WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLE STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

YOU'RE A DEER TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.

SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 40 WORDS A MINUTE... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.

I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS $30.

YES, A MISS STACY SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH....

YOU'VE HIT ON IT, I'M SORRY TO SAY. MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURE NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURE NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.

I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY—YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.

THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!

IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You know you won't offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

*SUCH LOVELY HANDS,* her friends explain. 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—but 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.

**LISTEN TO** "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

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

**IPANA**
Tooth Paste
NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRET A GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes... as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER
REFLECTING THE MAGIC OF HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1937

VOLUME EIGHT NUMBER ONE

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SOCIETY JEWS — Lucius Byrde

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WHICH WILL WIN THE GOLDEN APPLE OF SUCCESS? — Whitney Williams

REVELATIONS FROM STARS’ PALMS — Nellie Simmons-Meier

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When Great Character Actresses Were Raving Beauties

COVER PORTrait OF MADELEINE CARROLL BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

DEAR BOSS:

Hollywood movie stars don’t seem to realize that June is the month for weddings—I suppose talking Christmas art in July and Easter art in December does get them rather confused—because here it is fall and everybody has who is a partner is doing an off to Yuma.

Of course, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond did try to give Hollywood a bit of prestige or dignity or something by getting married very properly in church (you get better presents that way) but Miriam Hopkins, Alice Faye and Anne Shirley to get the stateside the stage and screen by clopping in the impulsive manner.

Everybody said Miriam wouldn’t marry Anatole Litvak, Russian director, because Miriam is fickle and not the marrying type (despite the fact that she’s had two husbands) but Miriam showed ‘em by planning out of the Burbank airport with her and her one Saturday night, when she had finished at KKO and he had seen the day’s rushes of "Espadrille."

In the chartered plane were also Mady Christians, Miriam’s best friend, and Fritz Lang, European director, who went along for the ride and to that Miriam got her ring on her right finger. Thanks to the extra holiday of Labor Day they had two days’ honeymoon which they spent in Mexico and then back on Tuesday morning to their respective sweatshops, and boy, I mean sweat.

And everybody said that Alice Faye wouldn’t marry Tony Martin because they were always fighting and squabbling—mercy, after all the movies we’ve had it doesn’t seem that by now people would realize that fighting and squabbling only means love. Anyway, Alice and Tony left in a chartered plane for Yuma early of a Saturday morning (the same Saturday that Miriam chose) and arrived in that little Arizona town when the temperature was reaching a new high of 114. It was indeed a hot wedding and they could hardly wait to get back to Hollywood where they spent their honeymoon at the air-conditioned Tropicana. Alice had to go to work Tues- day morning — Hollywood honeymoons aren’t what they should be.

Little Anne Shirley chose Santa Barbara, instead of Yuma, for her elopement to John Firth, with Fritz Lang, and was married with a Yuma husband and a swell performance in “Stella Dallas” Anne’s been walking on clouds ever since.

What I like most about the Hollywood preview is the perfect strabismus (squint to me) it gives you on the romance situation. Having lost faith in the printed word at the age of seven (I think it was “pretty is as pretty does” that threw me) I never believe anything I read in the Hollywood gossip columns and I now I have to see the romantic matings for myself. When a boy takes a girl to a preview these days it means he is willing to do more than pose with her, he likes her enough to fight for her, and so preview dates are rather authentic. The most avid preview trotters are Simone Simon and Gene Markey, the dynamic talk lady and Twentieth Century’s fairhaired boy, Hollywood is still wondering over this bit of matting, one school of thought would have Mr. Markey be the one Mr. Marlowe has been ordered by the “front office” to teach Mrle. Simone a few manners (always say “Thank you” to a fan and “Will you accept a copy?” to a copy). This school would have you believe that Simone reminds Gero of Joan Bennett, who recently divorced him.

Liza
ADVENTUROUS BLONDE, THE—Fair. Because of a murder mystery which they feel it is up to them to solve, the marriage between Detective Barton MacLane and Newspaper Reporter Coenda Darrow is indubitably a sticky one, with some results that are humorous and some that are not.

BROADWAY MELODY OF '38—Fine. This is swell entertainment for all those who like variety shows, with plenty of exceptional tap dancing by Eleanor Powell and Buddy Ebsen, good songs rendered by Sophie Tucker and Judy Garland, romance by the same, and only fish Tally and comedy by Bob Benchely and Willie Howard.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK—Fair. This is the least striking of the films concerning that heroic detective, Bulldog Drummond, now played by John Howard capably but in some what college senior fashion. John Barrymore's role as Scotland Yard inspector calls more for adroitness of makeup than for skilful dramatic playing. (Reg. Denny.)

DEAD END—Excellent. This is a relentless study of life as it is lived in that corner of New York's most poverty-stricken street, fronting the East River and towered over by one of the city's most opulent apartment houses. Played by a group of boys who are nothing short of marvelous, in addition to such old reliables as Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea and Claire Trevor, the drama of the story cannot help but hold the average picturegoer.

DOCTOR SYN—Exciting. Everybody who loves tales of high adventure in the swashbuckling days of pirates and smugglers will appreciate this colorful English film starring the suave George Arliss in the title role, a dual one that gives him plenty of scope. (John Loder, Margaret Lockwood.)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Fair. Beverly Roberts plays a fading film star who goes to Europe to annex a title for publicity purposes and finds love eternal instead! This is a shaky little comedy that may hold you because of the vivid charm of its leading man, Patric Knowles, a new comer from England who is on Errol Flynn's type.

FIT FOR A KING—Good. Another Joe E. Brown opus, which has a certain brisk and lively style that will carry you along in case you catch it on a double program and—in case you haven't a liking for Mr. Brown. Here Joe plays a struggling newspaper reporter who stumbles on to a lively murder story concerning royalty. (Paul Kelly, Helen Mack.)

GANOUNDAY—Fair. A musical film from England which tries out to satire our American gangster methods with very mild results indeed. It's too bad that Jessie Matthews, who has plenty of what it takes, should not get a better break. Speaking in gangster fashion—they sure do—wrong by our Joe. And how they dress him! It's a crime.

GOOD EARTH, THE—Excellent. Especially interesting is this gentle tale of China's poverty stricken inhabitants who try to wield a living from the soil. Luise Rainer and Paul Muni give magnificent performances in the two principle roles.

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD—Interesting. The locale is always interesting to fans. Richard Dix plays the western movie hero who loses his public and, when he wishes to make a come-back, has to hire the doubles of famous stars to attend a party he gives, because he no longer belongs to the "charmed circle." (Fay Wray.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY—Fair. Although this musical is not as amusing as its predecessors, it has in it might be interest and the torchy songs are allotted to Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard, but they're not the life of the party either.

MAKE A WISH—Fine. A highly sentimental yarn about a boy at a summer camp who meets a famous composer of operettas and introduces him to his widowed mother who was a former musical comedy singer. The camp setting affords an interesting and beautiful background to the film, especially with Oscar Strauss' lovely melodies filling the air. The denouement is just what you expect. (Bobby Breen, Basil Rathbone, Marion Claire.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—Fair. In which the little schoolchild from Nebraska inherits the big city newspaper and proceeds to scoop her city editor and other experienced members of the staff on the important stories of the day. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Walter Pidgeon, Edna May Oliver.)

MAYERLING—Excellent. You can catch this French picture at one of the art theatres in your city, and don't pass it up because the dialogue is in French. There are English subtitles which make the action very clear. Mayerling is the hunting lodge in which those unfortunate lovers, Archduke Rudolph of Austria, and Marie Vetsera, met their mysterious and unhappy fate back in 1889. Charles Boyer is superb as Rudolph and lovely Danielle Darrieux is subtly convincing as Marie.

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—So-so. Sophie never got any west—in the interests of the plot—but she also goes quite good on us, and in the soul-cleansing process she lost all her verve and dash, the attributes which made her such an exciting character in mystery fiction. (Gertrude Michael, Lee Bowman.)

THIN ICE—Fine. That ice-skating marvel, Sonja Henie, proves that she is not just adept on skis as she is on skates—well almost, because it would take a Nijinsky to outdo the lovely Sonja when she hits the ice pond. Tyrene Power is off a gemstone to a sick ingenue named to hire a village whilst his country's politics are being adjusted, and Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher and Joan Davis are excellent in comedy hits.

VICTORIA THE GREAT—Splendid. The private life of that woman of whom history is stressed here, with just enough data about her public life to keep the audience aware of her political influence in history. That wonderful super is the queen and Anton Walbrook makes a magnificent Prince Consort. This is a lavish production, half-Technicolor, swellsily played. Don't miss it.
You’ve seen stories about it everywhere. At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The N.Y. Times called it . . . “The Best Show In Town,” topping even the big summer musicals, the hit plays. Now, “High, Wide and Handsome” comes to your hometown theatre at popular prices . . . with all the excitement, the beauty, the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of “Cimarron” with the charm of “Showboat.” Watch for it.

Irene Dunne
“HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME”
Randolph Scott
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER
until she found a way to add
11 LBS. QUICK
with IRONIZED YEAST

GET READY FOR THAT HEAVY DATE!

Your Skin Must Radiate Good Health, For Evening Gowns Demand Perfection.

By Mary Lee

NOW that the season for dancing dates and theater parties is in full swing every girl should show a face she can be proud of! Ginger Rogers, blonde beauty in RKO-Radio's Stage Door, keeps her complexion in the pink of condition, just as she does her twirling toes. It's a good time to get an honest mirror view of your face and neck, after you've removed your creams of powder, rouge, lipstick and eye embellishments. Consider your complexion point by point, and be honest about its defects. And remember your complexion doesn't stop at the chin line but includes your neck, too.

If powder cakes on your nose, there are little flakes on your cheeks, you see new lines around your eyes and mouth, or your neck has a sandpapery roughness—those are sure signs your skin is too dry. It needs to be lubricated with a cream that washes up for the natural oils your own system is being too stingy with.

The idea that a lubricating cream has to be left on all night is being exploded with a bang. The time such a cream does the most good is after your skin has been thoroughly washed with soap and water.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, thin, pinup girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, usually rounded curves. The easy way to add a few pounds! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear, smooth, normally honey color, now pale and shadowy, looks of new friends and popularity.

Science has discovered that many are thin and runny (vitamin B-deficient) from their daily diet. Without these body-building foods out of what you eat. One of the finest sources of marvelous health-building vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now a new and costly process perfected after long research, the vitamins from this important English ale yeast are concentrated into 1 T. (approx. 3000 yeast cells) in ordinary yeast. This luscious vitamin concentrate is then combined with various kinds of vitamins, minerals, and hematinic foods to balance these insufficient liquids and minerals. And the yeast is tested and regulated biologically, to manufacture the right vitamin strengths.

The result is this new easy-to-take, marvelously effective girls Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain and keep the healthy attractive points, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more sunshine and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more energy and poise, you can have your money back. We are absolutely confident that Ironized Yeast will give you iron and permission to help you feel just the way your mother told you you should feel. Money back guarantee. You'll have to try it. The Ironized Yeast will help you feel it.

Special FREE Offer!

To save thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, enclose the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a beautiful new book: How to Get Facts About Your Body. Remember, you can't have this soft, very easily read, very interesting reference book. All magazines, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 254, Atlanta, Georgia.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.
—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the greats!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season

—Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.

—Kate Cameron, N.Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.

—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

So far superior...so superlative...that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

—The Digest

Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul Muni in the Life of Emile Zola

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 • Screenplay by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

Soon to be shown at popular prices!

Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at $2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.
HEARTY BREAKFASTS FOR CHILLY MORNINGS

By Ruth Corbin

Even though she's married to Bob Cobb, owner of a restaurant in Hollywood, Gail Patrick does not hesitate to try her hand at pancakes. There's been no complaint from Bob— as yet!

If you would serve a different ham and egg dish, split some English Muffins and toast on both sides. Butter while hot and place them where they will stay hot. Broil some slices of cooked ham lightly, cut the size of the halved muffin. Place on muffin and cover with a poached egg. Serve with cream sauce.

BACON SCRAMBLE

8 slices bacon (dice) 4 eggs
Dash of pepper
6 small slices bread (diced) 1/4 cup milk
A little salt

Fry bacon until brown. Remove whole slices from pan, add bread and toss with diced bacon and Crisco until well seasoned and slightly browned. Add eggs beaten with milk and seasoning. Scramble as usual and lay over each serving a slice of bacon. Serve with grilled sliced tomatoes and—

GINGER CHEESE MUFFINS

2 cups Swansdown Flour 1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/4 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1 beaten egg
1/4 cup Brev Rabbit Molasses
3/4 cup grated cheese (Krafts)

Sift all dry ingredients together. Beat egg well and add gradually the milk, then dry ingredients, stirring constantly, then molasses. Slowly add second mixture to dry ingredients, stirring constantly. When smooth, add melted Spry. Fold in grated cheese last. Half fill greased muffin tins with mixture and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

Pancakes are a universal favorite and are welcome for any type of menu. They may be served plain or with various accompaniments.

FRENCH PANCAKES

1/2 cup flour 2 teaspoons melted Crisco
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup hot milk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Beat egg lightly and add hot milk and melted Crisco. When slightly cool stir into sifted ingredients. Beat until perfectly smooth. Grease heated griddle with Crisco. Use about 2 tablespoons batter for each pancake. Spread about size of a salad dish, very thin, and cook to a golden brown. Wrap them around little pig sausages or serve with butter and syrup. They may be served funnel shape and filled with brown sugar and butter which melts to a thin syrup, with preserves or marmalade.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Grapefruit or Orange Juice
*Grilled Shad Roe
*Scrambled Eggs Supreme

Hot Coffee Milk

GRILLED SHAD ROE

Open a can of shad roe. Drain, split and season with salt and pepper. Dredge lightly with flour and brown or grill in hot fat. Put 2 tablespoons butter into a small frying pan. Add juice of one-half a lemon. Boil up. Pour over shad roe.

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME

Break into a bowl as many eggs as needed. Add 1 teaspoon of milk or cream for each egg. Season well. Add small piece of butter. Turn eggs into double boiler. Begin to "whisk" them at once, continue until eggs are nearly done. Then take out from hot water and finish cooking off the stove. Put on platter with roe and garnish with sliced tomatoes.

No breakfast menu article would be complete without waffles. And here is one of the finest recipes I have ever found.

2 eggs (yolks) 3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 to 2 cups flour 1 cup milk
2 teaspoons melted Crisco
2 egg whites 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure, mix and sift all dry ingredients. Add milk gradually, then egg yolks and Crisco. Mix thoroughly. Lastly, fold in egg whites, stiffly beaten.

FLANNEL CAKES

Beat 1 egg well. Add cup milk, a tablespoon of sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups sifted flour, 3 tablespoons vinegar and lastly 1/4 teaspoon of soda. Egg may be omitted but it makes them lighter. Cook on griddle 'til nicely brown on both sides.
Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... inti- mately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curi- osity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

**Stage Door**

KATHARINE HEPBURN • GINGER ROGERS • ADOLPHE MENJOU

GAIL PATRICK • CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEDDS

SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN

Silver Screen
EYES MEN ADORE

SPARKLING, glamorous eyes can hold a man entranced—fascinated! But eyes that are tired, dull, or red, disillusion men!

Before going out, think first of your eyes. Use ibath...the wonderful new solution that is the exact formula of a specialist’s prescription.

Quickly...safely...ibath acts in 4 ways to step up brilliance:

1. It gently washes away surface dirt
2. Safely relaxes tired eye muscles
3. Reduces redness
4. Promotes natural secretions, which keep your eyes bright, lustrous

How much better your eyes feel—instantly! Rested. Relaxed. How much better they look! Sparkling. Young.

Get ibath at any good drug department. Only 50 cents—the price of a manicure—and an eye-cup comes with every bottle. ibath is made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and hospitals for over 100 years. So you see—it must be safe.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS

ibath

Personal to Fat Girls! — Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don’t let others think you have no will-power; that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

UP WITH the birds and singing like a lark (Liar!) over the prospect of visiting the studios today. So off we go. There is most doing at—

R-K-O

SO WE start here. Of course, their biggest picture is “Damsel in Distress” starring Fred Astaire—alone for the first time since he met Ginger Rogers. Joan Fontaine, who goes from picture to picture with the agility of a monkey swinging from limb to limb (no inference intended) is his leading lady. Joan bids fair to outdistance sister Olivia de Havilland. RKO, it seems to me, have overlooked a great publicity stunt in failing to tell the public she is a descendant of the famous Havilland china makers. But that’s their funeral—not mine.

It seems at Toutleigh Castle (the ancestral home of Lord Marshmoreton (Montague Love) and his beautiful daughter (Joan) the servants are drawing for a sweepstakes on the coming betrothal of Joan, who is being held practically a prisoner until she announces whom she is going to marry. Most of the servants think Ray Nobler (Louis Calhern’s doughty aunt) will be the lucky man. The butler (Reginald Gardner) draws Ray’s ticket but a page boy (Harry Watson) insists Joan is in love with a mysterious stranger and enters a ticket on this “Mr. X.”

Joan eludes her guards and hurries to London. In London an American dancer (that’s right, Fred Astaire) has become a celebrity, thanks to the high-pressure publicity of his press-agent (George Burns) and his secretary (Gracie Allen). They flood the papers with lurid stories of Fred’s love-life and conquests. As Fred gets into a cab, Joan jumps in and begs him to help her escape. They are overtaken by Reginald Gardner and Harry Watson. Harry, thinking Fred is the mysterious “Mr. X”, promises to help him. A policeman comes up to arrest the disputants but Fred gets away during an “ingenious street dance routine” as he sings “I Can’t Be Bothered Now.” Imagine stopping to sing and dance with a cop after you! But, of course, this is a musical comedy.

To make a long story short (or should I have started sooner?) Fred gets smuggled into the castle by Harry, and into Joan’s boudoir. Her flushed actions convince him she is in love with him so he rents a cottage in the neighborhood—against Mr. Burns’ objections.

This is the first time I have ever seen Mr. Astaire when he really looked like one of the world’s ten best dressed men, but he is sure wearing clothes today. “What is it?” he demands gruffly of Joan. “May I come in?” she smiles.

Hollywood hails Atterbury Dodd...the timid soul who took the studios to town! Are there laughs? Is there romance? Are there thrills? Clarence Buddington Kelland, the Saturday Evening Post author who gave you "Mr. Deeds" and "Catspaw", never wrote a funnier adventure...and with this star-studded cast tossing the excitement together...Wow!
Fred grouchily opens the lower half of the door. Joan peeps under it very coyly, so he gets a bared look on his face and opens the top half. Then she steps into the room.

"I suppose it seems very odd to you—my coming here like this," she begins sarcastically.

"Not at all," Fred rejoins sarcastically. "Neighborly. Won't you have a seat?"

"No, thank you. I can only stay a moment," she replies.

"Please do," he urges her. "I'll feel safer if you're sitting—remembering the hop on the jaw she gave him when they were standing. Is there something I can do for you?"

"No-o-o," she stammers, embarrassed. "I—I wanted to see you.

"You're come just in time," he tells her. "I'm leaving for Paris almost immediately. You—you're never coming back?" she gasps in dismay.

"Don't worry," Fred reassures her. "You can always buy a punching bag."

"That's what I came to see you about," she begins and then confusion overtake her as her embarrassment grows. "Father has just explained everything to me and now I understand how it happened."

"I see," Fred agrees. "Your father explained to you why you slapped me?"

"No, no. You see, things are frightfully mixed up. Father made a mistake about you, and after he spoke to you yesterday—well naturally thought you—you were somebody else."

"Oh, I did, eh?" Fred puts in.

"And," she rushes on, "you didn't know, of course. I thought you were being—yourself. And then—father explained that he thought you were the other man, and then—of course, how were you to know I didn't mean you. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Fred assures her.

"No, do you see why I—I slapped you? she inquires eagerly.

"Just a minute," he interrupts. "Whom did you slap—me or the other man?"

It sounds like one of the Marx Brothers' routines to me but the director is apparently satisfied because he says, "All right, let's take it again!"

"For heaven's sake," my guide whispers, grabbing me by the sleeve, "don't stand there, you're right in his line of vision and if he looks up and sees a strange face he has a fit!"

"I suppose," I repin sarcastically as I move, "when he was on the stage for fifteen years the hundreds of people in the audience every night were all intimate friends of his? None of them were strangers, huh?"

The atmosphere is getting pretty tense around here so we leave and proceed to the next set. Here Wheeler and Woolsey are at work on "High!" It's their latest release, and a long, long time-account of Woolsey's stomach. It's on the blink.

This picture has more plot than any of the other comedies these boys have made. I hope it will be their best—so they can put on a high note as it were.

Things are continually disappearing in the household of Paul Harvey and despite the crystal-aging efforts of his wife (Margaret Dumont) no one can find them and so no one suspects that the culprit is a canine kleptomaniac— a cute little Boston bull named Spots.

The next set is "Love in a Basement." R-K-O made this picture years ago with Ginger Rogers and Norma Foster. It was called "Rat's Romance." Now they've changed the locale from an attic to a basement and substituted Whitney Bourne and James Dunn for the two who worked in 1926. When I get inside, they're lining up for the next shot. The script girl says something to Dunn and Jimmie whirs on her and says, "Will you please let me relax for a minute?"

"No," I answer. "There's a scene." She says, "I know it."

"Just a minute," he interrupts. "Whom did you slap—me or the other man?"

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check, when the door bursts open and the landlord and the daughter of Jimmie's boss (who is on the make—the daughter, I mean, not the boss) and a lot of the roomers rush in.

"Mary," the landlord begins to Whitney, "this isn't right. You know the agreement."

"What agreement?" Whitney asks in puzzlement. "Perhaps someone will be kind enough to explain."

Jimmie doesn't want her to know he is the hapless individual who shares the room with her, so he puts on his two-bits worth, rather apprehensively. "I don't know why one's privacy must be disturbed like this."

"Now, Mary," the landlord continues, a tear in his voice, "after all my trust, I see you've broken your word." He points to Mary. "You from eight in the evening to eight in the morning and him," indicating Jimmie, "from eight in the morning to eight in the evening."

"You!" Whitney screams at Jimmie in her best ten, thirty manner as the situation dawns on her.

As Robert Benchley has often remarked, "Love conquers all."

AND so, Allah be praised, we come to the last set on this lot. It is "There Goes The Groom" starring Ann Sothern and Burgess Meredith. There are signs all over the place "No visitors." "You'd better wait here," my guide suggests, "while I go see if I can get you on the set."

(Continued on page 60)

NEW AND BETTER PICTURE TITLES

"Don't Forget To Remember" (Burgess Meredith) has been changed to "There Goes The Groom"

"A Love Like That" (Barbara Stanwyck) has been changed to "Breakfast for Two"

"Don't Pull Your Punches" (Wayne Morris) has been changed to "The Kid Comes Back"

"The Great Diamond Mystery" (Cesar Romero) has been changed to "Dangerously Yours"

"It Never Happened Before" (Lily Pons) has been changed to "Hitting a New High"

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 suds 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!
Those merry-manics 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, tunest hits that they or anybody else ever made! Tunes to make life begin for you!... "Big Chief Swing It!", "Our Team Is On The Warpath", "The Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Foil to a Lambeth", "Why Talk About Love?" by Lew Pollock and Sidney D. Mitchell. "Sweet Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias, Al Lewis and Murray Mencher.

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production

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 Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokrass, 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!
JEANETTE MacDONALD and Grace Moore will have you believe that there is nothing to the rumor that they are leading. It all started when a Hollywood columnist wrote a long article to the effect that Jeanette MacDonald was the best singer on the screen. So it was just assumed that La Moore would resent that—there is not any evidence that she did—and when Norman Shearer gave a dinner party recently and sat Jeanette right next to Grace everybody said, "Oh goodie, there'll be a bit of verbal clawing now." To their annoyance, Grace and Jeanette were very cordial to each other. And a week or so later when the Basil Rathbones, Hollywood's Number One Party Tossers, gave a party in honor of the newly-weds, the Gene Raymonds and the Buddy Rogers, Hollywood's top flight prima donnas, Jeanette and Grace and Lilly Pons and Gladys Swarthout, charted together congenially all evening. What they said to each other was all very pleasant, but what they thought of each other we'll never know.

AFTER living in rented apartments and small un-chic houses for the last nine years Kay Francis has finally decided to become a Hollywood resident and is building a home of her own. It will be the usual movie star showplace—a hilltop and a swimming pool.

GLENDA FARRELL and Mary Brian introduced the very last note in fashion innovations when they attended a supper dance recently at the Beverly Wilshire. Glenda carried an evening bag fashioned of real gardenias, lined in satin with white satin straps. Mary carried an evening muff designed from seventy-five white gardenias, with tiny blue bachelor buttons furnishing a decorative design.

FROM London comes the news that Merle Oberon and David Niven are both working there in the same studio but you'd never know from the supreme indifference with which they ignore each other; that they were once Hollywood's most romantic couple. Why, Merle even used to follow David around the Bel Air golf course, and

David even sat in a beauty salon while Merle was having her hair done. Alas and alack, another day, another love.

DOLORES DEL RIO is the proud recipient of an exquisite new evening gown, sent her from Paris by Chanel. The gown is designed from red and white ribbons, woven basket-like into a moulded line. Del Rio wears it with her customary dash and sweep.

WHENEVER Buck Jones issues a personal check, he's actually giving some one an autographed photo of himself. Buck's checks have a picture of himself astride a bucking horse, and his bank won't accept any others. Which isn't conceit on the western star's part, but simply a novel and effective method of avoiding the danger of getting his autograph on a blank check and then filing in the figures.

Bank clerks used to have fifty million fits trying to figure out whether or not Carole Lombard's checks were forgeries or the real thing. Carole, it seems, never writes her name twice in the same manner, and you can readily see how it might be a trifle confusing to the boys in the cages. But Fielder, her secretary manager, finally came to their rescue and devised a plan whereby every Lombard check must have a special notation on it before a bank clerk is to honor it.

BILLY POWELL gave Myrna Loy a bushel of cookies on her birthday. Her husband, Arthur Hornblow Jr., did much better by her, however, he came across with diamond and sapphire earrings, necklace, and bracelet.

WHAT makes movie stars laugh? The following paragraph which appeared in one of the daily gossip columns has been repeated at practically every dinner table in Hollywood, with dozens of glamorous girls laughing so hard over it that they choke on the consomme. This is what throws them into stitches: Herbert Marshall was asked if he'd pose for a picture showing the rear view of his head for a guessing contest that one of the magazines is running. "Certainly," said Mr. Marshall, "but the contestants won't have much trouble identifying me if they saw my last film, 'Angel,' with Marlene Dietrich."

AND there are those who say that poor Marlene will have nothing less than a stroke when she reads in the Paris newspapers that Lubitsch made re-takes on "Angel" with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas—and having no Dietrich around he used the back of her stand-in's head for the new scenes!

SOMETHING new in tangos was danced by Mary Pickford and Cesar Romero at a party the other night. Mary, who comes right about to Cesar's belt buckle, did the entire tango without once having her feet touch the floor.

IN THE swell fight finish of "Big City" you will notice that Man Mountain Dean does his fighting on a pair of crutches, which happens to be his custom, not a gag. Dean broke his leg before he had to do his scene in "Big City," and to move him about on the set the studio property department had a huge wheel chair made up for him. "It's much more comfortable than the one I have at home," Dean commented to the star of the picture, Luise Rainer. one day when she was chatting with him on the set. "It's bigger, and the back is easier." The next day when Man Mountain arrived on the set he found a note on the chair informing him that the chair was his for keeps, a gift from Luise Rainer.

DON'T ever accept an invitation to lunch with Joan Blondell when she is on a diet, because she'll hate you if you don't share her diet lunch, and you'll hate her if you do (it's that bad). "Anything that tastes good, don't eat," is her simple solution.
“Flashshots”
By Jerome Zerbe

There was heat lightning over Hollywood, for the Basil Rathbone's were giving a dinner party in honor of the Gene Raymonds (Jeanette MacDonald). The Buddy Rogers (Mary Pickford) and all of the photographers and all of their accompanying flash bulbs were in attendance.

During the long wait for dinner, held up until almost eleven o'clock, one had ample chance to notice the guests. Most of the stars were there: Paul Muni, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, Grace Moore, Allan Jones, Charles Boyer, Gladys Swarthout, Fay Wray, Anita Louise, Harold Lloyd and, besides these, many names important to the industry, such as The Jesse Lasky's, brilliant Frances Marion, the Mervyn LeRoys, Hedda Hopper, Hollywood's “First Lady,” The Winfield Sheehans, the Jack Warners etc., etc.

In other words it was a photographer's paradise, and as it's of photographers in Hollywood that I am primarily writing, the nonsense of the evening made a perfect setting.

All the men, who shoot the pictures that you see in the fan magazines of the stars who make the pictures, were there. In fact, there was some hard feelings among them because some comparatively unimportant guys had been made welcome. And why not? It was like asking Vogue's Cecil Beaton, Harpers Bazaar's Bascom-Hswingen-Hune, and International News' Tony Sarnio and some tabloid photographers to shoot the same shots at the same time.

Photographers all have their peculiar trade tricks and they don't like to perform in front of competitors any more than any one else does.

At best the life of the oval studio cameraman is not an easy one, but before I go into that let me finish with Basil and Ouida's party.

Out on the lawn a dance floor had been built. There was a table of honor, for the brides and grooms and a few choice friends, that was flower laden and shaped like the crescent moon. A buffet was at one side of the dance floor and the food was delicious. People danced, ate, drank, stayed late, had a wonderful time and the photographers had a field day. The only one who objected to the presence of the photographers was a one-time star whom they ignored.

Now, if the studios had their way, no men would have been allowed to take pictures that night. All of the studios, and M.G.M. in particular, want to supervise all of the pictures taken of their players. They all are in fear that what they are pleased to call the "illusion" of the stars will be shattered. Actually the stars, with their hair down, still look far lovelier than most people with theirs up. A few unusual shots are not only humanizing but give the fan magazines a much needed variety.

The studios have gotten incredibly snug and many of them turn out countless dull shots that they, somehow, expect will delight their public.

Paramount is especially lucky in it's photographic department. Not only
in having Don English and Eugene Ritchie, but because they have John Engstead, whose tact in handling both stars and photographers has made him a tremendous asset. Visiting firemen are not over welcome and even before the studios were closed to Eastern photographers by labor unions it was not very easy to get what you wanted.

Two years ago, I was anxious to shoot Crawford. I'd shot almost every one else and wanted studies of her to round out my collection. One evening the 'phone rang—'Miss Crawford's appointment is for Ten-thirty tomorrow morning,' the voice from the studio was saying to a very delighted me. Surely few women of the screen have greater beauty and allure than is hers, and few have worked harder or more intelligently to achieve just that result.

I was up early and waiting in the publicity department at M.G.M. by ten-thirteen the next morning. At eleven it was explained that they were shooting outdoor shots and Miss Crawford preferred to wait until they came indoors, and so I waited. I waited just six and one-half hours, to be exact. She apologized charmingly and as casually as though it had been six and one-half minutes. I then took some dozen photos of her, of Director Van Dyke and of Brian Aherne, who is an old friend of mine. Crawford, herself, I found even lovelier looking than I had anticipated and with not unexpected sparkle and humor. As the studio is very strict about photos taken, the film packs are turned over to one of the publicity men to be developed and printed on the lot. Miss Crawford was to put her personal O.K. on them the next morning and I was to get them at noon. What I did get back was one print of Miss Crawford and one of Mr. Van Dyke. The others, of my own photos, I was never shown and I have yet to learn what became of the ones Brian Aherne. Of course, such high-handed treatment is quite an exception, for in the first place, most of the stars are exceedingly considerate; and, in the second place, the studios, realizing photographers can be as temperamental as their own prima donas, handle them with care.

Carole Lombard is the very opposite of Miss Crawford. Fortnightly, witty and naturally very beautiful, Carole can't take a bad photo. Once I arrived at her house very early for a sitting. Fieldsie, her friend and secretary, insisted on waking her, and down she came, no make-up and the mist of sleep still on her eyes, and she was incredibly lovely. How few of us ever look human when we have just wakened, I know I don't. Carole was also one of the first to take an interest in candid-camera photography, and one of my first such shots made in New York was of her at the Central Park Casino with William Rhinelander Stewart.

Marlene Dietrich is another star whom I find (Continued on page 70)
In THE world of crime and violence the films may have progressed from the era when the heroine saved the hero, just in the nick of time, to the civilized and convincing horrors of, say, "The Thin Man." In character delineation they may emerge from a farrago of dastardly youths, convinced that they are impersonating the main characters of the House of Montague, to Paul Muni as Emile Zola. When the epic is their chosen field of endeavor they have risen from "The Fall of Babylon" to "The Good Earth" and in the realm of frontier heroism from William S. Hart's "Hell Hinges" to "High, Wide and Handsome."

But one setting, dearly beloved of the silver screen, is as yet almost wholly virgin of any tempering of probability which might tend to abate the snares and jeers of the impious, and that is what is known with a snort as society. Society, heaven knows, is a pretty comprehensive thing nowadays, as the 24,000 names in the New York Social Register alone will tell you, and its legions embrace some pretty expansive ways of living. A variety of fancy notions as to what is au fait may be subscribed to by its various members, but listen to the snickers in such a carriage trade house as, say, the Plaza in Fifty-eighth Street, when scenes alleged to be cultivated doings among the bon ton are thrown on the screen, and you'll know what we mean.

Reticent and discreet in other fields, possessed of technical advice and sources of research which can recreate any atmosphere or the details of any event within recorded history, the pictures can duplicate anything their fancy dictates from palace ritual in the Egypt of Amen-hotep to the type of weapons with which the Little Corporal triumphed at the Bridge of Lodi. But can they even approximate the manners, language and accustomed habits of what passes in the same country, contemporaneously, for formal society? No more than they can put corrective makeup on the man in the moon!

The errors stem, apparently, from two principal sources: a complete unfamiliarity on the part of directors with the life technique of the sort of person in process of representation, and a curiously Byzantine notion of Newport and Fifth Avenue subscribed to by the players of the films, whose entire concept of polite usage and formal existence derives from the shambles of amateur night at the Trocadero and from the largely professional—not formal—social razzle dazzle of Jack and Charlie's in Manhattan. The actors make the mistake of imagining that cafe society—a non-cohesive, very loosely defined although amusing and vital assortment of professional celebrities—is the same thing as established upper case society, and the men who direct them don't know any better. All these generalities, mark you, with exceptions. But all too infrequent exceptions.

Everything in the film version of life among the privileged and affluent is laid on with a trowel and, as a result, phoney. The motor cars of heiresses are almost invariably imported sports models, rolling gin palaces with liveried footmen hanging to footboards. The films have never heard of the Ford station wagon which, for every purpose save town use during the season, is probably the most widely driven car type of any along Bellevue Avenue or in the most conservative reaches of Boston's North Shore, and in all New York there are only three families who drive out with footmen beside the drives, and then only to the opera and the most magnificent of levees.

Is there a ballroom scene, a cocktail rout, a musicales or a dinner delectably perpetuated in imperishable celluloid? Posterity will get the impression that in American country club circles the single eyeglass and its feminine version, the lorgnette, were as common as dinner jackets, which they simply are not. It is infrequent that at any gathering of Manhattan chivalry it is possible to count three monodies in a room and then only if Julio Bache, Nino lo Savio and Aurel Lee are present. The best known lorgnettes in New York are those of Libby Holman who uses them...
because she can't see a foot in front of her face without them, and who would snack you down if you cursed her with the silly Astors or the Belmonts, whose name never was Belmont anyway.

Or take the matter of night clubs. There is only one night club between the North and East Rivers that even approximates the Hollywood version of an intimate boîte de nuit. It's the French Casino and a very amusing place, too, but not the exclusive romping ground of the Franks and the Wallaces. If a screen director should show a factual interior of El Morocco, the Stork Club, the Colony Restaurant or the St. Regis Roof on the screen, the film patrons, accustomed to whooppee Taj Mahals only a little less gaudy than the Crystal Palace, would hoot him into oblivion. You are these gay night spots jammed to the guard ropes with beautiful youths in full evening attire and innumerable bowing their shoulders under ropes of ancestral pearls. To be sure, during the season, and especially at Morocco, everybody necessity wears formal clothes, but the new elegance hasn't entirely, as yet, banished the dinner jacket from general polite usage.

