the illusions of our youth, the clean fun, the spontaneous laughter, the fine sportsmanship that every heart aches for. Down inside most folks is a little corner where a lot of cherished memories are stored, and Jane has "that something" that stirs to life our long-laid secrets. She has dramatic ability, showing her depth of character. There's fun about her, too. Her dancing eyes and wide smile give me a real thrill. She was good in Marked Woman; better in Kid Galahad, especially fine in Confession. When a young, inexperienced actress deals with stellar stars like Bette Davis and Kay Francis she has it in her to really carve a notable career.—Priscilla Bondinot, 2314 Boston Ave, Muskogee, Okla.

WE BE YOU...
$1 Prize Letter

Ronald Colman has done more for the public than any other star. Men admire him for his common sense; women for his gentle breeding and mainly handsomeness; college boys and girls for his ingenuity and the indisputable fact that he is the last word in etiquette. And everyone is proud to say he is going to a movie—provided the picture is a Colman picture. This Britisher is too intelligent to make a faux pas in morality so has brought up the morale of Hollywood. And his voice! Prose uttered by him has the rhythm of poetry. Just to hear his diction is worth the price of a movie ticket. I feel that I speak for millions of fans when I ask him not to forsake the screen in order that he may produce pictures. Never was he greater than in his dual role in The Prisoner of Zenda.—Charity L. Domigan, 1443½ Highland St., Columbus, Ohio.

SCREAMING TO BE SCREENED
$1 Prize Letter

Why, oh why, do the cinemoguls insist on making and re-making old pictures when there is so much fine material lying around idle? The movies are not so

[Continued on page 65]
Gifts from Hollywood

Created by Max Factor

Hollywood's Make-up Genius offers Something New!

To give individuality to Christmas gifts, Max Factor created "Personalized" make-up sets...for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. They contain the personal color harmony make-up for each type of beauty as created by Max Factor for Hollywood's beautiful screen stars. Now you can choose a cosmetic gift and know that it will be correct, perfect...so this year give a "Gift from Hollywood."

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD
"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"
Featured by Leading Stores

Max Factor's Powder in Xmas Box...Color Harmony Shades for blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead $1.00

Max Factor's Special Make-Up Set...Contains five Hollywood make-up requisites every girl wants $4.50

Max Factor's Autographed Make-Up Sets...Powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony $2.50

Max Factor's Color Harmony Set...A lovely box containing 8 Max Factor Make-Up essentials $6.50

Max Factor's Vanity-Lipstick Set...The new Max Factor double-vanity and Super-Indelible Lipstick $3.00

IDA LUPINO
Paramount star, suggests a "Gift from Hollywood" as the perfect Christmas remembrance.

Max Factor's Deluxe Make-Up Set...The perfect gift...contains 12 Max Factor requisites of make-up $10.00
For the best man on your Christmas list select Packard Lektro-Shaver. Nothing else gives such smooth, close, painless shaving—without ‘water, lather, fuss. Every day a million men spread its fame. Every hour thousands more look, listen, secretly yearn. Don’t disappoint him! Get him a Packard Lektro-Shaver!

A. Embossed, gray shaver with silver monogram plate, $20.00.
B. Lava (mottled gray) shaver with silver monogram plate, $17.50.
C. De Luxe blue Packard Lektro-Shaver, $16.50.
D. Jade shaver with gold monogram plate and gold-plated head, $35.00.

**LEKTROLITES** are flameless, wind-proof, odorless, tasteless—light cigarettes 1200° cooler—making them taste better—preventing tongue-bite. Illustrated in circle above, “the Plastique.” Others from $1.25 to $50. See complete line at your dealer or write for catalogue.

**PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER**
Shirley might have stepped out of an old English print here as she sings a Christmas carol. She has good reason to be glad because of the plums—all made of heavy sugar—that have been dropping in the Temple basket ever since she became Your Favorite. After her next film, Heidi, comes Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Tell us, Mary Pickford, are you brushing away a sentimental tear?
WARNER BROS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun

Claudette
COLBERT
Charles
BOYER

in
THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York... now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic... with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year!... A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.
TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!  

Glamour and romance!

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? ... Tonight's our night!"

Ready for a gala night in Paris! ... with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

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"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—or here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain ... Basil Rathbone.
WARNER BROS': CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!

A million dollars worth of fun, glamour and romance!

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER

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The year 1935 produced Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Nelson Eddy, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, James Stewart. The year 1936 brought forth Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. Which of the new masculine names of 1937 will still be news a year from now, two years from now?

Never, in a single year, have so many promising male newcomers appeared on the Hollywood scene. A mere listing of them all would fill nearly a full page of this magazine. Obviously, not all of them can be going to the top. Many may be called, but few are chosen to be stars.

Which of them are likeliest to be tomorrow's rivals for today's favorites — new reasons for going to the movies? It is not easy to sort out the potential winners, or even to point out the lad likely to last. Some of the 1937 finds have not yet made their first screen appearances; some of them are hardly more than names yet, even to Hollywood; others have had little chance to

date to prove their possibilities. Look at their photographs, and you cannot guess the future favorites. They all have facial appeal. No, you have to look beyond faces into backgrounds and talents. More important, if you know Hollywood and are accordingly cynical, you have to find out which ones are scheduled for the breaks and the build-ups. In Hollywood, no one becomes a star without the breaks, without a build-up.

Jon Hall, for example. As this is written, his first picture still is in the cutting-room. It has not been previewed, much less seen by moviegoers. Yet he is due for almost certain stardom. He is getting a great build-up. His first leading role is a great break. He is the hero of The Hurricane, Samuel Goldwyn's $1,500,000 South Sea epic.

He is tall, handsome, bronzed, with a physique that the press-agents, with pardonable enthusiasm, compare to that of a Greek god. Physically, he looks like the answer to any producer's prayer. And he must have the acting ability that stardom takes. Goldwyn isn't one to throw away money.

Jon came to California originally to go to college. Never thought of Hollywood. Friends interested him in Little Theatre work. A few months later, E. E. Clive—then operating in Hollywood Playhouse—hired him to replace the leading man in My Lord, the Duke. The leading man had just been lured into the movies. His name was Arlington Brugh. Today it's pronounced Robert Taylor.

Charles Lockert—Jon Hall's real name—was also discovered

HERE ARE ALL THE NEW ANSWERS TO THE PRODUCERS' PRAYERS (AND THE MAIDENS' TOO) AND WHICH
If Charles passes his movie test, they will be around for a long, long time.

Few famous athletes ever have become famous stars. Francis X. Shields, late of the tennis tournaments, showed possibilities of becoming an exception in Come and Get It, as Edward Arnold's future son-in-law. He bears watching. So does Jerome Cowan, tall, slender, mustached newcomer from the New York stage, who made his movie bow in Beloved Enemy and has been busy ever since. So does Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt. He started as Anne Shirley's suitor in Stella Dallas. Boyishly poised, he is the most promising of the new screen juveniles.

Move on to Warner Brothers - First National and you will discover a half-score new male reasons for looking for Warner pictures. Reason No. 1 is Fernand Gravet, Hollyoody's first half-shelved away in bit parts. Now, in one leap, he may land alongside Taylor.

Since 1935, only two dangerous competitors for Nelson Eddy have arisen: Nino Martini and Allan Jones. Goldwyn hopes he has another in Charles Kullman. From Yale, via radio and the Metropolitan Opera, he makes his movie debut singing to Helen Jepson in The Goldwyn Follies.

Producers bend their knees in nightly application for new comedians. They are becoming harder and harder to find. Two appear in the selfsame Goldwyn Follies: Edgar (Ventriloquist) Bergen and Charles McCarthy, the world's sauciest dummy.

AMONG THEM WILL BE TOP-NOTCHERS OF TOMORROW—NEW REASONS FOR GOING TO THE MOVIES?

by movie scouts in My Lord, the Duke. For two years, he was shelved away in bit parts. Now, in one leap, he may land alongside Taylor.

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Belgian sensation. He started his Hollywood career as a star. Mervyn LeRoy gave him that vote of confidence, casting him as the Edward-like King in The King and the Chorus Girl. But before Hollywood ever heard of him, he was a star—abroad. Even the fact that he is married (to a beautiful French actress) isn't likely to stop Gravet from casting a romantic spell over American audiences. You will see him in color in his next picture, co-starring with Carole Lombard.

THEN there is Wayne Morris, the local boy who made good. Born Bert DeWayne Morris twenty-three years ago, in Los Angeles, this tall, blond husky with the irresistible grin early had his eyes on the movies. But how to get the movies' eyes
Charles nonchalantly problem, "pretty New lesser c studio j thing only directors his the movie career Kiwanians. is in...18. She 1. Only his job 1 soon afterward, at 21—that was in 1933—he married. His wife willingly lived on the $19 a week he was earning, wouldn't let him give up singing. Two years later, he won a radio contest, a radio contract, a movie contract. After a series of singing bits, he had his big movie chance in Mr. Dodd Takes the Air. Now every studio is trying to borrow him. It's a healthy sign.

The success story of tall, handsome, British-born Patric Knowles also is a love story. As a struggling beginner on the London stage, he fell in love with an actress. Hollywood offers didn't interest him. He didn't want to leave her. She gave up her own very promising career to get him across the Atlantic. Hollywood was their honeymoon. He started as Errol Flynn's younger brother in The Charge of the Light Brigade. He did his job so well that for months afterward casting directors thought of him only as a lesser Flynn. Only recently have they realized that he has something of his own to offer. You saw that something in It's Love I'm After and The Patient in Room 18. He's on his way now.

Ronald Reagan acted in college, but afterward became a Des Moines sports writer. His favorite sport was baseball and his favorite team, the Chicago Cubs. He took his vacation last spring to see them in spring practice at Catalina. There a talent scout saw him. Results: screen test, contract, leading role in a studio quickie. And presto! Warners decided that he had an personality which shouldn't be wasted in B pictures. Look for this gray-eyed six-footer.

Another lad with personality-plus is Allyn Joslyn, who is tall, but not handsome. An effortless actor (he has been on Broadway since he was 16 and was in the original cast of Boy Meets Girl), he is nonchalantly natural, irresistibly likable. He demonstrated that as the offhand reporter who coolly brewed all the tragedy in They Won't Forget—and stole the picture. You will be seeing more of Allyn.

When the Mauch twins first came to Hollywood, Warners said eeyewenyminymoe and picked Billy to play Anthony-as-a-boy in Anthony Adverse. Bobby was his stand-in. The same thing happened when Penrod and Sam was made. Then they saw him then in Penrod and His Twin Brother. If the twin stories hold out, they'll spell double trouble for other child stars.

And keep your eyes open for Willard Parker, the he-est of all the new he-men. Twenty-five, blond, blue-eyed, six-feet-four and built in proportion.

A New York athletic instructor when the movies found him. Before that happened, he was the model for the magazine illustrations for the story, Kid Galahad. Which gives you an idea. He's learning his acting in small doses (roles, to you). One after another.

[Continued on page 52]
Napoleon (Charles Boyer) conquered hearts as well as armies. As Marie Walewska in "Conquest", Garbo plays the Li'l Corporal's great passion. The picture marks her 22nd Hollywood star role. Ay tank she make good. What do you tink?
By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE GLAMOR GIRLS ARE MEETING TOUGH COMPETITION IN DEANNA DURBIN, THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE BIG VOICE. SHE'S BECOMING A FAVORITE ALL OVER THE WORLD

F GERMAN Marlene Dietrich made the nation leg-conscious after her first film Blue Angel, and followed it up by her trousers-for-women campaign, young Deanna Durbin, fourteen years old, sweet, normal, wholesome, the newest idol—after two films (Three Smart Girls, One Hundred Men and a Girl)—to influence the American movie-going femmes. Some say it's a good thing.

The glamor girls with their sultry get-ups are all right—in small doses—for their slavish imitators, the film fans, but we have the race's future to think of, and that's why it is better to model sweet young things after the comfortably-fleshed Deanna (born Edna Mae of Winnipeg, Canada) who uses a minimum of make-up (just a dash of lip rouge), does not diet, has a healthy interest in dogs, turtles, parakeets, boys as companions not conquests, simple party frocks, charm bracelets, not hand-carved emeralds; who does not regret the fate that has taken her from class-room to film set as a cinema singing actress.

"In some ways, of course, I miss going to a public school, the fun and the companionship of the students," says Miss Durbin, after considering the matter well. "But there are other things that make up for it—the work on the sets, for instance, and if I am thrown with older people in this work they are 'young' older people. Men and women who 'think young' because they are constantly creating something imaginative. Their minds are always active and never have time to grow old. It's another type of fun, that's what it amounts to."

The glamor girls are going to have something to compete with if Durbin, at fourteen, keeps up the average. At fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, if she continues to think things out with the wisdom that she uses now, as exampled above, she is going to be in an enviable niche in the industry and she won't have carved the place because she had "It," was the original "dancing daughter," made famous the "come up an' see me sometime" phrase, or was known as the "tender tigress" of Paris and points South.

Already women's clubbers, those self-appointed guardians of public morals, are beginning to scent a new-type star in Hollywood's astral horizon. In the little Durbin (five-feet-four inches) they detect those almost-forgotten qualities of wholesomeness and decency and normalcy. (Continued on page 54)
THE BIG EXCITEMENT IN GARY COOPER'S LIFE IS BEING A FATHER. LIKE ALL DOTING DADDIES HE'S MAKING THE MOST OF IT

It seems screwy (doesn't it?) to start a story about the new baby in Gary Cooper's life by talking about automobiles...! But it can't be helped. That's the way I've got to start this story. Simply because this business about the auto shows so pointedly and significantly what the baby's arrival means to Gary.

You remember (don't you?) that next to his wife, Sandra Shaw, (for whom his pet name's Rocky), the greatest pride and joy of Gary Cooper's life has been that huge, low-slung and high-powered racing Deusenberg car of his. He used to tinker with it by the hour, greasing himself from head to foot. He used to take it out on long desert straights and see if he couldn't push the speedometer needle up over the 100-per mark, to the infinite horror of Sam Goldwyn, who could only, too poignantly, envision his $5,000,000 star going up in a $3.98 heap of junk. It was probably the fastest—and most dangerous—car in Hollywood.

But today it's deserted, neglected, abandoned. If automobiles can have broken hearts, then the bustedest heart in all California must quiver feebly under the long hood of that Deusenberg in Gary's garage. And if automobiles talk, then I can just hear that racer, standing all forlorn and alone and neglected in the garage behind the Cooper house, sobbing softly to itself in the lonely reaches of the night: "Aw, Gary doesn't love me any more..."

That's it. No longer does Coop ride the range in his fast, open, neck-breaking Deusenberg. Instead, Gary today rides sedately and carefully to and from work at Mr. Goldwyn's movie factory in a new car that's solid and firm and un-racy, with an all-steel body, and shatter-proof glass in the windshield and windows, and an all-steel crash-proof turret top. That's the kind of bus Gary drives now, as [Continued on page 55]
THE marital ventures of George Brent and Constance Worth, June Lang and Vic Orsatti, Martha Raye and Buddy Westmore—to mention just three recent cases—busted up a few days—or was it hours or minutes?—after they said "I do." This is no new or unusual phenomenon in the conjugal tragic-comedy of Hollywood, which you've been following in Motion Picture's Talkie Town Tattler, and in the Hollywood column of your newspaper.

The hitching and unhitching of the screen's glittering heart-throbs and lesser lights, the switching of love partners, the romantic antics and vagaries, matrimonial rifts and renovations of our glamour gals and boys make the favored reading of our conventional world.

Why is it that people who are specialists of love on the screen make such a mess of their own love lives in private life? Are the movie stars merely suffering from the unconventional conditions imposed upon them by their profession? Why can't the stars stay married? These were the questions I had in mind when I went to see Dr. Paul Popenoe, the famed director of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, and asked him to give us the scientific lowdown on the matrimonial situation in Hollywood. By Hollywood, of course, we should understand not a fine residential suburb of Los Angeles, where thousands of families lead normal lives in no way different from suburbia elsewhere in the country, but a certain social and occupational class engaged in the making of motion pictures.

Dr. Popenoe conducts the largest and most successful marriage clinic in the world. His is a big name in the scientific literature of modern sex and family problems. He is a former editor of the Journal of Heredity, executive secretary of the American Social Hygiene Association, visiting professor at Teachers College, Columbia University, and author of numerous books and monographs.

Buddy Westmore-Martha Raye marriage lasted but a few weeks

as told by Doctor

PAUL POPENOE to CYRIL VANDOUR

DR. PAUL POPENOE, DIRECTOR OF THE LOS ANGELES INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS, IS AN AUTHORITY ON SEX AND MARITAL PROBLEMS. HE TELLS WHY MOVIE MARRIAGES FAIL BUT DOESN'T BLAME STARS
His books include, *Modern Marriage: A Handbook, The Conservation of the Family, Problems of Human Reproduction, The Child's Heredity, Collected Papers on Eugenic Sterilization in California, Applied Eugenics* (in collaboration with Dr. R. H. Johnson, who is associated with him in the Institute of Family Relations). Many of his works have been translated into foreign languages. He is married, has four sons, and has had an unparalleled opportunity to study sex and marital problems in Hollywood.

"Let me state at the outset," he told me, "that I am not in sympathy with the high-powered denunciation of Hollywood that emanates from certain sections of our nation. We should not blame the movie stars for their many divorces and marriages. If we killed off all the present-day stars and replaced them by an entirely new group of players, the divorce rate in Hollywood would be the same. Movie folk are confronted by peculiar problems not shared by the rest of society. And society should sympathize with them to establish solid substantial homes, instead of ridiculing and denouncing them. They are not different from the rest of us in their desire to have and maintain a happy, normal domestic life, with children and all the other responsibilities that go with it. Quite a few of them have succeeded in doing that. Let me remind you of the Gary Coopers, Joel McCraes, Harold Lloyds, Fred Stones, Eddie Cantors, Chester Morrises, Edward G. Robinsons, Bing Crosbys, Don Ameches, Edward Arnolds, Joe E. Browns, Fredric Marches, Leslie Howards. But the majority of them are seriously handicapped in this respect, and make erratic lovers, wives and husbands."

Continuing his outspoken discussion of movieland's romantic merry-go-round, he said:

"The fundamental cause of most broken homes, in Hollywood or elsewhere, is sexual maladjustment between the wife and husband. People who are perfectly adjusted to each other sexually do not seek separation. Frequently the discordant partners themselves do not realize just what is the trouble. But lawyers and judges who hear divorce petitions know that sexual maladjustment is at the bottom of nine out of every ten divorce cases.

"We have made a special study of marital disharmony among our 30,000 clients, and found that in almost every instance the appearance of conjugal discord was preceded by failure to"  

[Continued on page 56]
It takes a Perfect Specimen to enact the Adventures of Robin Hood. But Errol has the physical attributes—and the right temperament—to make the bland blade of Sherwood Forest the kind of a guy you had in mind.
I'LL DO IT IF IT KILLS ME!

By IDA ZEITLIN

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE WRITE JOAN CRAWFORD A PLAY? SHE IS DETERMINED TO GO ON THE STAGE, BUT AFTER READING SCRIPTS FOR THREE YEARS SHE CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT ONE FOR BROADWAY

I'D BEEN told to find out about Joan Crawford's stage plans. I did; and found out at the same time some other things about her which interested me still more.

I'd known little of her, save what I'd heard from other people. And other people tell you such conflicting stories about movie stars that you end by believing none of them. Up to that afternoon, she'd been a name to me. Since that afternoon, she's been a person.

I'm not going to weary you by telling you what kind of person. Adjectives have been used and abused till they've ceased to mean much. Instead, I'll try to show her to you as I saw her that day, and leave you to draw your own conclusions, as I drew mine.

I started out, feeling grateful. Between the request for an interview and the interview itself, you're prepared to wait days and sometimes weeks. Joan had been told that this was an emergency. "Come this afternoon," she had said.

When I arrived on the set, she was rehearsing a scene for Mannequin, with Spencer Tracy. Her hair was brushed back, and bound by a narrow ribbon. She wore a plain, dark blue dress and carried a plain little handbag. The picture takes her through poverty to splendor, and this was one of the early scenes.

They were ready for the take, and Joan dashed to the dressing-table to fix her hair. "Where's your maid?" someone asked.

She laughed. "At school. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But that's where she is. Graduates today."

The girl had been taking a course in beauty treatments when Joan interviewed her for the job. Joan liked her, engaged her, and arranged that she should have her afternoons off till the course was completed. The scene over, she started toward me, waylaid on the brief trip by half-a-dozen people. She answered questions, exchanged pleasantries, acknowledged introductions.

"Where you all from, honey?" drawled a Southern voice behind us, as she dropped into a chair.

"I—alls from San Antone," murmured Joan absently. "But that doesn't help you much, does it?" she chuckled.

"Well, it won't take me [Continued on page 57]"
The genius that is Chaplin stemmed from his wistful tramp

CHAPLIN

TO QUIT

FAMED DUMB ROLE

BY HARRY LAND
Striking the pose of a torch singer, hotcha hands and all, Irene demonstrates how she'll turn on the heat of a snappy performance in The Awful Truth. Tall, dark 'n' handsome Cary Grant is her big MONEY SUGAR this time.
Vivian Cole, 18 (left), is the ace beauty of the chorus. Vera Zorina (right), is the ballerina of film A•

Americans David Winters (above) and Charles Kulis, Metropolitan Opera soloist. Artists, sculptors and Charles Vezu Laskey (below) the American Admire. He makes film debut as dancing star of Ballet.
A ballet ensemble (below) and Heidi Vosseler (right), most beautiful ballet dancer.

The charmer at left with a glass of champagne is Helen Jepson, one of the Metropolitan song-birds. She makes her film debut in The Goldwyn Follies. Above and at the right are several sturdy-limbed members of the American Ballet. That's Vera Zorina practicing a high kick.
HE still takes her Teddy Bear to bed with her. She puts her dolls to bed every night of her life.

Sophie Tucker (who ought to know) predicts that Judy Garland will be the next "red hot mama."