If there has been any abatement in studio enthusiasm for the rococo, the fluid and the preposterous in Holly-wood's versions of life in the foie gras faubourgs—and the dancing girl leaping to the midst of the dinner table from the innards of a lamb pot pie which has gone the way of youth anarchy—has as much as anything been due to the informed worldliness of Adolphe Menjou who, expert film observers are willing to concede that in no way during his long film career has Mr. Men- jou ever overreached himself in the province of worldly deportment, which is more than can be said for scores of actors who have represented Mrs. Astor's horse to a gaping yokels.

I recall from the swirling mists of the middle twenties a film dealing with a fragment of international cafe society which had some pretensions to veracity, if only because the author of the original story, who was asked to assist in the atmosphere of its filming, was a celebrated character in bistros and Trans-Atlantic smoking rooms of that era. Jack Thomas, late of Yale and Don Morarity's celebrated Fifty-eighth Street college boy's rendezvous, wrote a little feuilleton of life in the Ritz Bar called "Dry Martini." All the more celebrated Ritz Bar boys of the generation, Erskine Gwynne, the Es- quino, Barry Wall, Donald Rogers, Pete Chambers and innumerable other gilded youths and gentlefolk of the mid-F. Scott Fitzgerald era were in it and they were transferred bodily and almost in person into the picture. So was Frank, the Ritz Bar's head barman, celebrated in every legend of the time of the great Place Vendome pilgrimage. The principal set of the film was laid right in the Ritz Bar itself, where girls used to wait across the corridor for endless hours for their escorts, and there was even a shot of Olivier, the only walter captain extant to sport both whiskers and a monocle. It was to cry for sheer nostalgia. Here was a justifiable monopo and here was a character actor with long mustaches and a stock collar playing Barry Wall for fifteen dollars a month and a justifiable gray topper.

The most characteristic and lifelike scene, if fond memory recalls, of this long since vanished nonpareil of realism in the plush faubours, showed two college youths drinking champagne cocktails at the bar and caging spurious cheques as a not too convincing gesture of making some boat or other for home; perhaps it was the "Dugout" as the Degrasse was in those days known. They had been there so long they had gotten a little consoled about the seasons and were wearing raccoon fur overcoats of the type then favored by Amer- icans from Princeton, and straw hats. There sat down next to them a patron who was clearly a Frenchman, black gloves, wing collar and four in hand tie, a sad black suit, button top boots and a Homburg hat, and one of the collegians turned to the other—this was at the Ritz Bar, mark you, in 1924—and enquired "Who is that foreigner?" It captured the spirit of an age as clearly as an epigram of Aretino or a drawing by Michelangelo might have done at another time.

But for all the exceptions, films of society continue to show all great ladies as upholstered and seagoing dowagers and every dinner party in a private home a mimicry of a state ceremony at Windsor Castle. More and more the screen version of existence among the head- lines of wealth and fashion becomes a caricature, a parody of the simple, and frequently most platitudinous truth, its every pattern one of stereotyped fraudulence, its every aspect a cliche.

Perhaps, however, it were just as well not to interfere with the progress of such a legend, which is, if you look at it that way, a sort of the providence of things. When people in the know to see themselves in the films they go to get a laugh out of the howlers; when other folk go they do so to get a load of glamour. It's Jack Spratt and his wife all over again.

On the screen, life in society is misrepresented and, as a result, is phoney. Time was when the screen overdid everything—even grand dukes came in bunches.

while he is said to be an arbitrary and insistent fellow, has still contrived to persuade directors not to serve pleasant en casserole for tea or provide more than one grand duke suitor for every American heiress.

There was a time, and that not so long ago, when the directorial notion of ton was Katharine Hepburn at a beach party with an imperial table wrap covering her swimming suit, or Mr. Menjou has rendered such excessive chichi as this, at least, tolerably obsolete. The public's illusion of grandeur, however, has been fostered to such an extent in restaurants at the St. Regis Roof of extreme of elegance in screening the go, and Mr. Menjou told the reporter, during the filming of "Cafe Metropole" on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot last winter, that the reason for such an uncommeasurable number of the providence of things. When people in the know to see themselves in the films they go to get a laugh out of the howlers; when other folk go they do so to get a load of glamour. It's Jack Spratt and his wife all over again.

At any rate the movies no longer serve pleasant en casserole at tea.
In "A Star Is Born," Janet Gaynor, magnificent in the part, very simply spoke the memorable line that originated through the genius of Dorothy Parker.

**Bits of Perfection**

It is the brief moments of perfect artistry that set your pulses racing in appreciative fervor

By Howard Barnes

A recent article here I wrote: "It may have been the assistant cameraman or an electrician or the script girl who thought up the business that intrigued you in the film you saw yesterday." I still stand on that statement. The stars, with their color, glamour and artistry, flood a production with warmth and excitement. The writers outline a story in images and dialogue and the director shapes it to film terms. In every notable and entertaining picture I have seen, though, there is some fleeting passage which expresses the whole spirit of the film. Very often it has been inspired by someone connected with the production in a minor way who has reached out and touched the very heart of the offering. Not even 25 per cent billing for him or her, though. There is the satisfaction of a good job well done—and anonymity.

If you stop and consider for a moment, it is these brief moments of perfect artistry that make the real difference between sitting through a show with moderate enjoyment and coming away from it so excited and moved that you tell your friends not to miss it. They are the distilled essence of all the thought and feeling in a motion picture. To put it another way, they form an artistic yardstick, which critics and public alike carry somewhere in the back of their heads, to measure each new achievement of the screen and say:

"This is good," "this is great" or "this is magnificent."

Make no mistake—I do not claim that these small, stirring interludes of perfection are not contributed to enormously by the stars, featured players and directors. Usually they find these top craftsmen of film-making at the very top of their form. It seems to me terribly important, however, to place one's finger surely on these passages. Once this has been done I am terribly curious to find out just who contributed the inspiration for the particular passage. I repeat—it may have been the assistant cameraman or an electrician or the script girl.

Of this much I am certain. If you really want to understand and appreciate films, you must constantly bear in mind that behind every name in bright lights, behind every individual cited for distinction by screen reviewers, there stand dozens of experts who are almost never celebrated by word of mouth in print. Their individual contributions to a film may be small, but they are the sum total of their skill that makes for the sum total of a photo-play's quality. The motion picture involves the greatest collaboration of diverse genius and talent of any art form that the world has known. It is what makes it the most exciting medium in the world today. Hundreds of signatures could be placed on every film. Hundreds of artists and technicians are responsible for whether each one is good or bad.

In no other manner can you explain the fact that even the most popular and best-liked stars can give really atrocious performances. If I had never seen Barbara Stanwyck before and watched her in "This Is My Affair," I would have called her one of the most wooden and uninspired actresses I ever had the misfortune to see. In her very next picture, "Stella Dallas," I found her extraordinarily fine—moving honest and terribly appealing. Her acting talents hadn't gone from bad to
brilliant that quickly, though. It required the applying of the artistic yardstick I mentioned earlier to understand the tremendous change. It will be actually applied a bit later in this article.

Before that, consider "The Life of Emile Zola," one of the finest photoplays of this or any other year. I know perfectly well and you know, if you have already seen the picture, that it is the inspired and inspiring portrayal of the great French novelist in the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the production, with understanding and power. And to Joseph Schildkraut for his Dreyfus, Gale Sondergaard for her impassioned Mme. Zola, Donald Cusick for his fiery Maitre Labori and Erin O'Brien Moore for her exquisite realization of Nana. There you have the credits—picture, star, director, producer and featured players. How about the artistic yardstick? To me, there is one haunting sequence in "The Life of Emile Zola" which not only expresses the whole spirit of the show but binds it together surely. It comes just before the middle when the production is on the edge of falling to pieces. Zola has become a great success—rich and famous. His old friend, Paul Cezanne, the great French painter, visits him and tells him he is going away—forever. Before the final farewell, he turns to Zola and says:

"Your soul’s gone to sleep . . . asleep and snoring under layers of fatty complacency. I’m sorry, Emile. But I had to say it. I couldn’t go without telling you this."

Zola begs him to stay to remind him of the old struggles days—fighting for a foothold, but Cezanne answers:

"You can never go back to it and I’ve never left it . . . They walk together toward the door."

Again Zola speaks:

"You’ll write . . .?"

Cezanne shakes his head.

"No . . . but I’ll remember . . ."

Muni, needless to say, is great in the scene. But it is a character actor you probably never heard of—Vladimir Sokoloff—who makes it so hauntingly beautiful. The script doesn’t call for it but he actually whispers that last line and as he turns and shuffles off awkwardly, a lump comes up in your throat.

Now, skip down through the picture to the scene where Mme. Zola is begging Zola to come to the defense of her husband. In his "fatty complacency," he doesn’t want to have any part of the affair. She goes out, leaving behind a portfolio of evidence of the case. He picks it up and is about to hurl it from him savagely when he looks up at Cezanne’s portrait. His hand reaches out and touches the picture frame tenderly—he sits down with the evidence and launches on his famous defense of Dreyfus, the turning point of the film. Without that first scene—without Sokoloff’s beautiful and moving acting, the picture never could have shifted smoothly into the Dreyfus case. Even through a portrait, his brilliant character acting has afforded motivation and urgency to the plot. Here is indeed an artistic yardstick. What about the man who inspired it?

He is a Russian, once the most famous member of the Moscow Kammertheater. Later he became a leading actor in the German theater. He came to this country in 1927 with Max Reinhardt but went back to Europe, mastered a fourth language, French, and appeared in French plays and pictures, among the latter "Lac Aux Dames" with Simone Simon. He has never had a leading role. For character acting I can remember few scenes to equal that one in "The Life of Emile Zola." [Continued on page 74]
Three Careers Have Started Brilliantly, But Ahead Are The Hazards Of Love And Life.

In all Hollywood town, you'd be surprised what a lot of territory this area embodies. I have never encountered three more enthusiastic or vivacious young actresses than Jane Wyman, Olympe Bradna and Jane Bryan.

Of course, strictly speaking, there's Martha Raye, whose esthetic zeal amounts to a mania; and Lupe Velez, with a sprightliness something akin to an Indian brave energetically scalping a defenseless white settler... but they're rather exceptional cases and not to be confused with the issue at hand. For downright genuine enthusiasm and vivacity, give me my trio every time.

Unlike nations, they possess one characteristic in common, each is utterly without pose, each is honestly sincere. In my perambulations about the film colony these many, many years, I have met practically every personality ever to set foot in a studio, but I can recall no three persons so absolutely devoid of guile as my three little gals.

"To each of them, her career is all-absorbing, all-consuming," exclaimed Jane Bryan breathlessly (I hope you won't get my two Janes confused) when I asked her when she had made up her mind to be an actress. "La! cried Olympe, my petite French one, in her cunning youthfulness, "I 'av neative wees to be an'thing else. "I've always acted, whenever I could," smiled Jane Wyman..."at school, in Little Theatre groups, every place I could."

So that you may more readily identify my maids, I've definitely decided to adopt 'em all, because they ARE newcomers to the screen, and you may be somewhat doubtful about them...


Olympe Bradna was leading lady in "Last Train from Madrid"—remember her scenes with Lew Ayres—and figured prominently in "Souls At Sea," as Frances Dee's maid.

Jane Wyman out-Simoned Simone Simon as Babette in "The King and the Chorus Girl," and appeared opposite Kenny Baker in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."

Now that you know them—and you most certainly would recollect them if you saw any of those pictures, let's get on...

Their birthdays were as far-flung as their talents are diversified. Jane Wyman—watch your Janes, now—first saw the dawn of life in St. Joseph, Mo., one January 1, and probably from her French actress mother inherited a love for expressing herself. Olympe Bradna sparkles—it's the Parisienne's birthright. The girl with rod and reel is Jane Bryan, and, below, Jane again. Her gray eyes glow when she mentions her career.

Charming Olympe Bradna sparkles — it's the Parisienne's birthright. The girl with rod and reel is Jane Bryan, and, below, Jane again. Her gray eyes glow when she mentions her career.
private tutors and from the teachings of her parents...yes, and from a study of life, for the little foreign one is a close observer. So many girls come to Hollywood, and pose. They try to make people believe they are something they aren't, and can do what they know they can't. The majority, in other words, put on "an act," and do their best to impress whomever they meet.

Through the strict training each of my gals received, there was little danger of their following the usual custom when they finally entered upon studio recognition. Not one makes a claim to anything but honesty and sincerity of purpose. Reflection of their true natures is seen in Jane Bryan's return to a cosmetic company, when that concern wrote and asked her to what she attributed her beauty. Jane's succinct reply was: "I haven't any beauty!"

At the age of eighteen months, Olympe made her public debut with her parents in their equestrian act. When she was six, the bareback act was discarded for a trick dog number, but shortly thereafter disaster overtook the small family. All the dogs sickened, and died. Having no money to buy and train more dogs, the resourceful Papa Brudno began to train Olympe. He taught her dancing. So proficient did she become that at eight she made her terpsichorean debut, scoring a terrific hit with her specialty and acrobatic dancing in "Hit the Deck," on the Paris stage. It was in this show that she received the tag, "Smallest Sailor in France," a title which she retains to this very day.

"But I am want to be cinema actress. I see my first picture," the naive Olympe informs one, joyously, "I work hard in the Folies Bergere, for almost two years, and I travel all Europe, but always I look to being actress in the cinema."

After acquiring fame as a dancer in Europe, Olympe came to this country for an engagement at the Little Theatre in New York. But she came with two French picture appearances under her belt. While dancing in New York, Oscar Serlin, Paramount talent scout, caught her act, and straightway arranged for a film test. Studio executives were so delighted at her obvious talent that she was summoned west forthwith, securely bound by a long-term contract.

Of our trio, Olympe was the only one with years of professional experience behind her when she embarked upon her Hollywood career. Jane Wyman sang over the radio, from Kansas City, Mo., for two years, and appeared in Little Theatre plays both there and in her home town, but insofar as actual stage training was concerned—apart from amateur theatricals—she had none. Nor had Jane Bryan, whose real name is O'Brien, by the way, with the exception of what school and Little Theatre dramatics she had engaged in.

When Jane Wyman left Kansas City for Los Angeles, on a visit, the possibility of a screen career was farthest from her thoughts. "Of course," she declares, in her crisp manner of speaking, "I had always dreamed, like any other girl, I suppose, of being a picture star, but I didn't expect to try out for the movies when I arrived in town. It was purely accidental that I landed in pictures."

She met an agent one day who told her she should be in pictures. "The old rib," she thought, but agreed vocally, dismissing the idea from her mind. Scarcely forty-eight hours later, the agent called her to go out to Universal studios with him, and by the time she left the lot she had been signed for a small part in "My Man Godfrey." Apparently, the agent had faith in her and was a hustler, for he convinced Warner's she should be given a test. Outcome...CONTRACT!

The same studio that signed Jane Wyman caught Jane Bryan's appearance at about the same time, in a play which Jean Muir produced at her experimental theatre, "Green Grow the Lilacs." It was—and those who saw her were so impressed with her possibilities that she immediately was placed under contract. Which shows their far-sightedness, for both girls have developed into splendid actresses since they joined the Warner Brothers' family.

But though they invariably give excellent accounts of themselves on the screen, both personally and professionally they are opposites. Jane Wyman is slender, sophisticated in bearing and in speech, and excitingly attractive. Jane Bryan is more the "little sister" type—and I do not mean this derogatorily. She is the sweet maid that every man would spring to defend; wholesome—again, I do not mean to be unkind—and intense.

For her part, Olympe is typically French. Naïve, she casts wondering brown eyes upon life, and thrills to every situation. One would like to cuddle her, and everybody [Continued on page 8]
NOTHING, it seems, has been left to the imagination where the motion picture folk are concerned. The publicity writers take the whole world into their confidence. Lives of the great and the near great are turned inside out for worldwide inspection. As for privacy, their home life is just another bowl of guppies!

It seldom happens that these written statements in the press concern anything but the best in the ladies and gentlemen of the screen. Even the worst is given the best interpretation until one wonders if they really are so nearly perfect? Don't they have any faults? Are all their character traits virtues? No, indeed! They are quite human, even as you and I. When taken apart to see what makes them tick, one finds the same frailties that are found in most of us, and in no place is this shown so conclusively as in the hands of the stars themselves.

Those funny little lines running through the palms of the hands, to the initiated, are real life maps. They tell an amazing story. By studying these lines in the hands of the celebrities, we may see the same lines in our own hands. If they mean flaws in character, we will correct them if we are clever. All that is required is a little introspection.

We will soon see what we need to change, or what we need to strengthen. We will also discover what can be advantageously modified.

Having been one of the privileged who has had the opportunity of holding the hands of outstanding persons of two generations, I can state with authority that the possibilities for a successful career literally lie in your hands.

Please let me make myself perfectly clear. Knowing the significance of the lines in the palm is not fortune telling! There is no fatalism about it! These lines may be likened to the muscles controlling the body. I always refer to the lines as "mental muscles" because they indicate natural tendencies of character.

We are born with some of these tendencies, others are acquired through environment, early training, or just plain habit.

The hands of Hollywood's favorites are interesting, and we will find them much like our own. We know about everything else there is to know about them so let us look for their faults and see what we discover.

Here is Joan Crawford's hand. Is it so different from the hand of any other woman? Not at all. Here are lines showing tendencies outstanding in thousands of hands. There are faults Joan must overcome if she is ambitious to keep her light bright and shining when old Father Time has taken his toll of her youth and beauty.

Note the length and shape of her first finger. The index finger. It denotes not only a love of power, but a liking to shine through external means...such as clothes...surroundings and associates. Then consider the length of the first phalange of her middle finger. That indicates a tendency to exaggerate the importance of personal affairs.

These tendencies run through the whole human family. They are grave faults. Less ego, more disregard of personal importance, an attempt to win the love and approbation of our associates would give all of us who have these characteristics a stable foundation. In Joan's case, she could build a lasting and permanent place for herself.

Here is another little fault Miss Crawford could easily correct. That high mount at the outside of the palm between the head line (which runs across the middle of the hand) and the heart line (the long line under the fingers) tells me the little lady can be exceedingly blunt when her combative nature is aroused. If she...
will work to subdue that natural tendency she will probably never have occasion to use it. The outside influences that arouse this fighting desire, will gradually fall away. There will be nothing in her character to attract it. If she eliminates this trait, it is quite likely the change will show in her hands.

Being a slave to the emotions is nothing more nor less than a bad habit, one that can be broken if the person so desires. This emotional nature is indicated in the Mount of Venus, which lies directly under the thumb, and the heart line starting immediately under her middle finger.

True, Miss Crawford needs emotion in her acting. In every day life, however, emotions must be controlled lest they dominate the will and eventually control the individual. It then amounts to a weakness. A detriment to the person lacking the intelligence to practice self-control.

When you see that wide stretch between the thumb and fingers and between the fingers themselves, you can be pretty sure the owner of the hand has a tendency to disregard established traditions. The emotional nature has the right of way. In other words, the heart rules the head. In Joan's case, her heart can rule her acting, but for happiness and peace of mind, her head should be taught to rule her heart.

Now here is Roland Young's hand. It is such a decided opposite it makes a good comparison.

When I made the impressions of Mr. Young’s hands I had some difficulty in getting a good print. His palms were hard and unyielding. This may be indicative of his Scotch ancestry, but it tells me, here is a will amounting to stubbornness. When you find unyielding palms coupled with a long first phalange of the thumb you are safe in assuming the line between stubbornness and determination is finely drawn!

Mr. Young has a fine handshake. He grasps your hand fearlessly and with sincerity. No doubt he applies that will as a driving force in his stage and screen work. It is for him to determine which mental groove he will use. One makes for success, the other blocks the path.

His fingers are smooth to the second, or middle joint. This indicates inspiration—a faculty applied to Jupiter—also a quickness to take advantage of an opportunity. The third finger, brilliance to apply artistic expression. The little finger, the power of speech and action. But and here's the rub, all these attributes are stopped by the development of those joints indicating the attributes of law and order which must govern every inspirational expression.

The speed, which by application of the qualities noted, would enable Roland Young to rise to great heights, is lost in the desire for reason and logic in every action. One can have too much head and not enough heart! There must be a balance.

Here we have a hand showing an undeveloped richness of expression whose owner places obstacles of his own fashioning in his path. Will he realize this fault, and correct it so he can attain the heights to which he is entitled? This is a riddle that only the future can answer.

In Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s hand the potentialities for being a personality on the screen or in any phase of public life are outstanding. Make no mistake, the lines denoting his limitations are also outstanding. It is for him to decide whether he becomes a planet, or just a shooting star!

Look in your own hand and notice whether there is a joining of the life line—the line around the thumb—with the head line, that line across the center of the hand. Also note if the pads in the first joints of the fingers are well developed.

If you find this arrangement you will probably admit that you have at some time in your life missed out on an opportunity because of the desire to avoid censure or criticism. A desire to play safe. Those well developed pads indicate super-sensitiveness and the close joining of the head and life lines denote caution.

Now look at the hands of Douglas Jr. Note the space between the head and the head line. No caution shown there. Instead, the space shows aggressiveness. An independence leading to exaggeration of action and statement.

Doug's short fingers coupled with the combination mentioned reveal he is prone to come to hasty conclusions. It also indicates a dislike for detail. That large mount under the first finger means self pride. A desire for spectacular activity.

His head line shows that concentration is not one of Douglas' strong points. He will close his mental door to wise counsel and open it too quickly to the warm rays of adulation.

I feel sure that if young Mr. Fairbanks submitted to wise guidance in the development of his innate possibilities, he could become a writer of ability, or he could be a lasting star in the dramatic firmament.

Unlike the Fairbanks' son Myrna Loy has not reached the pinnacle, but her hands indicate that she will arrive. How long she will remain is another story. Her head line running clear across her hand, shows she has marked determination. She will never stop until the thing she undertakes has been accomplished.

The softness of Myrna's palms indicates her ardent dislike for anything which could be classed as manual labor. Her long smooth fingers show a demand for detail. However, the detail will have to be worked out by some one other than herself. She has no interest in applying her energy to patient laborious detail.

All her fingers are extremely flexible. This reveals a chameleon-like mental quality. Miss Loy reflects her environment and associations. There is a marked tendency to drift with the current of life, especially if it leads into the smooth waters of material pleasure.

If Myrna will take the trouble to change her viewpoint, accepting things that are really worthwhile and not becoming muscles of will, shown by the length of the nail phalange of the thumbs, could be tools for

[Continued on page 77]
WHEN she was twelve years old that lady of looks named Madeleine Carroll was having a very dull time of it. She was, of all depressing things, a child prodigy. And her twelfth birthday found her enrolled in the freshman class of Birmingham University where she flaunted her knowledge of the quaint idiosyncrasies of French verbs with such brazen abandon that her classmates and instructors considered her quite obnoxious. They referred to England's future Dream Girl as "that damned little genius," and sincerely hoped that she would choke, or at least break out with measles.

It was no fault of her own that she was a child prodigy. She just happened to be born into the cruddy home of the professor of languages of the University of Birmingham, England, and from the day of her birth—February 26, 1910—to be exact—the good professor decided that his little daughter should follow in his esteemed footsteps, graduate from the University with high scholastic honors, attend the Paris Sorbonne, and academically set the world on fire. Madeleine barely had time to get her thumb out of her mouth before the tutoring started.

Now Madeleine didn't want to grow up to be a school teacher. "I wanted to be a nun," she says, "and look ethereally beautiful and other-worldish like Lillian Gish in 'The White Sister,' but my father was Irish and adamant." She might have gone on saying "Yes, Papa" in the best Elsie Dinsmore tradition, improving her French, and minding her own business for a number of semesters if it hadn't been for the annual University play along about her junior year. Her classmates had finally forgiven her for being such a smarty-pants—after all it wasn't her fault and she was a sweet little thing—and they began to say all over the campus that a girl as pretty as Madeleine with beautiful blue eyes and all that gorgeous golden hair ought to be in the annual play.

So she was given a leading part in the college play that year, which was 'Salma,' and she was so surprisingly good, or maybe only beautiful, that after the performance Barry Jackson, head of the Birmingham Repertory Company, came backstage and asked her if she'd like to sign a contract and turn "professional." Madeleine said Yes. But the professor said No, and he said it so emphatically that his daughter scurried right back to her class rooms and eventually graduated with a B.A. degree.

As the Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman. A most romantic story.

In the Columbia film "It's All Yours," Madeleine, co-starred with Francis Lederer, turns comedienne with rare success.
MADELEINE CARROLL

Madeleine Carroll with her husband, Captain Philip Astley.

Madeleine went. It was a cold night, but it wasn’t snowing and she wasn’t going to have a baby. Life really isn’t as difficult as the screen would have you believe.

Naturally, after that scene, she couldn’t ask her family for money, besides she was much too proud, so when no producer seamed at all concerned that Madeleine Carroll was sitting in his outer office, had been sitting there for days in fact, she decided that teaching was better than starving, if nothing else. She answered an ad in the newspaper and for $3.50 a week, plus bed and board, she became the tutor of the six children of a second hand clothing dealer, and she even attempted to poison one of them.

On her day off she would pretty herself up as much as possible on her small salary and continue to make her rounds of the producers. Her first “break” came when she was given a small part in a touring company of “The Lash,” wherein she practically ruined her digestion in third rate boarding houses, all for the magnificent sum of $75 weekly.

When the company disbanded she modeled hats, until one bright day by some hook or crook she managed to worm her way into the office of Seymour Hicks, the actor-producer, who signed her to a contract and proceeded to teach her a lot she didn’t know about acting. While she was touring the provinces with him in one of his plays her press agent back in London, a former instructor at the University who was just a little bit in love with his former pupil, entered his photograph in a moving picture contest, and from one hundred and fifty applicants Madeleine was chosen. The prize was the lead in “Guns of Love.”

When England saw how easy on the eyes Miss Madeleine Carroll, B.A., was, the movie offers began to pour in and Madeleine was in quite a dither—the stage was more fun, but the movies were more money. She did not inherit her father’s aversion to money.

So for the next few years she alternated between the two and has to her credit such stage successes as “Beau Geste,” “The Roof,” “Mr. Pickwick,” “Pleasure Cruise” and “French Leave,” the last with Charles Laughton. And on the plus side among her screen productions are “Young Woodley,” “The W. Plan,” “I Was a Spy,” “The 39 Steps,” and “The Secret Agent.” Practically every Hollywood studio sent their scouts around to the London dressing room with instructions to tell Miss Carroll in flowing language about the sunshine in California, the swimming pools with cupids, and the gold in them there hills. But just at the moment Miss Carroll was far more interested in gangsters. “Will they kidnap me?” she inquired. “I don’t want to be put on the spot in Holly-wood.” After being assured, or almost, that the American gangster, like the American Indian, was biting the dust, and hadn’t she heard about the American G-Man, Madeleine, on a loan-out to Fox, insured her jewelry, and crossed the Atlantic.

That was in 1935, and her first American picture was made at Fox, and it was called, “The World Moves On.” “But it didn’t move fast enough,” Madeleine adds. It was certainly no great shakes as a picture, and the Hollywood Glamour Girls breathed a deep sigh of relief, (Oh you know how girls are), and Miss Carroll returned to England. There, among other pictures, she made the famous “39 Steps” with Robert Donat, which released in America, had every Hollywood producer on the transatlantic telephone. Contracts were arranged and re-arranged, with Walter Wanger winning out, and in May 1936 Miss Carroll again crossed the Atlantic and immediately went to work on “The Case Against Mrs. Ames,” which picture put her right up on top as a Hollywood star. After that came “The General Died at Dawn,” “On the Avenue,” “Hollywood of London,” “It’s All Yours,” and the muchly publicized “Prisoner of Zenda.” Miss Carroll is here to stay. She is beautiful, and what’s more she can act. The Glamour Girls might just as well face it.

But it wasn’t gangsters who scared [Continued on page 78]
Pets For Pals

REVEAL, the untold facts about a person's pet and you'll be reporting the inside secret of his character! Tyrone Power said this to me emphatically, only it was a "her" instead of a "his" as he ended the suggestion. It always is—his mind just will run forever to the feminine sex. Regardless of this dominating trend in Tyrone, however, I had to admit that he really had something there. The important clique I have somehow completely overlooked in my monthly spotlighting of Hollywood's star coteries is the animal-loving circle. Talk about the tennis enthusiasts, the golf nuts, the music addicts! They are mild, seemingly cold-blooded souls in comparison to these players who impetuously choose pets for pals. For there is no belonging to this particular crowd unless the heart is genuinely warm. Affection must be given freely. And what returns it rates!

Hollywood is heaven to pets. Here they are more than a mere hobby. No dog is kept outside nor shifts for himself. Cats aren't mistrusted. Potted birds sing more gayly, speak more amazingly. A turtle I met practically goes into a truckin' step when its master comes home. The pets of the famous are honored guests in the feverly cautious until wooed into becoming favored friends. They are, invariably, taken care of correctly and the resulting loyalty is obviously gratifying indeed.

You may have heard of the swank dog show at the Ambassador Hotel, but do you realize how much preparation goes into such an event? Purebred dogs, like the local film rulers, have that extra glamour because they have been literally treated to a dose of beauty-culturing. The best dogs are manicured, plucked couched; their teeth are polished regular and their coats are constantly glossed.

Stu Erwin possesses Hollywood's champion Scotties and English bulls; in fact, his Scotties are the country's foremost. (Think of another dog, Stu fingered through his mail and discovered a check, just enough to purchase the one he wanted. So he named it Technicolor Dividend, and that's how strange names are born.) Marion Davies' Mahatma Gandhi hasn't materialized at the show yet, but he's been acknowledged the colony's snappiest dachshund, so maybe he won't take the trouble to bow. Jeanette MacDonald's sky terrier, Stormy Weather, is a champion of his breed, and is after still another blue ribbon.

Boris Karloff wants a cup for his Bedlington terrier that resembles a lamb. Charlie Ruggles has seven champions on display—miniature schnauzers, Afghan hounds, and a West Highland white Terrirer. He is, actually, the owner of the most champs. Errol Flynn boasts two Rhodesian lion dogs straight from South African safari assignments. Even if he did have to give away the dog he had on hand, to suit the imports, he's willing as the sole owner of this kind of animal in America. Mary Pickford, as a contrast, has the cutest dog in the show—Ming Toy, the tiniest pure white toy Peke in existence. Of course, you know that a dog cannot be called

Charles Ruggles, owner of the "Terrier Shop," boards the pet dogs when owners are away. It's a business that only a pet lover would have. Charlie has seven champions of his own.

Errol Flynn has two Rhodesian lion dogs and is the sole owner of this kind of animal in America. (Right) A trailer for his dogs is Basil Rathbone's idea for going a-hunting in fine style.
By Ben Maddox

a champion until he has topped in at least three major shows.

There is something about the excitement of the dog show that simply slays Edward Everett Horton. His dogs could walk away with ribbons, but he can't feel that they should have to go forth and compete when he already senses how swell they are. He isn't old-fashioned; he's individual. For instance, he has microphones for his dog's benefit! Many of his rooms are wired with them, and the kennels are fixed up with loud-speakers. At breakfast-time he says, "Good morning, good morning!" And they all bark back. If, of a night, they should awaken and sound off, he can reach for the mike on his bedstand and give them a quiet talk about good little dogs. Quite a convenient set-up!

I am certain that you have heard of star diets, but are you aware of Hollywood's fancy canine dietetic services that send over an attendant with the proper meals for your pooch? You don't even have to do the serving, no stoop, no bother! Anita Louise is a steady client. Speaking of Anita, she now has a fence around her back yard, built at a cost of $75 even though she's only renting her place. Her Scottie ran away so often during the past year that she was out $150 in rewards. Joan Crawford, on the other hand, demands to feed Baby and Pupchen, her faithful dachshunds, right along with herself. They settle at her feet, even when she's throwing one of those Saturday night suppers, and there is elegance everywhere. They eat directly under her fond eyes.

When a Hollywood dog steps out it naturally appears in an expensive tailored sweater. Except for Connie Bennett's spaniels—she has Spic, who's tan-and-white, and Span, who's black-and-white, and she attires herself according to which she's taking with her! The lady dogs are, as a rule, going further this season; they're introducing knitted dog pajamas.

When a Hollywood dog is ill the best is none too good. So there are all-white hospitals where a uniformed nurse tenderly handles the case. Registered dog doctors prescribe and operate when necessary. Drama rears with a typical movie touch occasionally. When Marion Davies' dearest sealymah took suddenly sick she telephoned long-distance from her ranch, secured a diagnosis, and—learning that a transfusion was the answer—had a nurse and a dog blood-doner hop a special airplane.

Even for a bath there's generally a whisk to a convenient hospital for the works. Bette Davis must be a sister-under-the-skin to Joan Crawford, for she insists upon bathing her Scottie and her sealymah herself. Not in an elaborate and appropriate room, as some stars wish, either. Bette has a big iron washtub in her back yard and there she splashes them with delightful abandon.

To an indulgent master or mistress a dog deserves a pleasant vacation. Charlie Ruggles caters to this instinctive unselfishness. He owns the leading vacation kennels. First there is the clinical laboratory for an entrance examination. Next the happy boarder receives a [Continued on page 66]
In Hollywood The Players Who Click
In Radio Settle Down In Luxury.
Their Homes Are Show Places

By Radie Harris

Back in the good old days when “Fanny” was still a girl's name, there used to be a sentimental ditty called, “My Little Grey Home In The West.”
The melody lingers on, but out here along Hollywood’s Radio Row, the words have come to have a different meaning. Earthquakes and “unusual climate” notwithstanding, the homes are still in the west, but they are rarely grey and they certainly are far from little!
In other words, dear readers, the men who make dated coffee out of tin, six delicious flavors, lotions of love and cigarettes that satisfy (sponsors to you!) have made it possible for crooners, comedians and just plain stars to heed Paramount’s advice and “Go West Young Man” to dig for the gold in them there Beverly Hills.
I can remember as far back as the winter of 1932 when Hollywood and radio were as far apart as Connie Bennett and the press. Today, you can’t twist a dial without hearing the ethereal tones of your favorite “moon pitcher.”
Unless your talents encompass both the radio and the screen you just don’t rate any more (off stage income tax voices of Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Walter Winchell, W. C. Fields: “Maybe you don’t know how lucky you are!”).
The result of this interchange of talent is slowly but surely shifting the radio scene from New York to Hollywood. N. B. C. and Columbia are already building large studios. Radio artists can broadcast anywhere, but screen stars can only act in Hollywood. (There are those who may refute this point, but we won’t go into that now!). Consequently, if Edgar Bergen, Deanna Durbin, Joe Penner, Gertrude Niesen, Bobby Breen, Frances Langford, Kenny Baker, Jack Barty and Billie and Allen, to mention a few, want to combine both mediums, they must adopt, “California Here I Come—And Stay” as their theme song.
I leave yet to explain to any object—least of all the California realtors. What Lombard is to Gable, that’s what the radio in question is to Hollywood real estate.
Take Gertrude Niesen, for instance (provided that Craig Reynolds, Columbia Pictures, Inc., and Richfield Oil will let you!), Miss Niesen has just bought a three-acre estate of Mediterranean design in the exclusive Holmby Hills section where her neighbors on Ferring Road are Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne—two very nice reasons to “Love Thy Neighbor,” even if you have to walk a couple of acres to borrow cream and sugar!
The afternoon I bought the house, I left on a personal appearance tour.” Gertrude told me, as she took me on an attic to cellar inspection of twelve rooms and four fireplaces—with not an escalator in sight! “I expected to be gone for five weeks and stayed four months. When I finally came back, my mother and father drove me up to the entrance and said, “Remember, this belongs to you!”
Before purchasing this Holmby Hills Mediterranean palazzo, Gertrude had made a bid on the Rudy Vallee estate which was on the market at the time. And therein lies a story.

It was only four years ago that she made her radio debut in a guest spot on the Vallee variety show, emanating from New York. Her remuneration was $300. Within that span of time her rise has been so rapid that her salary is now in the upper brackets. Her fame as a torch singer preceded her to Hollywood, where Universal signed her for a featured spot in “Top of the Town.” (She would just as soon not revive that memory!) Now, she is “carrying the torch” for Columbia and will soon be seen in “Freshman Follies,” a gay musical with score by Johnny Green, with whom she will be united again for the first time since she was his featured soloist in a sustaining series called, “Music in the Modern Manner.”
Yes indeed, La Niesen’s “singing for her supper” has given her a pretty good meal ticket in Hollywood. She may be “Mooanin’ Low” in song, but she really is the happiest girl this side of Holmby Hills.
Not far from the Niesen hunk of house, lives another "torch singer" who is doing all right for herself, too. Her name is Frances Langford.

Gertrude Niesen, radio singer, is also cast for “Freshman Follies.” Between calls she relaxes on her circular bed. It is covered with velvet in a lovely shade of tawny. A large wall mirror of dusky blue reflects two built-in lamps.

MAGIC! Beautiful Homes Out
It was her expert "canarying" over the major networks that first brought Frances to the attention of the movie moguls. M-G-M imported her to Culver City on a long term contract and "Hollywood Hotel" immediately annexed her as a permanent guest. The result of her combined salary in these two separate fields of entertainment is epitomized in the large Italian facade set back imposingly on Sunset Boulevard.

It is unusual enough for a twenty-three-year-old youngster to be the owner of such an elaborate domain, but what is even more unusual is the fact that Frances hails from Florida! And what Florida thinks of California is somewhat akin to what the Duke of Windsor thinks of English politics.

However, Frances is not quite as traitorous to her native soil as you might suspect. She has also invested a goodly share of her California earnings in an orange grove in her

Florida birthplace—Lakeland, to you, huh! She may be living in high estate on the gold coast, but the oranges on her breakfast table every morning come from the sunny south. And if you have ever tasted California oranges, that's not half so much loyalty as good common sense!

Speaking of sense, reminds me of that non-sensical duo, Burns and Allen, who through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures and General Foods, are also property owners in Hollywood.

Their dwelling is a charming structure of Colonial Monterey design, situated on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. It is "the house that gags built"—a magnificent monument to the self-made success of these tireless troupers. It is the story of this success in capsule form—hotel trunk—parlor, bedroom and bath—duplex apartment—rented house—each a forerunner to the twelve room estate with swimming pool, playhouse, nursery and landscaped gardens that they now call "home."

When they moved in, the only possessions they brought with them from the "past" were a Capehart radio and Gracie's modernistic boudoir clock. The radio is now concealed in an early American cabinet hundreds of years old, and the modernistic clock has been replaced by an antique alarm.

Wisely, they have conceded their lack of experience in the art of decoration and have turned over the entire job of furnishing to the exquisite taste of Harold Grieve. In only one thing did George and Gracie have a personal hand. And they have lived to regret it.

It was their brilliant idea to install a separate playground off the nursery for their adopted youngsters, Sandra and Ronnie. A gravel walk was set in, and the first day both children fell and cut their knees. The gravel was quickly changed to asphalt, but it seems that the asphalt caught the rays of the sun and the reflection hurt their eyes. Again, the carpenters were summoned and as the asphalt was being dug up once more, a chip flew into one of the workman's eye. He immediately sued for damages.

P.S. Gracie and George are now saving all their "brilliant" ideas for radio.

On the same mapled drive as Burns and Allen, a little further south, is another home for the movie guides to point out. For here at 612 live Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

Last summer when they were in Hollywood, playing a supper club engagement at the "Casanova," and no one could foresee their radio and screen possibilities, the best they could afford was a small furnished apartment, with a kitchen large enough for Ma Bergen to prepare the home cooked meals.

Now, by the grace of Chase and San... (Continued on page 71)
MY BATTERED Ford finally managed to climb the last hill and cough its way around the bend from which I could see the Hollywoodland sign on the opposite hill. Jungfrau, Gale Sonderegger's long, streamline dog, came out to meet me and wagged his greeting. I knew I had found the right place, the last house on the highest point. Standing on the front steps, one can look down across Hollywood to the sea.

Gale, herself, was in the garden watching her producer husband plant roses. Each time I meet Gale, I am more surprised. Each time she seems more striking than the time before. Her charm lies in her overabundance of vivaciousness. She is naturally exotic and much younger than she appears on the screen.

She greeted me with her broad smile and outstretched hand. She was wearing a print dress . . . red roses on a black background. Her blue-black hair was parted in the middle and combed back behind her ears. Her long, gold earrings cut the severity of this style.

We had no sooner settled ourselves in her sunken living room and began to make plans for our day together when a call came from the studio. She had to return for retakes for "The Life of Emile Zola." And so our plans were made for us.

Gale didn't seem to mind this additional work, which she had not counted upon.

"I don't mind doing anything for Warners," she said. "It seems like my home lot. Although I'm not under contract to the studio, I made two of my three pictures there."

Gale, an established actress with The Theatre Guild in New York, has never been particularly interested in pictures. It was only after innumerable actresses had been tested for the part of "Faith" in "Anthony Adverse" that she was persuaded to accept the role. Imagine her delight to discover that she was to play opposite Claude Rains, with whom she had appeared on the Broadway stage. It was this, her first role in Hollywood, that won her the Academy award.

"You will be surprised," she said, "to find me in a sympathetic role at last. I play the wife of Dreyfus, who was banished from France when he was accused of selling information to a foreign agent. You remember his case was carried on in France from 1894 to 1906."

"Besides," she added with a twinkle of her eye, "I'm glad to be in a picture with Paul Muni, who has always been one of my favorites. Oh, yes," she replied to my expression of asonishment, "I'm a movie fan, too! I have my favorites. I run to see every picture in which Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Helen Hayes and Greta Garbo appear."

This vivid, interesting daughter of the Vikings is the daughter of Hans Fjellesen Sonderegger, a Professor at the University of Wisconsin. She was born at Litchfield, Wis., and attended high school in Minneapolis and college at the University of Minnesota. She was always prominent in school dramas and graduated directly to the stage. Her first professional engagement was as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice." She then played in stock with Jessie Bonello's company in Detroit.

Already a seasoned trouper, she has no ambition beyond acting. She was with The Theatre Guild for three years, playing in "Faust" and "Karl and Anna" before she graduated to leading woman in "Red Rust," "Alison's House" and "Doctor Monica." She also played the neurotic Nina in "Strange Interlude" for six months, a strenuous test for any actress, since the play began in the afternoon and ran through the evening with time between.

Gale has traveled in England, Denmark, Sweden and Germany. She is married to Herbert Blumer, "Theatre Guild director of such outstanding successes as "Valley Forge" and "Green Grow the Lilacs." In spite of the fact that Mervyn LeRoy is responsible for her first picture opportunity, she lists her husband as her favorite director.

As Gale turned into the road leading to Burbank and the studio, she warned me that there might be some difficulty getting in on the set.

"Muni has been giving so much to his role," she explained, "that he has been pretty high-stung and all visitors have been barred. We'll see what we can do.

It was all easier than we anticipated. By a stroke of luck, we had no sooner turned into the studio gates than we saw Muni leaving the set. He came over to see "hello."

"What's the camera mood, Gale?" I asked.

"Final," she explained the situation. He said he thought it would be all right if we visited the set and took us in.

The scene was a court room. The cameras began grinding. He stroked his beard, which I supposed was a hangover from the one he got for "The Woman I Love."

The luncheon call came in before Gale had a chance to get anything but a peculiar feeling, sitting there in the green room of the commissary. With the exception of the director, I was the only one in our group in modern dress. For a moment I wondered whether the present day costumes aren't making a mistake. The women looked beautiful.

I mentioned this to Gale. She said, "Just wait until you see me in costume for my favorite role, WHICH I have played for a long time. It's the loveliest period of fashion in history. My secret ambition is to play Josephine."

Gale had reached the dessert course when she was told that they were ready for her. I declined joining her and promised that I would come to a few hours, during which I hoped to sneak around some of the other sets.

When I returned, I was surprised to find her finished and in her costume for me. We drove back to Hollywoodland so that I could pick up my flivver, which I felt I had rested long enough to make the trip back home. I had to hail a cab! I hesitated long enough to sip a glass of sherry as a bracer. Gale joined me, although she didn't seem to need a bracer, even though she had been doing the work.

The Immediate Recognition Which Gale Sonderegger's Talent Received Has Made Her Rise Remarkable. She Has Won The Highest Honors In The Fewest Pictures.

By Alyce Shupper
In "The Bride Wore Red," Robert Young and Joan Crawford. (Below) One of his great successes was with Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him in Paris." (Bottom) Living room in his home.

TO ROBERT YOUNG

He has introduced to the screen a new type—a character actor who is neither a slave to make-up nor yet a comic. He has played youthful lovers, but escaped the label "Great Lover." Comedy is natural to him, yet in straight dramatic parts he has few superiors.

(Below) Robert and his proud wife. The two babies must be having their nap.
"When My Ship Comes In"

Reading from left right—Eleanor Whiting, Wendy Barrie, Frances Farmer, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Margaret Ida Lupino, Ann Sothern, Ann Sheridan, Gloria Patrick, Eleanor Powell, and Nan Grey. Please to meet cha!
THE salaries that are paid to the girl stars seem to most of us quite out of proportion to the work they do. But that is because we forget the essential character of this business of the movies.

If a girl plays a role so well that she endows a character with real personality, we feel a bond of sympathy with the stranger that talent has created. If fifty prints are made and if the picture reaches even one half of the theatres, at least ten million people will thrill to the inspired moment when the picture was made. If the actress gives you a penny's worth of pleasure, she has truly earned ten million cents—one hundred thousand dollars. And many stars receive as great amounts, or even greater, during the year.

No wonder that actresses are anxious to lend their beauty and artistic skill to the screen. Nor is it strange that each one of the girls looks forward eagerly to the day when the ship of her dreams will come in.
THE SILVER SCREEN COMEDY HALL OF FAME
The Comedy Stars Deserve Pedestals A Little Higher Than Dramatic Actors, For Comedians Are Born With A Great Gift

FROM among the many players who are blessed with a sense of comedy there are those without whom no Hall of Fame could be fairly representative. These particular ten have given us a share in their droll personalities. Their art has wakened the whole world to laughter. At left, Harold Lloyd, in his famous bespectacled character. Alice Brady, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Gracie Allen, Charlie Chaplin, Martha Raye, W. C. Fields, Edward Everett Horton, and Jack Oakie. Under their make-up, the players are modest and human and no one will look at our Hall of Fame with more interest than they.

(Left to right) Frank McHugh, Bob Benchley, Una Merkel, Red Sparks, Roland Young, Mary Boland, Patsy Kelly, Charles Butterworth, Bob Burns, Stu Erwin, Mischa Auer and Billie Burke. They are all potential pedestal toppers.
THE COWBOYS ARE CALLING

The Drumbeat Of Running Horses Still Stirs The Blood,
And The Scenery Of The Western Trails Is Incomparable.
Lovely To Look At

Olivia De Havilland in a shimmering glacier blue satin frock with a graceful swooping train to the skirt, and latticed inserts of braided satin accentuating the wide belt and tight-fitting sleeves. (Below—left) Black velvet and crisp white taffeta fashion Anita Louise's quaint frock with its car-selet waistline and shoulder straps reminiscent of a bye-gone age. (Next) For the theatre Marguerite Churchill dans a luscious raisin-colored satin ensemble, the skirt of which swaysly molds her slender figure, and the jacket having modified leg a' mutton sleeves. (Below) Pat Paterson goes divinely romantic in a sheath of black velvet with a swinging skirt and dropped puffed sleeves. (Next) Canary yellow chiffon with a high neckline is Verree Teasdale's choice for a formal ball. An embroidered panel, in blue on silver on wine, draws attention to the bodice, while the flowing train adds charm to the softly flared skirt. A three-quarter-length chinchilla wrap lends true elegance to this costume.
(Above—left) An evening turban of gold metal cloth wrapped over black crepe is sponsored by Joan Woodbury, and (above) Anita Louise wears a black velvet "boy's cap" trimmed with lilies of the valley for informal night club "partying."

(Above—left) The last word in ultra-sophistication is this luxurious silver fox cape of Ann Sather's... lovely for the operat (Next) Ginger Rogers smiles happily in her smoke gray crepe Elizabeth formal gown, over which is worn a casual bolero trimmed with a border of pale yellow and plum crepe to match the long, carelessly knotted sash. (Next) Translucent mousseline de soie in delicate pink is Barbara Stanwyck's selection when she wants to look particularly feminine and illusive. The decolletage and pointed tunic are subtly etched with silver sequins. (Next) Flame and gold lamé is Barbara Read's choice for a glamorous evening. (Right) Grace Moore makes a dramatic appearance in an opulent black evening coat lavishly bordered with silver fox, worn over a dinner gown of black and white striped organza. A flowered top knot is perched on her golden hair something after the fashion of an off-the-face hat.

Evening Fashions Enhance A Woman's Natural Charms

With the holiday season close at hand one's thoughts turn joyously to the many parties ahead. And parties mean getting decked out in one's very gayest clothes. Illustrated here is a variety of modes that should answer the requirements of the most exacting among you... for instance, the long sleeved, jacketed model to take you to the restaurant or the theatre, the long sleeved hostess gown when you entertain in your own home, the casual "Sunday Night" frock, the "Sweet Girl Graduate" affair for weekend dances at college or that house party in the country, as well as the sophisticated, formal gowns that look as if you had been plastered right into them.
New Pictures For

Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago"

George Burns, Fred Astaire and Gracie Allen in "A Damsel in Distress"

Ray Milland, Oscar Homolka and Charles Stevens in "Ebb Tide"

Robert Montgomery, Robert Benchley and Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn"

Frank McHugh, Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien in "Submarine D-1"

Roger Imhof, Burgess Meredith and Mary Boland in "There Goes the Groom."
November Evenings

Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne in "The Great Garrick"

Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard in "Stand-In"

June Lang and Tony Martin in "Ali Baba Goes to Town"

William Powell and Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"

Adia Kuznetsoff, Luis Alberni and Gladys George in "Madame X"

Addison Richards and Joan Parker in "The Barrier"
Stills That Reveal The Postures Of Figures In Movement.

Action

Mischa Auer and Adolphe Menjou play checkers. They must be training to become firemen!

Judy Garland, whose voice is a sensation. She may soon be starred.

Lorraine Krueger and Joan Woodbury in some of the regulation poses of fencing.
Carole Lombard. Bowling is down her alley. Joan Davis is very pretty, but she isn’t interested in beauty prizes.

Nobody likes to have to spend lunch money on stockings. Why not keep stockings like new longer, with Lux? Lux cuts down on runs by saving stocking elasticity. Soaps containing harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing—tend to weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali . . . cuts down costly runs!

—saves E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

Cut Down RUNS this Easy Way . . .

MY HELEN CUT! DOWN RUNS WITH LUX, IT SAVES ELASTICITY—DO TRY IT

BETTY’S ALWAYS BROKE, SO MUCH MONEY GOES FOR STOCKINGS

NOW, BETTY, YOU MUSTN’T SCRIMP ON LUNCHES. CAN’T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL WITH YOUR STOCKINGS?

LATER

MUMS GAVE ME YOUR LUX TIP MRS. BROWN—IT HAS SAVED ME DOLLARS

I’M SO GLAD, BETTY I KNEW LUX WOULD CUT DOWN YOUR RUNS

BUT, MUMS—that GOSH AWFUL RUN MEANS NO LUNCH TODAY!
The Great Character Actresses
On The Screen
Are An Honor
To Their Profession.

These girls of yesterday, pretty and talented, were fine actresses. Many nights they looked out across the footlights, thrilled to the applause from "the house," and learned the art of expression. Their faces have changed, their talents have grown richer until today they are among the acknowledged artists of Hollywood.

When she was about 16 years old, Helen Broderick, whose recent portrait is below, started on the career that has now made her famous. (Below) Edna May Oliver. Taken from a group photographed on the piazza steps a long time ago.

Jane Darwell in 1917 when she was with the Wilkes Stock Company in Seattle, Washington. Always attractive — always important.

Elizabeth Patterson as she was at 18, and, below, as she is now. She almost stars in "High, Wide and Handsome."

Jane Darwell, today
Helen Broderick, today
Edna May Oliver, today
IT was late February afternoon in 1930, and Wesley Ruggles, the director and William LeBaron, then RKO-Radio production chief, sole occupants of a studio projection room, were beginning to weary. For eight hours, with only a brief intermission for lunch, their gaze had been fixed on the screen before them, where they had viewed tests of more than 50 of Hollywood's outstanding actresses in their search for a co-star for Richard Dix in 'Cimarron.'

Neither had uttered a word during the running of the last five reels, Ruggles conveying his repeated disapproval by a mere shake of his head. Finally, though, it was he who broke the silence.

"It's beginning to look hopeless, but let's glance at one more, then we'll call it a day," he said to his superior.

"One more," volunteered the other, "for tomorrow's a new day."

The celluloid shadow of another beauty flashed on the silversheet. Ruggles, who had been slumped in his chair, suddenly leaned forward. Eyestrain and bodily and mental fatigue were forgotten. With the final fade-out, he called to the projectionist to re-run it.

"Whoever she is, I'm sure she's the one," he told LeBaron.

"She's Irene Dunne, a new contract player," explained the latter. "Plenty of Broadway musical experience, but very little in the dramatic line, and no picture record whatsoever."

"Well," replied the director, "if it's agreeable to you, we'll not only provide her with the camera experience, but we'll make her a full-fledged star in 'Cimarron!'"

"Finel" agreed the studio boss.

And another Ruggles-made satellite had begun her flight across the cinematic horizon.

"Star builder!" That's the title Hollywood long ago bestowed upon Wes Ruggles, who has been converting neophytes into stellar material ever since he checked his makeup kit for a megaphone, and that's almost a decade and a half ago.

Jack Oakie was penniless and hungry, and the sole of his only pair of shoes beyond repair from daily trudging between film plants in his fruitless search for work, when Ruggles, seeing in the comedian something that all other executives had overlooked, signed him to a personal contract and gave him his lens baptismal in 'Finders Keepers,' which he filmed for Universal. Oakie was made!

Gladys George deserted Broadway in 1931, and, under contract to M-G-M, appeared in "Straight Is the Way." Neither Miss George nor the picture clicked, and her stock, insofar as Hollywood was concerned, rated far below par. A year later, Wesley Ruggles saw her in "Personal Appearance," on the New York stage, to which she had returned, and signed her for the starring role in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," in which she gave one of the finest portrayals in the history of the silversheet.

Arlene Judge, with bits in a couple of Broadway musicals to her credit, was a glorified extra on the RKO-Radio lot when Ruggles selected her for "Are These Our Children?" in which he practically zoomed her into the talkie heavens overnight. He cast Eric Linden, until then in minor roles, opposite Miss Judge, and definitely established him as one of the better young actors.

He plucked George Raft out of the featured player ranks and boosted him into top position in "Border." In the same production, he gave Ray Milland, now one of Paramount's brightest hopes, a "bit," then went to the front office and argued his superiors into plac-
An Unexpected Flirtation May Obscure The Warmth and Glory of True Love.

Fictionalization of
"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN."
Produced by Walter Wanger and Directed by Arthur Ripley and Joshua Logan. Screen Play by David Hertz. From the novel by Allene Cornell. (The cast will be found at the end of this story).

By
Jack
Bechdolt

Imprisoned by the storm, Julie (Joan Bennett) found the stranger in the cabin irresistibly charming.

LYNBORO had not changed. Julie Weir, looking from the window of the station taxi saw the same giant elms, the familiar white houses with green blinds. Girls in sweaters and sneakers carried their books to class across the college campus. Boys glanced after them and hastened to catch them up. Lynboro of 1927 was like the town of ten years before, but Julie Weir had changed!

Outwardly she still bore the trim, almost girlish figure of 1917. Her face had that same eager, youthful beauty. But life had done things to the heart of Julie Weir that she was almost afraid to remember. Life and the world had together taught her to be wise and gave her a tragic soul. She was no longer the romantic girl who had attended classes in Lynboro. She was a widow and beside her in the taxi sat a seven-year-old daughter whose father had died a tragic death in Paris. Ten years was a bridge, a long bridge, a dreary perspective at whose far end stood a wistful-eyed Julie Weir she scarcely could recognize.

Returned from abroad after ten years, Julie told herself she had come to Lynboro only to see her Aunt William who was closer to her heart than her own mother had been. But it was mostly of a man that Julie thought as the taxi hurried on. He was the man she once had been engaged to marry—the man she loved still.

His name was Ives Towner.

That spring morning when Julie returned he was meeting his class in Advanced Biology, on time to the minute as he always met his classes through term time. He was saying in that dry, weary voice that poorly concealed his impatience with it all, "Monday we discussed the morphology of the ant. Today we shall study its polymorphism."

He still resembled the Ives Towner of 1917, a studious, intent man with the mature good looks that ten years had added. Every gesture he made, every sudden glint of his dark eyes showed practised restraint of nerves that were tortured by his tragic loneliness.

Ives Towner and Julie Weir had been boy and girl sweethearts. Julie had had everything to the studious, imaginative young man—his dream of beauty, romance, ambition. He had been the happiest man alive—in 1927.

On Christmas eve Julie, hurrying home to Aunt William's, lost her way in the blizzard. Fate turned her to the cottage rented by Michael Shaw. She had mistaken Michael's practiced sophistication for the one great love and next day Julie left Lynboro and Ives Towner forever—so she thought.

Ives lingered on, the shell of a man who taught Biology B2 and remained a dutiful son to a managing mother. His life included neither past nor future, only a dreary present. He was pointed out as one man who had never lost his head over a woman.

A girl student in Ives' biology class knew this. Her name was Brenda Lane, the daughter of a rich man. She knew it partly
Ives went on, but something had happened to him that spring day. The restlessness of the season was swelling in his heart. He could not bear the gentle nagging of his managing mother or the unfeeling curiosity of his sister and brother-in-law. He went down to the stream to escape them and on the other bank he saw the ghost of his lost love, Julie Weir, so little changed and yet so greatly!

They looked at each other, the stream between them, saying commonplace things stiffly and self-consciously. The old bitterness was between them like the stream, but that bitterness was a wide ocean over which they scarcely could recognize each other, strain their eyes as they would. Out of common decency Julie made her pleas in the name of old friendship. At least they had left to share "Ives! You have that cast iron look of a statue of Nelson at Trafalgar. What are you staring at?"

He answered slowly, grimly, "Oh, all the things a statue stares at—windy, cold streets and—strangers walking by."

He left her standing beside the stream and when the little girl, Michael, asked her, "Mummy, who is that man," Julie's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, just someone I used to know."

Brenda Lane inherited the persistence that had made her father rich. Determined to fight for Ives she hid herself in his car. He had to listen to the story of her infatuation again. It was the old story of a girl who glanced up from the reading of Heloise and Abelard in the college library and saw the man of her dreams crossing the campus, a bundle of books under his arm. A silly story about a silly girl that sharply reminded Ives of another silly boy and silly girl who had broken their hearts ten years ago. Suddenly it made Ives Tower laugh.

He explained hastily that he was not laughing at Brenda, but at himself. "You mustn't ever make yourself unhappy over me. Ten years from now you'll laugh when you re-member hiding yourself in my car. If I must have an audience to laugh—ten years ... Come on, forget your melancholy and be happy now!"

She moved closer to him, her lips tempting him, "I'll laugh if you'll say you could love me... if you could ever love me—""

He took her into his arms and kissed her swiftly, impetuously. He still laughed a little as he kissed her, "If you'll just say that you'll love me some day—" Brenda persisted through his kisses.

"No," said Ives, "I'm not in love with you. I'll never be in love with you. I'm not in love with anyone and I'll never be in love with anyone." He held her at a little distance, laughing at his folly. "You're very pretty. Aren't you? You don't mind that I'll never love you, do you?"

"I think I do mind," Brenda said, laughing too because his kisses had dazzled her. "I think I mind, but I'm too happy to care, just now!"

Ives had made a great discovery. He had learned to laugh at himself and the old heartbreak over Julie. If you could laugh—and keep on laughing—and if there was a pretty girl like Brenda to help you forget—life wasn't so bad, after all!

Brenda was eager to teach Ives to forget. At a roadhouse she taught him to dance and to laugh more at himself. And in the back of her shriveled brain Brenda cherished her unfolding purpose, someday to make him love her. Ives didn't love her. He made that plain to her. But he was grateful to the girl whose foolish young infatuation with him had shown him how foolish was his infatuation with Julie, ten years ago. He came back to campus and his classes a changed man, eager to laugh more. His sister reminded him of the school faculty dance. His mother, fearful that her son was slipping away from her and blaming Julie Weir for his change, urged him nervously not to take Julie to the dance. Promptly, Ives went to the telephone and invited Julie.

She had reached an honest realization of herself. She knew now that always at the back of her mind had been the faint hope of returning to Lynboro and finding against him the one dish of the spring as in 1907. Ives' invitation to the faculty dance, delivered with newfound optimism, convinced her that the miracle had come to pass. Julie went to the dance [Continued on page 68]
BORN WITH IT!

By

Laurence Morgan

ALLAN JONES knocked the pins right out from under me. Now, in case you haven’t heard, when a reporter gets his pins knocked out from under him there’s bound to be NEWS in large capital type some place in the immediate vicinity. There was! And I’m still wondering vaguely just who was interviewed . . . a singer named Jones, a scribe named Morgan, or three and a half horses. That may sound a bit wacky, I know, but, those three and a half horses are very important and will be explained a little later on.

In the first place, when I received this assignment I thought to myself, “Hmmm . . . Jones, Jones . . . no relation to Buck Jones or John Paul Jones or even to Bobby Jones, that’s sure. Let’s see . . . Oh, sure . . . Allan Jones, synonymous with operettas, the concert stage and the opera. Ordinary routine assignment.”

So I glanced sketchily through the “Book of the Opera,” made sure I still knew the meaning of such words as “fugue,” “canita,” and “arpeggio,” and sallied forth to Brentwood to interview an opera star. Which all goes to show just how wrong a guy can be at times.

A butler, sartorially elegant in his butting habiliments, admitted me and glied off in search of Mr. Jones. He was in the study, he thought. I wandered about the huge living room and admired the Steinway concert grand and the framed photographs of Irene Hervey, his beautiful wife, and wondered, idly, what an opera singer wore on hot afternoons . . . purple silk lounging pajamas or satin smocks. Or possibly semi-formal afternoon attire as illustrated in the newspaper advertisements.

It was then that Mr. Allan Jones entered. Or rather, I should say, he sauntered in. That was the moment when my underpinnings first began to buckle. For Mr. Jones was tastily, if slightly informally, attired in a pair of faded blue dungarees . . . the kind sailors wear when they’re scrubbing the decks . . . a blue woolen polo shirt (nicely ripped across the shoulder) that looked as if it had been used variously as, (a) a dust-mop, (b) a saddle blanket, and (c) something a large police dog had taken a fancy to. This whole natty ensemble being topped off by a pair of very tired looking house slippers. For the first time in my life I actually felt like O. O. McPhee’s description of a well-dressed young man.

“Hi’ya, boy? What’s on your mind?” was his greeting and we shook hands. I glanced down quickly to see whether any blood had spilled on the carpet and if there would be any chance of ever pouring a typewriter with that hand again. Faintly assured, but still worried, I admitted to being a reporter with nothing on my mind but an interview.

“Interview? Oh, that.” He dismissed the subject as something not very important. “Sure . . . anything you like. Shoot.”

I grasped a pencil in my still benumbed mitt and prepared, determinedly, to find out how come a conductor on the stage happened to have the physique of an intercollegiate heavyweight wrestler, the taste in clothes of an unemployed longshoreman, and a set of teeth that looked exactly like a dentifrice ad. And, incidentally, to find out how he could stay so busy and still manage to keep a tan which can only be described as being two and a half shades darker than an old mahogany sideboard. I found out, all right.

“Is it ‘where you’re planning to quit pictures and return to the concert stage?’” I asked.

“Gosh, no! Where’d you hear that?”

“Oh, ‘round and about town. I just wondered.” I said.

“Allan Jones is Different From The Accepted Type Of Singer—Bigger And Better.

“Silliest thing I ever heard of.” He paused to light his pipe, then, on a sudden thought, he said, “Hey, want to see something swell? Come on outside . . . we can talk better out there anyway.” He arose and led the way out through the back of the house and around to the side where there was an adjoining field, or rather, a fenced-in pasture. We perched ourselves on the top rail of the fence and I wondered if he was going to show me a new autogyro or something, but all I could see were three horses and a brand new colt.

“Just look at that!” he said, and slightly patronizingly, “But that the prettiest sight you’ve ever seen!”

I followed his enraptured gaze and sure enough it was the horses that held him spell-bound. Nothing so commonplace as an airplane or a pet camel. Just three and a half horses . . . a brown one, a white one, and one and a half gray ones.

“Know anything about horses?” he asked.

“Only enough to keep away from the south end of them. Say, how about this interview? Where were you born, Mr. Jones?”


“Darnd cute colt,” I said. “When did you first commence to sing?”

“Back at St. Luke’s Episcopal Church when I was eight years old. Just look at those withers will you. Just look at them!” Dutifully I inspected the mare’s withers.

And so help me, that’s the way I had to [Continued on page 72]
ONE HUNDRED MEN AND A GIRL

RECOMMENDED TO EVERYBODY—ESPECIALLY MUSIC LOVERS—U?

IF THIS doesn't give you one of the grandest evenings you've ever spent in a theatre there's something wrong with you. Little Deanna Dunbin once more wraps herself around your heart, just as she did in "Three Smart Girls," and when she sings "Exultate Jubilate" and "La Traviata" with Leopold Stokowski's symphonic orchestra it's all too ecstatically beautiful to be true.

The story is about a little girl, Deanna, who is the pride and joy of her daddy, Adolphe Menjou, a poor musician who hasn't been able to get work in ages. One night he finds a purse, jammed with bills, and to make Deanna happy he tells her he has a job with Stokowski's orchestra. She is heartbroken when she discovers that he has lied to her and insists upon returning the purse to its rightful owner, Alice Brady, flusterbrain wife of a radio magnate, Eugene-Palette. Miss Brady promises to sponsor an orchestra on the air for her if she will organize it, then promptly forgets the child and sails for Europe.

The rest of the picture is centered about Deanna's disappointment, her search, and her eventual success in getting work for her father and a hundred hungry musicians—you will cry a little, laugh a lot, and enjoy it all most thoroughly. There has never been a more thrilling scene in any picture than the scene in which the celebrated Stokowski's fingers begin to move and he directs the jobless musicians whom Deanna has smuggled into his home.

The cast is grand, couldn't possibly be better, with much praise going to Frank Jenks in a stand out bit as a taxi driver music lover, and Mischa Auer in a completely new characterization. Stokowski plays Stokowski exactly, and never before has there been such music on the screen. You mustn't miss this one.

STAGE DOOR

WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE SCENES—REVIEWED

WHAT a lot of fun you'll have when you see this picture, fun galore, but a good old heart-ache too. The locale is the Footlights Club in New York, where

"Music for Madame,"
Joan Fontaine and Nino Martini in the romantic mood.

"Stage Door" is a knock-out. Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers are two of the leads.

The new comedian, Rufe Davis, and Betty Grable enliven "This Way, Please."
GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

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NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our
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Now improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

... and you'll
FEEL BETTER after taking it!

P eople everywhere are praising the new
Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands
have written glowing letters telling of their
own experiences with this remarkable laxative

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many
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never dreamed that any laxative could be so
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And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is
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Your druggist 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!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax now has a
smoother, richer choco-
late flavor—tastes like a
choice confection! You'll
like it even better than
you did before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax is now even
more effective than it
used to be. Enuresis of
the bowels more thoroughly,
more speedily, in less
time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

Ever famous for its mild-
ness, Ex-Lax is today so
remarkably gentle in
action that, except for the
slightest compulsion you may
scarcely realize you have
taken a laxative.

...and you'll
FEEL BETTER after taking it!

entions to her, but everything gets
straightened out amicably with a wedding
on the stage.

Mary Livingston, Jack Benny's wife, and
two other radio favorites, Fibber McGee
and Molly, make their screen debuts in this
picture. A comic named Rufe Davis steals
the show with a song number called, "The
Sound Effects Man."

MUSIC FOR MADAME
ART AND THE UNDERWORLD GET TOGETHER—RKO

LOVERS of Nino Martini's gorgeous tenor
voice will enjoy this picture because it

was honored with a popular award.

The plot is not as strong as it could be and is fre-
quently cluttered up with old gagss.

Martini is on his way to Hollywood to

crash the studios when he meets up with a
couple of jewel thieves who represent themselves as his "benefactors." They take
him to a big Hollywood wedding and
while he sings his Pagliacci aria in make-
up they steal a valuable necklace; later
they throw him out of the car and warn
him that if he ever sings again he will be
recognized and be sent to jail for prosecution.

The rest of the picture involves the great
conductor, Radowsky's search for the un-
known voice, and the district attorney's
search for the singing jewel thief. The pic-
ture is at its best in the Hollywood Bowl
sequence where Martini sings with Radow-
sky's symphony orchestra. Joan Fontaine
plays a young composer in love with Mar-
tini. Alan Mowbray is excellent in his
satire of Stokowski (hands and hair and
everything).

BIG CITY
LIFE IN THE LOWER BRACKETS—M-G-M

A n entertaining picture starring Luise
Rainer and Spencer Tracy, cleverly
directed by Frank Borzage, and with a
knock-out finish that will have you leaping
from your seats in excitement. The picture
has as its background the taxicab war in
a big city, (New York, no doubt), which a
couple of gangsters are promoting in order
to shake money out of the head of one
of the taxi companies.

Rainer's brother, an independent cab
driver, is killed by the gangsters and the
picture goes into a slump while all the
police look for Rainer to deport her.

But it comes to a bang and a wallo-
when Spencer (Rainer's cabby husband)
disCOVERS the identity of the murderer and
the Mayor, who is pretending at a
Sports dinner at Jack Dempsey's cafe,
begging him to rescue his wife from being
deported on a boat ready to sail in ten
twenty.

What a chase, with all the sportsmen
at the banquet joining in! At the docks
they bump into another cab fight mot-
ored by the gangsters, and while Rainer
has a baby, Spencer walks the pier, and the
Mayor pretends not to notice. The
Fighters from the banquet, including Dem-
psey, Jim Jeffries, Maxie Rosenblum, Man
Mountain Dean, Bull Montana, and a
slue of others, simply take over the brawl
and make mincemeat of the gangsters in no
time. As usual, Spencer Tracy is nothing
less than marvelous.

WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE
THE TRIANGLE AGAIN—BUT NO WEARING THE DRESS—20TH CENTURY-Fox

T HIS is the most amazing picture of the
month. Amazing in that it takes the
oldest and dullest plot in the world, the
"wife versus secretary" one (which wasn't
any good even when played by Gable, Loy
and Harlow), and makes it into a delight-
fully gay comedy with clever dialogue and
most amusing situations. Much credit
should be given the director, Walter Lang,
for skipping so merrily over the old thread-
bare plot that never once you are aware
that you are seeing a triangle picture about
women who suffer.

In this smart bit of gayery (not once do
the women suffer sufficiently, so it simply
isn't comedy) Warner Baxter plays a suc-
cessful Park Avenue surgeon who, after
a whirlwind courtship, marries Loretta
Young who has millions and a sense of
fun. She loves him, but Virginia Bruce,
his very beautiful and capable assistant
loves him too—and he, why he loves both
of them.

How they solve their problems is much
fun indeed, perhaps not too logical, but
lots of fun. Loretta and Virginia and
Warner Baxter are just right for the big, drunk
scene since Myrna Loy removed the ice
pack off her throbbing brow in the first
Thin Man.

Evelyn Dew and a new Jimmy Cagney in
"Something to Sing About"
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!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"
Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

Same jars, same labels, same price
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!

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
Pond's, Dept. SS-C, Chicago, 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 10c to cover postage and packing.

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"You can’t beat UniveX movie!" says Richard Arlen, Columbia’s popular young star whose next picture will be "Park Avenue Dine."

Outstanding performance—not mere price made this sensational new movie camera click with movie stars themselves! Not price—but performance has sold all America on UniveX Cine "S!"

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FIRST LADY
A SATIRE ON WASHINGTON’S “UPPER CRUST” —W. B.

THIS is a witty and slightly acid poke at Washington society and those stuffed shirts which conceal senators, justices, and newspaper magnates. It’s all done in a very gay, tongue-in-the-cheek manner and rates as one of the best of the smart, topical films.