She is a sort of "nut brown maid," with dark hair and dark-brown eyes and rose-tan skin. She looks healthy and happy and wise without being sophisticated.

She adores the funny papers, with Little Orphan Annie nosing out the spinach-strong PeP-Eye for her vote.

She reads "anything medical," her most recent favorites being An American Doctor's Odyssey, I Was A Probationer, Hospital Nocturne and The Green Light. She also read Gone With The Wind and Noel Coward's Present Indicative.

She reads all of the fan magazines. She is a ping-pong champion, beating the neighbor kids without much effort. She rides horseback, plays baseball, golf and tennis, the piano. She draws. She mimics other actors and actresses. She makes fudge. [Continued on page 59]
Ann gives notice that she is back in the whirl of the movie merry-go-round (it broke down for a time) by riding a painted hoss on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. All her friends hope that she stays in the saddle for keeps.
With a turtle-neck sweater and an eye-catching sports coat, Bob will show the English how a Yank at Hollywood dresses for the old college "try" in Yank at Oxford. Bob has London girls a-swooning.
Jean Parker, appearing in *The Barrier*, knows one must own a reefer even if it's briefer to be in fashion's swing. Above, Jean wears a double-breasted grey kidskin Swagger models are also featured in the new clothes lines. Right, Jean Parker wears a grey Persian Lamb.
New clothes lines are high, wide and handsome and Jean Parker, below, cuts a handsome figure in her high-waisted, wide-skirted white double chiffon dance frock.

If great grandmamma’s trunk is still in the attic maybe you can find an old taffeta robe-de-style like Jean’s at the bottom. It’s new.
Princess lines are not new but you can be someone's new (or not so new) princess by wearing an evening dress like Jean Parker's on the opposite page. Jean's is fashioned of gold lame and is laced at the bodice and base of the décolletage with cords of same material.

Included in June Lang's new clothes line for winter is an afternoon dress, above, of black matelasse crepe in a rich pattern. The bodice is draped softly and the waist is ensonced in a belt of the same material tied in front. The sleeves are modified bells. June will be seen shortly in Fox's Ali Baba Goes To Town.

Right, June Lang chooses a black silk velvet evening gown for important occasions. The full-skirted, lace-edged dress has all the romantic grace of a crinoline, yet is definitely new in feeling. White lace, finely pleated, emphasizes the quaint neckline and lies inside a second ruffle of the velvet.
A FEW nights ago, in Hollywood, the Filmarte Theatre presented a silent picture made fifteen years ago. While up and down Vine Street and along the Boulevard, other, newer pictures glimmered in half-empty theatres, this gray film of yester-year played to Standing Room Only. It was Robin Hood, starring Douglas Fairbanks.

Actors, directors, writers, just plain fans—all were represented in that audience. All were there for a rendezvous with a memory... a memory of movie make-
believe that they once thought could never be duplicated, much less surpassed... a memory that would not die as so many movie memories died.

Never, in all English literature, had there been a tale with the ageless appeal of Robin Hood. And never again, no matter how many times it tried, could Hollywood improve on Douglas Fairbanks' telling of the tale. So they had been saying to themselves for fifteen years.

Now someone was trying to challenge their belief. Warners were starring Errol Flynn in *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*

And here they were, sentimental die-hards, in the Filmarte Theatre, intent on convincing themselves anew that, as *Robin Hood,* the Douglas Fairbanks-of-fifteen-years-ago could never have an equal. Here they were, watching a well-remembered old film unreel once more.

The story was as memorable as ever, as memorable as it has been for eight centuries. The acting was excellent, the costumes were convincing, the sets had grandeur. But something was wrong. Fairbanks had the athletic agility, the dash and the recklessness of youth. Yet, unmistakably, he also had the stockiness of early middle age. Strange, they hadn't noticed that fifteen years ago. That, and the fact that he wasn't a towering man, impressive in height as in everything else.

But such inconsequential things could be overlooked. Something else couldn't. Something that was overlooked fifteen years ago. This epic of 1922 lacked three things that even the triest quickie has in 1937. Voices. Sounds. Mood-music.

And if ever a story cried to be photographed in color, it is the tale of the merry men in Lincoln green who roamed the glades of Sherwood Forest. Yet this picture was in varying tones of gray, and gray alone. They came out of that theatre, those sentimental die-hards, convinced that memory had hypnotized them, played pranks on them. They came out willing—more than willing—to see how the movies can tell the story of *Robin Hood* today. They came out talking about the possibilities.

But they didn't sense all of the possibilities. They couldn't. They weren't close to the company making the picture. The company was five hundred miles away. [Continued on page 60]
Growing more sophisticated are Shirley Temple's comebacks nowadays, as compared with the "kute kiddie kracks" of her earlier screen years. Examples:

1. In the midst of a conversation with Shirley on the set of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm the other day, veteran actor William Demarest found himself suddenly unable to control what's commonly called a burp. Control gone, Demarest burped burpishly. With an arch-lift of the eyebrows, Shirley grinned wickedly, merely remarked: "My, my, Mister Demarest—your SHOES must be too tight!"

2. Contemplating a fan-gift she'd just received, of a couple of pure white hens in a crate, Shirley was asked by a studio attache if she was going to get a rooster to keep the hens company. "I don't know," replied Shirley, "if I can get one a-rooster-catic enough for those hens."

My, oh, my, oh, my . . . !!!

Goodbye Little Doggie!

Andrea Leeds still doesn't know whom the little white dog belonged to . . . All she knows is that one afternoon, as she drove up to her Brentwood Heights home after a day's work at Sam Goldwyn's movie factory, the little white dog jumped on her running-board, and barked and yapped its way into her heart. Then, duly petted, it ran off. Next day, the same thing happened. It got to be a regular occurrence. And then came the afternoon the little white dog didn't show up. In a moment, Andrea knew why—a little, still white bundle, lying in the gutter before her house. It was the dog—evidently struck by a hit-and-run driver. It wasn't dead. It licked her hand as she ran to it. Andrea put it in her car, drove hell-for-leather to the nearest small-animal hospital. Then, that night, she canvassed the entire neighborhood, hunting the dog's owner. But after she'd tried every house in a more-than-a-mile radius of her own home, she still hadn't found the owner. Next day, the hospital called her, told her the dog had died. Andrea took the little body, bought a plot in the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery for it, had it buried in a tiny coffin with a tiny headstone. But still, Andrea doesn't know to whom the little dog belonged.

It Can't Wiggle Out!

Your sees-all-tells-all-knows-all reporter has just discovered what Myrna Loy keeps in that safety deposit vault she rents in a Los Angeles bank. It's the blond wig she wore in her first motion picture role—in What Price Beauty.

Jar of Jam

You needn't get excited about this—BUT before she married Gene Raymond, Jeanette MacDonald's initials spelled JAR!
Parlor Stuff

It seems that Nelson Eddy has just discovered that he can tie up a well-known song title with each of several gals he calls his screen favorites. For instance: Eleanor Powell's song-title is "Dancing Lady." For Joan Crawford, it's "Sophisticated Lady," Down the list—Jeanette MacDonald, "With a Song In My Heart"; Janet Gaynor, "Sweet and Lovely"; Myrna Loy, "Beautiful Lady"; and Sophie Tucker, "Some of These Days"; Lupe Velez, "Turn On the Heat."

And—oh, yes!—for Greta Garbo: "Silent Night!"

H'm! How would Nelson know...?

Horseshoe Over Door?

And your dares-to-tell-EVERYthing Hollywood reporter just can't leave Nelson Eddy without revealing to the palpitating world that in all of his M-G-M pictures, he has always carried a four-leaf clover for good luck.

Seers and Shushes

Snicker-of-the-Month is on Anita Louise and her mother. Seems that both Anita and Mama are fortune-teller-goes-toers. But more than that—they're rival fortune-teller-finders. Each is always trying to find a better one than the other—and when she does, she keeps his identity, name, address, etc., secret.

Recently, Anita came home glowing with the pride of discovery. She told her mother at length of the wonderful new seer she'd found—what all he'd told her—"the most amazingly intimate family secrets! But she wouldn't tell the prophet's name. Mother gnashed teeth in envy.

How Fortunes Are Told

But the following week, it came Anita's mother's turn to gloat. This time, she had discovered a perfectly amazing astrologer, crystal-gazer, or what-is-it. He'd told her family secrets, off-hand, that equaled the intimate revelations of Anita's discovery! And mama, for her turn, refused to tell Anita who HER discovery was. It's been that way for several weeks now. Anita and mama, each, go to their respective wonder-seer; each comes home and gloats to the other. And each is frantically trying to find out who the other's fortune-teller is.

Well, here's the answer: Unbeknownst to the other, they've BOTH been going to the SAME fortune-teller! He's simply been getting family secrets from one, re-telling them to the other! And not until Anita and mama read this will they know it.

Fawncy their chagrin...!

1947 Release

By the time young Jon Dodd is ten years old, he'll be able to sit back in a movie projection chair, and see the story of his own life—in two hours. Jon is the son of Claire Dodd and hubby J. Milton Strauss. Claire takes 100 feet of film of young Jon's play and behavior and so on, at the first of every month. By 1947, the film will constitute a two-hour show, into which young Jon's first ten years will be concentrated.

They're still picking Scarlett O'Hara for Gone With the Wind. Paulette Goddard is new entry.

Ann Miller, Frisco night-club dancer of Stage Door, may succeed Ginger Rogers—who has gone dramatic.

Tyrone Power, disciple of tender kisses, gives Alice Faye a demonstration of samples In Old Chicago.
Pipe the Lydy

■ Pained oh, so pained!—is Binnie Barnes over the skepticism with which Hollywood views her pipe-smoking. "Publicity gag," snorts cynically contemptuous Hollywood. "Nothing of the kind," rages Binnie; "it's on the level. I do like to smoke; I don't like cigarettes: a lady can't smoke cigars—therefore, the pipe."

Binnie doesn't light her pipe in public—yet. She says she may, later, but for the present, she confines her pipe-smoking to her private life. It's not a regular briar, nor even a corncob, but a pipe specially made for her by a London pipemaker. It's a tiny thing, with a swan-like neck. Binnie even insists that in the future, women will go in for pipes in a big way, and every woman will have her personal, custom-made pipe, with individual decorations.

Gurgle—Gurgle

■ Note on Hangover from Infancy:—Irene Dunne just loves to have celluloid ducks—and toys carved of floating soap floating about her tub when she bathes. . . . Now how about it, Irene, adding some water lilies and a small sailboat for atmosphere?

Don't Eat the Thorns

■ Talking about Irene—she positively does NOT like cactus candy. Yet she paid $3.87 for a box of it the other day. It happened when the mailman delivered a parcel, sent by first-class mail from somewhere in New Mexico without a return address—but the sender had forgotten to put stamps on. The postage-due amounted to the $3.87. Out of sheer curiosity as to what was in the parcel, Irene paid the $3.87. Then she opened it—and found it a fan-gift of several pounds of the cactus candy.

Colossal

■ As your pet Hollywood snooper-into-things writes this item, Shirley Temple's mother is busily buying prints of every two-reel comedy in which Shirley appeared in her younger pre-stardom days. They're being added to the already-colossal "achievement library" in Shirley's home—a collection which will show, graphically, Shirley's entire public career.

When completed, it will include a print of every foot of movie film in which Shirley ever appeared—all her professional pictures, as well as hundreds of feet of 16 mm. film shot on her travels.

Johnny Davis, trumpeter with Waring's Pennsylvanians, remains in Hollywood as new Warner "find" for comedy relief

Mamo Clark, real Honolulu number, who knows a hula from a uke, displays her charms in Wallaby Jim of the Islands

Sandra Storme, new Paramounter, is considered the most beautiful model in the country. Any arguments?

Jean Parker, rivaling Lana Turner as Hollywood's Sweater Girl, joins the horse set. Next? The Barrier.
Too, there are bound-in-leather copies of the shooting scripts of her film plays: complete wardrobes she wore in her pictures; files of all the production and off-stage "stills" ever shot of her, clippings ad infinitum, and many other articles.

Incidentally, Anthony Ugrin, the 20th Century-Fox photographer who has been assigned to "cover" Shirley ever since she started stardom there, has to date shot more than 10,000 negatives of Shirley . . . !!!

**McCarthy, Blockhead of Arts**

■ Wonder if Bing Crosby feels so proud of that Ph. D. degree he got from Gonzaga University, when he realizes that at the same time, Northwestern University had awarded a special degree to—of ALL things!—Charlie McCarthy, admittedly the outstanding blockhead in Hollywood.

**Ain't Hollywood Wunnaful, Ma?**

■ In the background of her Beverly Hills home, Rosalind Russell has had a fishpond built. In the fishpond, she keeps a dozen huge bullfrogs. She says their croaking, at night, is her cure for insomnia.

■ . . . Fay Wray has painted the door-knobs and electric light switches throughout her house with luminous paint, so she can find 'em in the dark.

■ The bar in the playroom of her home is Kay Linaker's reminder of the time she was brunette for a half day. She painted it herself, dark brown. The can of paint tipped from the top of the bar, fell on Kay's head. It took her a half day's beauty-parlor treatments to get the stain out of her blonde locks.

■ on the front (and only) door of Joan Marsh's new penthouse is a patent lock that works via the doorknob. Inspecting the penthouse one night recently before it was finished, Joan started to leave. The doorknob came off in her hand. She couldn't get out until after a half-hour's frantic waving out of windows had attracted attention and help.

■ most amazing cat-cote and dog-boudoir in Hollywood are, respectively, those at the Basil Rathbone's and Mary Boland's . . . the Rathbone cat-cote, home for Gina and Gita, the Rathbone cats, is built on a pole five feet off the ground, is felt-lined, painted sky-blue and white—and has two cedar beds inside! The Mary Boland canine boudoir is a tiny room in Mary's home, for her three Pekinese dogs—a white one, a black one and a golden-haired one. There's a separate bed for each dog. [Continued on page 78]

**HOLLYWOOD**

Virginia Grey, having served as chorine and dancer, props herself for stardom. She's now in *Rosalee*.

With Hollywood taking to ranches, Carole Lombard shows saddle room of her "diggings." Note wooden horses

The personable Annabella of French and English films, is finally in Hollywood for 20th-Fox. She says it's "ver' okay".

Neil Hamilton, once America's leading collar model, is back in Hollywood after two years abroad. Next? *Portia on Trial*
HE old wooden ship, shrouded in night and Louisiana fog, rocked gently in the swell of the sea, its wooden joints painfully creaking. Creaking as if in despairing protest against the sinister scene on its center deck, illumined by one dim lantern.

There, in front of a plank extended out over the deck rail, stood a half-circle of hard, scarred, brutish-looking men. Louisiana pirates of more than a century ago. In the center of the menacing half-circle stood a small, poignant figure. A girl with taffy-colored hair, in the dress, cap and wooden shoes of a Dutch peasant. She was clutching a little dog in her arms.

She was the last survivor of a sea raid of the pirates. Found hiding below decks, she had been brought forth to go to her doom. Dead girls, like dead men, told no tales.

The grizzled ruffian who had led the raid pointed to the thick board hanging out over the sea. "This is our death's deck," he said, "will take you quick to Heaven." Sardonically, he added, "I've never had no complaints."

All eyes were on the girl. Her eyes, glazed by an unspeakable horror, were on the plank. Painfully, tears struggled to their brims. Tears of tragic self-pity, abject despair, youth unwilling to die. Unconsciously, she clung more tightly to her dog, as if she were clinging to life itself.

"No ... " From an untapped reservoir of terror, that one word was wrung. "No ... " Wrung from youth's love of life.

Slowly, like one in a nightmare, she turned to the man. Slowly, piteously, uncomprehend-ingly, she asked, "Why do you want me to die? ..."

Director Cecil B. De Mille, perched on a huge camera crane beyond the plank, called, "Cut! Now, for a close-up!" The spell was broken.

And don't disbelieve me when I say that a spell had been cast over every onlooker of this early scene for The Buccaneer, starring Fredric March. This girl, new to everyone there, had by some mysterious magic made all of them share her emotion, forget that this was only make-believe. And pretty melodramatic make-believe, at that. Because she was so real, so life-like, so natural, she had made this moment also real.

I asked her name. The answer was: "Franciska Gaal. She's Hungarian. This is her first American picture. And she'll be a star when it's finished. She has the role opposite March. ... He saves her after she walks the plank. That's how they meet."

Later, I heard De Mille's description of her: "A million-dollar find!" However, De Mille has been extravagant in his praise of newcomers before. Even though he never [Continued on page 74]
KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

BY DOW MARKEY

FANS EVERYWHERE ARE KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES. BUCK HAS A SUCCESS STORY THAT’S ENVIED BY HOLLYWOOD

When Buck isn’t in work clothes (left) he can be found in store or play clothes with his daughter Maxine (below) and the Missus, Odelle (bottom)

UMAN, deep-rooted, sure—these are some of the things you feel about Buck Jones from the time of his firm handshake of greeting until you bid him good-bye as he sits, boylike, in the cockpit of his new 14-passenger, tri-notored airplane.

Disregard, if you can, such superlatives as these:

1. His fan club, the Buck Jones Rangers, with a membership of over 4 million boys—

2. His box-office standing as most popular Western star both in America and Great Britain for over five years—

3. His palatial new Spanish hacienda ranch-home in San Fernando valley, with swimming-pool, stables for six horses, peach orchards—

4. His 85-foot sailing yacht, Sartartia, so resplendent in its white beauty that picture companies use it frequently—

5. His new contract with Coronet, releasing through Columbia, to make six super-special action pictures a year to be shown in first-run, key-city theatres—

Disregard all this, and you have a likeable, intelligent hombre who has been knocking around Hollywood, sometimes successfully, sometimes not, for eighteen years—who has been married for longer than that to a lovely blonde—who refuses, flatly, to ballyhoo himself by wearing  [Continued on page 76]
A sure sign of a big build-up in the offfing. Another Warner 1937 find is Johnny Davis, who landed in Hollywood as the "cat" singer with Waring's Pennsylvania's. But the camera said he had something more in him. And someone, he had personality and a grin that made him a pal at first sight. Before Varsity Show was half finished, he was signed to add pep and that grin to Warner films for years to come. And, spotted he is, he, role above the forget Fred Waring. The good-looking orchestra leader made such a hit, himself, in Varsity Show that he's bound to be back.

At M-G-M, they're predicting that Alan Curtis will have "a rise to fame as meteoric as Robert Taylor." I quote from M-G-M publicity. Press-agents don't make statements that broad without reason. The reason usually is a nod from the Front Office. The gods seem to be with Alan Curtis, Chicago-born, six feet one, with red hair and blue eyes. And, jingle. After his grit was driving a Chicago taxicab when one of his fares, an ad man, talked him into posing for an ad. That one job led to others, until, eventually, the movie scouts saw and signed him, and now he's a star. He has a big role in Mannequin, co-starring Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. Joan, in fact, asked for him.

It is an unsympathetic role, this role of Joan's good-looking, but weak husband. However, it is an attention-attracting role. And that is what counts. Ask Clark Gable. He started in unsympathetic roles that attracted attention, and one of them was with Joan Crawford.

Gable himself is partly responsible for another new M-G-M rae-Dennis O'Keefe. Clark noticed this tall-strong-and-silent newcomer playing a bit in Saratoga and persuaded the studio to sign him. Up on the schedule came Bad Man of Brimstone, first of a new crop of glorified Westerns. The studio needed a "different" type for the hero role. The newcomer "looked the part." But could he act? He could. He grew up in the theater. His parents were vaudevillians. He has a big opportunity. And M-G-M has big plans for him.

Metro is jammed to the gates with white hopes. Leonard Penn, for instance, he had acting ambitions until he inherited a manufacturing business; then forgot them until he married Gladys George. She talked him into a movie test. He started as Jeanette MacDonald's discarded lover in The Firefly. It was a vivid beginning. His future has vivid possibilities.

Henry Daniel is older, considerably older, but that very fact is in his favor. He has the subtle, dangerous fascination of a man of much experience. Younger ones played Garbo's bitter benefactor in Camille. Ray Bolger is M-G-M's answer to the question: Where is Fred Astaire's competition coming from? Long famous on Broadway as the dancing man, he made his movie bow in The Great Ziegfield; then, unaccountably, was allowed to return to Broadway. Now M-G-M has realized what it forfeited and has his back. agile feet, puckish personality and all, for Rosalie. And this time it isn't likely to let him get away. The same goes for Reginald Gardiner, whose facial gymnastics have prostrated Broadway for several seasons. He stole his first picture, Born to Dance, with a brief bit as a zany cop conducting an invisible orchestra in a park. He got away before the picture was previewed. Now Hollywood has captured him again.

Tom Rutherford (he spells it with two s's)—who gave up news reporting in Richmond, Va. to go to drama school—is now news himself. His first two roles have been small, but they will grow. Brent Sargent is a local boy. In three and a half years, he has played an perennial local play, The Drunkard, except the leading role. When he got around to that, he was discovered immediately. He started in My Dear Miss Aldrich. Boyd Crawford—graduate of the drama school at Carnegie Tech, Little Summer Theatres and Broadway juvenile roles—is a brand-new and promising arrival. So is Roger Converse—graduate of Stanford, a drama school and Little Theatres.

Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones have proved profitable investments, M-G-M is building up other he-men singers. Charles Gordin, known on the radio. Then he became whose singing was one of the high spots of Broadway Melody of 1938 and the reason why Robert Taylor didn't sing, as originally intended. Stage-struck Wisconsin desperate of Mary Garden, M-G-M's singing coach. So far he has done incidental singing, but he's being groomed for musical comedy. Anthony Marlow—Philadelphia ex-student who is fighting now to make a name for himself as a singing actor. William Geery—a California boy who dug ditches and worked as a lifeguard to pay for singing lessons. Now he's getting acting lessons.

When Freddie Bartholomew walked out of the studio a few months ago, and it looked as if he might not wake back, M-G-M blandly produced another cultured 13-year-old with a British accent—Ronald Sinclair, from far-off New Zealand. He has the role Freddie was to play in Thoroughbreds Don't Cry. A big beginning for a small boy. It may lead him to stardom.

You haven't yet seen the 1937 masculine find for whom Paramount is holding the option. His name is the same, Rigaud—nothing more, nothing less. He was born Jorge Rigato II in Buenos Aires, son of a wealthy Argentine family. He was educated in England and France. His first job—in Paris—was as an employee in a smart fashion salon. Many professional people went there. They noticed the darkly handsome Argentine. They gave him ideas about trying the screen. He had played only a few small parts when Director Rene Clair gave him a leading role opposite Annabella in July 14. He became famous overnight. Then he became a Continental star. The Hollywood scouts couldn't miss him. Paramount came out on top in the bidding, and he arrived in July. He will make his American debut opposite Greer Garson in a movie that doesn't make it the opposite Marlene's newly-arrived rival, Isa Miranda.

Paramount and 1937 have brought to Hollywood one of the finest actors of the generation, Oscar Homolka. Not a romantic type, but—an impelling personality. Hungarian-born, he speaks English with an accent. But the mobility and variety of his roles make him eloquent. He arrives on the American screen at the top of the cast of Ebb Tide. His future will be full of top billings.

Bob Hope is another almost sure-fire sensation, of a still different order. Young, more handsome than any comedian has a right to be, and a Broadway headliner for years, Hope, Hollywood has pursued him by until now is a mystery. He starts by being one of the reasons for seeing The Big Broadway of 1938.

There are other promising new Paramounts. Paul Bowman—the Cincinnati law student who changed his mind and transferred to drama school. His first big movie break was as Claudette Colbert's jilted fiancé in I Met Him in Paris. More on the John Payne—from Roanoke, Va., via Columbia University, Juilliard School of Music and summer theatres. Anne Shirley's handsome young husband has so far been limited to acting, but wait until he starts singing, too! Anthony Quinn—another new bridegroom (Katherine De Mille's) and an unusual type. Son of an Irish adventurer and an Aztec princess, he is physically rumbustious, he is the manly, trampy lieutenant in The Last Train from Madrid, he stole the picture. He may or may not become a star, but he is dangerous company for any star.

John Wayne gave up a job as a TWA pilot to play movie leading men. And doing very well for himself. Ray Middleton—from radio, who had offers simultaneously from Paramount and the Metropolitan Opera. He is now "being groomed." So is John Patterson, who was soliciting ads for a New York newspaper when he walked into a Paramount executive's office and a movie.

Even British nobility is represented among new finds. Michael Brooke is the seventh Earl of Warwick. Handsome in that reserved British way, a fine athlete, a fine linguist, a world traveler, he has possibilities for young-sophisticated roles. Soft-pedaling his title and his wealth, he is working hard to have a movie career in spite of his family's objections from the Stockholm stage. As soon as he learns his English, the ballyhoo begins. See it for hearing it.

At RKO-Radio, the new white hope is Burgess Meredith. He is the finest young actor to come from Broadway in years. Some critics say he is the best on the stage. But the very quality of his acting may stand in the way of his becoming a quick screen sensation, just as the same thing once stood in the way of Paul Muni. Most quick screen sensations are people who sell their own personalities to audiences. Meredith submerges his own personality in his performances, makes you accept him as the characters he plays. He is now back on Broadway submerging in personality in Maxwell Anderson's The Son of Monte. His first picture, Winter Pasture, was a work of art—but moviegoers stayed away from it by the millions. It was "heavy." His second picture, There Goes the Groom, is amusing, however. Movie audiences haven't yet had a real chance to become Meredith-conscious. But the time will come.

1937 also brought to Hollywood—from Vienna—Anton Walbrook. More of a romantic type, he rose above the material he had in his American debut, Michael Strogoff, the melodrama to end all melodramas. Since then he has been in England, playing Albert to Anna Neagle's Victoria in the British-
made RKO picture, *Victor the Great*. But he will be back. And welcome.

One of the few literally new screen faces in Hollywood to the late death of Milton Berle. And Mrs. Berle’s big boy, Milton, fooled everybody. He wasn’t himself—the professional Broadway smart-aleck, the sparring partner of Jack Benny. He played a harassed young yes-man. And, moreover, got away with it. He tucked the picture under one arm and a long-term contract under the other. You will be seeing more of him.

The scarcity of new comedians makes William Brisbane another important find. From Hamilton, Ohio, by way of Broadway, he has a knock for playing insipid lad, who are unconsciously laughable. He hasn’t been idle since his start in *Shall We Dance*. Alan Bruce—from Milwaukee—is something else again. A collar-ad model along he-man type, who has found his first screen role (in *Meet the Missus*) without so much as an hour of stage experience behind him. He has been in five pictures since.

William Corson, handsome Seattle six-footer, was everything from an office-boy to a longshoreman before he hitch-hiked to New York in search of work, became a violinist, and became a small photographer’s model. He saw Alan Curtis go off to Hollywood, and, a few weeks later, had his own Hollywood chance. He has been in fourteen pictures since. They’re giving him the screen experience in a hurry. They have big plans for him.

Vinton Haworth—from Washington, D. C.—who is the handsomest young heavy in films today. Someday, someone in Hollywood is going to discover that he was a radio rage as romantic Jack Arnold on the “Myrt and Marge” program. Then watch the build-up! . . . Jack Carson—six-feet-two Canadian—who crashed the movies the hard way: by the extra route, after years of Little Theatre training. It’s paying dividends now.

And don’t overlook Glenn Morris. After testing most of the good-looking actors in America, Sol Lesser chose Morris, the Olympic decathlon champion, to play Tarzan in a new series of Edgar Rice Burroughs epics—with Eleanor Holm. Jarrett as his mate. Morris may never win the Academy Award, but he may become “big box-office.” And if he does, he will automatically be a star. That’s one of the rules of the movie game.

COLUMBIA, which used to borrow most of its talent in its younger days, is a big studio now, and is developing its own talent. Consider the new Columbia finds of 1937: Don Terry—six-feet-three, and thrice intercollegiate heavyweight box champ. (His college, believe it or not, was Harvard.) He saw Hollywood briefly in silent days, leaving it to see the world. He finally landed on Broadway, where, last January, Columbia discovered him. He’s in for a build-up as a two-fisted hero. So is Charles Quigley, curly-haired six-footer from New Britain, Conn., who received stage boosts from Mary Nash, Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore and thereby landed in the talent scouts’ laps.

Donald Grayson—discovered singing in a Chicago cafe by none other than Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, and now scheduled for an acting future. Allen Brook—Born Joe Allen Jr., in Boston, he’s an actor. This slender six-footer (all the new star-timber grows tall!) has a lifetime of theatrical ambition behind him and a promising future ahead of him. And Frank C. Wilson—picked out of college theatricals (at Amherst) to be a screen juvenile.

NEW Universal was the only studio willing to give Deanna Durbin a chance. She was a star after one picture. Now New Universal announces that it is going to give many another newcomer a chance to become a star.

On its roll-call is a twenty-three-year-old cowboy straight from an Arizona ranch, named Bob Baker. He has the looks, he knows how to handle himself on a horse, has even won a few rodeo prizes, and—he can sing. Nobody expects a cowboy star to be an actor. But these days audiences like him to be a singer. (Ah, there, Gene Autry!) If you live out where the cowboy sagas play, be on the lookout, pardner, for Bob Baker.

Be on the lookout, too, for William Lundigan—six-feet-two, and so handsome that when he recently played the likable Other Chap with Irene Hervey, she said, “He doesn’t look like the loser.” His father owned a radio station in Syracuse, N. Y., and Bill announced over it, and talent scouts picked him out of the air. Robert Wilcox, after college (U. S. C.) worked at everything from bodyguarding to candy-selling for two years afterward, then decided to become an actor. He studied at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, but was “discovered” 3,000 miles away in a Little Theatre in Buffalo, N. Y. He’s the all-American type of young lover.

John King—who used to sing with Ben Bernie’s band, got his movie start in a serial and stepped from that into the lead in *The Road Back*. A bit on the Joel McCrea order, John is, but taller and, perhaps, handsomer. Larry Blake—a mimic from the night-clubs, whose facial versatility will take him far. Jack Dum—in, who, by way of variety, is an English stage star and, in case you have forgotten, the 1936 Olympic skating champion. If you know what Sonja Henie can do on skates, you have an idea of what Jack Dum is capable of doing. This is due to this twenty-year-old screen career is the “right story.”

AT 20TH CENTURY-Fox, George Sanders is the principal new masculine cause for excitement. An imposing specimen—he stands six-feet-three and weighs 215 pounds—he was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1906 of English parents. In school in England, he was an odd mixture of boy-inventor and interscholastic boxing champion. Afterward, he was a tobacco planter in the American Southwest. But he had an acting career. He appeared in a series of London musicals, then was lured into British pictures, in which Darryl Zanuck sighted him.

Sanders started his American screen career as Madeleine Carroll’s cynical, ne’er-do-well husband in *Lloyd of London.*

Also watch Dick Baldwin—a good-looking Louis born boy of show business origin. The movies found him in stock, used him in three quickies, then forgot he existed. As a last hopeless gesture, before heading home a failure, he made one more sandwich and landed the role of a railroad man in *Begin at College.* Now he is Simone Simon’s love interest in *Love and Hisses.*

Robert Lowery—boisterously rugged, or rather, boyish, who was born in St. Louis, but grew up in California, where talent scouts found him in Little Theatre plays. Robert Kellard—born in Los Angeles of theatrical parents, who advised him to start in vaudeville. He tried vaudeville, but the movies have taken him. Kenneth Howell also born in Los Angeles, only 19 now, and the eldest boy in the ever-more-popular “Family.” Douglas Scott—the 12-year-old Seattle youngster whose acting poise embarrasses adult trouper. Wally Vernon—son of theplians, who turned down offers of movie gangster roles, because he wanted to play comedians, which he is playing, very deftly.

AND last but not least, there is Tommy Kelly. He is one boy out of twenty-five thousand. Freddie Bartholomew was one out of ten thousand.

The same man who launched the search for boy-unknown-to-play David Copperfield (because he felt that he would have a boy-star afterward), last year started a similar search to find an unknown to play Tom Syrner (and for the same reason). The man’s name is David O. Selznick.

In New York’s crowded Bronx, at St. Raymond’s School, 750 boys passed in front of a Selznick scout. Out of the 750, he picked a troubled-looking youngster with a glint in his Irish-blue eyes. A youngster named Tommy Kelly. The scout asked him what his father did. Worked on PWA. Tommy had never met his life, and he had a Bronx accent. But the scout tested him anyway, and sent the test to Selznick. Selznick by this time had looked over 25,000 boyish faces. He was jaded, discouraged. They saw Tommy’s test. He shouted, “We’ve found him!”

It took ten weeks to strip Tommy Kelly of his Bronx accent, then ten weeks to make the picture—out of the song plot of a million dollars. In twenty weeks, an unknown youngster was lifted from the sidewalks of New York to a hilltop in Hollywood, from having nothing to having everything. That’s how quickly stars can be born—sometimes.

After The Great Ziegfeld, Ray Bolger returned to New York for *On Your Toes.* Now he’s back in Hollywood for *Rosalie.*
that have certainly not had much attention from film producers, novelists, theatrical producers in the past decade or so. Blame the World War for this condition, if you want.

One female organization went so far as to enter in its club minutes the name of Durbin as a “wholesome influence and a model for young American girls to copy.” Don’t ask us which one it was because we didn’t save the minute, but the fact remains that as a Force for Good Deanna is right up there in front. Already the Durbin Cult grows. Girls’ dresses are being named for her, ski suits, dressing-gowns, bathing-suits, pink cotton with raised palm-dots that she’s dotty about, hats, plus other hand-picked articles. But no cosmetics. Her astute manager, Jack Sherrill, has already turned down thousands of dollars offered for Deanna’s cosmetic testimonials.

O COURSE the same publicity machine that made Coogan and Temple to outsiders, is today making household names at work on Durbin. But there is this difference. The machine worked with kids, endorsing childish things. Deanna approaches maturity. She has a world of fans, her approach is to clothes and make-up, either the glamorous girls or Deanna. A surprising number choose Durbin. There’s something consoling in the thought.

There is usually a reason for a phenomenon such as the little Durbin. Many people who know Deanna, including her studio school-teacher, Mrs. Mary West, who is appointed by Los Angeles’ Board of Education and the all-powerful State Welfare Board, agree that environment has a great deal to do with Deanna’s normal, balanced development. Her family is conservatory, well-bred. Then, too, she is the last child, of elder-breed. Deanna’s sister, Mrs. Edith Heckman, also a Los Angeles school-teacher, is twice Deanna’s age. “You know what it often means when a child is born of a mother who has no longer young,” says Mrs. West. “Records show that a high percentage of geniuses have been children of elderly parents.”

Deanna was born December 4, 1922. The family moved from Canada to California, where Durbin, here, continued his stock brokerage activities.

Palm has meant little to Deanna except, as she says, “it’s another kind of fun.” She still enjoys breakfast, likes to sleep, play with the black-haired dog Tippi (now three years old), collect turtles, sing. “I don’t know how many songs I have in my repertoire,” she says. “I see them, I act them, I feel them, I know some. I guess, but how many, I couldn’t say.”

Il Bacio, the kiss song that won her a radio spot with Eddie Cantor on his CBS program for Texaco, a later a film contract, is no longer the kind of fun. It never was,” she says in mild disapproval at adult minds who remember false facts. It had been ten months since Deanna, the enterprising Jack Sherrill and I had lunched in the Universal cafe after her first thunderous film success in Three Smart Girls. Then, unless my old ears betrayed me, it was Musette’s Waltz from La Boheme and The Blue Danube Waltz that the little Durbin hoped to be able to sing for Leopold Stokowski should she have the opportunity.

Fate note: They co-starred in her next film, 100 Men And A Girl.

But no. Her long, brown wavy hair swayed with the negative shake of her head. Even the suave “bambine” cap perched atop such a head has no alluring effect. Ten months… Ten months were ten years when you filled them with voice practice (tutored by the Met’s retired Count Andre de Segurola), radio rehearsals, dress rehearsals, sittings and take-a-tour, dress rehearsals for film songs (she is learning five new numbers for her third major film Mad About Music), film-making, three hours of school five days a week.

In THE little wooden one-roomed schoolhouse on the Universal lot where Mrs. West teaches under-age starlets such as Nan Gray, Billy Burrud, and Mlle. Durbin, Deanna is considered a conscientious student, able and intelligent. The secret of Deanna’s entire success, in the eyes of her teachers is her exceptional ability to concentrate. She has already completed her studies in Latin.

“Now I’m taking French,” Deanna informs you. “After that I shall study Italian, Spanish, Latin, of course.” If Deanna’s enthusiasm about languages for my Music, I don’t know any operas yet; only arias from them. Italian seems so easy to sing and read after studying Latin, but I can’t say the same for French, I’m having a little difficulty in learning it.”

If Deanna, sitting in the school room at study, clad in sweater, skirt, “boobie” socks, one of her brother’s, the eternal curl of her curls, is known as a conscientious student, she is also known as a strong-minded one, too. In fact, if you were to lodge any complaint at all against the one hundred pound starlet you might list obstinacy as it. But it’s probably not a bad idea to be tenacious. Many older Hollywood stars with less talent than Deanna have succeeded on that same attitude.

The school room often becomes a clinic of life under the guidance of Mrs. West.

IT is not surprising that this talented youngster, raised and nurtured by her studio for half a million dollars, enjoys leaving the make-believe world of the studios for lunch at the corner drug store (to avoid studio cafe autograph seekers) in this genial, matter-of-fact company. Lunch finished, Deanna spends a restful fifteen minutes in the swing in her teacher’s sunny backyard near the studio. Says Mrs. West: “I often say I am not of them.” This sums up her philosophy completely. During Mrs. Durbin’s recent ill health Mrs. West acted for five weeks as Deanna’s chaperon on location for this studio. A veteran of the Universal studio years, Mrs. West found it a pleasure.

Chaperoning Deanna must be a cinch. There are few complications; no boyfriends, no parties to parties alone with them, meets them in groups, sees much of two boy cousins, one of whom has endowed her with a collection of sixty “swing” records. No, she can’t tell you her favorite piece, says this tacitful young lady. There’ll be no chance for later repudiation here. She is no way a provincial. She has been, in big parties, to the Trocadero, Vendome, and the Hollywood show spots. On occasional nights she stays up until midnight if she has been gadding or to a concert; usually she is in bed by nine-thirty, and asleep shortly thereafter.

Anyone entrusted with La Durbin’s care would probably talk herself blue in the face to convince the child to eat a larger breakfast. Her all time favorite food is the black bean. Deanna would drink an extra glass of orange or grapefruit juice. “I don’t like breakfast,” she tells you with dimpled and smiling decision, “but I do like lunch and dinner.” After lunch she spends an hour with a tour of her pets, Tippy, the black must she bought; two of the three Three Smart Girl turtles (one died) and the Eddie Cantor turtle carrying a load of painted flowers and the comic’s name on his back. Someone brought “Eddie” to Deanna from the Pomona State Fair. And the parakeet.

Probably the most difficult chore a duenna would face would be keeping the hurricane of rumor and dissension from reaching the little girl’s ears. Already, as is customary, the locusts are after the child’s reputation. “What should she sing well?” they hum. “She’s not fourteen, she is seventeen years old.” Remembering that Jackie Cooper in his heyday and Shirley Temple at the beginning of hers, were declared to be Hollywood’s own astute manager, Jack Sherrill, who ranks the little singer as one of his greatest discoveries, only laughs. He has proof of her birth, and he is only awaiting the proper time to wave it under a few noses.

More annoying to Sherrill, who has conducted Deanna’s career from its beginning, are the suits (there are three at the moment) of a Mr. Thalberg, who are challenging Durbin claim a share in her fortunes. But out of his years of experience in management he knows how to handle them. Anyway, what is there for him to split? At the end of a cinema year and a half, the child is only drawing $300 a week on a contract that started at $150. A new agreement just negotiated with Universal raises the rate, and gives her a bonus after each film. This new document has five and one-half years to go. Eddie Cantor has forty weeks of her exclusive radio time.

In THE middle of the maelstrom rests the Cause, nibbling at her finger nails when she gets excited, which is every now and then (radio premiers, et cetera), despite her outward appearance of poise. Quite unsophisticated, sweet (we’re liable to get mad—including Deanna still looks back upon her appearance at the late Irving Thalberg’s dinner at the Trocadero as the most dramatic moment of her life.

“I sat next to Rosa Ponselle,” says this embryonic operatic star, “and sang, and the next morning Mr. Thalberg sent me a huge box of flowers, and there were seven dozen American roses,” counting them off on her fingers . . . “load of gladness, and around the handle were fastened little white orchids—my first orchids. I sat there and cried, and I was thankful a note . . . thanking him for them, and do you know that he answered, immediately? It wasn’t long after that he died . . . ?” she added in a broken tone.

The critical kudos and women’s club compliments may add several feathers to Deanna’s cap, as the old saying has it, but a very special feather, it seems, should go to her for staying so happily balanced, amiable and unsophisticated in the face of the wholesale admiration that she inspires.
behoves a new father with a baby to think of.

And that, dear reader, is one of the most significant items I could lay before you, to give you the flavor of this yarn. For it shows how, with a heart that was at a high intensity, Gary is discovering the infinite meanings and ramifications of this new excitement that's entered his life. The baby, for a man like Gary, his greatest off-stage obsession. He was as excited over it as a kid over the things under the Christmas tree. But precisely like that kid, somehow, he'd never thought of having a "baby"—Gary's greatest excitement now is this absolutely, fascinatingly new adventure into which Gary, adventure-lover above everything, has suddenly fallen—fatherhood.

FOR, precisely as you'd expect from the high-hearted, colorful, what's-next-on-life's-program sort of guy Gary is, that's how he approaches fatherhood. Not as a stupid, staid, stolid and dull sort of thing, but as one of the grander thrifts life can offer to a man who wants and loves thrills. And what Gary, Gary's making the most of fatherhood, now that it's his.

Those who have known Gary through the period of his Hollywood stardom are marvelling at what the man's doing now that Maria's arrived. Before the baby came, there was betting on the boulevards as to how Gary'd take it—that Hollywood all over; bet on anything at all, you know. Some even said he'd fall apart, just turn a stolid countenance on the whole affair, and shrug it off with a shoulder-lift and a grunt, as he does so many things in life. Others offered to bet he'd go more ga-ga than all the sib sisters in captivity, when his own baby squalled its first hello at him. Still others were there, however, who knew Gary pretty well. They just sat back and waited, knowing Gary'd do well that whatever he did, he'd throw the full flavor of that inimitable Gary personality into it—and that whatever it would be, it'd be better than the median stuff for sure.

And they saw a lot of things that have given Hollywood chuckles and amusement over Gary, as well as a few surprises. They saw, for instance, that in one item, at least, Gary ran true to basic fatherhood form. No expectant Papa was ever more jittier than Coop was, during the hours he paced the hospital corridors, waiting until the nurse came out and told him "it's a girl."

They discovered, to their intense amusement, that Gary isn't the dead-panned, taciturn guy he's cracked up to be, when there's really something to excite him. For he's gotten really excited about the new experience in his crowded life—and in that excitement, Gary's as loquacious as you'd want anybody to be. With the enthusiasm that bred of a new and great thrill, Gary's willing and ready, for one time in his life, to talk about the baby. And even, don't even have to drop a hat. He'll talk about the baby plenty—but NOT for publication.

AND out of one other angle, Hollywood got chuckles: they discovered that no person in the world could possibly have been more embarrassed and fussied than Gary was, when the gang at the studio began pulling "daddy" bags on him, the first day he showed for work in Marco Polo, after the baby Maria arrived. The first gag they pulled was to hail him as "papa" or "daddy." Of course that made Gary blush. But that gag soon died of its own absurdity. No man in Hollywood could be as the doting-papa type than Gary. Not even the most determined rubbers could possibly go on calling him "Papa Gary." It just doesn't fit. So they've switched to other rubbers—like suggesting names for the baby, and that sort of thing. Or giving him gag presents for the baby—but maybe we'd better not go into details on that. Hollywood's rubbers have a bit unprintable sense of humor, at times.