Kay Francis, as Mrs. Secretary of State, would very much like to have her husband in the White House and sets out to do a little diplomatic arranging over the tea-cups. The high spot of the picture is her feud with Verree Teasdale (who, incidentally, steals the picture so completely that she wraps it up and takes it home) who is unhappily married to Walter Connally, a Supreme Court justice with stomach trouble and a passion for detective stories. When those two women start a bit of verbal clanging it’s really something.

Preston Foster plays the dapper Secretary of State, Louise Fazenda runs riot with a portrayal of the guiding spirit of the WPPP, and Marjorie Rambeau and Marjorie Gateson stand out as matrons of Washington society, Anita Louise and Victor Jory look after the love interest.

There isn’t much action for you action-fkins, but the dialogue is nothing less than brilliant. And now that you know how pictures are made, perhaps you’d like to know how presidents are made—really.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT
Swell Entertainment—G. N.

IN THIS picture Jimmy Cagney becomes a boorer again and although he isn’t as good as Fred Astaire he does all right, and I’ll have no belittling by comparisons. Jimmy plays an eastern orchestra leader who is signed up for pictures and finds Hollywood a hell of a place. It seems the studio had been having a bit of trouble with its pampered stars, so they give poor Jimmy the works.

Called by the hard-boiled treatment, Jimmy knocks out a couple of guys, woos his eastern girl friend to meet him in San Francisco, marries her, and they leave for a honeymoon on a tramp steamer. In the meantime Jimmy is a hit in his first picture and the studio promises him everything in his new contract—that is everything except marriage, which they say, will ruin his sex appeal. So his wife nobly consents to be known only as his secretary, and that of course brings a lot of dramatic and amusing situations, particularly when a publicity stunt has him engaged to an exotic foreign star.

The Hollywood background is excellent and authentic and will remind you quite a bit of “A Star Is Born.” The best moments of the picture are devoted to the ribbing of various movie types: Gene Lockley’s hard-boiled press agent, and Mona Barrie’s exotic star, William Frawley’s hard boiled press agent, and Kathleen Lockhart’s fan writer (I think I’ll sue), Evelyn Daw plays the girl friend and sings prettily.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
A CHARMING ROMANCE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY—U. A.

THANK goodness, that grand old idealized romance with its swashbuckling heroes and beautiful heroines isn’t completely dead. What with the grim reality of wars and poverty and taxes I think that we, the public, can use a bit more idealism and romance in our screen fare, and I am all in favor of more romantic revivals, provided they are as well done as Mr. Selznick’s “Prisoner of Zenda,” which of course
has been around both in the flesh and the celluloid for a number of years.

In the 1937 version, which is a rare treat, it is Ronald Colman, gentleman de luxe, who plays both King Rudolf of Rumania and his majesty’s English cousin and double, Rudolf Rassendyll. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., gives a delightful performance of the theatrical Rupert of Hentzau, whose villainous swordplay is really something. Madeleine Carroll is beautiful and charming as the princess whose royalty will not allow her to abdicate, and Raymond Massey as Black Michael is the best heavy of the year.

Everybody is acquainted, or certainly should be, with Anthony Hope’s fascinating novel of royalty, romance, and thrilling adventure, and there’s no doubt but what “The Prisoner of Zenda” will again find an eager audience. Excellent in small parts are C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Astor, David Niven, Lawrence Grant, and a host of others.

ANGEL

A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY OF MANNERS—Par.

The new Dietrich picture is decorous but delightful entertainment with a dash of that justly famous “Lubitsch touch.”

The beautiful Marlene plays the wife of an unemotional British statesman, Herbert Marshall, who has become so engrossed in the unrest of Yugo-Slavia that he fails to note the unrest in his own wife.

While he is at Geneva whipping nations into line with his brilliant statesmanship Marlene, incognito, pays a mysterious visit to the salon of the Grand Duchess in Paris and there, under very romantic conditions, meets and dines with Melvyn Douglas, young business man on a holiday from India.

They meet again in England where he learns her true identity in the drawing room of statesman Marshall. After much fine talk, sometimes witty, sometimes dull, Marlene decides to stick with her husband who promises to give her the attention he once bestowed on Yugo-Slavia.

Dietrich is more enchanting than ever as the restrained, provocative Angel, and for those fans who ask for nothing better than to sit and stare at her this picture is a real treat. But there are others, and count us in, who think it would have been far more fun if there were less close-ups of Marlene and more of the delicious comedy of Edward Everett Horton, Ernest Cossart and Dennie Moore.
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bold and unattractive. Many women deplete this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the natural appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes — instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows — it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Ann

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bold and unattractive. Many women deplete this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

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Pictures On The Fire

(Continued from page 13)

I hear her whispering to Joe Santley, the director, "Dick Mook!" Ann screams, overhearing her, "Bring him in."

So I come in, simpering like an I don't know what, and trying not to look self-conscious.

"How are you, honey?" Ann greets me. "Fine," I beam. "And how's the transcontinental wife?" remembering how she is always flying all over the country to spend week-ends with her husband, Roger Pryor.

"Isn't it awful?" Ann says in an injured tone.

"Wouldn't it be worse if you didn't have the money to fly all around?" I counter.

"Well, think about it," I suggest. "What do you suppose would happen if my true love and I were separated—if I had a true love."

This picture is another frothy little affair. Burgess is engaged to Louise Henry, goes to Alaska to seek his fortune and she waits. But it takes him so long she gives up and becomes engaged to Osslow Stevens. Burgess finally hits it rich and returns in his own yacht to claim his bride. Her brother (William Brisbane) who was Burgess' roommate at college, and the mother (La Boland) receive Burgess rather coldly as he is still in his shabby sailor clothes and they have no inkling of his true worth (see Bradstreet). To get himself out of a pickle he proposes to the kid sister (Ann Sothern) who has always loved him—from afar. But Louise uses her noggin and decides she'd be a chump to let all that dough get away from her so she tells Burgess she has broken off her engagement—because she loves him. Burgess is still under her spell and goes to her home to break off his engagement with Ann, Miss Boland and Brisbane greet him effusively as Bill has some worthless securities he wishes to sell Burgess. Just then Ann comes down the steps in her wedding dress, which is being fitted. She is smiling but her eyes anxiously search his face. "What's up?" she wonders.

"Why, I—" he stammers, the wind taken out of his sails, so to speak.

"Don't you like the dress?" she inquires lightly.

"Sure, sure," he stutters. "It isn't the dress.

"Well, then, what is it?" she demands, still watching him closely.

"Why, nothing," he gasps, finding breathing difficult. "Nothing at all.

"But you came tearing up here like the Pony Express," she insists, smiling but persistent.

"I—just wanted—to see you," he grins feebly.

Miss Boland has been a little worried up to this point but now she relaxes and turns enthusiastically to Brisbane. "Isn't that sweet, Potter?" she queries. "Isn't that sweet? Oh, you impulsive boy," shaking her finger at Burgess, and then continuing briskly, "but now you must let Betty go back to her fitting."

"Yes, of course," Burgess agrees hastily, as he retreats. "I'm sorry. Goodbye, dear," to Ann.

"Goodbye," Mary chirps hopefully with a rising inflection in her voice as he leaves. "Goodbye," I echo feebly as I leave for—
“Thrift of a Lifetime” with Johnny Dowen, Elmore Whitney, Buster Crabbe and Franklin Pangborn (again), and “Yesterday’s Cheers” with Lew Ayres, Benny Baker, John Howard and Mary Carlisle. “Thrift of a Lifetime” has knocked off for the day while they re-write a sequence so I have nothing to worry about there.

“The Buccaneer” is working in the studio tank where they can throw up a few rocks on the side, paint backdrops around the rest of the tank and make it look like the ocean is right there in the Paramount studio. A more blood-thirsty looking bunch of pirates than DeMille and the make-up department have got together I have seldom seen. Even the usually peaceable Mr. March, with his curling mustachios, appears quite villainous. This is one picture in which DeMille’s bathfuls could undoubtedly be more than ornamental.

Freddie plays the great pirate, Jean Lafitte. Some of his men have scuttled the Corinthian a ship on which his fiancee’s (Margot Grahame’s) sister is eeping with her lover. March has told his men they must never attack an American ship. One of the pirates tries to conceal Fruciaska Gaal (a little Dutch girl) and her dog but the pirate commanding March’s ship that scuttled the Corinthian (as all this clear) finds them and orders them over the side. March arrives with his own ship just in time and Frankie and her dog are saved. He hangs the man who attacked the Corinthian. Then they proceed to their home in Barataria. But the pirates are open and resentful of Miss Gaal.

“She’ll give us hemp fever, that stammerin’ will,” one of the men growls.

“Mebbe she won’t live so long,” another mutters.

Frankie glances at them apprehensively while her friend, Akim Tamiroff, glowers over his shoulder, putting his hand on his cutlass.

“Swoor your wind, you galley growlers,” he orders them threateningly, then turns to Frankie. “Now listen, my little cabbage. You ain’t safe only with the boss. There he comes. Like a pilot fish, you stick to him. Shake a leg,” giving her a push.

“Good morning, Mister Captain,” she smiles trotting up to him.

“And how are you today?” she smiles.

“I am very well, but these men—they say they give us hemp fever.”

“Did you hear that?” March laughs over his shoulder to Tamiroff who is hurrying after them.

“A gentleman does not laugh at a lady,” she reproves him.

“Dominique,” Freddie laughs to Tamiroff. “She says you’re not a gentleman!”

“No,” she persists, “I say it to you.”

Tamiroff’s face is a study and March, touched in a tender spot, looks down at her coldly.

“What makes you think I’m not a gentle
maw?” he asks.

“Your rings tell me,” she replies glance-
ging at two jeweled rings that flash on his hand in the sunlight. “One ring, it is a gentleman. Two rings—it is a vain and foolish man.”

“Now that you have enlightened me as to my multiple defects,” he snaps in a flash of temper, “go back where you belong. Dominique, keep this little magpie out of my sight.”

“But you did not tell me why I give the men hemp fever,” she persists, trotting along beside him.

“Hemp is a rope—and men sometimes die of a rope,” he explains.

“Yes, I remember,” she answers, stopping short as she recalls how he had the command of his boat that scuttled the Corinthian hung from a yardarm.

He moves on. “What’s that one?” one of the women yells jeeringly to her con-

Lucky for Me
I learned this
lovelier way to
avoid offending!

Don’t risk losing love! Bath
with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The
dep-cleansing lather of this lovely
perfumed soap removes body odor
completely—keeps you so safe from
fear of offending!

Life’s so different when a girl learns
to protect her daintiness with fragrant
Cashmere Bouquet baths. Perhaps you,
too, will find greater happiness ... with
this exquisite perfumed soap guarding
your daintiness this lovelier way!

Marvelous for
your complexion too!
This pure creamy-white soap has such
gentle, caressing lather. Yet it rem-
oves every trace of dirt and cos-
metics—keeps your skin alluringly
smooth and radiant clear!

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
Silver Screen
Few lost hear. boxes saying to left first. to too the send wished. the the think Cook, cowgirl is maybe suit.

— young Studio $5.00 no Received FOR we Waterproof you taking introphenol I amazed out outfit. she asks anion, "Cull" "Yes, "And "Yes, "Blossoms each orders.' "Liliom" "Blossoms" "Liliom" for stand-in, "Liliom" "Liliom" "Liliom" and shortening confidence, "My God!" she yells, "I've been robbed!"

John Trent isn't working in this scene but he's on the set and I meet him for the wonder time. You remember "A Doctor's Diary," I hope He's personable, pleasant and un-actorish. But, as I chat with him, I can't help wondering how long it will be before the other actor in Hollywood. It gets them all.

Cook, cowgirl is maybe suit. 

"Safe," Lulu giggles. "Nice and safe and cory. So you admit—what do you mean—safe?"

"In a safe," she explains drunkenly, "with sables, chintz—foxes—all over. Couldn't get warm."

"In a safe," he mocks. "Couldn't get warm. I suppose it was nice and dark in the theatre—"

"I want the truth! You left here this morning in a suit. You were going to meet me at the theatre."

"Yes," she agrees. "Beautiful dress. Philip says sables—and in the safe—"

"She's got back in that safe again!" Miss Weston grumbles. "Go on," John orders grimly.

But suddenly Lulu sways and topples. John rushes in and catches her just as she falls. He picks her up and she almost drops his right shoulder and stares at Helen. As he starts out, Helen murmurs softly, "Are we happy? Wow!" The next day I'm going to manage to be introduced to Helen Weston and then I can tell her in person what a grand actress she is. No one thinks she is "Lilom" or "John Ferguson" could ever forget her. But today is not the day, it seems. I leave her and pursue my way to—

WARNER BROTHERS: TRULY, there is no rest for the weary. Instead of the one picture—or maybe no pictures—i hoped to find shooting here, there are two. One, "Liliom" with Frank McHugh and Jane Wyman, and "Hollywood Hotel" with Frances Langford, Ronald Colman, Preston Foster, the one and only Ted Healy, and the Lane Sisters—Lola and Rosemary. This "Hollywood Hotel" picture is to be one of Warner Brothers big efforts of the year. It was originally written by Maurice Leo (author of "Daisy Tells All") whom I was formerly Joan Blondell's secretary. He is a person in mind for the lead. She was to play a temperamental star and her stand-in, so you may know it is a good part. But, for some reason known only to themselves, Warner Brothers decided it was to have Joan play the part that was written for her. In her stead they have cast Lola Lane in the title role and her sister Rosemary as the stand-in.

The picture opens with Dick en-
(instead of en-training) for Hollywood to work for All-Star Pictures Corp. That out of the way, we cut to Lola working herself up to a fine frenzy in her suite in the Hollywood Hotel because she has just read that All-Star have signed some other actress to play a part originally slated for her. Her leading man (Alan Mowbray) eggs her on with the result that she phones the producer (Eric Stanley) and tells him she will not appear that night at the world premiere of her latest film. Then she bounces off to Santa Barbara.

Stanley calls in his press agent, Allyn Joslyn (you may recall him as the newspaper reporter in that lilt on the South—They Won't Forget”). Joslyn suggests they find a double for Lola, dress her up in Lola’s clothes and send her to the premiere as Lola. Sister Rosemary is the double they find and All-Star’s new discovery, Dick Powell, is elected to escort her. They don’t tell Dick of the ruse being played upon the public. He thinks he is really escorting Lola and immediately breaks into a song and dance routine— “Hitch Your Wagon to a Star.” No one at the premiere suspects Rosemary is not really Lola. Next morning when the papers carry pictures of Lola at the premiere there is hell to pay. Lola sees the pictures of far-off Santa Barbara (eighty miles away), flies back to Hollywood, grabs her Mr. Mowbray and hands Mr. Mitchell his end, Glenda Farrell sits quietly in a chair as though watching an oft-seen play. Mr. Mowbray is wearing dark glasses.

“This was I” Lola moans, tears in her voice, “living in utter exclusion—my nerves pounding at every pore—rest and peace”— she pauses dramatically—“to be away from it all.” Suddenly her well modulated tones change to a hard Kansas rasp. “And there, before my very eyes, is this awful picture—this girl—this nobody! Telling the world she’s Mona Marshall! A girl that doesn’t bear the slightest resemblance to me— At this point Joslyn’s vanity is wounded and without thinking he blurs out. “That girl’s the image of you—we fooled everybody!”

“All right,” Lola shifts her mood again to one of helplessness. “No one cares any more about Mona Marshall! I’ll step aside.” She pauses hopefully but no one makes a move. “Oh, don’t protest, I know—my career is over—practically in my teens— she sweeps the room with a defiant glance—“a few fans will remember me, I suppose.” Suddenly she notices Glenda reading a magazine. Lola snatches it out of her hand. “Pay attention!” Then she teeters to her soft mood again. “There’s nothing left for me now but a monastery.” I’ve an idea Lola would do all right in a monastery. That gal has what it takes. And let me add right here and now I don’t know of anyone on the screen who could give a better impersonation of a temperamental movie star than Lola is giving in this.

“It’s the chance of a lifetime,” she says.

If red, chapped hands could only talk after Washing Windows

If red, chapped hands could only talk after Washing Windows

WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS
HONEYMOON HANDS

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

For Honeymoon Hands

Silver Screen 63

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Pets for Pals

(Continued from page 31)

warm bath and a rubdown at a balmy temperature. A private, long-screened exercise run with pepper trees for shade is the finale. It's a far better fate than being cooped up in a neighbor's garage, as was the case when Kay Francis travels to Del Monte her adored gets an even break taking the cure at Charlie's See-are-Kennels.

Anne Shirley was teaching her collie to learn tricks—"He's going to be just himself!" she exclaims fondly, Glenda Farrell has dubbed her mutt Hindle, suspecting him of having five-tailed straws. Dick Arlen has a small skipper-key that originally rode the dogs down Washington Rivers. Fred Kismet left his dog to watch his house, when he returned several weeks later the scene was an exception to the rule. The house was full of people giving them a welcome party; they were in, all right, but he had to stay out—his dog wouldn't let him in!

No dogs are ever allowed on studio sets, excepting Harry Marshall's well-beloved Squire who knows that "Camera!" is the cue to be thoroughly rigid. Last week Squire broke his record, but who can blame him? A rain scene was being shot and everything was wet. At the director's cry Squire stopped dead still as usual; unluckily he paused right in the middle of being wet, shortened, and gave him a terrific shock.

A dog in a star's home means extra fuss. Helen Broderick has had to put a fence around her swimming pool because the dogs revelled in it so much no one else could do any swimming. The Gene Raymonds have magnificent quarters for their eight dogs, each dog being fed separately and each one having a dressing above his own dog-house. Jeannette's old sheep dog Capitain remains in exile but she hasn't forgotten him. He bit her secretary and thus brought on a law-suit, so she had to send him away. She visited him once a week. Basil Rathbone even selected his home to suit his dogs—the garden was so beautiful he knew it was precisely what they'd want. The Patric Knowles stayed home from some of the most interesting parties because their Dobermans were blessed events and they couldn't miss that happening.

Miss Broderick, Miss Deste, he new Columbia Squire, and three Afghan wolveshounds can't ever forsake. When she appeared on the stage in Vienna they waited in their dressing-room. In London, where she made her first picture, they were her perpetual pins. Her one regret about Hollywood is that no dogs are allowed in the studios. But she has her in the car in the parking lot across the street, anyway.

I'd say that Alice Brady merits the title of number one dog devotee. She has six—three witches and a Scottie and a cocker. She never leaves home without three of them, alternating to be perfectly fair. She won't go abroad because the bond company won't let her park her dogs in a cabin. She has no carpets on the floors, and her furniture is not only attractive but defi
ditely dog-proof. No dog-houses for darlings! More than any other star she holds out help to fellow dog-lovers. An unfortunate actor who had a trained police dog was broke and bankrupt recently; the judge ordered the valuable animal sold for "liquidation." Alice read of this, hired a lawyer, got the man out and paid all his debts until he could get work. So he didn't lose his dog. Too, she has a standing sum of money at the Hollywood Bank to save for the release of dogs of indigent children who can't afford license tags. She was made general chairman for Southern California of the

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Silver Screen

66
national dog week celebration last month. Practically every star with a dog has joined the Tailwaggers, an ambitious club whose motto is “Lend a Paw.” It campaigns for free clinics for needy animals and now is vigilantly after dog-nappers and the scoundrels who, in the past ten days, have poisoned thirty-seven Hollywood dogs. Poisoned hamburgers, they find, were thrown into private yards. Alice Brady is general chairman of the star-studded committee. I remember how Jean Arthur unceremoniously dashed out of her drawing-room and down the back alley when she heard a neighbor’s dog yelping with pain. She won’t stand for any such beatings, and so she, too, is on Alice’s committee. Anything that can wag a tail is an eligible—Joe Penner’s duck and Guy Ribbe’s goat got under the wire!

Strong attachments link master and dog. Humphrey Bogart’s Scotty, Butch, is, I believe, the greatest attention-seeker. No matter where Humphrey happens to be Butch follows him and sits up for minutes on end until lavishly regarded. Dolores Del Rio still grieves over the loss of her pure white pit-bull who once saved her life from a rattler. She was sun-bathing in her patio in Santa Monica when the dog intercepted the snake. Not long ago an automobile ran over her pet. Fred Stone has ceased to take his Keno golfing, for he couldn’t teach the dog not to retrieve every drive. Jack Oakle, ribbers declare, built his new home not for his bride but for their thirteen dogs. Jack recalled the Biblical mention of alfajos, so he had a pair sent up from New Mexico. It debuted with quints! Snooky, director Al Rogell’s popular bulldog, was made mascot of the Bel Air Country Club last month. Yesterday afternoon Snooky tore up the fourth green and now Al owes a $50 bill!

In “The Adventures of Marco Polo,” Gary Cooper plays the adventurer and Sigrid Gurie is the Princess, daughter of Kublai Khan the 13th century Emperor.

It’s Douglass Montgomery who’s tackled the giant job. He’s breeding Irish wolf-hounds, the hardest sort of dog to raise. They grow so quickly there’s a constant danger of heart trouble for them. For three and a half months they had to be fed once every hour. Doug was up at all hours of the night, as though he had babies on tap. He’s converted his tennis court into their playground. Full-grown, they eat nine pounds of raw meat a day apiece! They have something to show for it, being larger than St. Bernards. The dog-house is a bungalow with plate glass windows, and Doug’s had to buy a car especially fitted for them. He ought to glimpse Basil Rathbone’s special dog trailer! They promptly knock everyone down as a greeting. Some fun! On the ice lawn of the Montgomery estate a pet sheep grazes; it is more pettable.

But while dogs are supreme as pets, according to majority preference, they aren’t the whole thing in Hollywood. Cat fanciers know that cats are just as intelligent and—they claim—even more affectionate. “A
Your hair is your most attractive feature—don’t lose it! No shampoo alone can do your hair full justice. A Golden Glint Rinse quickly adds tiny sunshines and delicate overtones to every hair shade. Magicfly transforms dull, spiritless hair with new life and beauty.

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Silver Screen

68

Jimmy Stewart celebrates his return to health by stepping out with Virginia Bruce.

Hearts Remember

[Continued from page 53]

Ives wearing a brand new dress that was the symbol of her new-born hopes. At first she seemed to Julie as if the years she had never been—as if the clock was turned back.

But this was not the Ives Towner she had known. He laughed much, but there was bitterness and callousness in his laughter. He was as he had been, a person numbed by suffering who snatched at the anaesthetic of ready laughter as another man might snatch at drink. Ives laughed to forget—and his laughter grated more and more on her.

"Oh Julie, I was such a dope, wasn't I?" Ives said as they danced. "No wonder you left me. No wonder you fell in love with Michael Shaw!"

"Oh, I'm not jealous," Ives said. "I could have killed him then. But now I'd shake his hand. I know why you loved him... because he was gay and snappy and wild. Well, I'm that, too, now! Laugh with me, Julie!"

Her words were like so many blows in her face. But she made her lips smile, she laughed. So they danced together, laughing at their heartbreak and a staid faculty dance because the private mad house.

That faculty dance was a torment for Brenda, too. Brenda tracked Ives to the clubhouse. She saw the man she loved hold Julie, laughing wildly with Julie—and dancing closer... closer.

Brenda sniffed a glass of punch from the hand of a man in the stag line. She hurled the contents into Julie's laughing face.

The music stopped. Dancing stopped. Silence.

Julie looked at Ives, a long look, then ran from the dance.

There was a terrific thunderstorm, the first one of summer, deluging Lynworth with rain, ripping open the skies with spectacular flashes. Bareheaded, unprotected, Julie pelted through the downpour. After her Ives ran, catching up with her, losing her again, both racing insanely until exhaustion brought them together at last and Ives' arms were about her, and would not let her go.

"Ives," said Julie, her voice suddenly gentle but tinged with a new excitement. "Do you remember—I think it was in the year 1900—we stood on this same road. And that's why I raced here tonight. Because I still love you.

They were drenched and out of breath and beaten on by the storm, but they were happy again. They held to each other and knew that their love was new again. They were starting life!
Aunt William had been in bed for ten years, a helpless old woman, but when Julie and Ives, dripping and covered with mud, burst into her bedroom to tell her, Aunt William rose and swung her feet to the floor. From the medicine table she snatched up a noxious compound of aloin, belladonna and cascara and tilted three glasses.

"It's all we have," she beamed, "but we're going to celebrate. Bottoms up!"

Breathless with laughter that was happy now they drank.

Ten years are not so easily put aside. There was Michael, Julie's daughter. Michael had been reared to believe her father a great man and when she learned that her mother was to marry Ives she went into hysterics.

There was Mrs. Towner. Ives' mother. Every year had added to her fanatic determination to hold her son at any cost. Learning he was to marry Julie, she raced to Aunt William's house to protest:

"We'll get married tonight. At once." It's declared, "We're not going to risk waiting another day!"

But there was Brenda Lane! As they were leaving the house a car dashed up. One of Ives' students brought him word that Brenda had tried to hang herself. Brenda had been rescued and now she waited for Ives in the car that was at the door.

"I don't believe she tried to kill herself," Ives groaned. "I don't love her and she knows that. She's known it all along!"

Julie said in a dead voice, "I didn't love Michael, either—but look what he's done to my life—and yours."

Julie stood by the window, her back to Ives. She was very quiet, staring at the sky that was clearing again. She turned to him at length and all the hope was drained out of her.

"We can't go back, Ives—"

"I won't give you up, Julie!"

"No," said Julie, "it would be the same sort of selfish thing I've done all my life."

From outside the house came the impatient honk of a motor horn. Brenda was waiting—for Ives. Into Julie's face came a bright gleam. She kissed Ives quickly and ran out to the waiting car and Brenda.

For the moment Brenda had been left alone in the car. She gave one questioning glance at the woman who leaped in. Then she had no time to wonder, for the car was in motion. Julie was driving. She raced it from the house and darted into the first all that offered concealment.

Julie turned to the astounded passenger.

"Do you love him?" she asked quietly.

"Yes!" Brenda shouted. "I love him!"

Brenda had read that somewhere... heard it spoken on the stage. It didn't ring true! Julie studied her for a moment, then turned to the wheel. "Well, neither can I live without him!" she announced and started the car so violently that Brenda was hurled among the cushions.

Brenda's powerful car Julie driving, raced back onto the slippery highway. It leaped forward, spurred by Julie's agony.

"What are you doing?" Brenda shrieked. Not from the girl at the wheel but the growling engine.

The speedometer needle was climbing—65, then 75, then, slowly, up to 80 miles! Julie's foot drove the accelerator pedal down, but it wouldn't go. Right side wheels slid off the paving and a shower of mud and stones roared about them. The big car careened, almost overturned.

"I don't want to do this, Brenda shrieked.

"Slow up! Don't kill us... don't kill me!"

Julie flashed her a grim look. Then her eyes went back to the speedometer. The needle climbed again... ninety miles!

Brenda fought forward to claw at her shoulders. "I didn't try to kill myself..."

---

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PARAMOUNTS technicolor special, "Ebb Tide," will give the audience the feeling of being out in the "Old Davy" sea, but it remained for the old Davy Sam Goldwyn to put the drama and terrifying rage of the hurricane. The "The Hurricane" drives Doro- thy Lamour into the arms of Jon Hall!

Figuire 2 and 3 gives Julie's movie if Dept. Pre-Brooklyn, motherhood. Candid-camera El you Remit. Leading your Sold feel lost for pasture. Address the her varied OepL. * Happy always. Please packages meet. remained. told for three-quarter out Hill. Genuine Positive HOWARD new. 120 harmful cameraman. the he. Please.

"Flashshots" [Continued from page 19]

fascinating to photograph and to meet. Her very real, if static beauty, has moments of gaiety and warmth that come unexpectedly to the surface, making her a magnificent subject. She lives on seeing all her pictures and writes personal suggestions on the backs of them. Of all the great names that has a regularity at El Morocco, New York's Zebben striped glamour spot, Dietrich is the only one besides Clark Gable who can throw that sophisticated place into a dither. It's amusing to watch the season's richest and leastest debauchies with awe before the real thing. But, whether it's Dietrich, Lombard or Crawford one is taking pictures of, there is always a new and exciting side to the lot of being a cameraman.

And so, if you want to know the stars as they really are, love determination and some gall. Get accustomed to being invited to parties W.C. (without camera) and talk your friends into letting you bring it anyway. And, if you want to lose weight as varied and interesting a life as one could wish for—then, become a candid-camera photographer.

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There are certain things a woman has to put up with and be a good sport. Men, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is in all love and kindness through the good times and a hell cat the rest of the time. No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband. For three-quarter wives one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Go "Smiling Through."

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Magic! Beautiful Homes Out Of The Air

[Continued from page 35]

born, Sam Goldwyn and Universal, they dwell in a manner to which they are not accustomed before a whole nation began to applaud, "Clap Hands Here Comes Charlie!" For the present, their home of ten rooms with the inevitable swimming pool and playhouse and separate quarters for the servants, is only leased, but Ed has been scouring the valley for acreage to build a ranch estate any minute now. W. C. Fields has already offered to present Ed with his first housewarming gift—two Venetian blinds whittled out of Charlie McCarthy! The thing that intrigued me most about their present abode is Charlie's own bedroom, where his polo coat, slacks, muffler, beret and the rest of his personal wardrobe hang in a closet with uncanny reality. Charlie's favorite retreat though, is the swimming pool. It is here that he lies every morning and takes his sunbath, after Ed has given him a fresh coating for the day. It is here that he entertains all his visitors—especially Bill Fields. Whenever Bill sits down at the edge of the pool, Charlie never fails to invite him to "drop in." (And it is good to the last drop.)

The day that Shirley Temple came over was a red letter event on Charlie's calendar. Of course, Charlie is pretty blasé to women now—spending every Sunday with Dorothy Lamour as he does—but Shirley knocked him for a dummy anyway. Ever since Carole Lombard, he sort of goes for blondes! . . . but not very far. Bergen has made it quite clear that their career is the dominating influence in their lives now.

And when he looks at Charlie, you can't blame him for "knocking wood" at you? Enfin, let's wind up this tour of "Castles of the Air" with a pause at the home that Rinso and RKO helped to build—the Beverly Hills domain of Parkyakarkas, and his bride, Thelma Leeds.

Parky bought the house (a lovely white edifice of Colonial Monterey design too) in five minutes. He bought a Steinway baby grand in five minutes. But when it came to selecting $200 worth of hardware, it took him eight hours! It was while he was shopping around for Oriental rugs that he ran into an amusing incident.

A high pressured salesman started his attack by announcing that Parkyakarkas had bought all his rugs for his new home through him.

"Why should that interest me?" Parky asked with a dead pan.

"Because nobody knows rugs like those Greeks!" was his answer.

"I'd like to meet him. Maybe he can give me some pointers on my selections," Parky suggested.

"Oh, sure, sure, anytime you like, I'll take you up there" was the glib retort.

For days afterward, Parky would call up every morning just to see what new excuse he would invent next for failing to keep his promise. The day he was told that "Mr. Parkyakarkas was very sorry but there's an old Greek custom that no strangers are allowed to walk on the rugs of a new home," he called quits!

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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 good for flashy skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight sofener.

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!

Glamorous Frances Gifford is so beautiful that the RKO studio publicity geniuses have run out of adjectives. How about Rousingly Radiant!

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.

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BETTER THAN EVER FOR SKIN

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I have always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Morgan says, "for smoothing little rough places. It's a grand powder base and overnight sofener. But now with the new "skin-vitamin" in it, it is better than ever for my skin."

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Try it in 9 Treatments

Pond's, Dept. 7212-W, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing 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 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Silver Screen 71
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Pleasingly and inexpensively, ENDURA gives you the best permanent you have ever had. ENDURA brushes, once and for all, the hours of discomfort of old-fashioned methods. Without machines, heat, or electricity, ENDURA permanent waves your hair at home while you work or read or even sleep. It's so easy to use, and so inexpensive. More than 200,000 women have changed to ENDURA permanent.

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Life is so different for girls who know this secret—the easy way to relief from constipation's "blues." Millions depend on it—FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative. Feen-a-mint rates it stars for 3 special benefits: 1. NO STOMACH UPSET—With Feen-a-mint you don't swallow a heavy, belly-distending medicine. There is nothing to further burden an already over-burdened digestion. 2. CHEWING AIDS DIETION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the natural alkaline fluids that help food digest. 3. ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—Feen-a-mint's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

Don't let Feen-a-mint help you keep fit and health steady for all life's joy and romance. Get a package today at your druggists', or write for generous FREE sample package.

ENDURA Ten-Curl, Newark, N. J.

Born With It!

[Continued from page 54]

piece together the story of Allan Jones. When I left late that afternoon I actually had two stories in mind: rise of a brilliant young singer to an envied place on the stage and screen; . . . and the life story of our friend the horse.

Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania of Welsh parents, Allan was the son of a coal mine foreman. Even at the age of four he showed unmistakable signs of having an unusual voice and by the time he was eight he was the boy soprano soloist at St. Luke's Church, where he held forth until he was eleven.

"And then came the change," grinned Allan. "I reached for a high note one Sunday morning and something horrible happened! What came out sounded like one of Bing Crosby's better love tunes. I was horrified! So was everybody else, including the choir master. But when your voice changes there isn't much you can do about it. I was a strict alto then until I was fourteen when, miraculously, my voice suddenly changed back to tenor.

So, with that second change of voice came likewise a change of heart. While it was a heap of a lot of fun to sing, still, it was a heap of a lot more fun to sing and be paid for it! He switched from the Episcopal to the Baptist church which paid him for his singing and which, he says, just goes to show how mercenary a young man of fourteen can be.

By this time his mind was made up . . .

definitely. He would follow music as a career or know the reason why. With the money he earned singing in the church choir, running errands for a clothing store, and working as a bank messenger he saved enough to pay for vocal lessons, but Allan wanted the very finest training money could buy so he plugged away and saved his money and determined some day to go to New York in Europe.

When he graduated from high school he got a job driving a coal truck. (Maybe that explains those arms) Wage: three bucks a day.

"But about that time," said Allan, "prosperity hit me. That's when I became a gasoline shovel engineer. The company I worked for also owned this gas shovel and the engineer who operated it was in the habit of going on what is commonly known as a wingding. So one day he overtrained on some extra potent white mule and passed completely out. That was my chance. The boss was going crazy because there was nobody in the gang who could operate the shovel so I climbed down from the truck and said that, with a little practice, I could handle the darned thing. And much to my surprise he told me to go ahead and give it a whirl. After a little "rehearsing" I found out what the different gadgets were for and in a couple of days I was loading more coal with this shovel than the engineer had. I got the job and what was more important the salary that went with it. Seventy-five a week."

(At this point Allan is busy feeding lumps of sugar to the Arabian mare which has ambled over to the fence where we are sitting and gazes hopefully into Allan's face, completely ignoring me.)

"Just take a look at those fetlocks, will you, Allen?"

"If you ever seen anything neater in all your life?"

I admitted that the mare had as neat a fetlock as I had ever seen, of course, but not so much, although I wasn't quite sure just where to look for them. "How long did the job last?" I asked.

"What? Oh, yes. Well, you see the company went broke that summer and I went to work in the coal mines leading a gang of laborers. But still I wasn't making nearly what I had on the gas shovel so I offered to work a double shift . . . sixteen hours a day instead of eight. Almost killed me off but by late fall I had saved fifteen hundred dollars, enough to go to New York and enroll in the Syracuse University School of Music."

And did the vocal teachers in New York sit up and take notice? They took such notice, in fact, that he won scholarships at both Syracuse and New York Universities and later with Claude Walford, noted New York voice teacher.Locally he was going places in a hurry, but financially he was practically in reverse. So, as he still had a terrific yen to go to Europe and study with the famous European coaches, he hit upon

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The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a misunderstanding

Many a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, intimately clean.

Are you sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.

Ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antisep tic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing professions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and house hold uses for "Lysol," and every druggist carries it.

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SILVER SCREEN

TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Ray Dafos Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday 4:45 P. M. E. ST. Columbia Network.
Bits Of Perfection

[Continued from page 28]

which he stamps with perfection and poignancy.

It is not necessarily a minor actor who contributes an armload to a yardstick. To go back to Barbara Stanwyck and "Stella Dallas"—here again, if one is not too lazy, one can put one's finger on a single sequence which represents the whole quality and spirit of a notable show. For my money, it is that awful moment when poor, vulgar Stella parades before her husband and her young friends and Laurel rushes out of the drug store, humiliated and choking back tears. It is the key to the whole narrative, for it is the echo of this encounter. And he went through it with such a refinement of self-sacrifice and send Laurel to her well-bred father. It has been done magnificently.