One development in Gary's mode of living does stand out, however. That is the boys down at Jim Davis' harness shop, at Cosmo and Selma streets, haven't seen Gary at all since the baby came!

Jim, you may remember, is the leather-and-saddle-and-boot shop where all the real cowboys in Hollywood gather. It's like the water-hole, or the fence near the cook-shack, back on the range. When they're doing with their day's work, all the cowhands and range riders in Hollywood that ain't got to make to some of this easy moom-pitcha money, forgerate at Jim Davis' joint, because Jim's an old-timer, too. There they sit and talk range-talk by the hour. There, Hollywood caste and position are forgotten—and Gary has always been just another one of the gang, despite stardom. There, hour after hour, when he wasn't at the studio, Gary used to sprawl and chin with fellow-cowhands, about things that were as far removed from the subject of women an' kids as hell is from heaven.

FOR a long time the boys down at Jim's have been wondering (ever since they heard there was a baby due at Gary's) whether he'd make any change in the guy they called "Coop."

Oh, they'll probably have "Coop" back among them, sooner or later. But right now, he's spending his spare time at home, and not the boys' club. When Gary does come back, mos' likely he'll want to chin about that kid o' his', they speculate. But they don't say it with rancor. They say it with envy.

They've had a laugh to see their hard-boiled "Coop" at the hospital, the night the Baby arrived. The nurses in the maternity division will giggle, from now on, every time they go to a movie and see Gary being cool and calm and unflappable through any and all screen situations. Because they'll always remember the wild-eyed, jittery, worried guy whose long, lanky legs had paced off a hundred miles in the corridors. It was a break for Gary that he wasn't all alone that night—Director Frank Capra paced with him, for Capra's wife was there too, awaiting the word. The Coopers' names first, it'd make until Gary and Frank had walked and jittered themselves pretty close to a nervous and physical collapse. The Hollywood chatterers have made much of Gary's ability to make a wisecrack right there at the hospital. It seems that when he first visited the maternity ward, he saw the big sign:

NO CHILDREN ADMITTED

He looked at it quizzically, and then, between teeth that were chattering from nervousness, he japed: "Kinda difficult, ain't it?"

The nurses laughed dutifully, and the press-agents pointed out that that showed how cool and self-possessed was Gary. But the fact is that every daddy-to-be who enters that ward inevitably makes the same wisecrack, in a hey-hi-ho effort to show how calm he is. And the nurses are sick to death of hearing a baby gag.

Rocky, feeling grand and proud, is home now, with Baby Maria, in that low, rambling house they live in, out Brentwood way. They've had to add another room to the house, their lips a snap shut, and they act

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Why Movie Stars Can't Stay In Love

(Continued from page 29)

make a satisfactory sexual adjustment early in married life. It is seldom that any inborn abnormality or incompatibility is responsible for the wrecking of a couple's happiness. Successful marriage depends very largely on a proper appreciation of what marriage means.

"By sexual maladjustment I mean particularly in the sense of emotional immaturity. Sexual excess as such is rare in divorce cases. It's the inadequacy that causes the trouble. There is, to be sure, vagarious and irresponsible sexual conduct, but physical peculating, for example, when excesses are rare among mature, normal persons. Now, in the ordinary marriage, the husband has to spend considerable time making love to his wife, and vice versa. But when a star has made love on the set all day long, repeating each caress or kiss from three to thirty times until a perfect shot is taken, he is hardly in a mood for ardent love-making when he goes home in the evening, exhausted from the day's grind at the studio. Stars may be wonderful lovers on the screen, but in actual life, they aren't so hot.

"Perhaps next in importance to sexual inadequacy is the exaggerated romantic complex of movie people. The average motion picture is based on the old, old formula of boy meets girl. Under circumstances that seldom correspond to the actualities of modern life. The stars breathe an atmosphere of intensified romanticism. They play highly romantic roles. They have to be romantic, or if they are to give a convincing performance. It is inevitable that they should carry this exaggerated romantic attitude into their own love life.

"SUCH romantics," Dr. Popenoe continued, "demand constant manifestations of an ardent response on the part of their partners, through courting, caresses, love-making. If their partners fail to demonstrate this continually, because they happen to be tired or absorbed in some task or worry, they are instantly disillusioned, go bitter, and conclude that their romance is ended, and they must, perforce, find their ideal mate in another person.

"Romantic love—which is another name for sexual attraction—is a most desirable condition for a happy marriage, but screen players are prone to consider it an end in itself. The romantic complex is of comparatively recent origin, and has attained its greatest development in America. In large sections of Europe and the rest of the world, where individualism hasn't progressed so far, marriages are still contracted largely or exclusively for economic, family and other factors outweighing purely romantic considerations between the young couple.

"We saw in the Good Earth that Paul Muni had not even seen the girl who was going to be his wife before the wedding ceremony, and one of the most touching scenes in that picture is when he first sees her and not only is charmed by her, but his wife and children all see only the stars in each other's eyes. He hoped she wouldn't be pock-marked. Now, romantic love is an excellent thing, but successful and enduring marriage requires more and should not include a more realistic type of love.

"Actors, furthermore, are extremely sensitive people, and will flare up at the slightest provocation. Things that wouldn't bother more stolid temperaments will make them miserable. Of course, they couldn't be actors with delicate constitutions. But such hypersensitivity is likely to work havoc in married life if not counterbalanced by other qualities, qualities that are characteristic of the sort of marriage that needs to grow up and remain hopelessly juvenile and infantile in their emotional reactions."

I ASKED Dr. Popenoe if the combination of extreme youth and too much money isn't a fruitful cause of marital disharmony, mistakes and general restlessness. The average young man just out of college has to work about ten years before he can support a wife as a doctor or lawyer. But in the movies a young man can become economically independent almost overnight. "Yes, youth and money is a dangerous combination in Hollywood," he said. "The screen demands the attractions of youth. When a new star rises on the cinematic horizon he is not a real person, he is a real person, Robert Taylor became a leading male star at 24. Jean Harlow was a sensational box office draw at 20. With the exception of character actors, all stars are young. Indecisively, it is desirable that people marry young, shortly after they attain puberty. Physiologically speaking a girl is ready for marriage at 16, a boy at 18, or even younger. But at such an early age personalities are still unformed, and a girl who marries at 19 may find the qualities of her partner which attracted her at first, have the opposite effect ten years later.

"There is ample statistical evidence to prove that marriages under the age of 21 are more likely to end in divorce than between the ages of 21 and 30. And I have observed since the depression that hard times often make happier homes.

"Youth is easy in judgment. Engagements give the partners an opportunity to test the character of each other's devotion and to find out whether they will be able to live together in mutually-satisfying emotional relationship. There are periods of pre-marital preparation, and greatly reduce the element of haste in marriage. If I am not mistaken Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont were engaged three years before they married. Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond also went through a rather lengthy period of engagement before they wedded. These two marriages are far more likely to endure than those typically Hollywood wedlocks that begin with a sudden elopement to Yuma in an airplane, in order to avoid the California law that requires the lapse of three days after a notice of intention has been filed before the couple can become legally man and wife.

"THE importance of this pre-marital preparation can hardly be over-phasied. The Institute of Health in Vienna established in 1922 a clinic for advice on marriage. This proved so successful that there are now hundreds of such clinics throughout the world. I am officially in character and supported from tax funds. The first American institution of the same kind was founded in Los Angeles, in 1930, and now has approximately six branches incorporated under the name of the Institute of Family Relations. It has been a success from the start.

"We have worked out in detail a pre-marital conference with a physical examination and a course of instruction and reading. We encourage preparation for marriage, consisting of a study of the personal and family history of the partners in order to find the factors that may effect the success of their marriage. Study of the personality, temperament and emotional attitudes that are important in marital adjustment. Physical examination by one of the Institute's medical staff, and such additional information and instruction as may be necessary.

"Of course, even under the best circumstances marriage is a gamble. But many people do not know how much science has found in recent years about the why and what of marriage. Indecisively, it is desirable that people marry young, shortly after they attain puberty. Physiologically speaking, a girl is ready for marriage at 16, a boy at 18, or even younger. But at such an early age personalities are still unformed, and a girl who marries at 19 may find the qualities of her partner which attracted her at first, have the opposite effect ten years later.

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"We have worked out in detail a pre-
long to tell you about my stage plans, because at the moment, dreams is a better word for them. I have no play, I have no producer, I have nothing but an intense desire to play. I always did have. But for a long time I didn’t dare think of it, because the stage looked down so on us motion picture people. And whether I accepted the stage’s appraisal or not, I certainly did not need to fight it.

Then, gradually the scales turned. The stage lost its prosperity, and seemed somehow less scornful and superior. And I married Franchot and had theatre talked into my ears day and night. So I took heart. I’m still afraid, probably always will be. I’m likely to get to opening night and start moaning: ‘I can’t go on,’ till they have to push me out. And there I’ll stand, with palsy of the knee and paralysis of the vocal chords, wondering what form of insanity got me there—frozen, phlegmed, shaking the nightmare off.

‘Just the same, I’m going to do it. The play’s the problem. I’ve read till I’m sullen, and can’t find the right one. Three years ago, when I signed my three-year contract, I’ll tell you why: ‘This grand old world of a play—that’ll give you time to look for a play.’

‘You’re crazy,’ I said. ‘In three years I’ll find a million.’ Well, the three years are over and I haven’t found the hunt.

The bell for silence rang. They were taking a shot of Tracy, who entered at one door, walked purposefully across a room, and disappeared through a second door. 'Time, Tracy,' said the director. 'That’ll give you time to look for a play.—'

‘You’re crazy,’ I said. ‘In three years I’ll find a million.’ Well, the three years are over and I haven’t found the hunt.

There was menace in his eye as he strode toward her. She grabbed her bag. ‘Sorry I can’t wait,’ she laughed up at him. ‘Got a fitting,’ and ran for her dressing-room. If Hannah, Adrian’s right hand, was waiting with a coat that had to be tried on. John clasped her hands and gazed soulfully up at him. ‘Spence, you were woo-o-onderful—'

A SHADOW darkens the doorway. We look up to find Tracy standing in it.

‘Don’t you ever relax?’ he inquires of Joan.

‘What else do you call it, besides relaxing?’

‘Bag for Billie Burke.’

He turns to me. Look—the boys can have Saturday evening off, but he, for the football games, she works from 8:30 to 6:30—'

‘Don’t you, suppose—'

‘I’m a boy. That’s different. Lunch hour she looks at rushes; in between she gives interviews—begging your pardon—and tries on clothes. Now she relaxes—'

‘Quiet, Spence. This has all the earmarks of a plant—'

‘A plant? Well, you can do the same for me some day.’ He turns to me again, his eyes clear of mockery for a moment. ‘She’s a nice girl. Honest—'

The assistant director appears. ‘They’re ready for you, Joan.’ A still photographer appears at the same instant. ‘Miss Crawford, if you’re too busy, never mind, but I said I’d ask you. This guy at the piano wrote a piece. He’d like to play it for you—'

‘Right after this scene,’ she promises.

In this scene it’s Joan who walks across the stage, and Tracy takes his chance to get even. He tips off the others, and her reappearance, after the scene has been shot, is greeted by a blank, unnatural silence. Nobody stirs, nobody says a word. All eyes are fastened on her in eager reproach.

‘I don’t seem very popular around here,’ Joan decides and starts off.

Seeing his prey slip through his fingers, Tracy calls after her: “That walk wasn’t so hot, Miss Crawford.”

‘Take it out of my paycheck, Mr. Tracy,’ she retorts, and the last laugh is hers.

NOW she’s at the piano, an attentive audience of one, listening to the piece composed by one extra and sung by another. Then, at the still man’s request, she poses for a photograph, with her hands clasped over the collar’s too wide, Hannah. I’ve got to go heavy-dramatic in this thing.

‘Still, it’ll do it—it kills me. I know I could go to any better school than Helen Hayes. And I’m more hopeful now that it was two months ago about finding a play. What made it so difficult was that Franchot and I wanted to do one together, and two starring parts are hard to find unless they’re specially written for you. So we finally decided we’d do separate plays if we couldn’t get them—'

‘No, I wouldn’t ask any one to write a play for me. First, I don’t think it’s fair to presume that much on friendship. Second—and this is probably the more honest reason—I’d expect to be turned down. I can hear myself quavering to Nord Coward: “Will you write a play for me?” He’d probably give me a benevolent pat on the shoulder and say: “Look, Toots, you stick to pictures—‘

I’m knocked at the door. “Singing bother you, Miss Crawford?”

“No,” she replied, slipping out of the coat. “Good practice for him. He probably can’t afford to hire a pianist.”

A final word with Hannah, who departs with the coat. Then Joan picks up a piece of needlepoint, and settles down on the couch with it. “Just the same,” she says with resignation. “I’m going on the stage. If not this year, then next. If not next, then the year after. There’s no burning rush—’

WHY big Joan is Baby to her niece, nobody knows. At the age of two or thereabouts, she recognized her photograph on a magazine cover. “Baby,” she told her mother, pointing, “Pretty baby.” Since then she has refused to call big Joan anything else.

Hand in hand, they go to greet their friends, who come running at news of the guest’s arrival. She’s no stranger here. In fact, she’s a co-worker, having played her part in a mob scene in The Bride Wore Red. Coming toward from, she shoves a grip to whom she gave her heart a week ago.

‘I love Johnny,” she announces simply. “Will you tell Johnny I love him?”

“I’ll tell him,” Joan promises.

‘Will your aunt ever marry?’('‘Hell be so tickled,” she chuckles.

Later, tea is served in the dressing-room. Little Joan’s not interested in tea, but cake is her favorite. While her aunt laps, she takes bites from a large hunk in her left hand. Suddenly she slides to her knees, and throws her arms wide. “How much do you love me?” the aunt’s arms close round her. She smiles over the small head. The smile, all tenderness, was for the baby. The words were a parting salute to me—'

“Better than screen and stage,” she said.
brunette; two nice-looking boys; a white-haired man, with a handkerchief across the lower part of his face, like a bandit's mask, to protect an already sunburned pair of lips and chin.

The girl and the two boys step inside the place, to buy some chocolate sodas. The little white-haired man shakes his head when they ask him if he's coming in, too. He steps over to a corner, leans on the railing, waits for them. Nobody pays the slightest bit of attention to him. It isn't because he's Charlie Chaplin. It's because they don't very much care.

But now Sally Eilers comes bouncing onto the porch, makes for the refreshment bar. At once, hubbub pops. The whole porchful of young people surge toward Sally. From a score of young herowhosphing throats goes the cry: "Gee! There's Sally Eilers. There's a mood pitchin' star! Hey, Sally, will ya give us your autograph, huh?" And a football rush surrounds Sally.

O R in the corner, Charlie is shoved unconscionably out of the way by a young couple who want to get to Sally Eilers. Charlie looks away in another direction. And over at another side, two Hollywood old-timers, years-old in the 'inside' of movin'. One looks at Charlie, the other looks at each other as they regard white-haired, brooding Chaplin.

"Ex-Genius," mumbles one to the other. He doesn't care whether or not Charlie Chaplin overears. He knows, as does all Hollywood, that Chaplin has too often heard himself called "ex-genius" out loud.

Oh, that's one scene. Now come and see Charlie, and the brunet—that's Paulette Goddard, and she and Charlie still think it's none of anybody's business whether they're married or not—! and the two boys—they're Charlie's two sons by Lita Grey Chaplin, his most recent divorcee wife—leave the cafe and return to their boat.

It's a little boat, Charlie's. Not a grand, big, come-all-ye-and-make-merry-with-me boat. He has bought that boat himself. It's deliberately little. Charlie bought a little one because that was his best excuse for not inviting crowds out on it.

But it's the name of the boat I want you to see. And consider. Its name is Panacea.

And if that doesn't tell a world of secrets, I'll eat the next hundred-thousand feet of film Charlie turns out, talkie or silent!

"P ANACEA!" Panacea for the pangs of being the loneliest man in Hollywood, for that's what Charlie Chaplin is. Not Hollywood's Forgotten Man, as some who regard a turn of phrase more highly than fact, would have it. For Charlie's NOT forgotten. He's remembered. But the trouble is, he's remembered as "that guy who used to be."

And that, in Hollywood, is worse than oblivion.

You see, Charlie has everything but what he wants. He wants the limelight again, and he can bow his denials to high heaven if he wants to. He has more money than he knows what to do with it. He has a fine big house and his yacht and his servants and his cars and his sons and his Paulette. But they're all material. He wants the thrill or enjoy them for the ache that's in him, the ache that keeps him searching always for the panacea.

Come with me now into that big house of his, up there on the hilltop. Come at dusk, or after nightfall. Don't expect a burst of lights, excitement, people, party. Because what you'll find is a big dark room, with no lights save a dull glow down at one end, where the two sons are playing the violin—not from any written music before him, but from his own soul. It's music that wrenches and tears and claws at you. It sears in minor keys. It crashes now and then here and there makes you think it dies again, into those sad minor notes. Sometimes it's not the organ Charlie plays. Sometimes he can make his heart sob the better by drawing the bow across that celio of his. It's more human, somehow, the audible pain that comes from its strings.

N O LONGER, on those rare occasions when he goes to a party, is it "the life" for Charlie. No more does he go into those one-man bull fights, which he plays the torcador, the matador, the audience, the bull, all at once, to the delight of the Chaplin himself. No longer does he swing into those amazing dances that his nimble brain conjures up. No longer does he flash an incessant stream of witticisms into the crowd. Sally Eilers can do that. She can make them laugh, and they themselves. And in his eyes is something that makes other guests prefer not to look at him, because they'd rather have fun. He's lonely, and no number of people can make him glad. He's lonely, you see, NOT for people, but for something else he has had and lost—fame, eminence, the peak of Hollywood position, the limelight. He can kid himself from here to Timbuctoo that he wants something else, or even that he doesn't know what he wants. But it's not so. He knows darn well that he wants stardom back again. Just the other day he told himself again by once more financing Hollywood's famous actor-restaurateur, Henry, in the opening of a swing eat-spot. This time, it's on LaCienega Boulevard, Hollywood's ascending life-tree, instead of down on old Hollywood Boulevard, where Henry used to have a roccoco food palace. In the old days, when his hair was just graying, instead of white, Charlie used to sit there in old Henry's, and enjoy the stases of the dinners. Then Henry's closed its doors, and Charlie had no place to sit and be looked at.

Now, once again, Charlie sits at Henry's. Sometimes by the hour. His white head can be easily picked out in a room that offers no pillows, no walls to obstruct the eye. Innumerable cups of Henry's coffee pass before Charlie. Thewaitress keeps the cup full and hot before him. Henry sits and talks with him. Sometimes others do. But it's not like the old days. The diners who come to Henry's look at Charlie, sometimes recognize him for the half-hearted sort of way, more often don't recognize him as they ask the headwaiter for a place near the door, where "we can see the stars come and go." No; that new place isn't the panacea Charlie hoped for.

A ND so, we come back to the first question in this story: "Is it true that Charlie Chaplin, that lonesome fellow with the ungody clothes, the battered derby, the swisy cane, the amazing shoes, the moustache that has been hilterized into obliquity, and the tear-dampened smile that breaks your heart while you're laughing?"

The answer to "is it true?" is: PROBABLY. But believe, now, that Charlie is going to make the biggest gamble of his career, in one wild effort to recoup his losses. Not financial losses, you understand, but the belief that he can't do something without which Charlie can't ever be happy. He wants to erase the "EX" from in front of the term GENIUS when they apply it to him. And he's got the "radical" belief that he can't do it with another picture in his old role. City Lights grossed nearly $6,000,000 . . . ! ! ! ! ! But while it fattened his bank account, it nearly broke Charlie's heart, because all they really said of it was: "Oh, just another same old Chaplin thing."

And so he believes that not with the old, stuff can he re-scale the glitterings heights, but with something so daringly, world-challengingly, dangerously new that it'll shock the cinema universe into once again being interested in Charlie Chaplin. He knows that only a genius can discard a character as loved, as famous, as dear as his little heart-breaking tramp—and substitute something entirely different and again make it "the life."

That one clause—"and get away with it"—is the item that gnaws at Charlie now. He believes what they've said in the old days, too. It's a genius. But even in his own heart, there's a carping wonderment as to whether he's still genius enough. He remembers that ZaSu Pitts was laughed off the screen when she once tried a tragic role, and suffers when he think of the song he wrote to her.

He plays with the idea of talking from the screen—and cringes when he remembers how people laughed the first time he heard his tiny, somewhat squeaky voice over the microphone. He realizes that they've done wonders with sound-and-voice control, these sound engineers in their mixing booths. He knows that they can make him sound pretty good, but he's sure out of it because he's certainly experimented enough.

B UT all these, and other thoughts, are mere details. The one thought that eats at him is: "Can I get away with it?" A friend of mine, who knows his Hollywood, and knows his speech-picturesqueness, puts it nicely by comparing Charlie with ex-King Alfonso. "Alfonso," he says, "sits in Paris today, sipping his cocktail and his wine, and watching the world go by. He's safe, he's rich, he should be happy. But he isn't. He can't forget that he COULD go back to Spain today—and take either the throne again . . . or a bullet. He can't decide whether or not to take the gamble."

Charlie could go back to the screen in a brilliant new character, if he's got the genius, and re-achieve everything he once had. Or he can become the laughing stock of the world if he flops.

He can't decide whether or not to take the gamble.

Personally—my piddling opinion is yours for what it's worth—I believe he will. IF ever he makes another picture himself.

I do know this. I know that the other day, after watching himself in a talkie test strip, he lied that he had a handfull of cinema bigwigs who saw it with him: "I want to make one more picture. I want to talk. And sing. And I want that to be my own song..."
Her hobby is collecting records and they include everything from swing music to the Nutcracker Suite and The Afternoon of a Faun. She adores DeBussy.

She was a little girl with a huge appetite, an active body and an active mind. And she speaks her mind freely and frankly, without self-conscious fear of “what people will think.” She doesn’t want to grow up, nor is she concerned about what the world thought of her, so much less of the women in the world.

Her mother says that she forgets she is a picture actress immediately she leaves the studio. She becomes, at once, “just a little girl,” rollicking, making fudge, playing with dolls.

Judy is by no means one of those pathetic cases of all-work-and-no-play. If she were, her mother would see to it that No Work would be the verdict. She says: “If I study my script I get too stiff. I just sort of look at the lines, I never pose or make faces at myself in front of my mirror.” She says, too, fourteen-year-olds all the time. Well, that’s acting, same thing.”

SHE thinks that Hollywood is just the little old home town where she has lived, between the scenes, since she was three years old. It makes her “mad as a hornet” when people suggest that the little old home town is mad and bad. She says: “That’s crazy talk. I can stand it. There’s lots of small towns and medium-sized towns and big towns when my sisters and I were a singing trio and Hollywood is just like any other small town, only better because it’s more comfortable. You can go around wearing anything.

“People aren’t stuck-up. People talk about other people but they do that everywhere. And they’re not two-faced. In Hollywood. Once I was on a two-faced trip—onions and raisins and fruit cake. It also makes me sick about people with careers, even people in the movies, the way they say: ‘I’ve sacrificed everything for my career. That does make me sick. You don’t sacrifice things, you trade things. Like me. I can’t skate and play ping-pong and read as much as I’d like to but then I meet Clark Gable and I hear him. That is Jimmy Stewart and if that isn’t a fair trade, what is?”

“And Hollywood gives everybody a chance. Which is more than you can say for Forty-piece. That’s how I see Hollywood—as the place that gives everybody a chance. Hollywood gave me a chance. Which is really remarkable because, before Deanna Durbin made Three Smart Girls, fourteen-year-old girls didn’t have a chance at all, in movies or on the stage. You might have thought, the way they acted, that there were no such things as fourteen-year-old girls. All fourteen-year-old girls were put away in moth balls and just not mentioned at all, except now and then by their families. Which is ridiculous as has been proven. Because fourteen-year-old girls are really very interesting people when you get to know them and they are also very interesting people, which is the Point. They are the fans. They are the ones who worship Deanna Durbin. Gable. Gable (like I did) and write most of the fan letters and put up the theatres.

“I WAS very funny, the way I got my chance. As you may or may not have heard, Miss Hall, my sisters Suzanne (Suzanne is married now and Virginia, we call her ‘Jimmy,’ is at home), Virginia and I were a singing trio. Mumie always played for us. We sang and everything at the World’s Fair in Chicago and lots of other places. I was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, if you think anyone is interested. Well, our real name is Gable. Our family is Frank A. Gable and Ethel Gumm, professional people, being vaudeville people and “legit” actors and also musicians. And my father was a theatre-owner, which all makes it possible for me to say that “the business was in my blood.”

“Well, George Jessel changed my name.

It was when we were touring and he named us The Garland Sisters. I guess the name of Gumm just didn’t appeal to him, even though it was so well-known. Now, Mumie has changed her name to Garland, too. Because people kept calling her ‘Mrs. Garland’ so she became Mrs. Garland to save explanations. Then Suzanne got married, and as I say, that broke up our act.

“Then we were in Hollywood and a Hollywood agent saw me and heard me sing and said, very kindly, that he wanted to manage me. He took me to the studios and no one would look at me. That is, they’d take one look and then say, more loudly than was necessary: ‘I can’t use her—get her away from my office.’

“One day, after this had been going on for some time, my agent called me and said he wanted to take me to the M-G-M studio. For once, for the only time in my life, my mother said no with me. My father went with us. Well, I just thought, oh, another old studio! It had on a pair of old shoes and an old polo shirt and I just went the way behind him.

“Well, we went to M-G-M and I sang a song for Roger Edens, the musical director. I sang Zing Went the Strings of My Heart. My first surprise, not to say shock, was when he didn’t sort of sink back like he felt sick and sort of groan: ‘Get her away from here.’ No, he called Mrs. Koverman who is a Very Important Person (put that in capitals, please) in this studio. I sang Divid for her. And she didn’t sort of sink back away from her.

No, she called Mr. Mayer and asked him to come and hear me. Well then, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, came in. He was in a Dark Mood and had a ‘get her away from there’ look. I sang Ella, Eli, Eli for Mr. Mayer. He didn’t seem to be looking at me. I couldn’t tell whether he was listening or not. It was just like a big full flow in. I thought, so what? Now I can go home and roller skate some more. The next day I got my contract. The very next day.

“THAT’s how I see Hollywood, too, as a place where Anything Can Happen, one Big Surprise Package.

“So that was one of the Big Thrills (all the Thrills should be written capitals, I think, Miss Hall). But then, after that, noth- ing happened. Deanna Durbin was under contract—at the time. Then after awhile she wasn’t there any more. It looked like the fourteen-year-old girls were going back to the moth balls. I was doing radio broadcasts, but I was too discouraged. I never get too discouraged, though, because I’m not the discouragable kind. I never mope or have Moods or interesting things like taurums and all. Judy’s mother says that the child has such a good disposition that she doesn’t really remember her as a small child because she never Made Scenes. “Anyway,” Judy added, “I did get kind of discouraged about my

Career. I’d think, when I was on the stage I used to accomplish something.

“Then Mumie and I went to New York for a holiday and also because I’d never been to New York. We went to M-G-M and I was Thelma the Great. We went to Coney Island and it was wonderful. But while I was in New York M-G-M sent for me to come back. Which is one of Hollywood’s peculiar characteristics—I see it. But here they don’t seem to want you and the minute you go away, they do want you. I thought, At Last! But when I got back I found that they wanted me to make a short, a short with Deanna Durbin called Every Sunday.

DEANNA and I sang quite a lot of each other then but we haven’t seen each other much lately. She is always busy. I guess she works harder than I do.

“Then I got loaned out to 20th Century-Fox and played in Pajama Parade. I hated my part. That was the first time I’d ever had a part. Well, I was afraid my freakles would show. Of course they were gone the next time.

“Anyway,” Deanna and I sang quite a lot of each other then but we haven’t seen each other much lately. She is always busy. I guess she works harder than I do.

“One day, after awhile Deanna made Three Smart Girls and then the motion picture industry rubbed its eyes and awoke to the fact that there are such things as fourteen-year-old girls and that they can be very smart girls, too, and what is known as Box Office. In the meantime, though, I went to Junior High School for a year, to public school which I had never been. There I tried to get used to being myself pretty well in that. The only thing I didn’t like about me was the first line I had to speak. It was so precious. I hate anything precious. I don’t think like a grown-up and I like to be with older people and talk to older people but I am not a grown-up and I don’t want to be. So, I didn’t like the first line but after that it was all right and I think the song about Clark Gable (which I meant) sort of evened things up. Now I am playing in Thoroughbreds Don’t Cry with Sophie Tucker and Mickey Rooney and after that I am going to play in The Ugly Duckling with Allan Jones.”

JUDY doesn’t want to be a singer. She doesn’t want to place emphasis on the meaning of “piano.” No, but Chelsea Durbin (she never studied voice). She says, “I want to act. I want to be a dramatic actress like Bette Davis and Margaret Sullivan and Mae Clarke and Bette Davis.”

Judy, by the way, is one of the very, very few screen players ever to obtain a contract without having to undergo the formality of a screen test. The only others on record are Ramon Novarro, Jean Harlow and Carlton Morse, who were the stars of the silent era. Since talkies came in Judy is the only “testless” player to be given a contract.

[Continued from page 67]
O F F H A N D, you might think every producer in Hollywood would part with his right arm for the chance to film the story of Robin Hood in color. But it didn’t happen often. The screen version of this most popular figure in popular fiction was made ready-made audience of millions. There isn’t a woman, man or child-over-ten in the civilized world who hasn’t thrilled to the story, at one time or another. It has something of the Blithe adventure, moonlit romance, high comedy, suspense. With a hero who doesn’t get fair play himself, but dares to see that others get it.

If the original movie version of the story hadn’t taken rank as a screen classic, and if Douglas Fairbanks hadn’t become one of the screen immortals in the title role, you probably would have seen another version before this. But producers shied away from competition with such a vivid memory. Particularly one so expensive. The picture could not be made for less than a million, if it was to begin to compete with Fairbanks’; it would probably cost much more. And any picture that cost a million would be a gamble, unless you were pretty sure you could improve on the original. And—unless you were pretty sure you had Fairbanks’ equal as Robin Hood.

Improvement wasn’t possible until the talkies arrived, ten years ago. Since then, another production, by a producer with infinite color. But it has taken all this time for any studio to find an actor who fitted the part, both physically and temperamentally.

The reason was Warner’s, and not any other studio, had summoned up the courage to film the story is Errol Flynn.

He isn’t another Fairbanks, as producers once thought Robin Hood would almost have to be. Except for a mustache and a chin of color. But there isn’t even the slightest resemblance between the two. Flynn is younger, much younger, than Fairbanks was, fifteen years ago. He is taller. He has a different kind of agile poise, a different brand of martial daring, a different personality altogether, a different accent.

But the story of Robin Hood again and it is the story that Errol Flynn, as that disciple of derring-do. Robin was a tall man, and a Briton, handsome, romantic, athletic, facetious and adventurous. All of which Errol is.

Once they had their Robin Hood, it was easy enough to assemble the surrounding cast. Not that Warners ran a finger down their contract list and popped this actor into this role, and that actor into that. They made no attempt to find roles to fit players, but, rather, to find players to fit roles. When they had to go off the lot to find the right player for the right role, they went off the lot. I cite you some of the casting:

Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, who dares, for love, to become an outlaw’s wife. Ian Hunter as King Richard, who looks like a king even in the guise of a friar wandering in Sherwood Forest. Claude Rains as the scheming Prince John. Basil Rathbone as the right haughty and right villainous Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Patric Knowles as the tall dashing, who weighs a hundred pounds and strength no one can equal. Alan Hale—the only member of the cast of the original Robin Hood to be giving a repeat performance now—as “that huge yokel,” Little John, the one who bests Robin in a bout with quarter-staves.

Eugene Pallette as rotund, comic Friar Tuck, who marries Robin and Maid Marian in “the great arching cathedral of the wild

wood.” Herbert Mundin as slow-witted Much the Miller’s Son. Melville Cooper, the screen’s new expert of ridiculous pomposity, as the King. But as the Prince of Tinyes, both an enemy and a joke to Robin. There are others, numerous others. Every speaking part, no matter how small, has a “name” player.

M O S T of the action takes place outdoors, most of it in Sherwood Forest. The last time Robin Hood’s adventures were given the picture treatment site was the old grove of oak trees near Hollywood—a grove which, since that time, has been known as Sherwood Forest and has been the site of countless outdoor locations. For that reason, Director William (The Prince and the Pauper) Keighley rejected it for The Adventures of Robin Hood. He wanted an “unspoiled, unfamiliar wildwood.”

Last summer, he went touring in Northern California, which, in contrast to Southern California, abounds in greenery. He said he was vacationing. Actually, he was location-scouting. He examined the possibility of creating one of his outdoor scenes within the city limits of a little Northern California town named Chico, one hundred miles north of Sacramento.

It is General Bidwell State Park—which, to save the picture, location site was the onepiece of the location department of everyone who has seen it, has never been photographed in films before. Like Sherwood Forest, the Park has a history.

The story goes that General Bidwell, on his famous expedition out of Sutter’s Fort in 1850, discovered the spot—a canyon filled with giant oaks and sycamores, through which ran a creek. The creek gave him the gold to buy all the land from the mouth of the canyon to a point nine miles upstream. When he died in 1905, he gave the land to the public on condition that it should be preserved in its natural state, that it should be free to the public. The condition being should ever be sold within its limits. It is one of the few “unspoiled” places left in the civilized world, and particularly beautiful in Autumn.

The reason this place was picked for The Adventures of Robin Hood. That is, if you can forget that it isn’t actually Sherwood Forest.

T H E mere fact that Warners sent an entire company five hundred miles for a month of location work is another sample of their intention to make this a picture not-to-be-forgotten for fifteen more years. On a location trip of this distance, with a company this large, the total expense is approximately $25,000 per day. Yes, per day.

Ten carloads of props, costumes and equipment preceded the company to the location, followed by fifty horses for use of the knights and soldiers. It required a special ten-car train to transport the company to Chico. Nearly two hundred were aboard. Fifty of them were husky athletes chosen for fine physiques, who will look, in the picture, like Robin Hood’s “seven score merry men.” Before the picture ever started, they were put on a training for seven weeks, learning how to handle broadswords, quarter-staves, bows and arrows, and other he-man weapons of the 12th Century.

They worked only seven weeks, preparing for the picture. The studio worked nearly a year. The research work alone took months. The making of costumes, more months. And if you don’t think a costume designer like Milo Anderson has his headaches, consider his problem with armor alone: After chain mesh armor was made for various knights and soldiers, the sound of it made the director realize chain mesh in action was like that of a Navy raising anchor. Anderson finally devised a realistic-looking substitute out of woven canvas in a variety of colors.

The Park provision that the public must have free access to the Park at all times created another headache for Keighley. Robin Hood’s Camp’ was five miles from the city of Chico, half of the population was on hand for every “take.” He had a problem, keeping the 20th Century (as represented by curious small boys) out of his 12th Century scenery.

The principal item of that scenery—you can’t miss it—is a huge oak, center of Robin Hood’s camp. Be assured that it’s real, and not another mammoth Hollywood creation.

I N THESE days of stand-ins and doubles and perspiration-out-of-an-atomizer, it’s a rare star who works himself into a sweat near ten yards distant. Errol Flynn is such a star. He doesn’t use a double. He takes the punishment in person. It helps him get rid of some of that restless energy. Synthetic adventure is better than none at all.

For example, the setting of his first meeting with Little John is a fallen log that bridges a stream. (A stream, by the way, fed by ice-cold mountain springs.) On that narrow, hundreds of yards distant. Flynn and Hale have a strenuous jousting bout, climax by Flynn’s slipping, falling into the water. And the man you see jousting, and the man you see taking the fall, are not doubles for each other. They’re both Flynn.

In his first meeting with Friar Tuck, the two have a brisk, whacking session with broadswords—a comedy duel. Giving and taking blows with a 12th Century broadsword (which weighs several pounds), and looking amused by it, is another Flynn accomplishment. Like hitting a feather stuck in the ground with an arrow twanged from a bow from ten yards distant. He has been toying with archery for years, but never thought it would pay him dividends. Far from being a show-off, however, he takes instruction from the same archery expert who teaches the bit players how to handle bows and quarter-bows.

A later scene (a tournament at Nottingham) calls for him to splinter the center of a bull’s-eye with an arrow. He’s practicing to do the trick in person. Maybe he won’t be able to do it. But, at least, he’ll have the fun of trying.

Read the script and you have an impression of one difficult stunt after another for him to perform. (It’s his picture, and no mistake.) Yet ask him what he considers the most difficult scene, and you will get a surprise answer. It’s the scene in which he has to carry Eugene Pallette on his back across a creek. Eugene, he explains, weighs 250 pounds.

There is a rumor around Hollywood that Errol Flynn has been signed to do a move. The rumor didn’t start on a movie set. He never yet has disagreed with a director’s instructions.

He isn’t quarreling these days even with Lili Damita, She is with him on location. Menu may be about another later.

There is just a chance that they, too, will remember the picture, The Adventures of Robin Hood, fifteen years from now. It’s almost a cinch that you and I will.

A New Robin Hood—in Color!

[Continued from page 43]
A New Cream brings to Women
the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

_Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful_

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women's skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother;

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"

Joan Belmont—now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(98) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR TEST IT IN THE NEW CREAM! 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept.6-CN, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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State. 

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Motion Picture.
The Most-Kissed Girl Makes Good

[Continued from page 49]

glowing warmth of her personality, and it is especially to that quality of hers that we'd like to pay tribute.

FIRST of all we were curious to know if the story that she was kissed 478 times by three different men before she was given her initial role in Come and Get It was a publicity gag.

"No, it's true," she stated. "It was an awful experience! My chin got raw from being kissed so many times by three tough-bearded fellows. They were having difficulty with a love scene, and tested three boys for the part of Tony, so choosing Frank Shields. And then they cut out that love scene entirely. Which is the way Hollywood sometimes works.

We watched her pose for some publicity stills with Kenny Baker, in highly romantic postures. Meanwhile, in another part of the stage Zorina of the American Ballet was dancing as a nymph in a blue pond, as richly orchestrated forth an old-time orchestra. Walking with George Balanchine, creator and head of the American Ballet, we learned that he is a Georgian from the Caucasus, and gained a reputation as ballet-master of the famous Bolshoi came America. The Caucasians are great dancers. For the first time in the history of the screen a picture will have real ballet dancing, which is another reason why we respect Sam Goldwyn as a producer. The latest edition of his Follies draws from every field of entertainment, but stresses quality rather than sheer physical magnitude, the fault of so many musicals.

Later, in her dressing-room, Andrea told us her unusual story. Her father, Charles Edward Leeds, was born in Nottingham, England, and counts Lord Nelson among his ancestors. Her mother is part French, part Italian, while she herself was born in Butte, Montana, and passed most of her girlhood in Mexico, where her father is connected with a French mining company as stockholder and engineer. Her real name is Antoinette Leeds. An only child, she grew up in a camp of tough hombres where there was no woman, and this one woman besides her mother. Bandits and cutthroats infested the surrounding country. There were no other children she could play with.

"I was a dreamy child," she said. "My parents brought me up in the old-fashioned manner, to be seen, and not heard. I learned that in Hollywood you have to be seen as well as heard if you want to get anywhere. I was offered the heavy in Woman Chases Man, but I refused. When I heard that Stage Door was going to be filmed I went to the director, Gregory La Cava, and convinced him I was the girl to play Kay.

"I WANT to take this opportunity to express my gratitude not only to Mr. La Cava, but to four other men who shaped my career. Mr. Goldwyn gave me the biggest thrill with me in Come and Get It, sight unseen, and then signed me up to a long term contract. Director Howard Hawks saw me in a 16 millimeter film we made when I was 12 and offered me the feminine lead, and put me under his personal contract. He wrote to Mr. Goldwyn about me when the latter was in a hospital in New York, and asked for me.

"James Ryan, a good friend, and William K. Howard, whom I met through mutual friends, encouraged me in various ways when I was trying to get a writing job in Hollywood, and later when I got an act- ing job instead. Mr. La Cava made me overcome my little inhibitions, and gave me the right slant on my character. There were so many little yet vital things I didn't know. He told me I had a quality of warmth which if I let out on the screen I could do anything I wanted. I was too reserved and repressed, couldn't let myself go."

Albert Colfis, portrait painter to the Belgian Court, says Andrea is the most spiritually beautiful brunette in Hollywood, although we found the greatest dramatic find of the season more of a blonde than a brunette. "They bleached my hair for this picture," she explained. "The real color of my hair is dark reddish-brown." We believe Andrea possesses the biggest and loveliest brown eyes in Hollywood. They look at you like a child's.

Her parents wanted her to be a pianist, and for a while she attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music. But she has always wanted to be a writer, and even when Sam Goldwyn offered her a contract she tried to sell him the idea that he should hire her as a writer. At U.C.L.A. she majored, of all things, in philosophy. Meanwhile she wrote love poems and took an active part in college dramas. "But I was interested in plays and motion pictures from the standpoint of writing, with no thought of becoming an actress," she asserted. "After I got my A.B. in philosophy I went back to Mexico, and eight months before I returned to Los Angeles again. My father was afraid to keep me there because of kidnapping threats. Some day I'm going to write exciting stories about Mexican bandidos."

ANDREA's father is an affluent man, and she is the apple of his eye. But after graduation, she wanted to be absolutely independent. "When I came back from Mexico I went around looking for a writing job. I was turned back from every newspaper and magazine office in Hollywood and Los Angeles, except one, Sam Goldwyn's. Night, which published a series of articles by me on Mexico." This publication caters to society and arty crowd of Southern California, and our young authoress received the magnificent sum of $3.50 per article.

You can't "get by" at U.C.L.A. It's an institution of high scholastic standards. Andrea, no doubt, had to burn the midnight oil, studying the authorities of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. The idea of this prize package of dainty femininity bothering her pretty head over such philosophic abracadabra seems incongruous, yet Gloria Stuart also majored in philosophy at U.C.L.A.

Andrea's learning rests lightly over her shoulders. There is nothing scholarly or self-conscious in her success. It is due to a remaining feminine—but not the clinging type. This cultural background should prove a definite asset to her in interpreting high emotional roles. The era of the beautiful dumbbells in the movies is past. More and more the screen is approaching the emotional and intellectual level of the theatre, and might well surpass it.

We'll try to keep a collateral memory the vision of this young cinema actress reciting original poems in her dressing-room at her first magazine interview, as she reclined on a luxurious couch in a sort of dreamy tranquility (she is the quietest girl we've met in Hollywood), smoking a cigarette inserted in a delicate ivory-white holder.

The producers at Columbia have asked us to send a batch of her poems, and here are two samples of them:

Night is my lover
And faithful is he.

He turns his back on the sea,
And he's a low whistle
As soft as can be.

Foolish folks say
'Tis the wind in the tree.

Foolish folks say
'Tis the wind in the tree.

Poor foolish folks
For they little can see
'Tis my love in the garden
Who's calling to me.

Do you remember, love, last night?

We sat down near the sand all silver and white,

And watched the moon trace ripples in the sea.

I can remember how your eyes had looked at me.

I had forgotten that the moon was gone

Until the all too soon awakening dawn

Had splashed its red across the paling sky

And you had kissed your hand to me and

Waved good-bye.

IN THE Goldwyn Follies Andrea has an entirely different type of role from Stage Door. For her part in the latter picture, which she almost stole from Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn, she spent much time in psychopathic wards studying the behavior of insane people. She talked to them, studied the look in their eyes. For just before she committed suicide as the highly emotional Key, her brain snapped, she went completely insane.

In the Goldwyn Follies she is a wholesome, unsophisticated country girl of 18, but one who is given to speaking her mind, which movie etter believes the Menjou finds invaluable. She comes to Hollywood to tell producers how to make pictures, meets Kenny Baker in a hamburger wagon, and falls in love with him. This should test the range of her acting powers.