Granting that Miss Stanwyck, under King Vidor's superb direction, has played the scene with utter persuasion, there is still an anonymous screen artist who made the sequence memorable. His name is Robert Stepanoff and he has done a miracle of make-up. He has turned a beautiful actress into a cheap, dumpy, middle-aged woman. More than that he has changed an entire personality.

When I saw King Vidor recently, I asked him why he had selected a domineering, lovely actress like Stanwyck to portray the blowsy, weak Stella, aging ungracefully.

"Contrast," he told me. "By having an essentially strong personality in the role, you have sympathy for the character even in her weakest moments. That is, if you can believe she is weak and vulgar."

It must have taken enormous courage and artistic integrity for Robert Taylor's favorite feminine companion to accept the Stella assignment and carry it through to its logical conclusion, Mr. Stepanoff is also in defiant line for congratulations. He had no considerable part in making the role believable. He has stood one sequence with consummate artistry.

It is not likely that you even noted the cameraman of "Captains Courageous"—the latter, how the assistant was the latter, Harold Mazarati, however, who achieved the brilliant perfection of one episode that will remain in my mind for many months to come. It was the "We're Here" that filled its hold with fish and was heeling back to Gloucester under full sail. Lionel Barrymore, as the skipper, is trying to beat a rival fishing schooner home, you may remember. For a little while the screen was crowded with the most splendid sea- stances I have ever seen, setting the tone with the Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races." His latest picture is with Jeanette MacDonald. It's "The Firefly." Need I say more? With those two voices together on the same screen I honestly believe the ultimate in duct has been achieved.

Or, if you are a radio fan, listen in on Sunday evenings to the Fleischman Yeast Program featuring Alan Jones with Werner Janssen's orchestra. The absolute tops in music mastery.

So that's the why and the wherefore of how I happened to be knocked off my pins. Instead of a long-haired opera singer with an accent I met a young chap built rather like a blacksmith who would much rather talk about horses than about himself... and believe me, that's unusual in itself out here in Hollywood!

By the way, I'll let you didn't know that horses can't breathe through their mouths.
completely for what I consider the greatest sea picture ever filmed.

Mr. Mazizzato spent arduous weeks getting those shots. He took a sailing schooner off the coast of Newfoundland, used it as a painter would a subject and brought back thrilling screen compositions. With Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew approaching the high, heart-shaking dramatic climax of the story, these actual shots of yawning canvas, straining masts and blown salt spray demanded all the perfection Mr. Mazizzato gave them.

Sometimes the artistic yardstick is arrived at almost accidentally. It was in "Soul's Art Sea." Henry Hathaway was shooting a scene one day with little Virginia Weidler, the small passenger of the "William Brown" whose carelessness with a lamp causes the terrible disaster that makes a smashing climax of the picture. The girl began to cry for no good reason and when asked why, she said:

"This is the second picture I've played in with Gary Cooper. But I've never met him and I know I'm not going to ever."

Mr. Hathaway fixed that up quickly by bringing over the star, who was as gravely nice as you'd expect him to be. Then Hathaway had an idea.

"Let's put this in the picture," he said, and it was done.

As it turned out, the sequence became tremendously impressive. It is the way in which Cooper handled a lifeboat after the burning and sinking of the "William Brown" that resulted in his trial in the picture and to show him in a brief friendly encounter with one of the passengers, particularly the one responsible for the fire, just before he complained the destinies of the survivors, was a stroke of genius.

Don't think that the writers don't have a hand in determining an artistic yardstick, even if they, too, go without credits in the billing of a picture. The greatest film using Hollywood as a background is still "A Star Is Born." Search through that picture carefully and you will come upon one interlude of ineffable beauty, when you are moved to the very breaking point. It is when the erstwhile star, Norman Maine, has failed and committed suicide and his wife, risen to acting heights, is attending the Hollywood premiere of her latest success. She is asked to say a few words in the microphone in the lobby.

Janet Gaynor, magnificent in the part, walks over with a set face and then, very simply, she says:

"This is Mrs. Norman Maine speaking."

It was no sentimentalist who wrote that touching, memorable line and conceived the scene. It was Dorothy Parker, renowned for her savage wit, her bitter aphorisms—she who said of Katharine Hepburn's performance in "The Lake" that the star had run the gamut of emotions from A to B. In "A Star Is Born," she designed and stamped out a compassionate scene that is
Most women don’t need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexion 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 druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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Silver Screen

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• At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. You can wash with soap and water. Do not affect wave of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imports, 6, 12, 24, & 60 bottles.

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WHEN IT'S "TWO ON THE AISLE" ADD TO YOUR OWN DRAMA WITH

GLAZO'S “Misty” Tints

Revelations From Stars' Palms

(Continued from page 27)

developing qualities which would make her career lasting and outstanding.

That long head line will always rule her heart and it will be a wonderful aid in an intelligent effort directed toward stardom.

Like Roland Young, the lines in Alan Dinehart's hands show that he has placed limitations on himself. He is super-sensitive and although his head line indicates a brilliant mentality, he is inclined to stubbourness.

Mr. Dinehart's thumbs have a long nail phalange showing the will necessary to carry on a career, but the stiffness of these thumbs and the utter lack of flexibility of his fingers indicate an unwillingness to fall into line. If he would accept suggestions no doubt he would soon reach the artistic heights to which he aspires and where he rightfully belongs.

Alan's tendency to shirk responsibility is shown in a rather short index finger. It also indicates his desire to play safe. He wants to be assured of winning laurels before he makes the effort. That high mountain under his first finger says he can be swayed by flattery. Perhaps his love of approbation is the reason for his resenting constructive criticism.

Mr. Dinehart needs to use that indomitable will to flex those mental muscles of sensitiveness. Having done this, he will be surprised at the strides he can make. If, at the same time, he takes account of his inclination toward obstinacy, the man in the karate famed seven league boots will be his closest competitor.

It is difficult to study the palms of Ramon Novarro in an effort to pick out the flaws which might stand in the way of his continued success.

His large palm being rather soft and slightly folded toward the wrist, shows an inner indolence in physical activities and mental application. This had to be overcome to develop his possibilities.

R. Novarro's fingers being short, smooth and pointed; coupled with the softness of the palm, this indicates his dislike of having to go into the meaning of a situation. He would much prefer to drift, and if he could indulge in material gratification, so much the better.

There is a marked tendency to be extravagant. Not only financial extravagance,
but a disregard of the conservation of physical strength. This trait is indicated by a fairly flexible joint between the nail and the second phalanx of the thumb which denotes logic and reason, and a decided suppleness in the third phalange where it joins the hand.

When it entails no effort on his part Mr. Novarro is easily led. He feels that pleasure he gets compensates the money he spends. This is shown by the softness of his palm and the flexibility of his fingers. But, woe betide that person who fails in loyalty! His short second phalanx of the thumb—reason and logic—will take no count of an excuse or an apology. It is just as well if this offender stay out of Ramon's sight! Whether such a temper is an asset or a liability depends wholly on one's point of view.

I could with ease be "To his virtues very kind and to his failings little blind" since his consideration for others far outweighs failings that are retro-active.

The make-up man gilds the lily. Lana Turner all dolled up for "The Great Garrick."

Projections—Madeleine Carroll

(Continued from page 20)

the daylights out of Madeleine when her boat docked in New York in 1934 and for the first time she got a glimpse of New York's skyline—it was the Press. The day before the boat was due to arrive the Captain took her aside and very gravely informed her that she was about to be confronted with a Trying Ordeal. He had delivered many a celebrity to the shores of America and what the newspaper boys and girls, and the ship news photographers, did to them was really something horrible, so horrible in fact that the Captain was loathe to mention it.

So poor Madeleine spent her last night on board worrying herself sick over the Press. "The questions they ask! Tsch, tsch, tsch," the Captain had said. "Gorillas, that's what they are—gorillas. Tsch, tsch, tsch," Madeleine reached for the aspirin box. All night long she had visions of gorillas armed with guns (the gangster influence and notebook, yanking out her innermost secrets, Poor, a Captain would probably divorce her when he read those American newspapers.

The hour before her official interview she took four aspirin to brace herself and by the time she heard the rap of the Press on her cabin door she was in such a daze that she had to get up and open it. The door opened and four of the mildest looking little men she had ever seen in her life entered. They were neatly dressed, clean shaven, and said thank you when she asked them to sit down. They had neither notebooks nor guns. They asked her how she liked the New York skyline. "Please," she said, Madeleine, coming out of her daze just a little, "you must forgive me. I'm not always in a fog like this. But I took aspirin. For a headache." "Oh," said one of the young men most sympathetically, "what you need Miss Carroll is a little something to clear the brain. Might I suggest a little—er—sherry?" Madeleine thought it an excellent suggestion so she poured a glass of sherry for herself and for the four young men who also seemed to want to clear their heads. Miss Carroll was, and is, a great favorite with the American Press.

The Captain Philip Astley of the Carroll—Asley merger was formerly an officer of the English Army and very much "old family." He is an intimate friend of the Duke of Windsor and his family formerly owned "Chequers" the country home for British prime ministers. He and Madeleine heard about each other for over a year before they met, and were getting just a little bored with hearing about each other. They had several mutual friends who were constantly saying, "Darling, he is a divine man. You must meet Captain Astley. He was the very boy for you. You must meet Madeleine Carroll."

"My friends had been trying desperately
“Venus would much will interview career.”

They were married August 26, 1931, at Lake Como, where Captain Astley has a villa. Much to her surprise Madeleine discovered that she had been giving out a lot of tripe in those interviews—marriage and careers mix beautifully.

When I last saw Madeleine and her good looking husband, they were on their way to Europe for a holiday, a holiday that is quite typical of all their holidays. They have a small boat, just room for two, and they expect to set sail on the Seine in Paris, and leisurely and lively follow the picturesque little rivers of France, until they eventually reach the Mediterranean. They have two lakes ahead for frequent trips inland. “And I shall do all the cooking,” says Madeleine, who loves to cook (she inherited that from her French mother) and, unlike Marlene Dietrich who is also a good cook, doesn’t think it hurts her glamour to say so. On the contrary she is rather proud of it and never misses a chance to boast a bit. “I can do the most amazing things with onions and garlic,” she says. There was a time when a movie star would sworn at the very mention of anything so common as garlic. Madeleine even goes so far as to confess she loves to eat. And consequently has to diet.

The Astleys have an honest-to-goodness Castle in Spain—that is, they did have before the Spanish Revolution broke out, they are not quite sure what they have now. Perhaps a nice brick pile.

For a modern girl and she is modern right down to her finger tips, not blood red, think goodness. Our Miss Carroll certainly has a beautiful loathing for all modern forms of locomotion. Planes scare her to death, she won’t go near one. Trains she will tolerate though she doesn’t like them. A river boat or a lake boat is all right, if the river or lake isn’t very deep or rough, but heaven help her when she has to get on an ocean boat.

In fact the thing that frightens her most in life is the channel boat that plies its way between England and France. It completely defeats her. Two days before she intends leaving for France she begins to watch the smoke from the London chimney pots. If it blows in a certain direction then she knows it will be a rough crossing. It is always a rough crossing.

On the train down to Dover she surreptitiously takes all kinds of pills and seasick remedies when her husband isn’t looking; he strenuously objects to them. She lies flat on her back as soon as she gets on the boat and expects the worst. Half an hour out and she begins to pull out her hair. No matter how many pills she has taken she always gets seasick. The longest and blackest hours of her life have been spent on that channel boat. Some day she is going to fly across.

She avoids nervous people as much as possible because they make her nervous. A very poised young person, she has only one immensity: the twinkle in her bracelet, and she always wears one, when she is talking. But if she sees a nervous person she imme-

“I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—
Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited.

“She TOLD ME her TROUBLES—
said Tom seemed to be in love with her...He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn’t even care about kissing her any more...

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out...

JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I’ve heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base...”

NOW THAT JIMMY DUNN HAS TOLD ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK, MY HONEYMOON WILL NEVER BE OVER!...THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF PROTECTS MY LIPS FROM DRYNESS....KEEPS THEM ALWAYS SMOOTH AND KISSABLE.

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Kissproof
Indelible Lipstick and Rouge

SILVER SCREEN 79
diately becomes a bundle of nerves. She is often a bundle of nerves on a movie set. She feels that she is better dressed when she is wearing a hat and when meeting an interviewer for the first time she invariably manages to wear a hat, even if the interview is in her own dressing room. She is very cordial and has the most disarming smile of any star I have ever met.

You can make her furious by calling her a "good troupier." "It's exactly what I get," she says sadly, "I never held up production, even if I am at death's door. I always see to it that the show goes on and I will give up a day holiday anytime to start work on a picture—but don't call me a 'good troupier.' It's so-so-so unglamorous. Like being called a nice girl. Who wants to be a nice girl or a good troupier?" And if you want her to hate you, simply say to her, "This may hurt your feelings, but I feel I have to tell you for your own good, . . ." She doesn't want to be told anything for her own good. She doesn't want to know the truth.

She admits quite frankly that she likes to have people say beautiful complimentary things to her, not that she is taken in by them, she has too much sense for that, but she just loves to hear them. "I know my faults, and I'm a very excellent critic of myself," she says, "so I expect my friends to acquaintances to sparsely me a green something. Whenever anyone comes to me and says, 'Dear, you might as well face it . . . ' I suddenly have to make a phone call! Ha! Ha! As much as it is usually someone who wants to tell her something "for her own good" she is a little afraid of women. Women are inclined to be cruel. She is typically a man's woman and her best and women friends, at least in Hollywood, are always the wives of her men friends.

She has quite a religious streak, goes for deep religious books. She likes to find out-of-the-way restaurants where the cooking is ideal and the clientele on the shabby side. She keeps them handy in a two-volume notebook, one for Europe and one for America. You rarely find her dining in a fashionable place. Her pet extravagances are flowers and furs. She is very sentimental, keeps little mementos, and on the 26th of every month receives four dozen red roses from her husband whether he is in England or with her in Hollywood. They in fact met on the 26th of a month and were married on the 26th.

She probably has the best education of any of the movie stars in Hollywood, but she never mentions it. You simply have to use sheer force to pull that B.A. out of her. I may say she is the only child prodigy I ever knew of who turned out well.

Which Will Win The Golden Apple Of Success?

[Continued from page 25]
of personality to project her along the path of success. Were she cast in a deeply dramatic role, though, I believe she would fulfill the task satisfactorily.

Jane Bryan actually stole acting honors from veteran Kay Francis in "Confession," picking her inexperience against the star's skill, and emerged top-best. It was a role made for her, but she displayed her mettle also when she appeared with Bette Davis in "Marked Woman." Both roles served as proving grounds, and she proved herself without any question of a doubt. Here is the acting of deep sincerity.

Olympe, Edna's acting in "Last Train from Madrid" failed to interest both audiences and studio officials more than passingly in her. Her performance was sparkling, appealing, and what's more, was won with suggestion that she was a natural-born actress. She evinced a decided flair for drama, and in "Souls At Sea" held her own with such artists as Cary Cooper, Frances Dee and George Raft. By way of actual interest, I would say that the color of her role made her an even more fascinating personality that Jane Bryan in anything she has as yet undertaken.

Jane Wyman is perhaps the most enga ging of the girls she appeared in, but very briefly in "The King and the Chorus Girl," and her French-girl impersonation was so astonishing as to be one of the most pleasant memories of the year. And surely in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," she was enchanting, with her rather flip acting and her eyes that would charm the Sphinx. The story entertains high hopes for her as a future top favorite.

When you meet her, Jane Bryan exudes the frank artlessness of a young girl. Her gray eyes shine when she mentions her career, and though she is talking on one subject you have the feeling that her thoughts are far away. Her movements are restless, and you continually toss back that slice of light brown hair that keeps falling over her left eye. She emphasizes her statements with wild gestures, often using—as the day we lunched—a spoon as she discussed her desire to some day go on the Broadway stage. That is her greatest ambition—she wants to travel.

Olympe, too, punctuates her speech—which becomes heavily accented when she’s excited—with typical French gesticulations. She is inclined to be shy, but the moment you touch her work she becomes picturequely animated and talks with fire-cracker rapidity. Her word is Claudette Colbert, and more than anything else in the world she wants to be like Claudette. She is not permitted "dames" with boys as yet, and that is something else she is looking forward to. When she is eighteen, Papa Bradna promises, she may go out, but not before. So, she goes directly home from the studio, studies diligently her lessons and her English and reads novels of romance. These are three girls who are going far on the screen. Each is individual, each is talented, but shy, but without unimaginin g. You’re going to hear from my trio. They can’t lose. The spirit of youth won’t permit the trailing behind. They’re as good as stars, already.

He author of the "Golden Apple" story has prepared another comparative article for the December Silver Screen. He tells of the points of similarity between three actresses who have already played quite important roles, and gives the inside information on the battle between these three lovely girls.
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE
By Charlotte Herbert

ROBERT TAYLOR is all burned up over a painting called the Boy Beautiful and has notified his studio that when he returns from England he expects to be given human roles, or else. Metro's future "heavy" admits that nothing in all this world frightens him so much as to look around suddenly and see thousands of rouged lips all pursed to kiss him. He's only interested in one pair of rouged lips and they belong to Barbara Stanwyck. So far his hectic trip to England has been in the nature of a nightmare to Mr. Taylor. No wonder he cables or calls Barbara every day begging her to join him.

"DAY of Promise" is the title given to the coming picture of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. It should be called "Dummy's Luck" or "Heart of Gold But His Head Wouldn't Function." Universal will be the proud father.

WHEN Sonja Henie returns from her vacation in Europe, will Tyrone Power resume his publicity romance with her for the sake of the box office ("Thin Ice" is a great hit), or will he continue to lavish love and gifts on Janet Gaynor, who was his Dream Girl before he even got a start in pictures? Or will he somebody else entirely by that time, perhaps Loretta Young, with whom he is co-starring in "Second Honeymoon"? Sonja, who is an expert little business woman, is eager to resume the romance, but Janet and Loretta seem rather willing, too.

THE warm feeling of friendship grows from unsuspected events, and when we saw Anheby Smith, Ronald Colman, David Niven, Raymond Massey and Madeleine Carroll in a group in "The Prisoner of Zenda," we felt that the English are relatives to be proud of. Now, don't you say, "Haans across the sea," for these artists are fine actors.

ONCE in a while a picture appears that is so different, so uplifting and entertaining that in the midst of our cheering we wonder why more GREAT pictures are not produced. "One Hundred Men and a Girl" is the finest one we have seen for many months. There have been other fine pictures, but for us, the Deanna Durbin film has greatness of a rarer order. We were always one to get choked up when unselfish generosity actuates a character. We like to think that this world of ours has many people like that. The picture has no imagined love story, but it does have glorious living music. The great orchestra speaks for the musicians who have come upon evil days of want and worry, and when Deanna's wonderful voice unexpectedly rings forth, our very soul was lifted in exaltation. Critics are proclaiming the grandeur of this Universal picture, but even if they did not, we would be proud to do our bit for this real work of art. Silver Screen will have Deanna Durbin's portrait painted for the cover of the next issue.

ACROSS
1. He portrayed "The Good Old Saw" (abbr.)
2. Falsey accused convict in "Men in Exile" (initials)
3. A number of Hollywood's younger set (initials)
4. Co-starred with Spencer Tracy in "Big City" (initials)
5. Made his film debut in "New Faces of 1937" (initials)
6. Upton
7. Tool for boring (abbr.)
8. Fathom dancer (initials)
9. Suffix (abbr.)
10. Inequalities (initials)
11. A deep gulch (initials)
12. With Constance Bennett in "Topper" (initials)
13. Beverage (initials)
14. A charming English actress (initials)
15. Period of time (initials)
16. Rebake (initials)
17. The bazooka player (initials)
18. One who bakes (initials)
19. The point where two lines meet (initials)
20. One who eats (initials)
21. Mrs. Art Johnson (initials)
22. Slacker (initials)
23. Measure of area (initials)
24. Personal pronoun (initials)
25. "Snell's Dallas" (initials)
26. To marry (initials)
27. Physician (initials)
28. Measure of weight (initials)
29. Land measure (initials)
30. Degree (initials)
31. Toward (initials)
32. On the ocean (initials)
33. Portion (initials)
34. Exiles (initials)
35. In a like manner (initials)
36. What all film players hope to become (initials)
37. Temporary shelter (initials)
38. The incident forest in "Big Business" (initials)
39. Otherwise (initials)

DOWN
1. With Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine" (initials)
2. American Legion (initials)
3. Going leader in "Teresa Can't Take Money" (initials)
4. The heroine in "Song of the City" (initials)
5. Idol of the movies (initials)
6. Her name is linked romantically with Nino Martini (initials)
7. A Bond's Tarkington character (initials)
8. In "The Awful Truth" (initials)
9. The small town girl in "Girl Loves Boy" (initials)
10. To wear away (initials)
11. One of Betty Davis' roommates in "Marked Woman" (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

DIETRICH MARSHALL VERNON MORGAN OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
VAMPIRE STANLEY THATER
DOROTHY WAGNER ELIZABETH JAMISON
ZULU LILIANE PONSONBY
LYNNE CLARKE
JULIE VARELA
JANE CUDDY
SONIA BARKER

THE CUNES PRESS INC., N. S.
9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars use it to guard Million-Dollar Complexions

Don't risk cosmetic skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against it.

Ginger Rogers
RKO-Radio Star

I guard against cosmetic skin this easy way—by removing every trace of make-up with Lux Toilet Soap.

Loretta Young
20th Century-Fox Star

Joan Blondell
Warner Bros. Star

Lux Toilet Soap has active lather that prevents choked pores. I'm delighted with the way it keeps my skin so smooth.

V it's Mild  V it's Pure  V it has Active Lather
A pack o' pleasure

Chesterfield

Ciga

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ON WISHING LISTS
THE WORLD AROUND...

that single thread
of Fragrance

Gemey

In Monte Carlo or Mandalay, in Singapore or Salzburg...on wishing lists the world around, the loveliest women write...Fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey, young and fresh and spirited, is beloved of 75 lands. And today in America Richard Hudnut presents this perfume in tiny handbag vials, in impressive dressing table flacons...presents it, too, as a single thread of fragrance spun through a galaxy of glamour gifts.

See these Christmas treasures in fragrance Gemey at your nearest perfume counter...beguiling trifles in lipsticks and rouge pots, sleek compacts, personal enchantments, luxurious charm-chests.

Choose from them that gift-that-matters...an intimate gift, a gift with the continental flair...in that favorite of five continents...fragrance Gemey!

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York • Paris • London • Toronto • Buenos Aires
Havana • Berlin • Budapest • Copenhagen • Sydney

ON HER WISHING LIST: four essentials to charm in that single thread of allure...Fragrance Gemey, $5.

GAIA GIFTS...handbag lux-

Glamour Cargo for her

CARGO for her

Charming duet...eight

sentiments in one

perfection tomorrows—\n
personal treasures; one

personal treasures in the

Fragrance Gemey, $10.

Fragrance Gemey,

$5.50, $4.50, $3.50, and

special gifts, $1.

Fragrance Gemey,

$2.50, $1.50, $1.
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.

Change to Ipana and Massage

SILVER SCREEN
In "It's Love I'm After," both Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland seem to be doing their best to put Leslie Howard on the spot.

ALL BABA GOES TO TOWN—Amusing. A satire on the New Deal, with Eddie Cantor falling ashore on a movie picture set of an Arabian Nights film and dreaming that he has become prime minister to the Sultan of Baghdad. There are some cute songs, and a few neat dances and plenty of Eddie Cantor, if you like him, as well as June Lang, Louise Havick and Douglas Dummarfe.

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Excellent. The smartest comedy to come out of Hollywood since "I Met Him In Paris," and that's saying a lot. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant (and are they swell!) play the sophisticated married couple who decide, in a moment of anger, to get a divorce. But they both love each other madly, and, while the divorce is pending, they go through a series of uproarious situations which drives them right back together again, to the joy of the audience, if not of the other characters involved.

BORROWING TROUBLE—A fine. A wholesome addition to the Jones Family series which depicts an appealing and vastly entertaining section of American home-life. This full-length episode concerns a new-comer, Martin Stephens, who is quite a problem youth and creates plenty of diversion for the Jones' family and its intimate friends (Spring Byington, Jel Frouty, Russell Gleason, Shirley Deane, Louis Heit).
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 SAUER · Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK MUMMERT
Associate Producer HARRY SAUER

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"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS

SILVER SCREEN
NO MORE SHINY NOSE

An entirely new beauty aid—VOVOX! A dainty, creaseless, frequent cream... different in principle and results. No one before has anything like it been created for lovely women. A fairy touch on the nose—a dab of powder... and the stubborn shine is gone. And gone for hours! No one can attract rain. Gone, too, are those greasy patches around the nostrils, always so persistent... so hard to disguise.

VOVOX does not "cover" or "clog"—it absorbs. VOVOX puts neither as a mere "covering" to close the pores, nor as an instrument to close them. Its action is rather to "absorb" its natural, accessory gland secretions from the skin. Thus, those tiny beads of oil are prevented from seeping through face powder and spreading over the skin to cause unlovely shine.

VOVOX helps, too, in keeping the skin soft, white and nourished-in texture. Powder goes on "smooth as silk"... and stays on.

Special Limited Trial Offer
50¢ jar of VOVOX for only 1¢
Prove to yourself, at our expense, the effectiveness of VOVOX, and not until you have been proved at 50¢ worth. Not only will the enamel shine at once but for hours. Because the skin is oil and we will not absorb, there will be no shiny spots. With these 50¢ it will be your own full-size 50¢ jar.

VOVOX, 1003 Ensign Blvd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me regular full-size 50¢ jar of VOVOX on enlisting 1¢ to cover cost of mail- ing and handling.

Name
Address
City
State

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 baking powder, a fourth ounce of vinegar. 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.

Barbi imports color to streaked, faded or white hair, makes it soft and shiny, and takes years off your looks. It is pleasant and harmless. It is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SONG POEM WRITERS
SEND FOR FREE Rhyming Dictionary and Witten Goldie, about best poems, melodies today for our bonafide, superior OFFER.

MMMM MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Portland, Ore.

He Said He'd Never Marry!

Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can conquer her men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other book on that subject would have equally helpedless in her hands. Yes, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men; and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Send only 1¢ for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86-A, St. Louis, Mo.

E. Dewey inspired this film which shows us how the criminals manage to worm their way into many strange spots in order to prevent identification of the big shots, in a pretty exciting film fare. (John Lietel, Dick Purcell, Jack Dish.

NIGHT CLUB SCANDAL—Fine, an about-to-sound mystery melodrama, with John Barry more giving his usual sure performance as the doctor who almost, but not quite, gets away with the murder. Lynn Overman is fine as the crimp reporter, who is at one and the same time im- prudent enough to be amusing yet clear-headed (G. C. Scott, with Charles Keitz's music),

SECOND HONEYMOON—Amusing, a gallant of marital whimsy, in which Loretta Young, with honeymooning with husband No. 2 (Lyke Power suddenly meets his wife No. 1 (Tyrone Power and decides to do a right-about face, which I accomplished without any domestic fireworks. Swell cast includes Cherie Trevor, Sig Ruman, Lawrie Weaver, Hume Berman.

SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Good, Op, a dual program that offers to provide very satisfactory entertainment. The plot is old stuff, on the surface it is brisk and clever, and in the story have been oiled up to smoothly your perfectly reconvene. (Rob Armstrong, Lee Foran, Ann Sheridan).

STAND-IN—Fine, a satirical take-off on the film colony which you will enjoy thoroughly. Clarence Buddington Kelland wrote the story. Leslie Howard plays the lead, a prurient New York efficiency man who is well acquainted with the superiors to determine why a certain studio is hesitating about settling on a story, and with the aid of Joan Blondell, his new secretary finds out a lot about life as well as the generalization of the studio's most capable actors.

THERE GOES THE GROOM—Good. Barrie Meredith (of the New York stage) deserts his fiancée for the encore and emerges as a comedian who can shake a shoulder and make an impression and create a success. There is a story, too, and quite a good one, but the personalities involved overshadow it. (The Yacht Club Boys, Larry Grable, Betty Grable, Johnny Downs, Dorothy Lamour, Eleanor Whitney, etc., etc., etc.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—Splendid. The private life of one of the greatest queens in history is stressed here, with just enough data about her public life to keep the audience aware of her political importance in history. Anna Neagle supreme in the queen, and Anton Walbrook makes a magnificent Prince Consort. This is a lavish production, half-Technicolor, suavely played. Delightful.

WESTLAND CASE—The interesting film is based on one of the Crime Club members of New York. The case is sentenced to the chair for the murder of his wife with a weapon which, it is thought, can be identified for all concerned in the end. In view, Lionel Stander, Frank Jenks and Astrid Allwyn.

WITHOUT WARNING—Good. A gripping murder mystery with Barbara Stanwyck in starring role, the leading role, of a former con- vict, who Lied out of the death of her new boss, in an exciting and exciting murder, includes Marie Wilson and Regis Toomey.

The Yacht Club Boys, bedevilling poor Eleanor Whitney, in "Thrill of a Lifetime."

A scene from "Breakfast for Two," with Herbert Marshall and Barbara Stanwyck.

romantic episode in the life of the celebrated English actor of the 18th century, David Garrick, who, before he became a great actor, was harassed by a merry group of Frenchmen. In the cast, Olivia de Havilland, Edw. E. Horton, Lionel Atwill.

HEIDE—Fine, taken from the famous German childhood classic of the same title, this film should please old and young alike, especially when it stars Shirley Temple, whose followers are legion. Shirley plays an orphan, under the guardianship of Jean Hersholt, as a sort of young man. One could laugh in the old fairy-tales, there's Christmas flavor to the whole which should make it a perfect "find" at this season.

HOLD 'EM NAVY—Good, this fine film of life at Annapolis proves to be fast-moving enter- tainment with plenty of action, romance and patriotism. A new navy hit, the French navy once is the Navy-Army football game, with the Navy-1 winning. The scenes, acting and story are good, and Shirley Temple has the right kind of character who makes a perfect "find" at this season.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Excellent. This is really a highly hilarious comedy, and with such attractive players as Leslie Howard, Betty Davis and Olivia de Havilland in the leads you have a film that is even more than what's coming to you. Leslie and Betty are on the stage playing players when Olivia, a love-sick girl, comes along and tries to win Leslie. And how this romance is spiced provides a high spot in amusing climaxes.

LANCER SPY—Good. Now, at last, it can be told. What we never quite knew who won the war. It is a British officer who, because of his uncanny resemblance to a German officer captured by the British during World War I and on going to Berlin learns all the secrets of the German plan of attack. It's it's excitement you are looking for, you'll get it here. (George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Ralph Lewis, Joseph Schildkraut).

LOOK OUT, MR. MOTO—Fine. This has not as interesting nor as believable a plot structure as the other. J. M. Marquand Moto stories. In fact, in trying to attain the fantastic and the bizarre, the producers seemed to have reached out and captured the ridiculous instead. The cast, if you're willing to sit through this top, boasts names like Peter Lorre, Robert Kent and Rochelle Hud- son.

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Splendid. A thought-provoking drama that gives one courage to think that some day the screen will be one of the greatest vehicles in modern life toward pre- vailing the ideals of great men. This film tells the story dramatically and dramatically how Zola, the great French novelist, cleared his name and was fully branded as his country's most ignoble traitor.

MANHATTAN MERRY-ROUNDR—Fine. An unusually well acted comedy and swell music, running from opera to jazz. It concerns Leo Carrillo, a racketing money-lender who takes over a broadcasting studio and then proceeds to force a number of high- powered celebrities to join his programs. Cast includes Phil Regan, Anc Dvorak, Henry Armetta, James Gleason, Tamara Geva, etc.

MERRY-ROUNDR OF 1938—Good. You needn't bother about the plot of this musical, be- cause all the sparkle of a Broadway work has been stripped out of it. It's just another curiosity that it made the long-winded story of recent developments. (Lenore. a Sib Lahr, Mischa Auer, Jimmy Savo, Alice Brady and Louise Kerzner all get together, you can imagine the laughs. John King and Barbara Read manage the love interest.

MISSING WIFE—Good. The recent in- vestigation of rackets in New York by Thomas
HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!

... Here comes Fred's big dancing show ... with Hollywood's Girl of Your Dreams for romance ... and George and Gracie Gracie than ever! ... New daring dance creations! ... New bluezy song swingsations! ... New knock-out laugh sensations! ... in a dizzical, dancical, musical show thrilled to the top with buoyant life at its gayest!

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs!

"Fuzzy Day" — "Nice Work If You Can Get It!" — "I Can't Be Bothered Now" — "Things Are Looking Up"

FRED ASTAIRE
GEORGE GRacie
BURNS AND ALLen

A Damsel in Distress

with
JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by
IRA GERSHWIN
A PANDRO'S BERMAN ProdUCTION
DIREcTED BY
GEORGE STEVENS

Screen Play by
P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

FROM THE STOrY BY
P. G. WODEHOUSE

SILVER SCREEN
**DRAFTS?**

**GARBLE LISTERINE**

Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

---

**EXPOSURE?**

**GARABLE LISTERINE**

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an pending cold.

---

**LISTERINE KILLS GERMS ASSOCIATED WITH COLDS AND SORE THROAT**

Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or no colds at all. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the dreaded danger zone of the chest less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenzas and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. They would be held under control.

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

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**"BEAUTY BATH SWEEPS AWAY TOBACCO-STAINED DEPOSITS"**

Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauties about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bares the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its high-luster polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 4 oz. tube. The 2 oz. size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your druggist today.
DOLORES DEL RIO'S GIFT to the baby's godmother—the very first to be received by the way—was a tiny cross of baguette emeralds suspended from a platinum chain of exquisite workmanship. Dolores and Sandra Cooper are the closest of friends, and Dolores is the baby's godmother.

Unlike most men who want boys, Gary wanted a little girl and her friends say that he simply sits by the hour with the most pleased expression on his face gazing at the diminutive Maria Veronica. "Babies," he said very seriously to Claudette Colbert on the set one day, as if he had just made a great discovery, "have finger nails just like grown ups. And you have to keep them cut or else they'll scratch themselves." Gary, of course, is an authority on babies now.

A NITA LOUISE, dining at Clara Bow's "IT" cafe, aroused a lot of interest with her hand bag which was actually three small bags of antelope in shades of navy, powder and Wallis blue, strung on a silver chain. "One to hold make-up, one for money, and one for handkerchief and doodles," Anita explained. If you have to remember which is which.

W C FIELDS, who disobeyed all the doctor's orders, attributes his recovery to "scientific neglect."

MARGORIE GATESON has found a little perfume bottle that was all the rage last summer. "So many women and girls use perfume behind the ear, and then wonder why their skin gets all dry and rough in that spot," says Marjorie. "So I took two of those small hollow bottles and had them made into clip earrings, put in my favorite scene, and now I save my smell."

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is not only a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin, but has some of that famous American's scientific curiosity. Franklin, as you know from your text books, with a kite string and key discovered electricity in the sky. Freddie, by attaching a radio aerial to the metal band temporarily worn on his teeth, has proven that he makes a perfect antena.

When his Aunt Cosy heard Freddie's radio going after the usual bedtime hour she investigated. "I found Freddie sitting up in bed, with wire running from his radio to the band the dentist recently put on his teeth," she said. "He explained that there was no danger of his getting a shock. I was the one who received the shock."

"And besides," said Freddie, "my radio works better. Using myself as an antenna, I get twice the volume."

Pat O'Brien inadvertently caused much excitement in the industry with his latest picture. "Women Are Like That." Every time he approached the mike the sound engineer threw a fit. "You squeak," he yelled.

"I got wet in the fog last night," kield Pat. In spite of discarding keys, watch fob, change, and even his shoes, the squeak still continued. Finally it was traced to his metal suspenders. A belt was hastily substituted for Pat's gaituses and the show went on. That mike is as sensitive as the little Princess who slept, or rather couldn't sleep, on a pea.

H ave you been reading about Clark Gable appearing at football games and driving around with a pretty blonde, not Carole Lombard? Well, the pretty blonde is Alice Marble, the tennis champion, and, incidentally, one of Carole's best friends, and Carole knows all about it so don't get excited. Alice looks very much like Virginia Bruce, and thanks to Carole, who insisted upon the studio giving her a test, now has a Paramount contract.