She is fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls that lie ahead of her. One serious mistake, once bad performance, might stop her career to stardom. "I realize the career of an actress is short, and when she is no longer young, she will not be in demand, unless she develops into a character actress. But the only thing that I'm really afraid of is to lose my balance and poise. On every set petty quarrels arise from time to time that rub you the wrong way. It's the little things that bother you most."

"I want to guard against the possibility of getting emotional on the set, saying things I shouldn't say. The long hours, the nervous tension, the hot lights that burn your eyes, and the infuriating over-sensitive, impatient. My parents have drilled in me the importance of being tolerant and considerate of other people. If I can't say a nice thing about everybody, I try not to say anything at all. There is so much gossip in Hollywood. In contacting people I've learned that everybody has his own life to live and it's

[Continued on page 80]
Mlle. Chic

HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

PAY THE CHECK AND TOM TAKES YOUR HOME!

AND THAT MAKES ME A PRIZE SAP!
BUT I CERTAINLY LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT MADE HAZEL DO IT?

WELL, THE TRUTH IS, PHIL—YOU'RE
ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO OUGHT
TO TALK TO A DENTIST ABOUT BAD
BREATHE!

PHIL TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF
ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17
HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS SHOW
THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES
FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH.
(ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
BECAUSE..."

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special long-lasting foam
goes into every tiny
hidden crevice be-
TWEEN your teeth...
emulifies and
washes away the de-
xterior film, the pla-
r in that cause most
bad breath, dull,
dingy teeth, gums and
cay. At the same time,
Colgate's
soft polishing agent
cleans and brightens.
It makes your
teeth sparkle—gives
new brilliance to your smile!"

DANCE, HAZEL?

THANKS, TOM—BUT I'M NOT
DANCING WITH ANYONE
BUT PHIL TONIGHT!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE
EVER MADE MY
BRIGHT AND
CLEAN AS
COLGATE'S!

LARGE
STILL
35
OVER THREE
IN BOXES

6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW—NO BAD BREATHE BEHIND HIS
SPARKLING SMILE!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JANUARY MOVIE PICTURE 63
DIDN'T Ch 0000 teaspoon egg, candied cup Accept large tablespoons cup a teaspoon cup tablespoon we cup tablespoon

NOW Other and I tably! that TOM, SALE storypanions. sinning When DAUGHTER'S the other? that makes a HELLS. OF their that gets MIGHTY a wedding and have gone. A much tincture with these—full of secrets. For dipping chocolate, use the special sweet dipping chocolate which is most easy to work with. A packet of small bottles of assorted food coloring costs little, but does much to color candies after the manner of the confectioner. Make up several batches of different types of candies, such as fudge, toffee, fruitfilled tidbits, and you will have an interesting assortment with which to fill several boxes or gift dishes.

Pralines are a type of confection very simple to make and yet extremely popular.

Goody, Goody, Here Comes Cookie [Continued from page 16]

vary the flavor, making part of the dough white, another part chocolate, etc. Or, by cutting even the same mixture into different shapes—stars, crescents, small trees, cookies with holes in the center to be strung as tree decorations, etc.—you get a pleasing variety. Nutmeats and thin bits of candied fruit peel or candied cherry, may be pressed into the top before baking. And cookies may be sprinkled with bright red, pink or green granulated sugars. Make drop mixtures, rolled or refrigerator cookies, and be sure they are cool and firm before you pack them. Here are two cookie recipes so delicious that you will make plenty for home eating as well as for giving away:

ROLLED HOLIDAY COOKIES

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
3/4 cup sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Colored sugars
Nutmeats; candied fruit peels

Sift flour and measure. Add soda and tartar and sift again. Add milk, butter and vanilla, and blend thoroughly. Roll on well floured board. Cut out with fancy cutters into different shapes. Press nutmeats or fruit peels into cookies, or sprinkle with colored sugars. Bake 15 minutes, moderate oven (350°F) or until lightly browned. Remove carefully. (Makes 12 cookies)

HONEY DROP CAKES

1/2 cup strained honey
1/4 cup butter
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons water
1/4-2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins, cut fine

Warm butter and honey together until butter is melted. Stir in spices. Cool. Add beaten egg, water and part of flour sifted with soda and raisins. Add just enough flour to make stiff batter that will hold its shape. Drop by spoonfuls on to greased baking sheet, and bake 10-15 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Remove carefully.

CANDIES from the home kitchen may look quite professional and be fresh and luscious besides, if care and attention are given to their making. Both evaporated and sweetened condensed milk produce fine textured candies of the “cream” or fondant variety. Corn syrup added to the mixture will increase the chewy deliciousness of the taffy type candies. For dipping chocolate, use the special sweet dipping chocolate which is most easy to work with. A packet of small bottles of assorted food coloring costs little, but does much to color candies after the manner of the confectioner. Make up several batches of different types of candies, such as fudge, toffee, fruitfilled tidbits, and you will have an interesting assortment with which to fill several boxes or gift dishes.

Pralines are a type of confection very simple to make and yet extremely popular.

After allowing them to cool and harden, wrap each one in colored Cellophane, and pack in sets of six or twelve, set side by side in a gift box. Or, wrap them in blue and silver paper, topping the box with a smallShell for silvered nuts. Here is a good recipe for them:

MAPLE PRALINES

1 cup pecans, coarsely chopped
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup evaporated milk
1 tablespoon salted butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon maple syrup

Dissolve sugars in milk, over low flame. Cook, stirring frequently over moderate heat until syrup registers 224°F. Add butter, salt and pecans, and cook to 234°F. Chill to lukewarm in pan of cold water. Stir in maple syrup and beat until thick and shiny. Drop in large spoonfuls on buttered surface to flatten. Cool to harden.

There are so many additional delicacies to make and give, that we hope you will surely send for the special leaflet containing them—particularly because you will just love the one for Bittersweet Balls.

TWO other important food gifts are fruit cake and shortbread. It's no trick at all to make fruit cake these days when you can buy shelled nuts, and convenient packets of orange, lemon and citron peel shaved to razor thinness. A small loaf of fruit cake, fragrant with spices and holiday wrapped, expresses Christmas greetings as do few other gifts. Shortbread is that rich crumbly flat cake traditional in England at the holiday season. There the guest or casual visitor is always offered a bit of shortbread and a glass of wine. This custom is being accepted here too, especially among movie studio folk who serve more English foods now that there is a large English colony in Hollywood.

You will like these Shortbread Crescents, and if we are not mistaken you will have to hide them carefully before Christmas day. Shortbread also improves with keeping. After baking, store in tin boxes, and if you pack them place thin sheets of waxed paper between to keep their shape and absorb their oil.

CASHEW SHORTBREAD CRESCENTS

1 cup (1/2 pound) butter
1 cup (1/2 pound) confectioner's sugar
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1 egg
2 cups (1/2 pound) cake flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup salted cashews, chopped
Orange peel

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar, and beat together. Add almond extract and egg, and mix together well, kneading with hands. Into this, work the flour twice sifted with baking powder. Add nuts (pecans or Brazils may be substituted for cashews, if desired). Roll out dough, a small amount at a time, on slightly floured board.
Shape with crescent cutter, or mold into flat thin cakes. Prick edges with fork, and decorate tops with bits of orange peel. Place on ungreased baking sheet, and bake about 15 minutes, moderate oven, until evenly browned. Cool and remove carefully.

FOR those who prefer to give jellies or jams, there are many delicious fruit marmalades and conserves with which to fill the gift glasses or jars. A trip to a gift or housewares store will prove profitable before packing such sweets, for much depends on the charm and novelty of the container. Here is a delicious recipe for one such mixture:

**AMBER MARMALADE**

2 large sweet oranges  
2 lemons  
2 grapefruit  
Sugar

Scrub fruits, and slice or shred wafer-thin, removing all seeds. To each cup of fruit add 3 cups cold water and allow to stand overnight. Next morning, boil about 30 minutes until tender. Add 1 cup sugar to each cup fruit, and boil rapidly 45 minutes. When mixture sets, from edge of spoon, remove from heat, and pour into sterilized jars. Seal with paraffin, when cold. (When 1 cup chopped nuts are added, this is called a "conserves").

So cookies, cake, candy or conserve, take your choice, but whatever it is, it will carry Christmas greetings to all.

---

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"Short-cut Candies, Cookies" gives 11 delicious candy recipes, 11 crunchy-crisp cookies. All easy, quick, or failure-proof. Many so easy, a small child can make them! Also 4 other amazing recipes! Send today. Address: The Borden Company, Dept. FWG-18, 150 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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**THIS SAME ALKALINE FACTOR IS IN LUDEN’S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢**

**THEY HELP YOU TO RESIST COLDS!**

**FROM A MEDICAL JOURNAL:** "The researches (of doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Motion Picture
WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—see a doctor! Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

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3—More GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WANT TO MAKE SOME EXTRA CASH?

It's easy. All you have to do is sit down and write a letter to MOTION PICTURES letter page editor, telling us what you found interesting in this motion picture world this month. Prizes awarded for all letters printed. Maybe yours will be one. Try it!

The Best
GRAY HAIR
Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barco Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barco imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

MEN behind the STARS

ROY DEL RUTH
Director of "Rosalie"

ROY DEL RUTH probably spends more studio gold in the course of a year than any other motion picture director, yet producers actually battle for the privilege of opening their check books to him. In fact, it was less than a month ago that one of the industry's super-colossal moguls timidly approached the ace megaphonist's bosses with an offer of a bonus of $100,000 over and above Roy's hefty salary for the loan of his services for a mere ten weeks.

The reason: Del Ruth productions always garner enormous profits at the box-offices throughout the world!

Despite the fact that he is only 42 years old, Del Ruth has been identified with the picture business for more than two decades, having made his start as a scenarist for Mack Sennett in 1915, graduating to directorship three years later.

Born in Philadelphia, October 18th, 1895, Del Ruth was educated in the schools of that city, Williamsport, Pa., and Brooklyn. When he was fifteen he went to England, where he remained two years, returning to take a job as a sketch artist on the Saturday Evening Post at $8 a week. When the Philadelphia North American offered him $2 more as a combination cartoonist-reporter, he jumped at the chance.

IT WAS when Del Ruth came to California on a vacation, and de-voted it to penning a comedy, She Loved a Sailor, that Sennett grabbed him, and assigned him to script his own opus as a vehicle for Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, Juanita Hansen and Mary Thurman. Remember beau-tiful Mary?

In 1918, he deserted the home lot of the bathing beauties and the Keystone Kops for a writer-director berth with Fox Films, but later returned to Sennett in the same dual capacity, where he discovered and developed Harry Langdon into stardom.

In 1925, he joined Warner Brothers as a director of features, and remained with that organization until Darryl Zanuck resigned to organize 20th Century-Fox, which is still his home base.

During his pre-Warner days, Del Ruth directed more than 150 two-reelers. Since turning to the longer subjects, he has filmed more than 40 features, every one of them a profit-bagger. Gold Diggers of Broadway, Blessed Event, Kid Millions, Thank's A Million, Born To Dance, On The Avenue, Broadway Melody of 1936, and Broadway Melody of 1938 are only a few of his hit films of recent years. He is currently at M-G-M guiding a long list of stellar personalities, including Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy, through the elaborate production of Rosalie.

To his colleagues in the film colony, Del Ruth is an anomaly. He never takes a vacation, finding relaxation in his work. He is practically an unknown to headwaiters and patrons of the night spots, for when he finishes his day's toil at the studio, which is far beyond the usual quitting hour, he hires himself home to mull over his script in preparation for the next morning's scenes.

SINCE last January 1st, he has completed three lavish productions, each of them running beyond the million-dollar cost mark. On Rosalie he will have charge of an expenditure approaching two million dollars. There is no waste in his budget, however, for always his outlays return huge dividends to his employers.

Del Ruth's three hobbies are golf, art and music. Nowadays he finds little leisure for the former. The latter may offer a key to part of the secret of his success as a ma-ker of tone-dance films.

Del Ruth has never developed what critics could call a "Del Ruth touch." He is equally at ease with a giant musical or a sombre mystery drama. He has no quirks of fancy which identify his pictures. The only manner in which any of his productions are alike is that each can be found at the top of computations of the season's biggest grossers.

Despite all this, Del Ruth seldom—if ever—talks for publication. He is one of the very few Hollywoodians not given to "tooting his own horn." He will tell you: "It's results, not words, that count!"
Punch and Judy

[Continued from page 59]

"As I say," Judy was saying, "my favorite movie actresses are Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan and Norma Shearer. When I grow up I want to be a little like all three of them. My favorite movie actors are Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Donald O'Connor and Charles Boyer. If I ever get married, which I do not intend to do until I am thirty because when I marry I intend to give up my career, I would like my husband to be a mixture of the three men that.

"I love to go to the movies. I go almost every night of my life. I go with Mummie, with my sister Jenny, who is twenty and very pretty. My father bought a doll to bed with her every night, too. I hope you won't think we're all imbeciles. It's just being companionable, I guess. Anyway, I also go with Betty Jane Graham, my very best friend outside the family. Betty Jane and I play ping-pong, too, and ride and roller-skate and swim. Sometimes Mummie takes us to lunch at the Pig n' Whistle, then to a few wards and Betty Jane comes up with me and spends the night. Betty Jane has done things in pictures, too, and is a Very Fine Actress.

WELL, people have asked me about the Biggest Thrills I've had so far. I became a motion picture actress myself. Of course, as I've said, the first Biggest Thrill was when Mr. Mayer, whom I've come to love very much in Any Mood, sent me my contract the very day after I sang for him. Then there was the Island thrill. Then the next one was meeting Benny Goodman. I got goose-flesh over that because I admire Benny Goodman beyond all men.

The first picture star I ever met after I came to M-G-M was Jimmy Stewart. If anyone asked me what I thought about him then I would answer: 'Just what I think about him now—he is wonderful.' He has a lot of charm with me. I guess. He keeps asking me when I'm going to marry him and I say that I am too young and he says that pretty soon he will be too old. Which is ridiculous, of course, he's very young and is the type which will never be bored.

"But speaking of the first movie star I ever met in my life—well, it was when I was three years old and we first came to Hollywood. My parents and father—my father trust me and all we visited most of the studios. One day we came to this studio, to M-G-M. After our visit during which we saw Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thompson, who were awfully nice and jolly to us, we went to a little restaurant across the street to have lunch. As we went in I saw an earing lying on the sidewalk, quite an Oriental earing. I picked it up and took it to a waitress and she said: 'Oh, yes. I know who that belongs to. It belongs to that girl over at the counter having her lunch.' We I was hurried back to the girl having lunch at the counter. And it was Myrna Loy.

THEN, another very Big Thrill was the night I was invited to Norma Shearer's for dinner. I got all dressed up for that. I met Carole Lombard there and also Charles Boyer and his wife and Basil Rathbone and his wife. The next day Miss Shearer sent me a beautiful make-up kit with my name on it. Which certainly goes to show you how big stars are in Hollywood.

"Another B. T. was when Clark Gable gave me a charm bracelet. One of the charms is a little sort of book with Clark's picture in it. I suppose he sent it to me on account of the song in <i>Broadway Melody</i>. I have also sung that song for him here in the commissary and the sets and places. He always gets very red in the face when I sing it but I think he likes it.

"Then there was the time when I had my picture on the cover of a fan magazine. I let out a shriek we men never make.

"The preview of <i>Broadway Melody</i> was a very Big Thrill. I got dressed about five hours before it was time to go. I always do that; I find these things before it's time to go anywhere and then when it is time I'm all mussed up.

"I don't care very much for society, though. And I hate dances. I simply hate them. You dance and dance and no sooner do you stop dancing then someone grabs you and says: 'Come on, let's dance.' And you're off again. I went to a dance with Jackie Searl the other night. Another friend took my friend, Betty, and me. They sent us corsages and everything. It was their School Dance. Mummie waited up for me at Mrs. Searl's house. It was set up for together, Mummie and Mrs. Searl. Well, we got home about twelve-thirty and I just kicked my shoes off then and there and thought, though I didn't say it on account of Jackie being so nice and polite and all, 'No More Dances For Me!'"

JUDY had, I knew, "gone out" quite frequently of late. They had been seen lunching at the Brown Derby, coming out of movie matinées, swimming and playing tennis together. I asked Judy about Jackie. She said affably, "Oh, I don't see him any more. He's got another girl."

I said then: "Is there—I mean, are you interested in anyone else?"

Judy looked, for the first time, slightly embarrassed. She said to her mother, "Don't you—do you think I ought to mention it? Do you think I ought to mention—him?"

And Judy's mother said, "Why not, dear? You like him and admire him and there's no harm in saying so her."

"Well," laughed Judy, a little constrainedly, "for one thing, he's—a younger man, you see. That makes it rather awkward. But it is Free Trial in your home"

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FREE TRIAL in your home

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Motion Picture

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You Know Your Movies?  
Puzzle This One Out!

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<td>2. The King and the</td>
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<td>3. Girl</td>
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<td>4. Sonja Henie can skate and also do this</td>
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<td>5. He directed Exclusive</td>
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<td>26. Orsini in It's All Yours</td>
<td>3. Clip Edwards is also known as &quot;Ukulele&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>27. First name of Miss Lind</td>
<td>4. A star of Dead End (poss.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Comedians dodged them in slapstick comedies</td>
<td>5. You've often seen him in comedies</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Last Month's Solution

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Across</th>
<th>Down</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>41. Edward Everett Horton was The Man in</td>
<td>6. M. Richards in Life of Emile Zola</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42. His last name is Healy</td>
<td>7. The — Dallas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43. First name of Miss Martiza</td>
<td>8. Initials of Robert Livingston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44. Elizabeth Bergner starred in Dreaming (Sing)</td>
<td>9. —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45. Divisions of a motion picture</td>
<td>10. He was teamed with Anne Shirley in Meet the Misses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46. — by Night</td>
<td>11. Kitty Clancy is one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47. Down</td>
<td>12. They — Forget</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Roland Young had title role in this</td>
<td>13. Keith Whitney In Border Tie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Wife</td>
<td>Down</td>
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<tr>
<td>3. Clip Edwards is also known as &quot;Ukulele&quot;</td>
<td>1. Roland Young had title role in this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. A star of Dead End (poss.)</td>
<td>2. Wife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. You've often seen him in comedies</td>
<td>3. Clip Edwards is also known as &quot;Ukulele&quot;</td>
</tr>
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In Eye Make-up

Dull, "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure — a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boric acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two noted eye specialists. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind. Get the large economy bottle at any drug or department store — money refunded if not satisfied. Or get purse size at any 10c store.
When toe dancers (ballerinas to you) relax between scenes of The Goldwyn Follies they elevate their feet to restore circulation. But one girl forgot to remember the after-cocktail hours with Virginia Field now and then, and with Virginia Walker some other times. Meanwhile, June Lang matches ex-hubby, date for date. Top trio in her nights out are Los Angeles lawyer Gregory Bautzer, Texas millionaire Abbey Dreyfus, and polo player Morris Morrison, with an occasional dance-date with Glen Austin, for variety. And even, at times, A. C. Blumenthal, one of whose claims to Hollywood fame is that he's Peggy Fears' ex-husband.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Walter Kane and Kay Sutton—
Cupid cracked 'em, right on the button!

AW, LET'S skip the youngsters for a while, and see how the staid old married folks are making out—
For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond. She used to be Jeanette MacDonald, you know. Or am I wrong? — is it Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald—he who used to be Gene Raymond? Well, skip that. What I meant to report was that marriage is just too, too ducky. It's so swell that do you know what? Of course you don't, so I'll tell you:
They can't wait a year to celebrate their wedding anniversary, so they have a wedding celebration every week! They were married on a Wednesday night, you recall—so now every Wednesday night is their wedding anniversary. And Gene gives her a wedding present each Wednesday.
My, how exhausting!

TAKE, on the other hand, those veteran married folk, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. Believe it or not, they've recently celebrated their FIFTH wedding anniversary. Of Man Tattler knows that there wasn't a soul in Hollywood—not even Lupe and Johnny themselves, I'll bet—who

Claudette Colbert's beautiful legs come out of hiding. They were seen at recent tennis matches which she attended with her husband, Dr. Pressman.

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation—that they don't seem to correct the cause of your condition.
Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. Thus when this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention January Motion Picture 69
believed five years ago that they'd stay married that long. But they did it—and on their fifth anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Weissmuller celebrated in a quiet twosome aboard their yacht Giudalpe, anchored off Catalina Island.

And throughout the day, in observance of the occasion, Lupe didn't throw a single lamp, vase, dish, chair, bed, or anything—save kisses—at Johnny . . . ! She must be getting old.

SADDEST wedding anniversary in Hollywood was Ann Sothern's first. Trouble was, she didn't have any husband to celebrate it with.

Hubby Roger Pryor was part-way across the continent, leading his band, while Ann had to be here in Hollywood making movies. However, they did the best they could over long-distance telephone at the exact hour on which they were married the year before—and Ann got a diamond bracelet and twelve oh-so-costly orchids from adoring Roger.

CUPID'S COUPLE:

Wendy Barrie and Brian Aherne Seem to be doing a double burn!

BRAIN AHERNE popping into this column brings to mind, of course, Merle Oberon. Merle and Brian were reported about to take a flying arm-in-arm leap into matrimony, not long after Merle returned to England months ago.

Forthwith, David Niven, who'd been Merle's right-hand-man (not to mention left-hand—in fact, all fours!) over here, flew into a frenzy or something and managed himself a London picture engagement so he could, to all public intents and purposes, bust up the Oberon-Aherne conflagration. Evidently he did. But at the same time, he evidently didn't stand in for Aherne. In short, both Messrs. Aherne and Niven seem to be out, as far as Merle is concerned. Now both boys are back in Hollywood—Aherne, as Cupid-coupled ahead, showering charm on Wendy Barrie, while Niven flutters the hearts of Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce, when those two sex-appeasers aren't appealing to some other boy-friend.

Meanwhile, Merle goes her Oberonish way in London, and apparently isn't coming back to Hollywood for several months to come.

AND now that we've mentioned Loretta Young, that leads to another Hollywood picture—n a nite-club black-out. Latter came when Director Eddie Sutherland was squiring Tilly Losch at the Trocadero the other night. Eddie was having a swell time—until someone took the next table, and he looked around to discover that it was Loretta Young and Joe Mankiewicz, Hollywood's latest cardiac sensation team. Inasmuch as Eddie was head man in Loretta's love life (and vice versa) until a few months ago, it was one of those embarrassing moments. True, habits just love these little scenes—they have them every so often.

Same thing happens now and then at the Cocoanut Grove, which was the setting for a particularly good party one other night—during the opening of Rudy Vallee and his band. Prominent among the Hollywood ring-siders were Newlyweds Tony and
Betty Grable tells Jackie Coogan she won't look at another man while he is away. They'll be married any minute.

Martin and Alice Faye. You who know your Hollywood amourangements, know that Alice and Rudy were once the nation's thickest-way couple. Soooo—all Holly-wood waited to see what would happen. This happened: Rudy came down, said hello to Alice, who introduced him to her husband. Rudy assured Tony that he was glad to meet him and Tony assured Rudy that it was a pleasure, my dear fellow, and they bowed and said what nice weather it was—and then after a very little while, Tony and Alice went home. Those who saw them say that Tony and Alice didn't, somehow, seem to enjoy the evening. Wonder what made them go, in the first place?

CUPTID'S COUPLET:

June Travis and Allan Lane
Over each other are cuh-raze-insane!

NELSON EDDY is crossing up the efforts to team him romantically with Eleanor Powell, with whom he shares top billing in Rosalie. While the press boys peddle tales that their onscreen romance is being paralleled offscreen, Nelson ignores it and continues to be seen about with Ann Franklin, ex-wife of Director Sidney Franklin. Nelson and Ann have been nite-spotting it together for months, now.

BABY TALK in HOLLYWOOD—by the time you read this, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey will know whether it's a boy or a girl—or twins. Right now, as Ol' Man Tattler writes these lines, the stork is hovering near, and Allan and Irene are so curiosity-ridden that they're half-seriously thinking of resorting to science, in the form of an X-ray portrait, to find out whether or not they'll have to buy two cribs instead of one . . . ! ! !

. . . also by the time these lines hit print, Ol' Doc Stork will have done his act at the Patric Knowles home.

. . . blessed eventications are being had at the Lloyd Bacon domicile. Ditto at the Dan Toppings—she used to be Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) you recall. And, also at the Claude Rains house. In fact, Ol' Doc Stork is trying to arrange his routing now, so until he definitely decides, nobody knows whether the Topping or the Bacon or the Knowles house will be his first, second or third stop. But it'll be fast work all around for the Big Bird.

. . . the Gary Coopers have finally and definitely decided to name their daughter Maria Veronica . . . but, as this is being written, Robert Young and his wife can't decide what to name their new daughter. Bob has even offered a $25 dollar prize to the M-G-M studio employee who suggests the name they choose.

. . . meanwhile, while these real mothers and fathers of filmland are having their excitement, the Adolph Menjoues have gone quietly into court and become the legal parents of their adopted son, Peter, whom they took out of a midwestern orphanage more than a year ago. Still violently averse to publicizing Peter, Adolph had a nurse cover the baby's face with a scarf during its court adoption appearance.

TWO'S NEWS: . . . Margot Grahame (too bad I can't tell you here about that anklet she wears) and Ray Hailer are dating . . . Jimmy Stewart seems to be chiseling in on dates with Rita Johnson, which burns up Broderick Crawford no end! . . . Gordon Oliver just can't make up his mind between Kay Stammers, the British tennis star, and Anne Nagel, widow of Ross Alexander . . . Margaret Lindsay and Walter Wunderman set tongues wagging by making it three nights in a row at Clara Bow's new "I" Cafe, but Wunderman hasn't a monopoly there, for Margaret also has been dating Alan Marshall, the young handsome Australian who's set a lot of Hollywood gals' hearts aflutter . . . Olivia de Havilland, who just loves her work more than love, nevertheless finds time to smile encouragingly to Tim Holt, Jack's son . . . Lana Turner, luscious lovely, is dividing her time and dates pretty well between Martha Raye's divorced hubby, Buddy Westmore, and Johnny Downs, supposedly Eleanor Whitney's private property . . . but then, Eleanor doesn't take ownership of Johnny very seriously; she goes out with lots of other fellows—four dates in one week while Johnny was on location away from Hollywood! . . . Edgar Bergen doesn't deny that Andrea Leeds is important in his life, and Edgar's dummy, Charlie McCarthy, ad- mits his master shows good judgment . . . meanwhile, Mack Grey (who's to George Raft what McCarthy is to Bergen) seems to be in a flutter about an heiress named Joyce Matthews . . . Lew Ayres, reported to be having secret dates with Ginger Rogers, from whom he's never been divorced, is having public ones, with Miss Shephard, which seems to stretch the Ginger-Lev

[Continued on page 82]
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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

A set of In Old Chicago (Chicago as an 1854 boom town) rises on a former golf course

DISCOVERED!—machine-made "anti-septic fog" to keep movie stars from catching cold in studio fog scenes. It was in Columbia's I Married an Artist. Lulu Dester and John Boles, already sniffing, had to play scenes in a New York apartment while Hudson river fog rolled in the window.

Ordinary fog machines burn charcoal, produce acrid smoke-fog for such scenes. Director Gering, fearful for the Boles-and-Dester throats, called a doctor, worked out a new fog of vaporized pine and cedar oils. It photographs perfectly, actually cured the Boles-Dester sniffles while shooting!

M-G-M's Bad Man of Brimstone was one of those personal-casualty films. On location, Virginia Bruce worked up a case of ptomaine from the change in drinking water, forced Wally Beery to drive miles and miles in order to bring her the apple the doctor prescribed as her sole diet. Then, a few days later, at the studio, Wally himself baring into a scene, six-shooters popping, and shot himself in the leg with a blank cartridge—nasty but not dangerous. Laid him up for a row of days. On location, it was Beery who made the news hi-spots—because his big auto trailer was air conditioned, it was used as a cooling-off rendezvous by the company while in 110 and 120-degree temperatures on the desert; and because Wally hunts every year in the Utah region used as locale, the location trip turned into a sort of Grand Reunion trip for Wally and the natives!

M-G-M's Rosalie is militarizing Eleanor Powell. She does the arm's universal with an Army rifle in one dance sequence. She enjoys it so much that she takes the rifle home every night to practice; had to get a special permit to carry the gun in her car. Incidentally the army routine is swinging Eleanor's fan-mail; now it comes from army men instead of the scores of letters she got from the Navy during Born to Dance. M-G-M's running Goldwyn a neck-and-neck race for "biggest set" honors with Rosalie. The studio insists the set that represents the mythical town of Romanza, built near the famous Good Earth sets up the San Fernando valley far from Hollywood, is the biggest movie set ever built—it covers 60 full acres. For Nelson Eddy, Rosalie marks his first chance in a long time to wear his hair cut close—he's been wearing it pretty long for the costume roles.

ERROL FLYNN's goatee, which camouflages his Irish mug for Robin Hood, is causing heartaches among his female fans. One of the Warner stooges actually burst into tears when she saw him wearing it. "It spoils his pretty looks," she wailed. For the film, the Warner technicians had to figure out a way to show arrows piercing Flynn's armor, yet without piercing Flynn! They solved the problem by lining the armor...
with a thick coat of balsa wood—easily penetrable but protective to the Flynn body!

THIS, THAT, THESE, and THOSE
from various sets: the lookers-oomers at Columbia got a beeg thrill when Joyce Compton did her first singing of My Dream Are Gone With the Wind for The Awful Truth. For effect, Joyce sang while standing over concealed air jets, which were to billow her flimsy dress as she sang. The air-jet manipulator became too ambitious, or Joyce’s dress was too flimsy—anyway, halfway through the song, her dress was “gone with the wind.” Nope, you won’t see it in the finished picture; Mutter Hays wouldn’t let it! ... between shots of The Last Gangster, Lionel Stander entertains the cast with card tricks on the set ... a lot of Hollywood wives thought they were being attacked by strange men when Warners’ Gold Is Where You Find It company returned from up-California location. Every man in the troupe let his beard grow ... Lily Pons did so much tree-climbing in the jungle scenes of her new film that she was laid up with stiff shoulders and legs a whole day ... to get his daily exercise while on location on Catalina Isle with The Buccaneer, Cecil (yessir) DeMille lived in his yacht 400 yards off-shore, swam to and from location every day ... as a gag, Director David Butler ordered so many retakes on the scene where ... in Doug Dunbrille violently stabs Eddie Cantor (with a fake knife) in Ali Baba Goes to Town, that before the “take” was okeh, Eddie was actually black and blue from the pounding! ... quaintest close-up in pictures will be the one Stanley Fields gets in 2oth-Fox’s Wife, Doctor, Nurse. He plays a truck-driver who delivered an X-ray machine, wants to know what it is, is amazed when the doctor turns it on and shows him his own heart; you’ll see it too, in full-screen-size close-up ... to prevent the stiff, short bullet skirts of 18 ballerinas in Goldwyn’s Folies from being disturbed between takes, studio carpenters built 18 very narrow high-chairs on which they can sit their tights-clad fundamentals without having to sit through the skirts. Get it? ... record for non-casualty success in big mob scenes was established by Director Frank Lloyd who sent 2,000 extras into a street brawl in Wells Fargo and got only one casualty report—an extra lost his false teeth!

JON HALL had the scare of his life when he had to do the Hurricane scene where he is swimming while bullets splash near him. For the shooting, three of Hollywood’s famed rifle experts were hired. Because Hall was nervous, even though the three men can shoot perfectly, Director Ford played a gag—he had the three riflemen to show up apparently roaring drunk. In practice shots, they actually hit the objects times they were supposed to miss. Hall nearly fainted—until Ford called off the shot until next morn. Hall’s relief was short-lived, for in the morning, they were still gagging—the riflemen appeared so stricken with a nervous hangover that their fingers trembled, their shots again went wild. Not until Hall had almost died of worry did they explain the gag—and the three rifle stars, cool as cucumbers, splashed their bullets within an inch of Hall’s splashing body ... right after losing three pounds from wearing the 35-pound beaded dress in The Bride Wore Red, Joan Crawford goes into an even more exacting dress-wearing routine in Mammonuisa. She wears 28 different gowns, which required the services of 16 seamstresses to make, half a dozen to keep in condition during production. And to save confusion in the facial changes required, Joan is having each dress identified with a numbered label, sewn where you can’t see it ... the cast and crew of M-G-M’s Live, Love and Learn are taking up a collection to buy a new sweater for Director George Fitzmaurice to replace the 17-year-old one he insists on wearing on the set, the same picture is costing plenty in crockery breakage as 24 dancing girls learn a waltz dance routine—before the dance was shot, the dancers had broken more than 600 pounds of dishes! ... tough-guy Donald Barry, playing a hard-boiled gangster in The Last Gangster, had to quit work a half day because, to look tough he had to smoke a cigarette and it was the first cigarette he’d ever smoked and he got violently seasick ... to drive a big truck in a scene for Mightier Than the Sword, Walter Pidgeon had to get a special truck-drivers’ union card—a temporary membership card issued by the chairman of the Studio Transportation Drivers’ Union local 399! And a condition was that a regular union driver be hired at full time as Pidgeon’s assistant!

C. B. DeMille trains his cameras on a pirate ship representing one of Jean Lafitte’s schooners in The Buccaneer. Fredric March emotes in the colorful role of Lafitte.

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Frequent or scanty passing with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or diet.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to faulty diet, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and general sluggishness, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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SOLD BY ALL DEPARTMENT STORES, GROCERS, HARDWARE, DRUGGISTS, 5 & 10 CENT STORES, ETC.

[T]he 50c model.

[Continued from page 50]

Boys! Meet Gaal!!

[Continued from page 50]

SHE takes up her story again.

"I have want to act ever since I was six. I saw my first play then—a performance for charity run by the City of Budapest. From that day I want to be on the stage. No one from my family ever is on the stage. I can not explain, I just know some day I must be an actress. My sisters are married, and have children, but they do not do so.

"I do not know where I get this decision. I get nothing from my family. Only slaps. They do not want me to be an actress. They laugh at me. I first say it. They think it is a childish—what-you-say? Whim? Whim. They let me act in school plays, at the end of the year. They think that is all I want. But no, I keep on talking, more and more, always going to drama school. That is when the slaps begin.

"At fourteen, I finish school. In Hungary, things are different from here. First, you go to school until you are fourteen. Then you go to what is like high school here. I do not want to go there. I want to go to a drama academy. Slap, slap. I am registered in high school.

"But my eldest sister—she is married, and has a daughter older than I loves me, likes me. For years and years, I have told her to help me. She brings me now to a drama academy, to see if they will take me. They do.

"I am supposed to be in high school. Instead, every day, I go to drama school. This happens for two months. Then my mother and father find out how I am. Then she, I am a bad girl. They put me in a room and lock the door, I am there three days, with only bread and water. And slaps. Ten times a day, my mother asks, 'Do you want to be an actress?' Ten times a day. I say, 'Yes, yes. I do not want to be anything else.' Ten times a day, I get slaps. The third day, I have not changed my mind. My mother thinks it is no use. She resigns. I cannot eat just bread and water the rest of my life. I can go to drama school.

"After a half-year, they throw me out of the school. I am 'too young, too small'; I have talent.' My mother does not agree. 'Now you will go to high school?' I say, 'No, I must try some more.' My sister helps again. She takes me to theaters to see managers. There is nothing for me. I am too small and too young and have never done anything on the stage. I can not even get understudy work. Finally, I am despaired. I beg just to sit on a stage at rehearsals and watch. One manager lets me do that.

"Day after day, I am there. I know every line of the play by heart. Then one day happens something you will not believe. Someone, like a magician, puts me on the stage. Two days before the play is to open, one girl falls sick. She has a small part—a Hungarian peasant girl. When I hear, I run into the manager's office. I say, 'I am ready.' One girl very busy so. One of them contains a cracky paper. "A dollar," she adds. I won it in a bet. I am up at six one morning, and here at the studio by seven, and on the set at nine. I say to the business manager, 'I have to stay, I have to stay till after lunch.' He laughs and says, 'I bet you one hundred dollar.' I say, 'No, I do not want to take so much mon-ever away from you. I bet one dollar.' I do not work, just as I say, till after lunch. I win one dollar. It is not easy—you know?—to get mon-ever from a business manager. I am proud. I save it, too, for good luck!"
She smiles, and throws out her hands in a gesture that says, "Well, there it is.
That is the story.
To illustrate, let us remember the fact that she had so little dramatic training, that she must have been an instinctive actress. She does not understand the word "instinctive" is apparently mythical.

"No, no," she says, perturbed. "Five years I was on the stage—in tragedy, comedy, drama, everything. I made pictures abroad."

My nod tells her that I have known this. I refer to a man who is just supposed to tell her that she must have been "naturally an actress."

It is now her turn to nod understanding. "Yes, of course," she says simply. "I can be natural. If you are natural, you can be an actress.

"Do you know where I found secrets? I studied from dogs, from cats, from animals. You cannot be affectionated—if you take lessons from animals. We had a cat and two big dogs. I watched them by the hour. That is how I learned to walk with graceful movements. I studied our cat. From our two dogs, I learned how to say things with my eyes. If a dog is hungry, he can tell you with his eyes. If he is happy. Or sad. If he has hope. If he has hunger. He used the words—pointed. That is why animals are so successful on the screen, so fascinating; why everybody watches them. They do not think, "It is my profile I am turning to the camera, or my bad one?" They do not pose. They are real. They are natural.

Do the dogs (and the cats), then people, if you would learn lessons in drama, go to the zoo. Franciska Gaal is not joking. Seriously and earnestly, she is preaching a gospel.

Since that night in her middle teens when she attended that first Budapest play, Francisca has been casting spells over audiences with her naturalness, glowing through the make-believe of the theatre. She first became a name on the cosmopolitan Budapest stage in a dazzling succession of successes, ranging all the way from the Hungarian version of the American musical comedy, Good News, to Hungarian translations of Shaw's Pygmalion and Shakespeare's Measure—me. Her versatility, her convincing emotional changes, her wide range of talents, made her a star years before Hollywood ever heard of her.

ONE night in 1931, she noticed, for the first time, a tall, cultured-looking man in the first row of the audience. "After night," she tells me, smiling across the room at the tall, cultured man sitting in on our interview, "month after month, he was there. He was—what you call it—an unknown admirer. Until finally he began to call and he also knew me and could do an introduction. We met for the first time at a party the Austrian Ambassador gave. . . . We were married three years ago last July."

He is Dr. Francis Dajkovich (the "Dr." stands for "Doctor of Laws"), member of a wealthy Budapest family of attorneys. Unburdened by any complexes because his wife is "naturally an actress," he is self-satisfied proud of her. Neither is she burdened by any star-complexes. She would not have come to Hollywood if he had not come with her. Not as a business manager ("She has the complete picture house, even when I say," she says), but as her companion in a great adventure.

One night in 1933, another man sat in the audience in Budapest and wanted to meet Franciska Gaal. His name was Joseph Pasternak. He is famous today as the man who produced Three Smart Girls and 100 Men and a Girl. He was then producing pictures in Germany. He was vacationing in his native Hungary when he chanced to see her. He persuaded her to make a picture. To learn German and to make a picture. Eight more followed the first, three of them directed by nori Koster, famous today as the man who has made Deanna Durbin a star. Franciska had Hollywood offers then. She did not listen to them.

"I thought I would not be able to succeed here. I was not afraid of the language, no. If anything is learnable, I can learn it. But I was not 'glamorous.' I was not a 'great beauty.' I thought beauty ranked over everything in Hollywood.

I ASK her if the Hollywood success of Viennese Luise Rainer had anything to do with her changing her mind; if it had anything to do with the whole immigration of feminine newcomers from Middle Europe.

"Sure," she says, nodding. "Everybody noticed Luise's success. Everybody began thinking, 'If she can succeed, there is a chance for me.' She was not a star in Europe. Perhaps Europe did not give her opportunity. She is a great actress here. But her success could not help giving ideas.

"Still, I did not think I would come. To have a success in Europe seemed much better than a success here. Stars are happier in Europe. Do not worry so much. Here, they are working and working all the time. Do not misunderstand. I love to work. I could not live if I did not work. But in Europe, if you appear in a picture that is bad, people say, 'The picture is bad, but she is all right.' Here, you can be as good as the God Himself, but if the picture is bad, people say, 'She is slipping.' She shakes her head, sadly, "You must be so very careful what pictures you make."

Franciska was finally persuaded into a Hollywood contract, chiefly through Rainer's success, and the coming to Hollywood of Pasternak and Koster.

"I learned German in four months. I thought I could learn English in six. I arrived a year ago October. And you hear how I have such an accent still? I was like a deer—and-dumb when I arrived. It was so funny. People did not know I did not speak English. They would phone me and begin to speak for five minutes. When they finished, I had to say, 'I beg your pardon. What you say?' I knew how to say that and 'Excuse me' and 'Thank you.'

"I do not like to have this accent. I want to lose it. If I live in a country, I should at least learn to speak the language like the other people who live there. I do not like to make advance by being 'foreign' or have people say, 'She's cute, the way she speaks.' I do not want to be cute."

HOLLYWOOD has changed the color of her hair. "The public relations department does not like it mentioned, my hair was light red before. But it photographed almost black, so they changed it. It is not such a great change, but I do not like it. It is not natural.

Her family, she says, is happy now about her being an actress. "But yesterday I had a letter from my mother, in which she says, 'I do not know how to wish to you. If you are a failure, you will stay at home. If you will come, you will be unhappy. If you are a success, you will stay in Hollywood, and I will be unhappy.'"

Her mother, I am afraid, is destined to be the unhappy one. For Hollywood doesn't know where to find another Franciska Gaal....
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Keeping Up With the Joneses
(Continued from page 51)

Buck told me, grinning, "If you're inter-
viewing me because you want me to talk
about the new vogue for Westerns in Holly-
wood, I'll disappoint you. I've been read-
ing, too, about Hollywood's renewed in-
terest in Westerns—that major studios are
all going for them.

"It strikes me funny because Westerns aren't
bringing in much more money this year
than last—or the year before that.
They have the steadiest patronage of any
type of film being made, so far as box-office
returns are concerned. We can tell within
a couple of thousand dollars just how much
each of my pictures will gross."

Talk pictures to Buck and you realize
that his attractive Western drawl talks for
a keen business mind. You see immediately
why he is one of the few actors in all
Hollywood who has the privilege of okay
years ago Buck Jones was flat broke. Not
only that, but hounded by creditors to whom
he owed a small fortune. He lost $300,000,
his life savings, by falling victim to the am-
bition of every Western star to own and
manage his own circus.

He'd already been a top star in Holly-
wood for years, had raised himself gradu-
ally from the status of a "double" who earned $3 a day, who lived in a little cottage
that cost just $12.50 a month. He had be-
come a box-office attraction, earning
$2,500 each and every week—and then the
circus, through mismanagement and the
fierce competition of bigger shows, put him
right back where he had started.

"It was pretty tough," he says now grimly.
"Especially hard on Mrs. Jones and our
daughter, Maxine. They knew I didn't have a dollar—or a contract. It was
right in the middle of the depression. I went
to my creditors and asked them to give me
a chance. They promised not to force me

H E FEELS awed when he thinks of the adoration of his fans as exemplified
by one little boy in New York City. He
picked up bottles and junk to sell so he
could see Buck's pictures. One day he was

Buck's new Spanish-style ranch home is one of the most palatial in the Holly-
wood country. The estate is complete with swimming-pool, stable for six horses and
peach orchard. There'll be a house-warming and barn dance when the job is finished

ing his own stories, casts and directors. He
is the only star who supervises the cutting
of all his pictures. No danger here of the
star demanding all the close-ups be left in.

"The tried-and-true plot of the hero res-
cuing the girl and saving the old home-
stead—that's out!"