Carole is spending her last few days before she has to face the camera with Fernand Gravet (lucky girl) in furnishing and decorating Gable's new ranch house, which is out near Tarzana in the Valley and very near the ranches of Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, and Paul Kelly. If Carole hadn't turned out to be a first rate movie star she could have been a first rate interior decorator. And Clark, who has been living at a hotel for two years, is as happy as a schoolboy over his new hunting lodge.

When it comes to starting fads in Hollywood there is no one like Joan Crawford. Joan's hat-of-the-month is an ornament made of wood which she wears on the lapel of her tailored suits, on the necklines of her sweaters, on her hats, on her slacks, and on her purses. Sometimes the wooden ornament is a carved pineapple with green feathers decorating the top, and other times it's a palm tree, or a duck, or practically anything you can think of.

When Lupe Velez left Mexico as a child a dollar looked like the United States amid to her. But in November Lupe returned to her native Mexico City to make a picture for Azteca Films and for three weeks' work she received $57,000 (which looks like the United States mint to me). The title of the picture is "La Sandunga" and it's a story of the history of Mexico. Her bridegroom of five years (and there were many of us who said it wouldn't last five weeks) sailed her down as far as Acapulco, Mexico, on the Weissenmuller yacht, "Guadalupita."

The first time it has ever been seen at Hollywood's favorite desert resort, Palm Springs, a bathing suit with sleeves! Eleanor Powell was quite a sensation when she appeared at a swimming club there in a blue sharkskin bathing suit with set-in sleeves, fitted at the waistline and backless. Why's sleeves? Don't ask me, I only work here.

LANA TURNER, who used to be Wayne Morris' girl (who hasn't) is now exchanging smiles with Buddy Westmore, who is Martha Raye's "ex." And Wayne is dating Cecilia Parker, who used to be Michael Whalen's steady, says it's love at first, And Tyrone Power, fresh back from a trip to New York to see Janet Gaynor, took Sonja Henie to Norma Shearer's Halloween party. It's all so confusing. But anyway Jon Hall is still the favorite of Countess di Frasso.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

The holiday spirit, ushering in that great day of days, is everywhere, very much including our own movie-land. As the sun slowly sinks in the golden west on the closing moments of December 24, Hollywood pauses in her mad rush and turns sentimental to a fault.

Stars with electric-light names lavish their precious time on the tying of tinsel ribbon and the placing of spun-glass ornaments on the tops of Christmas trees, while orchid corsages are forgotten for holly wreaths and scripts abandoned for the hilarity of stuffing stockings!

A number of stars pause frequently in their tasks and relive in their minds other cheery Christmases spent in climes far, far away from sunny California. There is Dolores Del Rio, whose early Yuletides were all spent in Mexico. At home, Christmas Eve is always an occasion for great gladness. Gifts are exchanged and sometimes they are placed around a carved image of the Christ Child, instead of on or about a tree.

"In my country, Christmas Eve was largely a time for prayer," mused Dolores, "and no meat was ever eaten until after midnight. The older people always attended Mass, and then a feast was held which usually lasted until about three in the morning! Santa Claus isn't well-known in Mexico as he is here. As a matter of fact, the Mexican Santa Claus is a snake! In 1930 the Ministry of Education banned Santa from Mexico by decree. The reason given was that the usual representation of the Christmas Saint swathed in furs and woolens and driving a sleigh is very incongruous in the mild Mexican climate, where snow is rarely seen. But to console the children, the Ministry appointed Quetzalcohuati, an old Aztec god, to the position of Mexican Mr. Claus. Quetzalcohuati is popularly represented as a feathered snake, the symbol of the aboriginal deity of cheer and forerunner of Christianity.

"When I was quite small, my folks would tuck me into bed early on Christmas Eve and the next day I woke to find my presents scattered on a big table beside the bed. I arose early to attend Mass, spent most of the morning in church and returned home to a huge Christmas dinner that I remember was always shared by close friends of the family and relatives."

Johnny Weissmuller is going to be introduced once again to another old Mexican observance, called the Pinata, which is what Lupe Velez arranges for every Christmas Eve. The Pinata demands that all remain quiet and solemn until midnight, when one of those present is blindfolded and given a club. A small earthen receptacle previously has been packed with small gifts, and when the blindfolded member of the family strikes out and breaks the jar, there is a scramble for the presents. Nobody believes Lupe, has so much fun at Christmas time as she does.

Claudette Colbert wistfully reminisced of past Yuletides spent in her native Paris during her very early childhood.

"The French Noel or Christmas Day is all for the children," she explained. "The poor grown-ups have to wait until New Year's Day for their celebration. Oddly enough, the children never hang up their stockings, but, instead, set their shoes out on the front doorstep! The next morning they are delighted to find them all stuffed with gifts.

"On New Year's the adults' turn comes. It is a French custom to remember with a gift each person who has entertained you during the year. Because the French always greet Christmas with
Though Customs Vary Throughout The World Every Life Becomes Beautiful When Touched By The Spirit Of Christmas.

"How well, too, I can hear those delightful English carol singers, going from door to door, street to street, singing at the top of their vibrant young voices! How beautiful their voices in the stillness of the London night! God rest you, merrie gentlemen, let nothing you dismay. Remember Christ's Saviour was born on Christmas Day!"

"A Yuletide in Britain is a wondrous thing, but any Christmas anywhere can be wondrous if one but carries the emotion in his heart. My Christmas dinner this year will be, as always, very English in flavour. There will be the plum pudding, a Yorkshire pudding and, of course, the roast beef! I hope to entertain a few friends with a midnight buffet supper on Noel Eve, and probably will engage a few singers to render carols. If I cannot spend Christmas in my native land, then I regularly do the next best thing and try to bring a bit of England to Hollywood to spend Christmas!"

Other "Englishers" will gather at the home of Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel for a Yule dinner. It's to be American in style, except that Una O'Connor, a guest, is planning on having brandy burning on the plum pudding, in the good old-fashioned British way. Miss O'Connor reveals, incidentally, that she has discarded the English custom of wrapping presents in brown paper and twine, for the American style, which is gay and brighter.

"Christmas in Germany!" sighs Marlene Dietrich, whenever the holiday season comes. "Ah, what a glad time—what cheer and good will! Although I may never return to my fatherland, I shall never forget the German Yule Festival, which opens on the Eve of St. Nicholas Day, December 6, and the merry-making continues until after the 25th. Weihnacht or Christmas Eve is in some places celebrated as a feast occasion and the children receive presents at this time. In other parts of Germany, it is a time for fasting, for animals as well as humans.

"At midnight those who can attend Mass and the superstitions insist that the animals, too, kneel at this Holy Hour! There are even certain sections of the German Alps where the peasants believe animals are blessed with the power of speech for a few minutes on every Christmas Eve, but—as it is considered a terrible sin to listen, no one, apparently, has ever investigated the matter!"

"Christmas trees abound in Germany. You know, it was Martin Luther who first introduced us to the tree—he is thought to have been taking a lonely walk through the woods when he imagined the fir trees all adorned with stars—and the Christmas tree is supposed to be his dream come true! About every home in Germany has a tree, and hospitals and prisons are well supplied. Even those who have passed on to another world aren't forgotten, and tiny candle-lit trees glow above their graves! A good many of the toys and knickknacks you see in the big department stores are made in Germany and some of those old toy-makers look just like old St. Nick himself as they sing and work at the same time before their huge work benches, shaping all sorts of amazing toys for the little ones."

"There are many tempting things to eat at the average German Christmas Day dinner, including roast pig, pfeffer kuchen (cake), fish patties, noodles, fruit, home-made wines and marzipan, those delicacies made from chopped almond [Continued on page 72]"
The Broadway Columnist Has Made Remarkable Discoveries In The Pursuit Of Pictures. Seeking Super-Souls, Ed Found Only Human Beings:

I have been deceived, grossly, I have been flim-flammed. And I propose now to strike back and mortally wound those magazine writers who betrayed my confidence. Let me tell you a sad story, ladies and gentlemen, a story that will bring tears to your eyes, and oxals to your lips; the story of a Broadway columnist who had to travel to Hollywood to learn that you can't believe what you read in the papers.

I had read, in a magazine back east, that Carole Lombard was so full of the joy and elixir of life that she resented nightfall. Her resentment, the writer pointed out, was due to the fact that Miss Lombard loved to get up at six o'clock every morning, rush to the stables and select a spirited mount, gallop until seven, returning then to the swimming pool for a thirty-minute swim before sitting down at the breakfast table for a slice of toast, half a grapefruit, and a glass of milk.

To a Broadway columnist, this exciting picture of an exciting star was spell-binding. That, I said to myself, is the way life should be lived. Sadly I contrasted my own wretched existence with the Lombard plan; getting up at 5 P.M., patrolling the Broadway beat until 4 A.M.; the next morning, missing the sun and the fresh air that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to the constitution of every citizen. So when he got to Hollywood, your reporter made a beeline for the "True Confessions" set where Miss Lombard was enjoying with Fred MacMurrary. Somewhat dubiously I surveyed her. Was it possible that this tiny feminine creature tamed lively horses, and swam for thirty minutes at a stretch? But as these doubts assailed me, I remembered that I'd read it in the papers and the magazines, and certainly they uttered nothing but truth in their columns.

So Sullivan, the next morning, left a call for 5 A.M. at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. As I was dressed in a V-necked sweater, a pair of riding breeches from Saks Fifth Avenue, a pair of boots and a heavy pair of riding gloves. The hotel doorman looked at me, curiously when the garage attendant brought up my car, a roadster. "Are you making a western picture? Miss Sullivan?" he asked civilly. I shook my head; "I thought I'd go out and take a brisk canter this morning," I explained. "Where do all the stars go riding—what's the favorite bridle path?" The doorman started grinning. "Say, the only exercise they do is to paste their clippings in scrapbooks," he said.

Dismissing him as nothing but a heckler, perhaps even a Communist, I rolled away from the hotel and started for Carole Lombard's home. Arriving there, I seated myself on the porch to wait for her appearance. For fifteen minutes I waited, and then the horrible truth sank in. I'd missed her. The magazine article had said she got up every morning at 6 o'clock, and here it was almost 6:25. Hastily I jumped back into the car and pointed it toward Beverly Glenn. She would be there, or perhaps I'd find her galloping through Topanga Pass, her hair flying in the wind, her cheeks stung to color by the wind.

Not a sound stirred the echoes of Topanga Pass or Beverly Glenn. Cupping my hands to my mouth, I hailed the horses, as so in the Swiss Alps. No result. I remembered an Indian picture which had been shown at the Port Chester nickelodeon in my youth. The Indian scouts, to hear horses galloping, put their ears to the ground to detect the vibration of hoofs, at a distance. Perhaps Carole was in the distance. I adjusted the brakes, climbed out of

(Top) He's the best dancer in any ballroom and, when Caesar Romero teams up for a tango with Loretta Young, it's the peak of the party. (Above) The misquoted Dolores Del Rio. (Right) Fred Astaire knows all the steps including the way to walk away from an ill-bred interviewer. (Next) Sullivan went to Katharine Hepburn's set, and heard her pals call her "Katie." (Top, right) Mae West figured out it was time someone made a screen character with a lust for life, and that to laugh with gusto was wholesome. And she made it pay.
the car and knelt in the road, ear flattened to the ground. To my amazed delight, the trick worked. Sure enough, I could hear the noise of hoods far, far away. Suddenly, too, a voice shouted: "Hey, you, get up out of there." A farmer, his cart loaded with tomatoes, was staring at me over the top of his horse's head. He had come around the mountain bend with his horse and wagon, and those were the hoods I'd heard.

Shamefacedly, I withdrew from my awkward position, and he chirruped loudly to his nag and drove past, still looking at me with the greatest suspicion. He was looking back at me when another curve blocked him from view. I was afraid to guess at what he was thinking, but luckily my New York license plates were visible. You can do almost anything out here with New York license plates on your car: they figure New Yorkers are just naturally daffy, I guess.

I drove back to the Lombard residence. Perhaps she'd returned and was in the swimming pool, thrashing about in the cold water as the magazine writer had said. I wandered back to the swimming pool, and Shock No. 2 arrived. There was no water in it. A Filipine gardener looked up impassively from his gardening: "What time does Miss Lombard go swimming?" I asked him politely. No answer. So I resorted to pigeon-English and made motions with my hands to illustrate, "Miss Lombard, so far as I know, doesn't know how to swim" this amazing person said. "The pool is only for her guests." Now I was seeing the air: "I thought you didn't understand English?" I said lamely. "I won an L.L.D. at Southern California," he said, and returned to the trimming of an avocado tree.

So your reporter, quit, got back in his car in disgust. The stories about those 6 A.M. canterers (not Eddie) was the bunk then. So, too, were the stories about the gay abandon of the swimming pool. Probably if I'd stayed for breakfast, I'd find her, instead of dieting, cutting up a steak. Yes, indeed, it was all very bewildering.

Loretta Young had prepared me for disillusion. Sitting with her and Director Walter Lang in the ornate 20th Century-Fox bungalow set aside for her use, at lunch the day previous, she had been telling me how she prepared for the day's work before the cameras. Loretta explained how she curled the front of her hair, while the maid curled the back of it before going under the dryer: "I suppose while you're in the dryer you read and memorize the script," I said, Miss Young turned up her lovely nose: "I should, but I don't," she said gaily, "I prefer to read a book." Director Lang nodded: "You're telling me," he said, succinctly.

Or the interview with Dolores Del Rio should have warned me that [Continued on page 70]
The Hollywood game is exciting, exacting, and often dangerous. It's a turbulent journey to the top and even the most gifted actors and actresses need specialists to help them. Almost every star gives grateful credit to some manager, secretary, or perhaps, a hairdresser, for carrying them over the hurdles to success.

Being pounded into shape by Donald Loomis, physical instructor of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, was the most important factor in Robert Taylor's meteoric flight to film success.

An odd quirk may scoot one into Hollywood's fatal oblivion and Bob must sometimes ask himself just where he would be today if Loomis hadn't grasped him firmly by his thin shoulders and remodeled him into the hero-physique. The camera's edict is that even with a perfect profile a man can't be romantic if he is too thin. Or too fat. The male glamour is measured by girth.

Handsome, and with ingratiating charm, Bob's looks insistently cast him as the romantic hero but he was thin and scrawny, lacking that vibrant personality that heroines crave, on and off the screen. So, the MGM powers that be hastily sent him to Donald Loomis with instructions to do his stuff.

"Bob had never gone in for strenuous athletics and was underweight and sot," Loomis told me. "So, I put him on a rigid diet and exercise schedule. He was eager to follow every suggestion and within two weeks there was a noticeable improvement and he became so interested that he turned the guest room of his bachelor home into a fully equipped gymnasium, where he spends much time.

"He gained twenty pounds, and I put six inches of muscle on his chest, two inches on his arms and two on his neck. Now, he's a husky he-man, in better health and with twice the energy and endurance he ever had. Our reward, the final O.K. for our work, was when Carbo requested that Bob Taylor be her Arrmaud in 'Camille.' That was the ultimate of glamorous selection!"

For nine years, Lucille de Antoine has been Loretta Young's second self. They met that eventful day when the thirteen-year-old Loretta crashed the studio and convinced Director Merry LeRoy she could pinch-hit for her sister Polly Ann in 'Naughty But Nice.' At the time, Lucille was Colleen Moore's hairdresser, but watching the goggle-eyed kid trying to act grown-up, she took Loretta under her wing—and there she's been ever since. A veteran of the studio, she taught her charge the ins and outs of this magic world. She sees that her hair, make-up, costumes are right, coaches her in acting and dialogue, and she's been on every set of every picture Loretta has made.

Unassuming, Lucille prefers the background, and while she draws her salary from Loretta as hairdresser, Loretta consults her on everything from contracts, roles, the tilt of her new hat, even about dates with the boy friends. Through the years of her growing up, Lucille's judgment and watchfulness have played a most important part in carrying Loretta to success as one of the brightest of the Twentieth Century-Fox stars.

Said Loretta, "Not only is Lucille my most intimate friend but she's my best critic, she tells me the unvarnished truth, never flatters. She knows exactly what I should do and I can tell by the expression on her face how a scene went over; whether I should do it again or if it is okay. I couldn't do without her guidance, she is very wise!"

Dick Powell's career has been pushed ahead by Mike Levec, well-known Hollywood artist's representative.

Said Mr. Levec, as we talked in his office, "Dick is a talented artist, also, a shrewd business man, but he hasn't the time nor the experience to cope with the complex angles of managing his own career. He is too wise to attempt it for he realizes it is a business for an expert."  

"Selling a film career to success requires an expert; there's no other line of work like it. It takes a thorough knowledge of the intricate phrases involved in securing a job, negotiating a contract advantageous to all concerned, side stepping pitfalls and insidious dangers that spell ruin, and protection from multitudinous demands, real and phony, that come from every source one can think of."

"When I saw Dick in 'Forty-Second Street' I knew he was a star with outstanding personality and should have only the best material. At a psychological moment, I decided a fling on the radio would be wise so I secured a nice spot for him with 'Hollywood Hotel.' He was a sensation, his popularity soared, and his salary jumped to three times what it had been. Then he signed with Warner Brothers exclusively, for films and radio, and not only stars in good pictures but takes first place in their new radio-film Saturday broadcast, 'Your
The career of Robert Taylor wavered in the balance until a stranger opened the shining gate to fame. Francesca Gaal found a helping hand, although all Hollywood was new to her. Warren William (above) will not take the credit for his success.

Movieland Parade: "Dick has the goods and it is up to me to sell him to the best advantage. We agree on a policy, then he turns the entire matter over to me. Everything attached to this dream-world of motion pictures has its practical side and while it's the most thrilling and exiting game in the world, it's the trickiest; every step must be guarded." Josephine Dillon Gable, Hollywood's famous voice coach, made it possible for Hungarian Franciska Gaal to step into the leading feminine role of Cecil De Mille's spectacular, "The Buccaneer" for her first American picture. Without this aid, her career could not have been so auspiciously launched.

"We began from scratch," smilingly explained Mrs. Gable. "Franciska didn't know a word of English but she has an eager mind and a fine intelligence, and it is amazing how thoroughly she mastered our language, leaving but the slightest accent. She's emotional and high-strung, and this threw her voice too high so that it failed to express her personality. I taught her to develop the muscles that lower it to the proper speaking key, also, inflection, tone line, and how to make and keep her voice plaint so it would reflect all the varying emotions. She was perfect in every word of dialogue before she started her picture and I doubt if any foreign star was ever so well equipped.

"Francesca is a most exciting person—the gay, ingenuous type, sparkling and softly feminine. Most of our ingenues are sophisticated, brittle and wise-cracking, and I predict she'll be a tremendous sensation."

"The requirements in making a motion picture is different from any other mode of speaking, it is a question of understanding the mechanism of the voice and its relation to the machinery of the microphone. I put Miss Gaal through a thorough training because I firmly believe the voice is the personality of the screen!"

There's Spencer Tracy. He wouldn't know what to do if brother Carroll wasn't on hand to take care of him and his affairs. Grinning, Spencer told me, "All his life he's specialized in getting me out of scrapes. When I sent the family into tears by running away and joining the navy during the World War, Carroll merely gave me a dirty look and joined the navy, too, to look after his brat brother. When I had a chance at Hollywood, he put his own business aside and came with me as manager, agent, and all around grand guy. He's the best friend a fellow ever had. I never could have piloted my bark in this crazy business. I'd have been sunk in a month. You see, I'm impractical, business is Greek to me, but Carroll is level-headed and smart, he keeps my contracts straight, takes care of the money, gives me an allowance, and everything is swell.

"Yes, I'm lucky, I'd never be where I am without Carroll. But listen, it's Louise who really made me. All that's good is hers, the bad is on my neck. When we married, she was a big stage star, popular on Broadway, but when we came to Hollywood, Louise gave that all up to be wife and mother, saving one actor in the family was enough. That was a fine gesture and I appreciate it."

(Continued on page 68)
TYRONE POWER

TYRONE POWER is a dynamic, high-strung, fidgety young man who possesses a rare charm and the very happy faculty of being able to explain away anything with the greatest of ease. He can explain away Sonja to Janet, and he can explain away Janet to Sonja—he didn't take that quick trip to New York recently to see Janet, of course not (of course not, my eye)—and with a pleasant smile he can explain away both Sonja and Janet to Loretta Young. He once explained away Dixie Dunbar so definitely at a party that she had to be taken home by another man.

At the age of seven he explained away religion to his complete satisfaction, and, as I may add, to mine too. The Power children were very well brought up and every night when Tyrone and little Ann, who was sixteen months younger than her brother, were tucked away in their nursery beds the nurse would read a chapter of the Bible to them. Ann was a very calm, quiet child, a bit on the phlegmatic side, and in direct contrast to her nervous, excitable brother. One night when the nurse had finished reading the Twenty-Third Psalm and turned out the lights Ann awoke Tyrone from a heavy sleep by asking, "What does it mean "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want?" Tyrone erupted from his sheets, "It means," he shouted more spiritually, "that you may not get all you want, but the Lord will give you what you need. Shut up and go to sleep." Such a stupid child thought Tyrone. He wanted to shake her. Instead he snipped off her curls while she slept. Somehow he couldn't explain those demolished curls to his mother's complete satisfaction the next morning. He said a big black man with horns came in during the night. His mother said that the big black man with horns was named Tyrone, and went into action.

Ever since "Lloyd's of London" broke upon a susceptible world in the fall of 1936 women have been mad for Tyrone Power. That smile, those romantic eyes with the long thick lashes (quite the longest and thickest to be found in Hollywood, outside of Dietrich's make-up box) do something to them. And Darryl Zanuck, ever eager to please the ladies, and don't say you don't know why, has put Tyrone into one picture right after another, the last being "Second Honeymoon" with Loretta Young.

If any young man has the right to say "Move over" to the Messieurs Gable and Taylor it is Tyrone, for they do say that his popularity with the fans is simply terrific. But success hasn't gone to the Power head, for the Power head is much too absorbed these days in work and love, and when Tyrone says, "Move over" it will not be to a couple of movie idols but to a couple of pretty gals. And here's a tip, you romantics, if the famous screen actor, Tyrone Power, ever asks you for a date—and it's highly probable, as he does get around—don't keep him waiting, for he is decidedly the impatient type and if there's anything he hates it's to be kept waiting. "Though I ought to be used to it by now," he says, "I'm one of those dreary people who's always on time and I've spent half my life waiting for people."

His mother, the lovely and talented Patia Power, had a little habit in those old days in Cincinnati, before the Powers could afford a chauffeur, that simply drove Tyrone into a fine fury. "I lived in dread of the mornings that the mother would come down to breakfast and say, 'Dear, I want you to drive me into town today. I want to do some shopping."

"I would drive her up to the department store on a crowded street with not a parking
place for miles around and she would gallantly say, 'Wait here, I'll only be gone a minute.' Well, naturally, with everybody hankering at me I'd have to move on so I'd drive slowly as possible around the block, but on my return there'd be no mother. Then I would drive around two blocks, then three blocks, then four blocks, but still no mother. By that time I was fit to be tied, and so mad I could almost explode. I'll let her wait, I'd say to myself, and drive furiously out towards the suburbs for an hour or so. Then, thinking I'd punished her enough, I'd drive slowly back to the department store, and there would be mother just coming out of the front door smiling sweetly and quite unconcerned about it all.

Tyrone hates to be questioned about his personal life, so don't ever ask him, "Where were you last night? What did you do?" He'll shut up on you like the well-known clam. He doesn't especially like dancing but he doesn't at all mind dressing up of an evening and going for a round of the night spots, particularly with a pretty and attractive girl. His favorite flower is the white carnation but if he is taking you to a premiere or a party he will very likely send orchids, very beautiful orchids. And if someone rushes up to him at the theatre or club and greets him most cordially and Tyrone chats away with him a mile a minute without introducing you, don't think he is just being a rude young man—heavens no, he has either forgotten the young man's name, or your name, and is fighting a desperate battle with his memory while he suffers the tortures of the damned. This name forgetting is one of his worst faults. He has tried terribly hard to overcome it. He knows your name is Susie Smith. He has known you well for three years. He knows the color of your eyes and of your nail polish. But the minute someone pops up unexpectedly and he has to introduce you your name passes entirely out of his mind. You can well imagine how embarrassing that is for a young actor.

At the premiere of "Vee Willie Winkle" Tyrone acted as master of ceremonies and for hours before arriving at the theatre kept repeating the names of the cast whom he would later have to introduce to the audience. How horrible if he should forget Shirley Temple! Well, to make a long story short, he got through Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen and June Lang okay, but Cesar Romero threw him. Just as there was about to be an awkward pause, he remembered, covered up beautifully, gave Mr. Romero to his public, and practically collapsed from fright. He never calls you by the wrong name, he simply doesn't call you at all.

Tyrone loathes conversation before breakfast. He wakes up happy enough but he just doesn't feel like talking until he has been up for an hour or so. He has to have eight hours sleep, if he has less he is fussy, if he has more he is dull. He doesn't like a well-ordered house, he likes unexpected things to happen, and they usually do. He lives with his mother, though at present she is visiting her sister Ann, who is now Mrs. Leslie Tyler and lives in Honolulu. The telephone rings day and night. The phone pad in the Power home is covered with little signs like \( \xi \) that don't mean a thing to Tyrone, nor to me, but might mean something to a psycho-analyst if you want to call one in. Ever since he was a kid he has unconsciously made those funny little symbols when he gets a pencil in his hand. He doesn't know why.

He loves gags and ribs, and, aided and abetted by Don Ameche, another ribber de luxe, he made the set of "In Old Chicago" more or less of a madhouse. Poor Alice Faye never knew whether her chair was going to break under her, her cigarette was going to explode, her grease paint was going to turn out to be anchovy paste or what—no wonder Alice was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

When he hears a good story Tyrone [Continued on page 96]
AT ELEVEN o'clock any night the night clubs of New York are fairly quiet, but by eleven-twenty the theatres are out and then the places are a pandemonium. Crowds of lovely women in expensive ankle length coats of silver fox and ermine, glittering with jewels, jam the doorways and lobbies while their white-tied escorts try to wrangle tables. For the next two hours the clubs are packed and those who don't dress are given inconspicuous back tables. One such night I spied Nino Martini and Elissa Landi, who, while an excellent actress, should also always be remembered as the granddaughter of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the tragedy of whose only son's life is the story of Meyerling. However, the minute the head-waiter saw the flash of my camera, found out who they were, in street clothes or not, they were given one of the best tables in the crowded room.

Who wouldn't like to be photographed with Carole Lombard? Well, one day, when I had been taking shots of her down on the ranch, I asked her if she'd pose with me. Her hearty laugh said yes and so I gave my camera to Paramount's ace still man, Don English, who took the picture you see. I drove, almost immediately, back into town and left Carole in the heat of the valley to pose for the studio's camera, the remainder of that hot, sunny afternoon.

Bryn Strandenes, the well-known portrait painter, called one morning to say Gloria Swanson was posing after lunch for her portrait and would I come along and shoot her. I found Gloria all sniffs and kleenex and feeling miserable. Her maid, with a cup of hot tea, hovered solicitously nearby. Occasionally she'd get up and pose for the painting, which is really superb, but more often she curled up as you see her here. It was a chill autumn day and a fire blazed in the great studio fireplace.

Hot crumpets and cold meats were served with tea, the work of painting was for the moment forgotten and between nose-blows Gloria talked of her hopes and plans for the future. Gloria has never looked lovelier and everyone is hoping that Columbia will find a grand come-back picture for her.

"When bridesgrooms meet" might well be the title for the photo of Gene Ray-

Camera Hunting the "Big Names." The Sport That Knows No Game Laws.

By Jerome Zerbe
mond and Buddy Rogers. What were they talking about and what thoughts were in their minds? Both have had some success in the movies, both have but recently married two of the most beautiful and famous women in the industry, and both have done so against odds.

In Hollywood it's an open secret that Gene Raymond's adoring mother resented his marriage, not because she objected to lovely Miss MacDonald, but because it would keep them separated just that much more. In spite of the beautiful house he gave her, she never gave in and wouldn't even go to the wedding, and only Gene's intimate friends knew how badly he felt.

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have been in love for years and everyone was sure that some day they would be married, but one echo of the past stood between them—"Pickfair," which Mary had built and loved, where she had reigned as undisputed queen of Hollywood and where later she had known disappointment and unhappiness. Buddy felt that together they should begin again with new surroundings and, at long last, Buddy won out and they were married. "Pickfair" is closed and for sale, and Mary is looking fresher and happier and even more gracious than in

(Continued on page 72)
Darling of the Ice

By Leon Surmelian

The Girl-On-The-Cover Has Already Placed The Name "Sonia Henie" High Above All Others.

impressed us like a clear, crisp sunny day of midwinter in her native countryside, of which we cherish certain mental images derived from the novels of Knut Hamsun. "We are doing a Norwegian sequence today," she explained with a twinkle in her lively brown eyes. They are extraordinarily alert, eyes, and sparkles with a healthy, outdoor vigor. "I was in Norway this summer," she continued, "and everybody there wanted to see me wearing our national costume on the screen. Don't you think I have a swell outfit on?"

Her command of our vernacular is amazing. "Where did you learn to speak English so well?" we asked her.

"In this country," she said. Her English is well nigh perfect, with hardly a trace of foreign accent. "Swell," "okay," and other stand-byes of the Hollywood vulgare bob up in her rapid-fire speech with delightful frequency.

Don Ameche, the romantic hero in her new picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, sat at a table nearby, and a crossfire of repartee passed constantly between them in the best American style. "I'm developing an American sense of humor!" she laughed. "At first I believed everything they told me. I believed them when they said black is white. But now they can't kid me any more!" We assure you she will be a dangerous foe in any kidding contest.

She had her favorite salad, a slice of pineapple with shredded carrot, as the main course of her luncheon, and topped it off with a fruit compote. "When I skate," she said, "my luncheon consists of beef bouillon with two raw eggs broken in it. I like lamb chops or fowl, especially turkey, for dinner. I don't diet. I eat when and what I please. My weight never varies."

We were curious to know how she won her third Olympic title in 1936, whether the judges awarded her the title because of some particularly difficult feat she performed on skates.

"They choose the winners on points," she explained. "First, you have the compulsory classic figures to perform. There are about 80 of these, and you never know until the last moment which figures you'll be required to execute. These compulsory figures have been established by the leading figure-skaters of the past, and never change. Then, you have to give an exhibition of free skating, figures and movements which you have created yourself. They give you only four minutes to show them everything you've got. At Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, where the figure-skating competition of the 1936 Olympic Games took place, I defended my title against 22 of the world's best skaters, representing 12 countries. The judges scored my performance at 436.6 points. My closest rival was Miss Cecilia Colledge of England, whose final score, I believe was 418.8. I had to give the best exhibition of my career to best her."

She is a champion who has conquered the imaginations of the screen fans. Her impish eyes, dimples and (thanks to her skates) her pretty legs, all testify to the joy of life and to the happiness of a champion.

We had a luncheon engagement with Miss Henie at 12 o'clock in the studio restaurant, and having misplaced the keys of our car, arrived twenty minutes late. Now, it has been our sad experience in many years of movie reporting that the darlings of the screen are seldom on time for luncheon engagements, and we thought she would leave the set around one o'clock, and so were not worried.

But great was our journalistic consternation when the studio official who deals with representatives of the press informed us that Miss Henie had been waiting for us since 12. We made the mistake of thinking of the blonde and dimpled princess of the silver skates as being another cinemactress. You can't win three Olympic titles in a row without observing sundry rules and regulations of sportsmanship. Even a casual acquaintance with her will convince you that Miss Henie is first of all a sportsman, considerate and unfailingly punctual. Twelve o'clock means 12 o'clock to her, and not 12:05.

She accepted our apologies most graciously. We found her the same Sonia Henie we had marveled at on the screen, only prettier. She wore the charming costume of her native Norway, and...
"What's the most difficult thing you have done on skates?" we inquired.

"Figure-skating for the screen is the hardest of all because you have to hit certain marks and always be within the range of the camera. You don't have the freedom you enjoy on skating rinks elsewhere."

"Do you create your own figures?"

"Of course. I make up all my dance numbers. Figure-skating is nothing but dancing on ice. I have a wonderful dance director with whom I work, Harry Losee. I first outline on paper what I want to do, and then talk it over with him. He knows everything about camera angles and lighting."

Sonja’s feet on ice have the same precision and artistic feeling as Paderewski’s fingers on the keyboard of a piano. It would be a mistake to call her skating a sport. It’s a fine art. She is the world’s great ballet dancer on ice, and she considers herself a dancer. She has the artist’s passion for constant perfection. She practiced the common toe-whirl three years before she considered herself ready to attempt it in public. "I saw faults in my first picture which I correct in Thin Ice," and saw faults in Thin Ice which I’ll try to correct in my new picture. Other people don’t see them, but I do!"

"Tastes in legs might differ, but we believe the title of the most beautiful legs on the screen must be taken from Marlene Dietrich and given to Sonja Henie. How does she keep her legs in such good shape? They have no knotty muscles, so distressingly common among athletic females. They are as nice, plump and juicy as they are bran muffins. Gauldingly we inquired about the secret of their lovely perfection. Does she massage them? "No, I don’t," she asserted. "I never do anything to my legs. I don’t practice more than two or three hours at a time, and that’s maybe why I haven’t developed ugly muscles. I usually practice two hours in the morning, and two hours late in the afternoon."

"What’s your advice to beginning skaters who want to be champions?"

"Everybody can learn how to skate after a little practice. I learned it in one season, when I was seven years old. You don’t have to know any complicated turns to enjoy figure skating. But talent and constant practice are necessary if you want to gain real skill. Isn’t it the same in every art? Can one be a successful writer without talent and hard work? I strongly advise beginners to study ballet dancing, because figure skating and ballet dancing have much in common. I began to take dancing lessons when I was four years old. I went to a ballet school in Oslo, and later, when I was 18 years old, I studied the Russian ballet in London, under Mme. Karsavina."

It was in London she perfected her brilliant interpretation of the Dying Swan of Saint-Saëns as a dance on ice—the most famous number of her repertoire. Her performance in London’s Ice Palace drew a command show for King George and Queen Mary, and the then Prince of Wales also attended. She has given command performances for the Kings of Sweden and Belgium, and, of course, King Haakon VII of Norway, who is one of her most ardent admirers.

"Why haven’t you performed your Dying Swan number on the screen?" we asked her.

"There was too much skating in my first two pictures," she said, "and something was done that didn’t fit in the story. Maybe I’ll do it in my next picture."

"Too much skating? Why, there wasn’t enough! We protested to her, and hereewith we protest publicly.

"And what’s the advice to beginners in skiing?"

"The next question in our list, scribbled on the back of an envelope.

"Oh, I love skiing!" she exclaimed. "I enjoy it more than anything else. Everybody in Norway skis. I started skiing when I was four or five years old, two or three years before I started skating. Skiing is more a sport in Norway; it’s a means of traveling over snow. Norwegian children grow up on skis. They play on them, they go to school on them. They use the use of poles, and I think that’s the correct way of learning it. Poles destroy self-confidence in the beginner. He must learn to stand on his own feet, without any support. Later, when he becomes something of an expert, he can use poles, as they have their own uses."

"Now she had finished her fruit complaint, and we our chocolate pie, and she had to hurry back to the set of "Happy Landing," which is the fourth or fifth title of her new picture. In all probability will be changed five times more before this story is printed. The interview was resumed on the set."

The Twentieth Century-Fox studio is the finest and most attractive physical plant for the production of film romance. Touring the permanent outdoor sets of this studio is like taking a trip around the world. There are characteristic sections of London, Paris, Stockholm, Bavarian towns, Budapest, Moscow, Cairo, Shanghai, and many other cities and countries of the world, reproduced with uncanny accuracy. A section of a Norwegian street was covered by a huge black tent for shooting a next sequence in "Happy Landing." A man with a red flag kept all unauthorized persons away, and a screen screamed its warning whenever shooting started.

Inside this nocturnal tent was a bit of recreated Norway in midwinter. Snow—of the Hollywood variety, a mixture of gypsum and salt—lay deep on the ground. A bevy of comely blonde actresses in bright Norwegian costumes were dancing with the young bloods of the village to the spirited music of a native orchestra. The dancing platform was festooned around with swaying Japanese lamps.