"Now we're going in for behind-the-
headlines plots, without, of course, sacri-
ficing the basic Western's thrill and split-
second action. One of my theaters, Holly-
wood Roundup, is a behind-the-moving-scenes
film showing the inside of the making of
action pictures. I've expressed my oppor-
tunity to raise rackets and ruckus in the
produce business. Ghost
Ship is a thrilling adventure yarn based on
the Russian flyers lost in the Arctic."

Buck, who holds a pilot's license and got
his first air training flying the slimy crates
of pre-War days, is most eager to make the
air picture.

As he talks about the plane, his im-
pressive new ranch, his ocean-going yacht,
it's difficult to realize that just a few
into bankruptcy—and I promised to pay back
every nickel. Later, slowly but surely, I
made good that promise."

At Columbia, Buck was given a chance
to start in all over again. Instead of merely
acting as before, he began to choose his own
stories, rewrite them into the formula he
had learned the fans wanted.

Sheer necessity for success made him
learn about "camera angles," cutting, di-
recting. Today, it's admitted that he knows
more about action pictures than many a
producer. Exploitation stunts for his films
are usually his own keen brain. Studying his
correspondence, he avoids smoking or
drinking in pictures.

"Too many youngsters think that what-
ever Jones does, they can do."
bouncing on the bed, pretending his pillow was a horse. The window beside the bed was open onto the air, and he told the same five stories to a cement floor. He jumped too hard, fell against the window sill—then catapulted screaming down. His little legs were broken, his pelvis smashed.

He didn’t cry when doctors operated, and one of them said, “Sonny, kids usually cry when they’re hurt as badly as you are.”

White-faced and shaking with pain, the boy said, “I’m no sissy. Buck Jones wouldn’t cry.”

Buck visited the lad—and it was probably the world’s sincerest mutual-admiration society of two.

Each year sends to summer camp some of the pitifully under-privileged city boys in his Rangers club who have never known anything but city streets or had anything beyond barest necessities.

One of the rules by which his Rangers abide is that one can’t report a good deed he has done for someone else. If he has helped the sick or the aged—or done any kindness—he must keep it a secret. Someone else’s brother may report his charity—but the shining-faced young Ranger doesn’t talk about his own virtues.

“There’s nothing better for kids than to have a secret—providing it’s a good one. There’s only one record of one of these boys being sentenced by juvenile court—and some of them come from tough sections of cities.”

**Daddy Longlegs**

[Continued from page 55]

as though they’d never even heard of the Coopers having a baby.

But all the time, Gary, down on the set or in the lunch-room or around the lot will talk gladly and happily about the baby—just as long as he sure you aren’t going to print it. His attitude is worthy of respect, and so there’ll be no quotes here from Gary’s mouth about the baby.

Gary, little sister, was eager for his newborn brother to handle her. They’re both pretty close, so it’s easy for her to take a job. She may be his own daughter, but he’s no less the claymud, awkward guy every new father is. Babies ARE fragile, so when he is around you have to keep an eye on him to make sure that Rocky or the nurse are within grabbing distance. And so Gary has to take out his urge to do something about it with his hands in other mannors.

He always used to make little things around the house, you know—a dart-game for Rocky, for instance; carved things. Well, he finds little dolls just as easy to carve as anything else. He, too, used to have fun weaving Indian moccasins out of leather scraps and strips he’d pick up at Jim Davis. He has a houseful of leather scraps. He used to make moccasins for Rocky, and bigger ones for himself. Right now, he’s finding out that it’s easier to make baby-sized moccasins, and he’s getting a kick out of it. He’s got a movie camera, and he’s a nut about candid-photography. You can bet your last two bits that before a month is past, Gary’ll have a photo album record and a 16-mm movie record of Maria Veronica Cooper’s life-start.

**CURRENTLY**, both Gary and Rocky are amazed at the flood of congratulations and gifts that have come to them since the baby’s arrival. Of course, Gary’s always known he had fans. But the inundation of presents that have arrived from all over the world for his baby has astounded him. There’s been things that have touched him and Rocky deeply—things like a pair of hand-knitted mittens from a little girl in the Midwest.

And by the way, I DID say that I wouldn’t quote Gary, didn’t I? Well, I’ll make one exception—because it is so characteristic of the guy. A friend, who hadn’t seen the baby yet, hadn’t him on the lot the other day. “Say, Coop,” he asked, during the conversation, “is the baby pretty?”

“Pretty?” Gary cried: “Say—the kid is beautiful!” Then, with a sort of guilty grin, he added: “But, aw well, ALL kids are beautiful. Ain’t they? Huh?”

And his marriage to Odelle is idyllic, according to the Hollywood gossips, who have to admit the existence of anything they consider so dull as a happy marriage.

They met in a horse-show ring. (Odelle Osborne had run away from her perfectly good horse to join Julia Allen’s Wild West Show.) She found it vastly more exciting. Three months after their first meeting they were married... on horseback in the show arena in Lima, Ohio. Half the town applauded—and the other half scandalized. It was the first wedding of its type in history, they believe.

If they hadn’t been genuinely in love, and both possessed with the perfect sense of humor that doesn’t diminish as it approaches the ego—they couldn’t have taken their alternate days of poverty and prosperity in such perfect grace and union.

Once they started to play night playing cards because the room was too cold to sleep in. They were down to their last $10. They ate for over a month on that ten spot, sharing their rations with “The Honorable Patchie,” a pet bulldog.

Mrs. Jones doesn’t frown or grow jealous of the ladies in the United States, England, Japan and India, principally, who write sighing, romantic letters to Buck, asking him to send them a handkerchief or one of his cowboy scarves. She merely comments that he’d have to operate a clothing factory to supply the demand.

But she does look with disfavor on his rapt delight in fast racing cars. But there isn’t a thing she can do about it. Meanwhile the Jones is agog over the new manse which is rapidly nearing completion in the Valley. When it is finished they are going to toss a big house-warm- ing—which will include a barn dance in the hay loft. Some of the citted Hollywoodians should get a thrill from this particular form of shindigging.

There’s no star getting more out of life than Buckle. And most of the movie stars realize that they must have as much on the ball as the Joneses to keep up with them.
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

Sunbeam Spreader

- Probably the most loyal fan in the world belongs to little Judy Garland. Since she first appeared on the radio and in pictures, Judy has received a weekly letter from "Pickles" Heinz, of New York—and he always ends it with the same sentence.

The other day when Judy started work on her new picture she found a box of roses waiting for her in the dressing-room. The card attached carried that familiar sentence—"Keep spreading those sunbeams, Judy," and was signed, "Pickles."

Candid Chatterings

- Marlene Dietrich professes not to be concerned at all about the new sex-appeal gals Hollywood is importing. BUT she did write to a dear friend asking for a detailed report on Isa Miranda and Franciska Gaal, both of whom are touted as "another Mlle. Dietrich"... Marlene Raye's latest peeve is about singing "hot" songs over the radio; she wants to do mushy ballads instead... by hiring a valet who speaks the language he's learning at the moment! Adolf Menjou saves the price of a language teacher. Currently, his valet is Spanish, because 'Tolphe is brushing up on his Castilian soft-soup... so scared is 20th Century-Fox over Dixie Dunbar's thinness and has to gain weight that when she lost four pounds in a strenuous dancing sequence, the studio ordered her to bed on a milk and eggs diet for two weeks to regain it and bring her back to 98 pounds... they say Tyrone Power is getting "hard to handle" on the 20th Century-Fox lot... latest trick of the many Clark Gable has taught Carole Lombard is how to shoot spittals with rubber bands and score bull's-eyes on people around the set... Phil Baker's 4-year-old daughter saw Charlie McCarthy on the set at Goldwyn's the other day, surveyed him carefully and seriously for a full five minutes, then ran to Baker, piping: "Papa, buy me him!"... my, don't those Hollywood kiddies learn young?

High Tones From Tonsils

- Lucky break: Out of the hospital after having her tonsils removed, songstress Delia Lind finds she can sing two notes higher than ever before. Now she wishes she had a half dozen more tonsils to cut out.

AUTO-graph

- Weirdest-Autograph-of-the-month is the one Mary Boland gave to a bunch of kids after a preview the other night. Spotting her as she left the theatre, a half dozen high-school-ynoths followed her to her car and would only let her proceed unescorted after she had put her name—with chalk—on the side of their pre-steaminette roadster.

Holly-WOULD You Believe It?

- Edna Mae Oliver refuses to use one of those ordinary canvas set-chairs while resting between scenes. West has convinced her that the head of her picture to stick to less violent forms of tobacco... but they're planning to get even with Mac because she hums hymns between scenes...

with mattress and sheets, and around the walls are photographs of the neighborhood dogs they play with—each autographed by the subject's paw-print.

Mouthing

- Ps-s-s-ssss! Don't look, now, but that gal stuffing away the fried chicken and candy, over there on the sidelines, is Martha Raye. Yeah—she always brings chicken and candy to the studio from home, and munches between takes.

Temperament

- Temperament MAY cost Phil Regan the price of a very high-grade grand piano! It was like this—

While working in old clothes around his garden, the other day, Phil got tired of mending, and without changing his day-laborer appearance, strolled downtown, entered a swank music shop, saw a big grand piano, sat down, started to play. The snoopy clerk saw the ragged fellow, raised his eyebrows, became very, very supercilious, even called him "my good man," when he asked what he meant by coming in and playing the piano.

Regan's temperament hit the ceiling. "Yeah?—so the price of this here new piano?" he demanded.

"Twelve hundred dollars, my good fellow. And if you're thinking of renting one we have some cheap ones back there," the clerk replied.

"Rent one, hell!" exploded Regan, demanding a blank check, he filled it out for the $1,200; "I'm buying this one!" And to make it good, he even phoned home for his chauffeur to come down, get the check, take it to the bank and cash it.

Now Phil's got a new grand piano that he really didn't want in the first place!

Whittlings From Hollywood

- To get in the proper mood for love-some emotion, Tyrone Power shuts himself in his dressing-room and listens to the phonograph grind out KISS Me AGAIN... and speaking of phonographs, the fellow who earns his living changing the records on Joan Crawford's portable, which plays constantly between scenes, stuffs his ears with cotton... the continual blare drives him nuts... Glenda Farrell subscribes to eight different detective magazines—and reads 'em all... the Santa Monica hospital where Grace Moore underwent her recent operation, is going to have to refurbish its towel supply... Grace autographed all the available ones for the nurses on duty... Johnny (ex-Tarzan) Weissmuller now owns about seven-hundred-and-twenty bathing suits... no one ever thinks of giving him anything else for presents—except ties, and he never wears those... in the backyard of her Toluca Lake home, Virginia Grey has installed a 12-foot slide... she never had one as a kid... because cigar smoke makes her eyes water, insists head of her picture to stick to less violent forms of tobacco... but they're planning to get even with Mac because she hums hymns between scenes...
stopped and bought one of those Guides-to-the-Movie-Stars-Homes they sell on the street corners there for two bits, found the address, and arrived at the studio in time...
... Basil Rathbone came home the other night, to be met by a terrified maid who told him one of the dogs must be mad be- cause it was barking at the moon. Basil investigated, found a half-chewed tube of shaving cream on the front lawn, saved the dog's life... Myrna Loy, conceded "trunk" champ of Hollywood, learned her lines from her colored maid, Therica... because she couldn't stand their squeaky shoes, Joan Crawford bought new ones for two members of the stage crew on her current picture... Douglas McPhail evades M-G-M's order that its stars must not sun-tan by taking a steam bath after running himself on the beach; the steam bath fades the sunburn, he says... to accept Joan Crawford's invitation to tea the other day, Billie Burke sent her a telegram—despite the fact that she and Joan were working on two adjoining stages at M-G-M... and M-G-M's make-up expert, Jack Dawn, after a trip through the western States, says that cowboys have better complexion than Hollywood's chorus girls... because Shirley Temple cooks such lovely lamb stew on her toy electric stove, all the kids in her neighbor- hood insist on her giving a lamb stew party whenever she has a day off from the studio... Glenn Morris got a cablegram on the qualifications from the Chamber of Commerce of the Lake Tanganikya district in darkest Africa, on his being named the screen's newest Tarzan... according to her contract, Dorothy Macka gets her entire salary for the full motion picture if M-G-M doesn't start the picture on the date scheduled... when Isa Miranda, the im- ported Italian star, first went into Para- mount's make-up department, she told the maker-uppers that she did NOT wish to be made beautiful, but wanted them only to emphasize her character... on hot days, Robert Young carries two ice bags, filled with ice, in his coat pockets, to cool himself off... Clark Gable, who is now Hollywood's doughtiest hunter of big game and shooter of animals, used to run and hide whenever any one of his childhood companions caught and killed a rabbit... in the M-G-M commissary, the stars, extras and other workers drink up 75 gallons of orange juice every morning... whenever anybody tells Helen Troy that she doesn't believe these stories about what a good cook she is, she sends him a home- baked pie or cake to prove it... and if you don't believe any of the above items, all your faithful old Hollywood reporter can tell you is that's what the press agents ask you to believe!

No Justice

You'll never see the original billboard poster designed for Nothing Sacred by Petty, that artist who draws all the nude women for a certain magazine. Because, after one torrid look at Petty's original drawing of Carole Lombard dressed in nothing at all but a very, very transparent bit of black chiffon, the Hays office yelled "NO!" Carole Lombard's only objection to the original drawing, however, was: "It doesn't do me justice!"

What Price Glamor?

Two examples of how precious this thing called Glamor is to your movie favorites—

1—for her screen close-ups, toughest test of any actress' screen glamour, Miriam Hopkins, takes 150 or more takes of her face with a stand-by. To assure herself that lights, angles, less, and so on will be oké for the "take," Miriam herself does her own standing-in before the camera ever turns. 2—because she didn't like the photo- graphic quality of a certain brand of film being used in the cameras, Joan Crawford wouldn't go on with the movie until they switched to another brand which she thinks does her greater justice.

Why Movie Stars Can't Stay In Love

(Continued from page 56)

"Now, under such circumstances of in- timate association with highly desirable members of the opposite sex, enjoyed by no other profession, you are bound to have a great deal of unconventional behavior and a high divorce rate. Actors, after all, are human. They are exposed to too many dangers and temptations. "Hollywood marriages are too much in- fluenced by value—money. Hollywood's momentary popularity, lavishness, and so on. All of these are too transitory and do not form a basis for permanent marriage. Hollywood stars also suffer from the in- dudable qualities of comradeship. "Statistics prove that from 60 to 70 per- cent of childless marriages end in divorce, while less than 10 percent of homes with children are without children. There is a much better chance of happiness in marriage than childless couples. In Los Angeles County half of all divorces are childless, although the average duration of their marriage before divorce is nearly 10 years. Even Hollywood's demure children, and therefore, were probably self-centered in- dividuals. Offspring are a great cement of matrimony, and the childless couple has a much greater chance, everywhere, of ending in the divorce court. In Hollywood mar- riages, for obvious reasons, we do not have enough children. "Few women have sufficient vitality to carry two full-time jobs. Making a real home is a full time job. Servants and nurses can never do the work of a real mother... if the wife tries to carry another full-time job, as an actress, she is probably sure to let the home suffer, since she can't do justice to both. But the desire to act manifests itself early in childhood in the majority of cases, and it is an inner drive, of the same type that makes poets and musicians. She can't be happy if she isn't acting, and so, few woman stars give up their careers in pictures after they marry. Those that do, have a much better chance of staying in love with their husbands and leading a happy, normal married life. "I could give you more reasons to answer your question, Why stars can't stay In love," Dr. Popeneoe concluded with a twinkle in his wise eyes, "but I have covered the main points, and I hope the stars will understand themselves better by reading your article, and the fans will understand them better, too, and understanding makes for tolerance."
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The Most-Kissed Girl Makes Good

(Continued from page 62]

none of my business to meddle in other people’s affairs. We should never condemn.”

ANDREA lives in Brentwood, where her father has rented a house. Her hobbies are, besides writing poetry, collecting snippers representing different countries, swimming and horseback riding. Recently she suffered an accident while diving into what she thought to be deep water, but wasn’t, which almost robbed her of her role in the Goldwyn Follies. But a fortunate change in the production schedule gave her the necessary time to heal the severe scratches on her face, no trace of which is left now.

Although she has been seen at the night spots with Jon Hall, John Howard, Pat de Cicco, Arnold Kurody, and a few others she is no nocturnal gadabout, and must have her regulation eight or nine hours sleep. Barry Braem, a lawyer, has replaced most of her former escorts, but when we ventured to ask her if she intended to marry soon, she replied:

“I’m not thinking of marriage now. My parents brought me up with one idea in mind—marriage when I came of age. I still believe there is only one real career for women—and that’s being a wife and mother. When I tell a man ‘I love you,’ it will be forever and ever. My parents have been married 26 years, and they are still madly in love with each other. My greatest ambition is not to be a famous dramatic actress, or a writer, or anything, except to find the right man and marry him. I want to have three sons and two daughters.”

DANGEROUS LOVE

A FRANK DISCUSSION with BETTE DAVIS

The screen’s most outspoken and dynamic young star, Bette Davis, in an eye-opening interview with Sonia Lee, discusses the perils of modern-day love and romance in the January

SCREEN BOOK
combined with Screen Play

Also in this big new issue is a timely and tongue-in-cheek story you won’t want to miss—“I’d Rather De-Glamorize Hollywood!” as well as stories on Irene Dunne, Luise Rainer, George Murphy, Shirley Ross, Herbert Marshall, Allan Jones and other important filmland stars.

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ADD.
The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 71]

Rudy Vallee, who introduced Edgar Bergen and his woodhead, Charlie McCarthy, to radio listeners over his program, welcomed to their Hollywood broadcast during visit to the cinema city.

Here’s one O’Man Tattler slipped up on. He mentioned Gordon Oliver’s having a difficult time making up his mind between Kay Stammers and Anne Nagel. Maybe answer is Helen Mack, with Gordon here.

reconciliation rumors . . . George Mason, the lad who runs a Hollywood night-club while waiting to become a movie star, has gone back to New York for some stage experience, but left an order with a florist to send Paula Stone an orchid a day . . . the Brewster twins on double dates: Barbara with Tommy Seward, while Gloria takes designer Eddie Stevenson . . . Townsend Netcher, ex-hubby of Constance Talmadge, doing the Hollywood rounds one night with Glenda Farrell while Drew Ederson walked alone; the next time with Sandra Storme, English model . . . tip is that Sandra has the inside track in Netcher’s life . . . but it’s also pretty well understood that she can’t decide whether to devote herself to him or to Jack Dunfee, the British auto racer who was once rumored Benita Hume’s secret husband . . . and as for Benita, there’s no doubt in any Hollywood chatterer’s mind that she and Ronald Colman are what’s still called “that way.”

Cupid’s Couplet:
Hazel Forbes and Dick Purcell—
Nurse! prepare the padded cell!

Listen to and read all the gossip you want about how Gene Markey is going to Simone Simon—but take it all with a grain of salt. Despite the fact that Gene is siring Simone about, his closer friends know that he’s still carrying the torch—and high—for ex-wife Joan Bennett. Meanwhile, they’re also giggling over the fact that he’s trying to assuage his sorrow with Simone, of ALL gals. For Gene was one of those in Hollywood who most violently couldn’t see anything at all in Ol’ French pout when she first came here.

Notes from Danny Cupid’s Files: . . . nothing to this report that the Lyle Talbott are splitting up . . . ditto about the Bert Wheelers . . . Bert says he’ll bet $10,000 to an old pipe that he and Sally are the happiest married couple in town . . . Jon “Hurricane” Hall and Mona Rico make a vivid pair . . . Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines, tennis ace, seem to be at “love all” . . . Robinoff fiddling love tunes to R-r-r-r-roscoe Ate’s daughter, Dorothy . . . has Connie Bennett switched from Gilbert Roland to Joe Schenck as real-life leading man? . . . Rudy Vallee says half-Indian beauty, Gloria Youngblood, is a lovely gal and all that but that he’s not engaged to her at all . . . all the gals that David Carlyle has been rushing are so confused—because his name has just been changed, officially, to Robert Page . . . Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak (she calls him Tola) are so happy since their marriage! . . . they’re building two houses on one big lot, so that they don’t have to share the same house when they’re tired and cross, because they think that’s one of the reasons marriage sometimes fails . . . Leah Ray another four-man gal: Jerry Wald, Kay Kyser, Mel Burns, and Bob Lowery alternate dates . . . Donald Barry can’t decide between Marsha Hunt and Barbara Read and isn’t he the lucky guy? . . . that euphonious Al Hall-Lucille Ball two-some still heading strongly afterward . . . Craig Reynolds is mad because Don Terry is trying to cut in on his dates with Gertrude Niesen . . . Sidney Blackmer and Kay Linaker do the romantics in the Charlie Chan movies, and ditto off-screen . . . Alice Faye, after receiving 220 letters from newly-weds congratulating her and Tony Martin on their marriage, says that she doesn’t think marriage should change anyone, and that she isn’t going to change one iota, so there! . . . Wayne Morris, champion heart-flutterer of the month, has picked Carol Landis, Warner cutie, as his latest escort . . . disappointing Hollywood anticipations, Alan Curtis didn’t rush back to Constance Worth when her marriage to George Brent failed. Instead, Alan (who was Hollywood Torch-Carrier No. 1 when Connie married Brent) is now rushing M-G-M’s cutie-cute Priscilla Lawson . . . Yopgue beauty Katherine Aldredge is rumored altar-headed with San Francisco million-heir Jimmy Flood . . . while he’s waiting for the date when she’ll marry Jackie Coogan (it’s tentatively set, as this is written, for December 18) Betty Grable is being a very careful-stepping gal, having no dates while Jackie is away . . . another marriage-on-the-way (which may be over by the time you read this) is the Shirley Reynolds-Eddie Anderson affair . . . ditto Ella Logan and Cully Richards.
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PHOTO-FACTS, the pocketbook of knowledge, is on sale at all newsstands. If your local dealer is sold out send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin to PHOTO-FACTS, circulation department, 22 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.
Joan Crawford takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus. Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

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