"This is the annual Jutars' Fair," Sonja said, "when the young men choose and woo their future wives. If a young man dances twice with the same girl, it means he has proposed to her."

Don Ameche and Cesar Romero are a couple of Americans flying from New York to Paris in their own plane, when they are caught in a heavy fog and are forced down near a Norwegian village. Sonja leads them before her father, played by Jean Hersholt. We watch her introduce them to the porch of a building. She looks a simple Norwegian girl in her red head dress tied under her chin with a black ribbon, black jacket, white shawl, black skirt, black stockings and shoes, and not the most celebrated daughter of contemporary Norway, a reigning young queen in fashionable raiment, with real kings and queens.

"You come from America?" Hersholt asks the two leathered aviators in open-eyed wonder as his daughter presents them to him, with loving glances in Romero’s direction. She takes him for the tall dark man a fortune teller told her she would marry. "They are millionaires!" Hersholt says to his curious kinsfolk on the porch.

"Quite a party you arrange, lady," Romero comments.

"What do you think of your dancing?"

"Sure, go right ahead," Hersholt says heartily, and Sonja and Romero keep up the porch arm in arm.

This scene was shot several times, and was presented, profitting from an intermittent, Sonja comes to our corner of the set, shook hands with the visiting mayor of Copenhagen, who hands her his fountain pen, requesting her autograph. She is photographing the togetherness. The mayor leaves the set, beaming happily, and Sonja is free once more to answer our questions. But first she honors us by presenting for a couple of photographs with us too.
FIVE years ago, when Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne arrived in Hollywood, to recreate their original Theatre Guild roles in the screen version of "The Guardsmen," they were paid $100,000 from the MGM coffers for their exclusive services.

"Of course, we would have taken less, but no one asked us to!" they confided later to their stage intimates.

In an analogous manner, this same amusing story could be told of any screen star earning a fabulous salary on the radio today.

To prove my point, let's turn back to the calendar six years, when, as the original perpetrators of the idea of "giving Hollywood the air," introduced Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sylvia Sidney, Robert Montgomery, Irene Dunne, Grace Moore, Tallulah Bankhead, the late Jean Harlow and other high-powered names of equal marquee prominence, to that inanimate, terrifying object, known familiarly to a listening world as "mike."

For this ether debut each star received a bad case of jitters, a pick-me-up at "at" and my eternal gratitude—but not one penny to swell their own pockets or those of Uncle Sam.

Of course, the benefit derived from this greatest publicity medium in the world could not be measured in terms of money if you weren't commercial minded—and none of the players were at that time. It was inevitable that this innocent frame of mind would only last as long as some enterprising sponsor, with an unlimited budget, came along to reveal the gold to be found in them that kilowatts.

P.S. He did! It happened on April 8th, 1934, when the same clients who were sponsoring my program in the in-

\[
\text{Plums from the Air}
\]

The Movie Stars Find That Radio Pays With A Lavish Hand.

By
Rachie Harris

\[
\text{terest of a toothpaste that gave you "sparkling white teeth, firm gums, etc., etc., etc."} \]

"It was Miss Hepburn's radio debut, and because she was the "hottest" name in Hollywood at the moment, it was considered quite a coup to get her. The sponsors, in their delight, offered her $5,000 for an eight-minute appearance in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Like Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Miss Hepburn would have taken less, had they offered it to her, but as long as they were willing to pay that much, they might just as well pay $500 more, and save her the ten per cent commission due her agent.

It didn't take long for the Hollywood grapevine to shout the news of "Katharine the Great's" "hawl" (of Fame)—and it took equally as short a time for the sponsors to realize their extravagant blunder. For the succeeding thirty-seven weeks every star who thought herself as important as la Hepburn (and I defy you to name one who didn't) demanded the same reimbursement.

Thus began the birth of big radio salaries that today reaches its apex in the $15,000 a week stipend garnered by Major Edward Bowes and his amateurs.

With practically every program on the air today featuring Hollywood talent as guest artists, there is scarcely a player of any prominence who has not been paid, and paid well, to talk into the microphone, Garbo, Shirley Temple and Simone Simon alone have withstood every tempting offer, but it is just a question of time when they, too, will succumb.

Perhaps the Rudy Vallee hour, more than any other commercially sponsored program, is responsible for the influx of Hollywood names to radio. Cecil B. DeMille made his ether debut on this program, so did Margaret Sullavan, Tyrone Power, Paul Muni, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Clark Gable, and innuendoes rubbed off on others.

It was on this same variety show that Bob Burns and Edgar Bergen were first discovered and promoted to overnight fame and fortune. When Burns and his "hazooka" walked into the J. Walter Thompson office in
New York three years ago, and weekly asked for an audition, his name value as a radio draw was nil. But the boys in the agency—the real powers behind the micro-throne—sensed his potentialities and he was signed for one guest shot at $200.

Neither the agency, sponsors, Vallee or Burns himself were prepared for his sensational click. He "burned" em up and knocked 'em cold! The result was a repeat spot for several successive weeks—and then off to Hollywood—a Paramount contract—and a regular commitment on the Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall, with a weekly salary, a check of $500.

The Edgar Bergen success was equally instantaneous in the skroctering results it brought to his heretofore struggling ventriloquist and his diminutive "local boy makes wood." The radio wisecrackers who had consistently turned him down because it was their contention that little dummies like Charlie McCarthy should be seen as well as heard, now vied with each other for his exclusive services. It was a bright, unsung hero in the J. Walter Thompson office who foresaw the divine possibilities of pitting Charlie's impish sophistication against the whimsical humor of hulking-nosed W. C. Fields. Their verbal bouts on the Chase and Sanborn program from coast to coast, every Sunday night, is one of the high spots of the air.

(At top) Nelson Eddy, filling your home with his grand baritone voice. (Above) Loretta Young is an inspiration to the television engineers. (Right) Myrna Loy and William Powell. They shared microphone success as well as that of "The Thin Man" and its sequel.

Bob Burns was wanted to broadcast and, sure enough, he took to the ether like a skylark. Charlie Ruggles is intoxicated with the joy of talking to everyone at once.

Ed and Charlie are now drawing $500 a week between them on a three year contract that calls for a salary boost at the end of every 13 week period. But no figure amount will ever loom as large to them as that first check they received last year on a cold December midnight, just before Christmas, when they realized that after all, there really is a Santa Claus. It was for $500.

The top salary for a star on the Rudy Vallee program, no matter how prominent his status, is $750. Vallee, himself, has nothing whatever to do with the selection of guest artists. They are contacted exclusively by the advertising agency for the General Foods products, with Vallee merely signing as master of ceremonies.

The Bing Crosby Kraft Music Hall is another program whose budget calls for a maximum of $500. Both these hours are directed along the same formula. They are informal entertainment with a minimum of preparation and rehearsal imposed upon the guest for an interview spot of five minutes, or a dramatic sketch running at the most, twelve. Directly in contrast is the Lux Theatre of the Air, which calls for a condensed version of a well known play that entails four whole days of intensive rehearsal. It is for this reason that a star like Robert Taylor will gladly accept $1000 with Rudy and Bing, but demand $5000 for a Lux shot. Besides

(Continued on page 6)
JUST what do you mean when you say, "So you've gone Hollywood?"

"Well, sir," commented Bob Burns, screen comedian, "I'm the person to ask. I've seen plenty of 'em 'go Hollywood.'

"When I catch myself gettin' a little that way I rub a little mud on my nice new shoes to keep remindin' me of Van Buren, Ark.

"Goin' Hollywood pretty much means gettin' dainty as I figure it out. I know what I do to keep from gettin' that way. I keep a copy of the old family album plumb on the parlor table. An' whenever I get to feelin' restless I just take a peek at some o' my ancestors, and believe me I'm cured.

"The folks back home heard I built me a swimmin' pool, and they was dead certain I'd gone high-bat. But I got a decent explanation for that. You see my relatives come west to visit. I can't ask them to take a bath. So if they're with me for about two weeks or so without inspectin' the inside of my tub, I just walk 'em along the pool some mornin' and kinda nudge 'em in.

"Besides, I've a couple of ducks in the pool to remind me and the folks from back home of our Van Buren farmyard. You can set it down that Bob Burns has gone Hollywood if I ever go out an' buy myself a set of quackless ducks or substitute what I've got with a brace of swans.

"I know for sure I haven't gone Hollywood. We're makin' 'Wells Fargo' right now and we were on location up around Sonora. My nose is peelin' same's it always used to do.

"No, sir. My nose tells me I ain't changed a bit."

"Goin' Hollywood may mean swimming pools or accents to some, as Bob Burns suggests. To others it can mean setting new fashions in dress, in speech, in anything.

"Margot Grahame started a new fad with her pair of ankle bracelets. Clark Gable started something with his present of a station wagon to Carole Lombard, and she with her present of a mountain lion. Chico Marx's earthworm tractor with which he uproots neighbors' lawns when the spirit moves him is something, as is Basil Rathbone's fire truck. Alice Brady set a new high for canine devotedness when she removed all the rugs in her home because it interfered with the natural comfort of her pets.

"In these and other ways are Hollywood fads born. In these are the manifestations of "going Hollywood" to be found.

"Consider actor Thomas Mitchell while portraying the role of Dr. Kennutt in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Hurricane" he had to grow a beard. It took two months, and after finishing his role he was reluctant to shave it off—immediately, that is. Mitchell walked down Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon, his first public appearance with the hirsute adornment. A fad was born in that walk. The current crop of west coast whiskers are mere stubbles now. But by Christmas your favorite stars should be looking like Santa Claus.

"I don't believe I've ever done anything to go Hollywood," Stu Erwin complains while making "I'll Take Romance." "I guess the only thing different about my life is the fact that we have a chicken coop in the back yard and we have a couple of kids. Maybe the fact that I've been married for six years kind of distinguishes me.

"I don't know many people who have gone Hollywood. But I can tell you those who have remained the most natural and unaffected. I'd say these ten are the realest people out here: Gary Cooper, Bob Burns, Pat O'Brien, Jim Cagney, Irene Dunne, the Jimmy Gleasons, Bertie Davis, Bing Crosby, Sophie Tucker and Spencer Tracy.

"Most folks might say that a sure sign of going Hollywood is to build a front lawn swimming pool. Well, I think that's all right in itself. But somehow I don't understand these birds who tear up a perfectly swell lawn, build themselves a mosaic pool, and when it's all finished go down to Santa Monica and buy themselves a beach home on the Pacific. Unless they use the pool to cut ice in the winter.

"I've watched some fellow players go Hollywood. They all go through pretty much the same symptoms. So if you want to go Hollywood do this:
"First, buy a long twenty-four cylinder cream colored imported car, with trailer to match. Hire a chauffeur and footman and dress em up like admirals. Then hire four Filipino boys to do the cooking, and drink mixing, and car dusting. Then provision the trailer for a four-month trip down to Mexico or up to Vancouver. When you've all set drive up and down Hollywood Boulevard—holy—call it a day.

"Then, get into a squabble with the government about your income tax. Be sure to spend several times more than you earn.

"Third, buy a string of polo ponies. But don't make the mistake of learning how to ride or to play. They're just for show. Buy a polo outfit, though. And be seen everywhere in it.

"Buy a farm somewhere off in the desert and plant pineapples, bananas, coconuts and orchids. None of these will grow in California. But that's all right. It would be downright normal to plant anything as prosaic as potatoes, radishes and spinach.

"Finally, go into seclusion practically anywhere. The Brown Derby is a good place, because everyone will see you there and they'll know that you've gone into hiding.

"If you've done these things you've really arrived. You've gone Hollywood."

"Oh, yes. Don't forget to make your hand and foot prints in cement for the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese!"

Hugh Herbert claims that Hollywood has caught him unawares.

"I was respected by my enemies and loved by my friends until I went Hollywood," he confesses. "And how did I go Hollywood? Woo-woo! I built a fishpond in the middle of my lawn. But I forgot to build the house. So I just built the house around the fishpond, and somehow the thing got into the center of my living room.

"And one day I was eating grapefruit, plums and oranges and I threw the seeds and pits into a hole made by the plumber. Well, before you could say 'woo-woo' there was a tree growing all three fruits. I call it my fruit-salad tree. They say I've gone Hollywood. Just the same you ought to taste that fruit salad."

"There's a serious side to going Hollywood, too. For going Hollywood can pay. Ask Marie Wilson, the girl slated for the coveted feminine lead in Warner's "Boy Meets Girl.""

"Remembering the early career of Jean Harlow, Marie decided to take Hollywood by storm. She decided to use an $11,000 bequest on breaking into pictures. She came out to filialand more than a year ago— but in her own words—"

"'I knew Hollywood was a tough place to crack, and that the only way to make a good start was to make a good impression. Splurging seemed to be the easiest way to do that."

"The day after I arrived we rented a hillside mansion on a year's lease. I bought an expensive fur coat and a brand new convertible sedan. I couldn't drive, but as long as I had a nice looking car what did that matter?"

"Then with the money we had left we stocked up on canned goods. And I mean stocked up! We cleaned out the better part of one neighborhood grocery store.

"Now we were ready for the long siege. Days, weeks, months passed. And still no Breaks. I had to hock the fur coat first. Then other valuables. Things got so bad I cancelled part of the insurance on my car and collected a much needed $900.

"I had been getting a few odd jobs in extra parts—but nothing to talk about. All during this period we were working hard with the can- opener.

"I remember one day when I left the Warner Studio I had to borrow money from one of the gripmen so that I could buy gasoline to drive home. Just the same I sure looked nice in that car.

"The next day I got the break. I'm on my way now, I'm sure. Who says going Hollywood doesn't pay? It paid my way!"

"So, you've gone Hollywood!"

"That means different things to different people. Everything from affection to affliction, fads to fashions. But whatever it means, it's fun."

"Come Christmas you will hardly be able to hear the yes-men on account of the shrieking of the wind through the whiskers."

There's no harm in a little publicity stunt, so Margot Grahame put bracelets on her ankles.
HE ROBBED THE RICH AND GAVE TO THE POOR

A Troupe From the Warner Brothers Studio Goes On Location To Film The Story of Robin Hood

By Ralph Wallace

When Errol Flynn was adventuring in the South Seas he picked up a kangaroo as a pet, later added to his personal menagerie with an Australian honey-bee, and last year became the proud possessor of a pair of African lion hounds. Now the Warner Brothers' star has three new friends—a peanut-eating squirrel, an apple-eating deer, and a hamburger-eating owl.

Mr. Flynn was recently introduced to his new pets as a ten-car special train bore more than 300 Hollywoodites to a spot 600 miles north of the film capital and 800 years away. The 600 miles brought the location party to Chico, Calif. The eight centuries carried them backward in time to England's storied Sherwood Forest and Mr. Flynn's new starring picture, "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

"Besides the owl, the squirrel and the deer, there were fifty horses in the baggage cars," Mr. Flynn laughed, "I had a difficult time convincing the owl that my index finger wasn't a slice of ground beef. The animals are all important actors in the new film, and the deer is supposed to be the only trained deer in the world. In the picture I show him to provide food for my merry men—although actually, of course, I don't shoot him at all. Trained deer are pretty expensive venison."

The new film, being filmed entirely in Technicolor, is one of the largest projects ever launched in the motion picture colony, with the budget alone set at $1,600,000. Twenty thousand separate items were included in the baggage cars which accompanied the special train to Chico. Among them were such implements as long yew bows, crossbows, quarter staffs, broadswords, battle axes, chain mail, lances, war clubs, 10,000 arrows, ancient saddles and knightly gear for horses, twelfth century two-wheeled carts, cooking utensils, flaxes, ovens and roasting spits large enough to turn a whole ox over a forest blaze.

"And trees," added Mr. Flynn. "Our artificial trees must be seen to be appreciated. It seems that old General Bidwell discovered a magnificent forest near the present town of Chico in the 1850's, made a fortune from gold in nearby streams, and at his death in 1911 left the entire forest, comprising some 2500 acres, to Chico as a park. There are giant oaks and sycamores which would be ideal for the arboreal work we have to do—for Robin Hood and his men were sort of twelfth century Tarzans—but the city fathers were afraid we'd damage their trees, so we made a number of artificial ones instead."

So steel-reinforced giants of the forest (courtesy of the props department) were set up and no one—not even Mr. Flynn's lion hounds—could tell the difference. Robin Hood's camp, covering five acres, was constructed among them. A medieval castle reared its massive walls over Nottingham way.

When Olivia de Havilland, who plays Maid Marian in the production, arrived at Chico (she had been delayed on location at Weaversville with the "Gold Is Where You Find It" company), Mr. Flynn was on hand to meet her, the hamburger-eating owl on his wrist and the peanut-eating squirrel pecking from his topcoat pocket. The deer, he explained, had been left at home "because it doesn't like night air."

Then Mr. Flynn and Miss de Havilland, together with Alan Hale, Basil Rathbone, Eugene Pallette, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter, Patric Knowles and other welcoming members of the cast, made a beeline for the nearest hamburger-and-peanut stand to feed Mr. Flynn's new pets.

Early the next morning the cast and hundreds of extras assembled at the huge make-up tents on the edge of Bidwell Park, ready to turn Norman Reilly Raine's version of Robin Hood into picture romance. Director William Keighley had at his elbow as adviser none other than Louis Van...
den Ecker, native of Flanders and one of Europe's greatest experts on costumes, language and manners of the Middle Ages.

Not since the Indians roamed Northern California centuries ago has there been such a sound of twanging bow strings as the natives of Chico heard in their modern Bidwell Park. To be sure that all his large cast were instructed properly in the mysteries of archery, Director Keighley had hired the world's foremost living archer, Howard Hill, to instruct Robin Hood and his merry men, as well as the minions of Prince John, in the proper method of manipulating long bow and crossbow.

"Errol became such an expert, in fact," said Mr. Keighley, "that he accomplished a very unusual feat—killing a three-foot, 85-pound wildcat with a single arrow. Errol and Hill were trudging around the countryside one day when we couldn't use the cameras because of the cloudy weather, when Errol's dogs flushed and treed the wildcat. Because Flynn was a novice, Hill gave him first shot, and his arrow went through the wildcat's breast and came out its back. Wildcats are hard to get with rifles, let alone primitive bows and arrows. They were glad to get rid of that wildcat. It had been robbing the provision tent at night. Probably also had its evil eye on the pet deer."

The difficulties of assembling and training the large cast of "The Adventures of Robin Hood," together with building the various props and carting both props and cast to northern California, were minor difficulties, however, compared with the major headache of shooting the film in color. For this process, beautiful in its final form, is infinitely more complicated and costly than black-and-white photography.

"The Technicolor camera, which takes six months to build and costs $16,000, is not even owned by the studio," Mr. Keighley declared. "No studio can own such a camera, for the Technicolor company has corralled all the patents. So Technicolor merely rents the camera—and a chief cameraman along with it."

Shots are photographed in three colors, for Technicolor is a three-component process. Whereas the black-and-white camera carries only one film reel in the magazine, the Technicolor camera carries three—red, blue and green.

"Make-up for Technicolor likewise is different," said Mr. Keighley, "and because it is different from what they are accustomed to, actors require more time to apply it. Natural color photography picks up the reds, so that the average human skin, due to its underlayer of blood in tiny veins, assumes a positively apoplectic hue. Make-up for Technicolor is a trifle on the ghastly side to keep the skin from looking too red. A special liquid, for that reason, is swabbed on the skin before each shot."

Lighting on the set, too, must be different for Technicolor than for ordinary photography. Carbon arcs burning with an intense white light are employed, rather than the mazdas used for black-and-white photography. Mazdas are yellow and Technicolor cameras would pick up a yellow, resulting in a sickly looking print.

According to Director Keighley, what promised to be one of the greatest difficulties in filming "The Adventures of Robin Hood" turned out to be no difficulty at all. Because old General Bidwell had declared in his will that no member of the public should ever be denied access to the park, Warners had feared that huge crowds of fans would stream in from the surrounding countryside to watch the location party, resulting in so much noise and confusion that shooting would fall far behind schedule.

City authorities could not block off a section of the park, but they did the next best thing—launched a campaign in the town's papers, pleading with the citizenry to keep as quiet as possible and stay out of camera range at all times.

"The cooperation we received was remarkable," Mr. Keighley asserted. "There were always hundreds of people standing around, watching each shot, but at no time did we have any delays because of confusion or excitement. One Sunday there were thousands in the park, most of them watching the set, but not a single take was ruined by noise or by anyone getting within camera range. We had a loud-speaker system, of course, which helped immensely in controlling the crowds."

The throngs which gathered probably had their greatest laugh when Errol Flynn, as Robin Hood, jousted with Friar Tuck on a log which served as a bridge across a swift stream. Robin Hood is knocked into the water by the Friar, and Flynn himself had to make the big splash for Art's sake.

"The water was ice-cold," Mr. Flynn said, reminiscently.
HER 3 SEVEREST CRITICS

By Ed Churchill

There is a bond between Gail and her brother, Richard, that is stronger than any trouble.

Robert Cobb, Gail's husband, is not entirely in the movies—just his heart.

(Right) John England is a friend who is able to give advice and help, too.

THREE men, supplementing each other in years, in experience, in knowledge, are responsible for the career and happiness of Gail Patrick.

The sum total of her knowing them is her success.

From them she has learned the meaning of responsibility, tolerance, the fine points of developing a personality, contentment, and the preservation of a sense of humor.

Without their lively interest there would be no Gail Patrick of the screen—the dark-haired, sophisticated, ultra-attractive, mature woman of today. Instead there would be shy Margaret Fitzpatrick, of Birmingham, Alabama. Without their counsel and their faith in her, Margaret Fitzpatrick would consider herself an ugly duckling far too tall, far too plain, for a motion picture career.

Starting to you?

To me, too.

Yet Gail coolly confessed this to me, albeit a bit shyly, albeit with a very human plea for complete understanding of the situation, as we sat at luncheon in a booth in a Hollywood restaurant. And, believe it or not, it wasn't one of the Brown Derbies owned and operated by her husband, Robert Cobb.

Mention of Cobb brings us to the ranking man in her life, Public Sweetheart Number One—her husband of eight months. After four years of knowing him, after eight months of being his bride, Gail is still starry-eyed when she talks about him.

"Bob has influenced me more than anyone I've ever known, except my mother and father," Gail relates. "He drew me out of a terrific inferiority complex. He instilled in me an ambition to do better work so that he would be prouder of me. I've developed an added pride in my appearance, too, because he notices and compliments the things I wear, and he makes me want to be more attractive to justify his being attracted to me."

In that lies a hint, too, for lovers and husbands. It's a left-handed pointer to you men to praise the attributes of your mates, thus spurring them on to acquire more.

Gail tells a funny story about Bob Cobb to illustrate the personality he has. One day, not long ago, a writer who was gathering material for a story on Gail went to one of the scintillant player's friends.

"Why did Gail marry Bob?" the writer asked.

The friend looked at the writer with astonishment.

"Do you know Bob?" she asked. She got a negative reply.

"Bob Cobb," said the friend, "is the kind of fellow every girl in the world dreams of marrying."

Gail confesses she experienced a strange sensation the first time Bob and she met. Immediately he made her feel that she was very interesting, attractive, important and worth while, as well as a person whom he might have known for years.

"I've been going with you for a long time—since the first time I saw you, which was about two months after you arrived in Hollywood, I believe," Bob said. "We're not meeting for the first time. You don't know me—but I've known you for years."

What girl wouldn't thrill to words like that?

"From then on," Gail says, "my whole viewpoint about myself gradually changed. Until then I'd tried to improve myself, but more as a student does. I had analyzed and picked flaws in myself, my personality and my performances, but in a more or less academic sort of way. After I met Bob and started going with him, I subconsciously tried to improve myself because I wanted to justify his pride and faith in me."

Gail points out that every girl gets a great pleasure out of knowing that a man about whom many women care is singing her out.

"His charm and gracious manner made me feel kindlier and more gracious toward people, which inadvertently developed a little charm in me," she confesses. "He revived any sense of humor. He slowly woosed me away from the thought that I was too tall by praising my willowy grace—whether I had it or not."

(Continued on page 66)
The New Year Arrives With His Arms Full Of High Honors With Which To Reward The Talented And The Beautiful.

The girl who is proclaimed the "Most Beautiful" during the coming months will always remember her year of happiness. For her, 1938 will mark the turning point of her life—the year when she stepped out upon the stage of the world with all eyes upon her and received the accolade that through the ages has meant so much to lovely women, from Helen of Troy to Cleopatra.

Great talent will be honored and a new name will be carved in a high place. And though press agents may diligently seek to capture one of these golden awards for their no doubt worthy clients, it will be of no avail, for the laurel wreaths of 1938 will be bestowed by you, the impartial jury of free men and women.

Of what glamorous title do they dream? (Left to right) Rosemary Lane, Eleanor Whitney, Betty Grable and Lana Turner. Time will tell us.
January boasts the birthday of Luise Rainer (Below). Have you the same characteristics? Kay Francis, Ann Sothern and Anita Louise also were January babies. (Right) Heather Angel was born in February, as were Joan Bennett, Madeleine Carroll and Franciska Goal.

(Below) Bette Davis is an April girl. There are tears in her great parts, like April rain. April can also point to Lily Pons. (Right) Maureen O'Sullivan as welcome, always, as the flowers of May. And Mary Astor was born in May, too. (Below-right) Jeanette MacDonald, a June rose if there ever was one.

The tempestuous winds of March were shrieking across the world when Joan Crawford began her career, and who can doubt that her heritage is her stormy nature which has never been harnessed, yet it is as gentle as the first Spring violet. Binnie Barnes also has her birthday in March.

WHEN IS YOUR BIRTHDAY?

Study The Star Born In Your Month. You May Have The Same Destiny.
{(Left) Joan Blondell is an August girl as are Myrna Loy, Dolores Del Rio and Lucille Ball. Could there be four more dissimilar or more lovely? (Below) Margaret Lindsay first opened her eyes on one September morn. She shares the month with some important darlings—Garbo, Virginia Bruce and Claudette Colbert. The month of irresistibles! (Below, right) Frances Drake is October’s child. Janet Gaynor, Marsha Hunt, Joan Arthur and Miriam Hopkins also celebrate at harvest time.

July girls—Ginger Rogers, (left), Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne and Madge Evans. All pretty and all have conquered an up-hill road.

Eleanor Powell came here when November leaves were dancing with joy. Frances Dee and Katharine Hepburn, too. So we have Thanksgiving Day in November. (Below) December has some impressive birthdays. Dorothy Lamour (below) has hers then. Also Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable, Gladys Swarthout, Sally Eilers and Grace Moore, giving the year a grandstand finish.

The Calendar of Men

Jan.—Ray Milland
Feb.—Adolphe Menjou
Mar.—Warner Baxter
Apr.—John Howard
May—Herbert Marshall
June—Ian Hunter
July—William Powell
Aug.—Fred MacMurray
Sept.—George Raft
Oct.—John Boles
Nov.—Joel McCrea
Dec.—Edw. G. Robinson

The whirling planets in the heavens above you exerted strange forces upon your soft, unresisting character at the moment you were born. Perhaps one of these famous players shares with you the same instinctive aversions or thrills.
BACHELORS OF ART

Are They Afraid Of Marriage Or Can’t They Find A Partner?

CAREER or marriage, or why not both? Here are the great stars who are great in marriage as well. Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Mrs. O’Brien and her Pat, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Irene Hervey and husband Allan Jones, and Robert Young and his wife. If Hollywood had a club for single girls and if, from the balcony, they could review the quite successful heroes on parade, would they leap into waiting arms or do they find solace in fame, fortune and fan mail?

Cesar Romero, What a husband for a girl who loves dancing! Michael Whalen, waiting for his maquerone. David Niven and Brian Aherne still single although Britishers make such distinguished husbands. Nelson Eddy — only a million girls would marry him!
(Below, from left to right) Jack Oakie and his better half, Tony Martin and Alice Faye, famous and happy, Margarette Churchill and George O'Brien. Hollywood's ideal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow (Myrna Loy). The clowningest and happiest marriage in Hollywood, Gracie Allen and George Burns.

The balcony beauties who perhaps prefer to be old maids: Anita Louise, Madge Evans, Wendy Barrie, Marsha Hunt, Olympe Bradna, Ann Sheridan and Dixie Dunbar.
Two delectable Turkish turbans that should see a girl through the most glamorous evening, from cocktails to midnight supper. The one worn by Phillis Brooks (left) is fashioned of exotic black and white feathers with a striking band of parrot green and scarlet velvet sheathing the peak. Gloria Stuart accentuates the height of her black velvet model with two uncurled ostrich plumes, one black, one almond green.

The Mid-Season Offer
A Variety Of Styles

Here Are A Few That Should Stimulate Your Interest.

Evening fashions are so diversified that every girl can have her own individual type enhanced if she knows how to select wisely. (Above-center) Loretta Young poses gracefully in a dinner gown of crepe roya in Imperial blue, draped in Grecian manner. The long sleeves make this desirable for restaurant or the wear. (Center-right) Olivia de Havilland favors a formal gown of black chiffon with a wide sash of salmon and powder blue taffeta ribbon, with these entrancing colors carried out in the beaded motif in the bodice. (Opposite-left) A Prim gown in white crepe is made less formal when Claire Trevor dons a waist jacket of white crepe encrusted with crystal beads. (Opposite-right) Shirley Ross in a sheath-like dinner gown of black crepe has a decided pre-War flair, with its skirt, eccentric bodice of roman striped taffeta and plumed turban. A shoulderled bolero with long sleeves adds the only modern touch.

(Below) Two delectable Turkish turbans that should see a girl through the most glamorous evening, from cocktails to midnight supper. The one worn by Phillis Brooks (left) is fashioned of exotic black and white feathers with a striking band of parrot green and scarlet velvet sheathing the peak. Gloria Stuart accentuates the height of her black velvet model with two uncurled ostrich plumes, one black, one almond green.
Just about this time of year we get satisfied with the clothes that we picked up so hurriedly and so blithely in late September when we felt the Fall season had come upon us with a bang! We need a "lift" to make up for the sun we're missing now that warm, balmy days are quite a thing of the past. Also, the holidays call for a gay display of new nery. Anyhow, they give us a grand excuse to refurbish our gradually sinking wardrobe. So, get busy shopping now. You won't have another excuse until Easter—unless you're one of those favored mortals who go South in January.

Claudette Colbert looks so charming in these three distinctive hats that it's a toss-up which gets first choice. Above is an off-the-face black felt that would be appropriate for luncheon or cocktails. The flame-red wool Russian Toque (upper left) relies upon its luxurious Persian crown for elegance. And, at left, Claudette perches a cunning Scotch cap of light grey kidskin bordered with grey grosgrain ribbon over her right eye to top off a swagger coat of grey kidskin.
Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney in "The Girl Was Young." This is Nova's first grownup role.

Syd Saylor, Wallace Ford and June Travis in a somewhat amusing moment from "News in the Air."

Dorothy McNulty, Humphrey Bogart and Allen Jenkins in "Swing Your Lady." It looks pretty exciting.

Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." Joan looks a bit angry. Too bad, Spencer.

John Barrymore and Carole Lombard in "True Confession." Who does the confessing, we wonder?

Alan Hale and Lana Turner in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Gary Cooper is the star.
FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee in "Wells Fargo." The first time they've co-starred since their marriage.

Miriam Hopkins and Ivan Lebedeff in "Women Have a Way." Miriam has changed her coiffure for this one.

Kenny Baker and Andrea Leeds in "The Goldwyn Follies." Andrea is the talk of movie-town these days.

Frederick Burton, Heather Angel and Allan Lane in an interesting scene from "The Duke Comes Back."

Edward Cassidy, Tex Ritter and Karl Mackett in "Frontier Town," a western tale that packs a wallop.

Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee and Dennis O'Keefe in "Bad Man of Brimstone."
Heloine Moler as she plays "Loop Tennis." Either two or four people can play it. The players shoot the ring back and forth, catching it on the sticks and using the sticks to send it back. Do not use doughnuts—just hoops, my dear.

Jean Parker shapes up well in her archery uniform. She wears a cuff to shield her lovely arm from the bow string. Even if she shoots this way or that way, every arrow hits the bull's eye! Ain't movie girls wunnerful?

The top picture shows Buster Crabbe about to save the life of a swimmer in distress. The victim wrestles with Buster and endangers them both so in the third picture Buster shows how, while still being held, he ups with his foot and kicks Mr. Weisenheimer in the jaw and then tows him to dry-dock. Try it on your sweetie.
Single Photographs On A Film Are Called "Frames." Let Your Fancy Fill In The Missing Links.

Una Merkel has always been a favorite of ours. At first she seems to be doubting our devotion (we told her she squinted) so she practices keeping her beautiful eyes wide open and now she is amazed of how pretty we think she is.

Ed Kennedy, weariest from carrying the crown of his rank, The Best Comic in Pictures (evidently it has worn his hair down a little), decides on a drink, but darned if it wasn't a shower.

Imagine two big stars like Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray act funny! First they are suspicious, but Fred pretends and shoves over and Corale falls off the sofa. Hollywood etiquette!

(Below) Toby Wing tells Stu Erwin he ought to go in for those great lover parts, and is Stu interested? (He must have fainted.) So he is going back to goofy parts and Bob Taylor's kingdom is still intact!
Frames From Sequences

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Claudette Colbert
Charles Boyer

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 • An 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!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain ... Basil Rathbone.
ALL IN THE DAY’S WORK!

Never A Dull Moment

PUBLICITY is not fame, but it helps a lot. So when an actress in the picture studios is not in front of a camera for her art, she often has to pose for photographs that will spread the beauty of her face and figure through the papers. To the crowd who believes the press agents, and the number is growing smaller, the life of a movie star must have all the quiet restful poise exhibited by a Mexican jumping bean. Every hour there is a camera at hand and when a girl is not posing the candid cameras are sneaking up on the candidate for popularity, waiting for a chance to catch her wrestling with a plate of spaghetti. And if a beauty happened to get her nose broken, a dozen men would risk their reputations to get a photograph of her with her snifter in sunlight.

Real gems owned by the studio, valued at $22,000. Margot Grahame wears them in “The Buccaneer” when she appears as a New Orleans belle of 1814. It seems only yesterday!

Director Edward Sutherland talks things over with Charles Winninger, Mae West and Charles Butterworth. They are ready for the “take” for “Every Day’s A Holiday,” Mae’s new musical. The scene is supposed to be a Fifth Avenue mansion in 1900. Keep it clean, Mae. (Right) It’s the “Thrill of a Lifetime.” Buster Crabbe—Ha, ha, ha!—thinks that’s the way to kiss Betty Grable. (Left) The photographer said to Marie Wilson “You got something there.” So he took her picture. She has that net in case of crabs (not Buster).

(Left) Anno May Wong is cast in Paramount’s “Daughters of Shanghai.” As this was taken, she was reading a cablegram from China saying that her father, brothers and sisters are safe. May your messages always be good, Anno. (Right) Olivia de Havilland and George Brent out in the wilds for a scene in “Gold Is Where You Find It.” All in the day’s work.
“LUCKY! I’d call it talent!”
Thus William Nigh sums up the success of Jackie Cooper—one of the few child stars of motion pictures to ward off the “jinx” of obscurity with the advent of adolescence.

Nigh is one of Hollywood’s most experienced directors. He has been in the motion picture industry since 1911. He knows the fad, the terms of art, the business, the fad, the stars, thens, the mack, the values, the all, the one.

How, then, has Jackie made the gradual climb from child parts to this, his first adolescent role, in “Boy of the Streets”? We asked the boy—he’s really a young man, now—how he felt about it.

He smiled, a big broad grin. There was not a moment’s hesitation in his reply. “I realize that I am no longer a kid,” he said. “I’ve grown up. I think in terms of my role. It’s always been that way. When I was playing in pictures four years ago, someone would describe the character to me. Then I’d think about it and I would become that kid. Now I study the character myself. I think about him, try to realize what his reactions would be. When that character becomes a real person to me, I know that I understand him. When I get in front of the cameras, I am no longer Jackie Cooper. Thus in this ‘Boy of the Streets.’ As soon as I get on the set, I feel tough, I think in tough terms. I know nothing of the finer things in life, I really feel that the world owes me a living. Of course, the minute I leave the set, I become Cooper again. It’s hard to describe it. I guess I sound kinda crazy, but that is what really happens.”

“And that,” interrupts Nigh, “is what I call acting talent. If a child has it, there need be no fear of the ‘jinx,’ but if that talent is lacking, luck won’t help.”

William Nigh was born in Berlin, Wisconsin, on October 12, 1881. He directed his first picture for Mack Sennett. Those were the days when Gloria Swanson, Ruth Roland and Mabel Normand flitted across the screen as bathing beauties. He has been directing ever since. He has seen motion pictures grow from what people fondly called a fad, to the third greatest industry in the world. He has seen stars keep abreast of the times. He has seen stars fall by the wayside. He has gone through the silent days into the talkie days. He knows what makes actors tick.

“Don’t say it is not luck that makes an actor or actress a star or a failure. It is a very important thing called talent. With it, a boy or girl, a man or woman, can climb to the greatest heights. Without it, no one can succeed. That is why Jackie Cooper, at the age of fifteen, is still in motion pictures, a star. That is why he is likely to stay in films for the rest of his life,” says the man who has seen them all.
The ranks of dramatic artists have suddenly been augmented. Three young actresses have risen to command an attention belonging to but few under legal age. You caught, of course, Anne Shirley's performance in "Stella Dallas." Her matchless acting compared with anything of an emotional nature yet glimpsed on the screen, June Lang you'll recall most certainly for the depth of her interpretations in such films as "The Road to Glory" and "Wee Willie Winkie." And Joan Fontaine's amazing virility in "Music for Madame" still stands forth in memory with shining clarity.

These are our girls, then, who have soared so lustrously to the heights, who have imprinted themselves indelibly upon public consciousness. Even hard-boiled Hollywood is regarding them as actresses of distinction.

Each is a young woman of intense emotions. No ordinary life has any of the three led in her pursuit of happiness ... and fame. And in no sense of the word did their childhood resemble that of the average young girl.

Left a half-orphan when still an infant in arms, Anne Shirley was only fourteen months old when she earned her first dollar, posing for a commercial artist who had been attracted by her golden curls. She was barely three when she made her initial film appearance, and soon afterward played her first important role in "The Miracle Child," a William Farnum feature. When Anne was four, her mother packed their scanty belongings and left their native New York for California in hope and trembling. Already it was apparent that little Anne—or Dawn O'Day, as she then was known—had unusual talent even for a screen child; and, having resolved to do her utmost to further that talent, the mother realized that more opportunities awaited the tot in Hollywood than in the eastern metropolis.

Although economic necessity did not dictate June Lang's entrance into professional life, love of dancing did. By the time she had reached the age of four this beautiful blonde child already was destined for public attention.

It started at a Christmas party, in Minneapolis, where June was born June Vlasek, daughter of a Swedish mother and Bohemian father. June had a little friend, a striking brunette, who was taking dancing lessons. The friend invited June to attend the Christmas party, given at the studio of her teacher, and the future actress arrived in curls and ribbon.

When the teacher saw the two young sisters together, one so very fair, the other so very brunette, she was inspired to team them in a little dancing number. She dressed the brunette as a boy and taught the children a fascinating flirtation routine.

Eventually, she presented her pupils in an entertainment at the Metropolitan Theater in Minneapolis. The flirtation dance was the hit of the show and from that time until June left the Minnesota city the team was in constant demand, both in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

June was six and one-half years old when the Vlaseks moved to Los Angeles because of the father's business. By this time, in the childish mind there already burned an ambition to be a great dancer. Consequently, her parents enrolled her at the Meglin Dancing School for Kiddies—June was one of the first pupils of this now-famous institution—and it was training received there that led, eventually, to her screen career.

Unlike those other two with whom she is competing now for stellar honors, Joan Fontaine held no youthful theatrical aspira-
Three Girls On Hollywood’s Roulette Wheel. Will Talent Win?

By Whitney Williams

(Above left, and below) Anne Shirley, a veteran and a true starlet. (Above and right) Joan Fontaine. Her great opportunity comes in the new Astaire picture.

tions. True, she often dramatized situations, with herself ever in the heroine’s role, but insofar as actual acting was concerned—never! She lived almost entirely within herself, and her imagination.

The reason for this lay in the fact that Joan was a frail, sickly child, and couldn’t play as did other children. Born in Tokyo, Japan, as an infant she literally was carried about in cotton wadding, so poor was her health. It was when she had reached two that physicians declared she must be taken to a different climate if she were to live, and so the family—her mother and sister and herself—moved to San Francisco. Upon arrival in San Francisco, Joan was stricken with one of her periodical spells of illness and she was forced to remain in bed for six months. At the end of this time, the little family moved again, southward now, a few miles, to Saratoga so the youngster could have the outdoors in which to convalesce.

Although her health improved after coming to California, she was far from well when she reached young girlhood and at fifteen her doctors prescribed a sea voyage. Anxious to visit the land of her birth, she elected to go to Japan for the trip, and to complete her schooling.

It was while in Japan, in school there, that Joan first experienced an interest in theatricals. She appeared in a number of amateur productions, but when she returned a year and a half later to California she had taken up the study of art and seriously intended to follow that line of work. But once again her health interfered, and she had to abandon this study.

In an effort, then, to find some form of self-expression, she began to think of the theatre. A friend of the family, Homer Curran, the theatrical producer, was staging a play, and he offered her a part. She accepted eagerly, and immediately knew she had found the career for which she had been searching. Later, she joined her family in Hollywood—whither her sister, Olivia de Havilland, had preceded her—and won a role in Henry Duff’s stage production of “Call It A Day.”

The means by which our three little girls entered motion pictures are as varied as their personalities. Only Anne Shirley, among the trio, came to Hollywood expressly for pictures . . . and only hers is a story of hardship and travail. Joan got her big break with story-book ease, and while June did not at once taste the fruits of success she scarcely encountered any of the anguishing experiences that characterized Anne’s fight for fame.

“Life Begins At Four” would be a fitting title for Anne’s story. For the ensuing twelve years after she arrived in Hollywood, her career was a record of struggle, of rigid economy, of a constant search for parts and bits, of dingy hall bedrooms for a home . . . and always ahead of her that will-o’-the-wisp hope that someday, somehow, success would be hers. Her schooling necessarily was on a catch-as-catch basis . . . her childhood devoted—where Joan’s and June’s had, at least, been happy—to the eternal search for work that came all too seldom. But it DID come at times, [Continued on page 71]
OLD PALS' RANCH
By Jeanne de Koltz

Just a Business Proposition. His Friends Get a Ranch; Gary Gets His Money Back—Maybe!

Durham cigarette, and drawled:
"They might as well lay off. I have my cowboys all picked. They're all old friends. Fellows I've known twelve, fourteen years. Some even longer, back in Montana. Those I worked with when I first came to Hollywood. I'm running the ranch, they'll run it. Business, that's all."

Apparently that was all, for Gary got to his feet, murmured a polite excuse, and before he could be stopped was hurrying out of the sound stage door and across the street to a drug store. A few minutes later he returned with a box of cigars—thirty dollars' worth of smokes at fifty cents each—and began distributing them to the men on the set. From the lowest prop boy to the director, every man present received one. Gary was in his glory, the typical proud papa celebrating the birth of his first-born in traditional style, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Gary," I pleaded, "my story . . . the ranch . . . what about it?"
"Oh, yes. Pardon me. Once more he sat down and began his story. Long before he had finished, I decided that Gary's cooperative ranch is one of the kindest gestures to be made in Hollywood in a long time. It is his way of saying thanks to a group of men who befriended him during his first lean years in Hollywood, and with whom he has remained friendly ever since. His career began, you know, as a cowboy extra. At that time, fourteen years ago, there were four or five hundred of these players who were kept steadily at work in pictures. Each evening they would gather around the "old watering hole" on Ca-

The ex-cowboy as Marco Polo, the Thirteenth Century Adventurer, with Sigrid Gurie
for Gary Cooper to think of the
cooperative ranch idea.

"It's just an experiment," drawled
Gary. "A chance to give my friends a
living between pictures and to
prove they're not washed up. Did
you know that Maria Veronica is
just her tentative title? We haven't
decided what we'll finally name her.
We had to have some name for hospital
records, but when we christen her we'll probably change it."

He stopped to roll another cigarette.
"I'm buying a piece of land out near
Triunfo a few miles north of Holly-
wood—good cow country around Tri-
unfo—for the boys. Each man will
own a share of the ranch. I'll equip
it, stock it with good herds, build a
community mess hall and a dormi-
try for about fifty men. Then I'll
turn them loose to see what they can
do with it. If they make the thing
workable, it's theirs. If they lose, I'll turn
the ranch over to a new bunch of
cowboys. The experiment won't cost
me much, and it will give a lot of my pals
a new lease on life.

"Did you know I was going up to Tri-
unfo to close a deal for the land the day
the baby came? Yeah. Had all my plans
made when the little tyke announced she
was on the way. . . ."

Actual cash outlay for the ranch will be
in the neighborhood of $25,000; but Gary
expects to get every penny of it back in
time. He will take no part in the manage-
ment. It is up to each individual owner to
handle his share. Actual work, including
managing selling of stock and such details, but aside
from that the men will be absolutely on
their own. Each member must show a profit
at the end of a year; how much, Gary
doesn't care.

"If it's a dime, O.K." says he. "If it's a
hundred dollars or a thousand, fine. Say,
having a baby is expensive, isn't it? But it's
worth it! You know, we're painting the
nursery specially for her. Waited till she
was born so we'd know whether to have it
pink or blue. That is convenient, too,
because by the time Sandra and the youngster
get home from the hospital the work will
be finished and they won't be bothered by
the smell of fresh paint and a lot of con-
fusion."

(Left) Walter Bren-
nan once rode the
range as one of the
picture cowboys—now
the pictures "ride" on
him. (Above) Jack
Holt has been out of
the cowboy class for a
long time. (Right)
Richard Dix is a vet-
eran and still in there
working year after
year.

Cooper emphasizes that, while he does
not expect to benefit personally from the
ranch, it definitely is not charity. Cowboys
don't take charity. This venture is an ex-
periment to test the soundness of cooper-
ative cattle raising. All earnings will go to
the men who run it. When Gary insists that
the ranch show returns, it is merely because
he wants to be sure that it is peopled by
worthy men, that they actually are benefi-
cing and that his idea is workable.

"I will keep the deeds to the property," he
explained, swinging one leg over the
arm of his chair. "When the boys begin
making money, they can buy me out at
exactly what it cost me. The total cost of
each piece—each cowboy's holdings—will be
computed. That is the amount I expect to
receive. Terms depend upon the men. Some
will make more money than others. They
will be able to pay for their portions more
quickly."

There has been no specific limit set to
the number of men who will people the
ranch. At times, it may be as many as
forty or fifty; at other times, four or five.
The idea is to give them a place to live
and a means of earning between picture
engagements. When one has a job on a
film, the others will tend his herds until

he can return.

Without thought of material gain, Gary will probably never-
theless receive a tremendous spir-
ital profit from the purchase of his
property; for there will always
be a bunk awaiting him in the
community dormitory. Whenever he chooses
to visit the ranch, the actor will probably
receive a warm welcome.

Although he was born and raised in a
home of culture and refinement, Gary will
forever be a cowboy at heart. He loves the
great open spaces, cattle, eating at chuck
wagons. When the life of society into which
his wife (the former Veronica "Sandra
Shaw" Balf of New York's Blue Book) has
so well, falls, Gary can always escape for a
couple of hours to his ranch. It will undoubt-
edly fill a need in his life which all the love and
thrill of his beautiful home, his wife and
baby, can never hope to overcome.

Riding the range with him will be his
most local friends, the cowboy pals who
shared the first lean years in Hollywood
with him. But, cowboys, please don't mob
Gary with requests for a bunk at the ranch.
Remember, I promised to tell you that all
the bunks are already taken.

"It was a terribly difficult task," Gary
sighed, "to be forced to leave out many
whom I would like to accommodate on the
ranch. But it just had to be done. There
simply isn't room for everyone."

By the time he finished his tale, the set
lights had long been turned off for the
day. The Tartars had stormed the Great Wall
of China, gun powder had been invented,
and one by one the members of the crew
had wandered off the stage, leaving us in
lonely solitude. I rose to go. Gary didn't
even notice.

"And by the way," he was saying, "Wait
till you see my baby. She's the cutest. . . ."

I tip-toed out, leaving the notoriously
silent Gary Cooper talking to the dusky
shadows of the huge sound stage. Never
again will I accuse Gary of silence. With
anyone who shows interest in his daughter,
he's a regular phonograph!

Other Cycles In Pictures
Wax And Wane, But
Westerns Go On Forever.
Cowboys Never Lose
Their Friends.
PORTIA ON TRIAL
CRISP COURTRIGUER DRAMA—Republic

If it's drama you want, here it is played right up to the hilt by an excellent cast. Frieda Inescort plays Portia Merriam, a very successful and respected woman lawyer, whose past is a mystery. But in a bitter duel with which she, her past crops up, as it has a habit of doing in the cinema, and it seems that seventeen years before she married the publisher's no-account son and when he left her she was forced to surrender her baby son.

The ex-husband, played by Neil Hamilton, returns to New York with the son and a new girl friend, Heather Angel. She shoots him and Frieda defends her in a most thrilling and dynamic courtroom scene. With which Miss Inescort as the district attorney, ditto Clarence Kolb as the newspaper publisher, and Barbara Peppa as a snappy witness.

CONQUEST
THE GREAT ROMANCE IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE—M-G-M

Here's one of the best pictures of the year, or of any year you may care to bring up, and if you don't go stark staring mad over it as I did I shall be frightfully disappointed in you. There has never been a Napoleon on stage or screen that could possibly compare with Charles Boyer's perfect characterization, so perfect is it that you forget that there is an actor named Charles Boyer and are entirely convinced you are seeing Napoleon himself.

As the Countess Walewska Garbo is delightfully feminine and flirtatious, gradually rising to great heights in her dramatic recitation scene. The picture tells the story, and authentically too, of Napoleon's meeting with Marie Walewska (the eighteen-year-old wife of a wealthy Polish patriot) in Warsaw during the most successful period of his life.

After a very curt and impassioned courtship Walewska finally surrenders to the Emperor when he promises her that her country will benefit by it. Her elderly husband divorces her, and the two famous lovers carry on their romance in Austria and Paris against an impressive, historical background. But Napoleon is consumed with ambition, a reckless urge for more and more power, and his one desire is a son to carry on his dynasty. He divorces Josephine and marries Marie Louise, a sly Hapsburg princess, and Walewska realizes for the first time what an arrogant social climbing little man he is, and leaves him, bearing his son in secret.

The world of Napoleon's world crashes about him and he is banished to the Isle of Elba Walewska returns to him with their son, but their idyllic happiness is again destroyed by his urge for power. According to this story, it was Walewska who arranged for Napoleon's escape from Elba—which started Europe to such a feverish pitch and led to the final tragedy at St. Helena.

In the excellent supporting cast are Reginald Owen as Tallyrand, Henry Stephenson as Count Walewska, Dane May Whitty as Napoleon's mother, Leif Erickson as Garbo's brother, and Claude Gillingwater as a family servant. Marie Ouspenskaya as Count Walewska's sister is superb in a magnificent comedy scene where she catches Napoleon cheating at cards.

THE BARRIER
A RE-MAKE OF A FAMOUS STORY—Par.

REX BEACH'S red-blooded story of the Northwest, where men are men and gold is gold, is sold as sort of a Western with de luxe trimmings. The locale is Alaska in the gold rush days and the story concerns Nelta, played by Jean Parker, a lovely young girl who believes that she is the daughter of Robert Barrat and a squaw. She falls in love with Jimmy Ellison, a lieutenant at the local Army Post, but realizes that because of her Indian blood marriage with the handsome officer is impossible.

But, of course, as it always happens in all the best stories of the Northwest, Jean's real father (Otto Kruger) appears on the scene, recognizes the man who once kid-napped his little girl, and after a good fight in the Rex Beach tradition, Barrat confesses that Jean is not his child and certainly not a half-breed.

Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery and Helen Vinson in "Live, Love and Learn." As usual, the Beauty is the teacher.

An important part in the picture is played by Leo Carrillo as a French Canadian trapper, an exuberant, friendly fellow, secretly in love with Jean, but who gallantly refuses to press his suit when he discovers that she loves the handsome army officer. Excellent in small parts are Sara Haden and Andy Clyde. If you like the red-blooded stuff this is your meat.


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Neil Hamilton and Frieda Inescort in "Portia on Trial." She is the lawyer in the dynamic courtroom scene.

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN
WHEREIN ART STEPS DOWN FROM ITS
GARRET—M-G-M

A SMART comedy that has its serious moments, but not for long. Robert Montgomery plays a boisterous fun-loving young artist who takes his Art so seriously that he prefers to live in a garret and starve rather than cheapen himself. Rosalind Russell, a very wealthy young lady, falls desperately in love with him and when she learns that she can't coax him out of his garret she literally throws her pocketbook away, marries him, and moves in.

Joined by the slightly plastered and extremely pleasant Robert Benchley the three of them have a lot of mad merry fun together until—enter Miss Helen Vinson. Helen is a bossy society girl whom the artistic Bob finds rather attractive and before he recovers his senses she has made him a society portrait painter, rich and insincere. But Rosalind and Benchley manage to put the screws on Helen before Bob is totally lost, and there's a happy ending.

THE HURRICANE
A DRAMATIC AND HIGHLY ABSORBING TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS—UA

Mr. Goldwyn presents a new star on the screen, a horrible, fascinating, sensational new star—a South Seas storm. Never has there been anything like it on the screen before—even the earthquake in "San Francisco" seems but milk and water after the destructive fury of Mr. Goldwyn's hurricane, which rages magnificently and horrifyingly for all of twenty minutes. Personally I shall keep away from the South Seas Islands. The picture opens on board a Trans-Pacifie liner and we see in the distance a treeless uninhabited bit of land. The doctor then tells its history. The story is that of Terangi, a South Sea island native, played by Jon Hall, who is loved by his people and especially by Dorothy Lamour, his island bride. On a visit to Haiti he is condemned to sixteen years in prison for striking a white man, but no prison is strong enough to hold Terangi. After several unsuccessful efforts
Clive the indispensable Tenny, Bulldog's valet. Scotland Yard has learned that an attempt is to be made to steal the formulae of a new explosive, and despite all precautions the theft takes place. Most of the action of the picture takes place on a Dover-to-Calais boat train on which the thieves are fleeing to Paris—but they reckon to escape he finally manages it and returns to his home island, which is governed by a French lawyer of the law, Raymond Massey, who considers it his duty to arrest Terangi and return him to his Haitian prison. But in the midst of the manhunt—comes the deluge, and what a deluge.

Terangi proves himself a hero, saves his family and the governor's wife, Mary Astor, and the storm over, once more he is allowed to lead his life of freedom.

Also in the excellent cast are C. Aubrey Smith as a priest who dies with his congregation when the hurricane strikes his church, Jerome Cowan as the captain of Terangi's boat, and Thomas Mitchell as a muchloved doctor, extremely tolerant of the natives. It is a superbly done picture and bound to be one of the most important films of the year. And what a thrill that storm is.

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE**

This Will Keep You From Yawning—Per, A Nother of the thrilling and highly successful Bulldog Drummond pictures, Bulldog Drummond, again well played by John Howard, is on his way to meet Louise Campbell, whom he is about to marry, when he stops off to greet Colonel Nielson and bumps right smack into a new mystery adventure. John Barrymore makes a grand Colonel Nielson and again, thank goodness, Reginald Denny is allowed to play the rather goody but not so dumb Algy, and E. E. without Bulldog, Algy, and Tenny who are also on the train. The adventures come fast and furious.

**A GIRL WITH IDEAS**

Another Breezy Newspaper Comedy—U.

Wendy Bariie plays a rich young society girl who wins a newspaper by default of judgment in a libel suit. Comedy revolves around the efforts of the former owner to bankrupt the paper so he can buy it back for practically nothing, and the efforts of the managing editor, who has fallen in love with his pretty boss, to fill it with sentimentally successful stories. The warring young newspaper men are Walter Pidgeon and Kent Taylor. There's a swell comedy sequence which involves the kidnapping of George Barbier, Wendy's father, who doesn't mind being kidnapped at all, in fact he rather fancies it.

**CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO**

An Exciting Addition to the Chan Series—20th Century-Fox

The locale of the newest Charlie Chan picture is Monte Carlo and that gives Charlie's number one son a chance to air his American French and get everybody confused, even the imperturbable Charlie. Warner Oland plays Chan again (nobody else could) and Keye Luke is once more Charlie's over-zealous son.

A feud between two rival financiers and a large shipment of bonds cause a series of murder mysteries which Charlie, handicapped not only by his son but also by Harold Huber, prefect of police of Monte Carlo, eventually solves.

Among the suspects are Virginia Field, pretty model; Robert Kent, a secretary; Kay Linaker, wife of financier Sydney Blackmer, and George Lynn, an American blackmailer. But Charlie always gets his man.

**MURDER IN GREENWICH VILLAGE**

With Cupid Getting Involved in the Mystery—Col.

Richard Arlen plays an artist-photographer who lives in Greenwich Village, New York, and who can talk very unpleasantly when he gets aroused. He gets aroused one day when Fay Wray, a spoiled society girl, practically falls right into his arms in her hurried escape from a nearby apartment in which a man is murdered.

But Fay, petted and pampered by her rich father, Thurston Hall,
NOW it is a well known fact that the American male is agregarious animal and prone to giving and going on parties. Hence we have class reunions, held under the elms on the dear old campus or anywhere that a few old grads happen to get together.

William Remsen, M.D., born in Brooklyn but transplanted by his own efforts to Park Avenue, had been attending the annual reunion of the 1925 Championship Relay Team of Public School 43 and that was how he chanced to open his eyes in the midst of a flower bed in Central Park on a fine June morning.

Bill Remsen stretched mightily and found himself in a mellowed mood. The blushing sky behind the elms of apartment buildings of upper Fifth Avenue promised a lovely day. Leaves and blossoms glistened with the pristine dew of night’s caresses. A little bird sat on a branch above his head and trilled as if it would burst its throat with melody.

Bill sat up and joined his whistle to the bird’s song. Other birds took up the chorus. Idly he picked a long stemmed daffodil and, using it as a baton, led the feathered songsters. It was a fine morning! A great day! A day fit for shining deeds and falling in love!

He discovered as he whistled that close beside him a nude lady crouched, smiling wistfully up at him. That she was a marble lady—a garden statue of Ariadne—seemed particularly appropriate to his poetic mood.

Bill smiled back into the expectant face of the marble nymph. He plucked a buttercup and held it thoughtfully and teasingly under her chin. At length, like the birds, he was moved to song:

I’ve never been a bit romantic
Never could make a vow—

Down a bridle path, spattered with golden sequins of sunlight, through leaves and blossoms, rode a girl on a horse. A lovely horse and a lovelier girl. Her piquant face was flushed with health like the morning sky; like the horse she was merriless and wilful.

Don’t go poking fun
Maybe you’re the one!

sang Bill. She relined in her horse and peered about through the shrubbery for the singer.

Unawares of the girl, Bill was bowing to Ariadne and the birds when she saw him. Her laughter and applause startled him and having seen her it seemed as if he could not take his eyes off her face.

She blushed under his scrutiny, for Bill was a very presentable young doctor in spite of somewhat disheveled attire that was due to the recent class reunion. Smiling, she took a coin from her pocket, flipped it at him and cantered away on her horse.

Bill strode to the bridle path and watched her out of sight. Then he stared at the coin, grinned and pocketed it. He sighed to find himself alone. The world seemed very empty without this girl near.

The three other members of the Championship Relay Team of Public School 43 were waiting for Bill at the seal pool. Al, who was the nightkeeper of the zoo and thus, in a sense, host of this reunion, had survived the party very creditably. Tooter also was looking chirpy. Classmate Tooter earned his livelihood dispensing chocolate covered Frozen Jerries to the young men of Manhattan.

It was the fourth member of the team that had made P.S. 43 famous who was giving them all concern. Patrolman Lawrence M.
"You must drop in at once, someone," smiled Judy at the enthralled policeman.

"I am that, mum," said Bill in his best imitation of Larry O’Roon’s brogue. "And ’tis sure I am ye need a bodyguard, for ’tis plain as day that every man that sees ye must want to steal ye!" "Oh, tush!" said Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett. "It’s not my body you’re guarding. You’ll be looking after my niece, Judy Marlowe." She led Bill to a photograph on the piano. "There," she said. "That’s Judy..."

"Is she in danger?" Bill gasped, staring at the figure pictured in riding habit. It was the girl who had applauded his serenade in Central Park. "Frightful danger. She thinks she’s in love. She’s threatening to run away with the man—and he’s wanted by the police. Chris LeRoy, a gambler and card sharp, implicated in the Rothberg gang’s Missing scandal and jumped his bail." Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett fixed him with an anxious eye. "You’ll stick to her, O’Roon? No matter where she goes, what she does, you’ll stay right beside her and keep her from running off with LeRoy?" "Don’t you worry, I’ll stick," Bill said joyously and forgot O’Roon’s accent at the prospect.

Mrs. Tswombly, one of Dr. Remsen’s patients, dropped in on her friend, Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett, and to her consternation discovers that Policeman O’Roon bears a startling resemblance to her favorite doctor.

After Mrs. Blodgett rescued her knitting, the ladies withdrew. Bill was singing to himself softly when Judy Marlowe came down the broad stair. It was another little song he had just learned:

If you wonder why I’m near you
Even though I’ve been denied
When I’m near you...you’re rough and mean,
You’re rough and mean...

Judy paused on the stair until he had done. He looked very handsome. There is a tradition that policemen have big feet and are dumb, but Bill didn’t look like that to her.

"Oh," she said when the song ended, "so you sing indoors, too?"

"Anywhere they let me," said Bill, said agreeably.

"Telephone, Miss Judy," said Cowley, the butler. Cowley had been apprised of the household crisis by Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett. When Judy had gone to answer the telephone he hopped in Bill’s car, "It’s that guy, LeRoy. He thrust an extension phone at Bill and Bill listened in while Judy made a date to meet the gambler at a sidewalk cafe.

Judy returned from her telephoning, looking as innocent as the cat that swallowed the canary. "Sorry I can’t stop to hear you sing some more, Mr. O’Roon. You must drop in again, sometime."

Bill bowed. When Judy moved to the door, he moved with her and held it for her. When she crossed the pavement to her car, he held that door. Nice of him, she thought. But when Bill seated himself beside her in the car, there was a warning glint in her eye.

"Just where do you think you’re going?" she demanded.

"Any place you go," said Bill. "Commissioner’s orders, I’m your bodyguard..."

"Maybe," said Judy slowly and thoughtfully. There was a world of menace in that one small word.

Chris LeRoy was waiting for Judy at the Cafe Angelo. Forewarned by Judy’s swift glance and the presence of a striking blue uniformed cop at her side, he made no attempt to reconnoiter the place. When Judy sent Bill on a wild goose chase after a fake LeRoy the gambler stepped to her table and spoke swiftly.

"Darling, my yacht’s waiting with steam up, down the bay."

"I’ll be aboard by sunset, darling," Judy whispered.

"But how can you do it with that big Irish cop sticking beside you?"

"I’ll do it," said Judy in a tone that meant she would. And then she discovered that Bill, under guise of tying her shoelace,
had handkerchiefed her ankle to the table.  That day was not very eventful in the life of Larry O’Roon, sleeping peacefully on the operating table in Bill Renssen’s office. But it proved decidedly interesting to the man who wore the coat and badge of the patrolman.

Shopping, lunching, strolling, Bill followed Judy as per orders. Every hour she grew more irritated with his company and every other hour she found she had new graces and beauty and a charm that made him giddy.

When Judy’s eyes noted the sign of a travel bureau advertising a Bermuda tour, they lighted wickedly. “Just the place for Chris and me to spend our honeymoon,” she said to Bill.

“But you’re not going to marry that bum, Judy!”

“You think so?” Judy said, poison sweet. “I’m a big girl. You can’t stop me leaving this country.”

“No,” Bill sighed. “I’m afraid I can’t.”

Judy went into the travel bureau and returned her bridal suite. Then, while Bill’s attention was elsewhere she whispered to the clerk. She learned that she could leave the Bermuda boat when it passed to drop off the pilot. Now all she had to do was get word to LeRoy to have a tender from the yacht waiting to take her off.

But though he appeared interested in folders and time tables, Bill was not day dreaming. He noted the whispered colloquy and noted the name of the clerk Judy talked to. When they returned to her aunt’s house Bill instructed Cowley the butler to make inquiries.

Judy packed her trunks and Bill helped her.  

My heart is taking lessons Learning how to sing Judy slammed the last lid and locked it. “I’ll say,” Bill said, “I’m off.”

“Where to?” she asked, surprised.

“To call up the Commissioner and tell him I’m a flop.”

“Poor thing!” she smiled, mimicking his song. “Well, goodbye, O’Roon. You’ve been a good watch dog.”

And you going to be the world’s biggest idiot if you marry a girl like LeRoy,” said Bill and strolled out to find what Cowley had learned.

Glistening with white paint, loaded deep with holiday seekers, the Bermuda steamship threaded her way out of New York’s harbor and passed to drop her pilot. Below, beside the pilot boat, bobbed a tender from the Sea Horse, LeRoy’s yacht. Judy jumped down a Jacob’s ladder, mentally rubbing her nose at the big, handsome top which thought he was going to interfere with her romance.

The yacht’s tender moved off toward the Sea Horse and the Bermuda boat went on. Then there came the roar of an exhaust like ripping up a cobble street. A police launch shot alongside the tender. In it were Bill and the real Larry O’Roon in disguise.

“You transfer here, Sister,” said Larry. “You can’t kidnap me!” Judy cried, furiously.

“We can’t, but we have,” Larry answered and to save further argument tapped her gently on the head with the butt of his service pistol. Judy slid limply into Bill’s outstretched arms.

“You can take me to the Sea Horse,” Larry said, transferring himself to the tender. “I’ve got to talk with Chris LeRoy.”

Bill turned the police launch toward shore, steering with one arm about his dazed Judy.

She had recovered from the anaesthete of Larry’s love tap before they reached Silver Pier, glittering in the dusk with all its Coney Island attractions. By the time they got ashore Bill had heard enough of Judy’s opinion of him to sing his ears off.

“Maybe you’re just hungry?” Bill said, trying to restore peace. “Have a hot dog!” He stopped to buy a pair and Judy slipped away in the crowd. Bill gave chase. She was just darting into the Honey Moon tunnel concession. A train of boats was pulling out from the loading platform and Bill slipped aboard the last one just as it plunged into total blackness. He settled down close beside Judy.

Bill leaned closer and he had ceased to take matters lightly. “I’ve spent the day keeping you away from the wrong man, Judy,” he said. “I’m going to spend the rest of my life keeping you close to the right man. That’s me.”

“You’re crazy!” Judy gasped.

“Right,” said Bill. “I’m as completely bally about you as any man has ever been about any woman in the history of the world.”

“Maybe I never saw you till this morning,” he went on passionately, “but I’ve known you all my life. I’ve sung just to you; I’ve waited just for you.”

Judy gave him a blushing look and stepped ashore at Honey Moon Cottage. Bill stepped ashore, too. Judy’s eyes darted about, seeking an exit kept him from away. She tried the door of Honey Moon Cottage. It opened and she darted through, Bill following.

The door of the painted cottage was the exit door onto the pier and they stepped out among the strolling crowds. Judy felt her headみんな decorating the theater where her aunt was presiding over the annual police benefit show. Bill followed after.

Larry O’Roon, meantime, had met a live young lady and was eager to invest in a hobby. Overpowered by LeRoy’s crew, the patrolman escaped finally by jumping overboard and swimming to his pier. And LeRoy, learning that Judy had just been ashore, followed swiftly in the yacht’s tender. All concerned reached the police benefit show at the same time.

Judy fled to the refuge of her aunt’s box. There she sat watching the show and thinking over the recent intimacies of the man she had met as Patrolman O’Roon. She wasn’t so mad at Bill as she had been. In fact she had to smile rather wishfully when she remembered how devotedly he had stared at her all day long and Chris LeRoy. Perhaps he was in love with her, as he had said! Judy mused over this possibility and was unattaractive. Just then she spied Bill making his way toward her. In a panic she rose to escape him.

At the stage Marveth Marko the Magician was about to demonstrate his magic cabinet. He asked the assistance of a young lady from the audience and his eye invited Judy. She hastened to the stage.

“Now,” said Marko, “I shall place this little lady in the cabinet and make her disappear right before the eyes of five thousand cops.”

Judy gasped. Under the grease paint and false whiskers she recognized Marko. He was Chris LeRoy! He whispered to her, “Get in the cabinet, Judy. When I spring the secret panel you slip outside and wait for me. The tender’s waiting to rush us back to the yacht.”

“But, Chris,” she gasped. “Chris, I’ve got something to tell you. Chris, I’ve changed my mind...”

It was too late. LeRoy slammed her into the cabinet. The door closed upon her.

“Presto changeo!” said the supposed magician. “The young lady has completely vanished.”

He threw open the door to the cabinet and a roar of delighted laughter shook the theater. Inside the magic chamber Judy was clasped in the arms of Emery Pendall kissing her with whole hearted thankfulness.

While the astounded trickster gazed open mouthed on this unexpected happening the real Larry O’Roon dashed from the wings and stepped on the hands of his. The honor of the O’Roons had been kept untarnished.

A clerk (Franklin Pangborn) and Mrs. Dodge-Blodgett are intrigued.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There is one man in pictures who has gone farther, accomplished more and won more friends than any other player is in the Signal number of pictures. Letters come in de-

fending him, but that is not necessary. No one is attacking this lad. In fact the few who have written him and his "Presto" so—The February Silver Screen will contain a remarkable story by Eliza-

beth Wilson on this well loved artist. Do not hold back your personal-

ity Projection article on Nelson Eddy.

We do not begrudge an artist his due of the well worn complimentary adjectives, but the fact is that our hearts warm to players who have some of the human failings as well. Read an interesting article about the strange fears that bount some of the players. You will be surprised to learn that the much "glamoured" girls of pictures are afraid of certain things. And they can't help it. Perhaps you have the same queer feeling about high places that Judy "Scared" by Gordon R. Silver in the next issue of Silver Screen.

The February number will have many interesting stories and articles on the personalities of the players and the studios, illustrated with a rich selection of the best photographs.
W e're having our seasonal California fogs and the sky is heavily overcast but, for me, the sun is shining as I scan the production schedules of the various studios. There are encouragingly few pictures shooting so I should have an easy time of it this month. There is most doing at Paramount so we might as well start here and get the worst over with.

Emanuel Cohen, head of Major Productions has two pictures going, for Paramount release. They are "Every Day's A Holiday" starring Mae West, and "Doctor Rhythm" starring Bing Crosby.

The scene of the former is Mae's dressing room in a theatre. And such a dressing room you never saw before on land or sea—even in the movies. The walls are tufted lavender satin. The drapes are gold satin. It's a shame Corinne Griffith couldn't have seen this in the days when she called herself The Orchid Lady of the Screen.

Just before the scene starts the barber gives Charlie Butterworth's sideburns a slight trim. As he finishes, Charlie winks at him and almost cracks his face. The only man I've ever met who even remotely approached Edward G. Robinson for conceit is Mr. Butterworth. If I could buy him for what I think he's worth and sell him for what he thinks he's worth I could retire and you, the public, would be well rid of both of us.

La West is really something to look at. Her dress is what you might call form-fitting, from the waist up. The skirt is full, and shot with red and gold sequins. Her hair ornament is made of feathers—bird of paradise—robin's egg blue and egg shell. She has on earrings that must weigh close to a ton and her necklace—oh an oiland guess—I should say weighs close to two tons. When she dolls herself up she doesn't stop at any halfway measures.

"Here's your next mayor, boys," Mae informs them.

You can well imagine what a bombshell those few words explodes. I turn to leave and I happen to catch Mae's eyes. I wonder if I'm dreaming or did I really hear her murmur, "Come up an' see me some time?"

"Come on," says Katie Coghlan, who is towing me around. "I know it's funny but we have other sets to cover."

So we proceed to the set of "The Big Broadcast" which marks the return of the one and only W. C. Fields to the screen. The plot of this is still a mystery—even to the director and cast. But Fields is owner of a yacht. Yesterday the captain kicked Mr. Fields out of the pilot house and Fields is ranking over it. He is on his way back there now with Grace Bradley hanging on his arm.

"Mr. Bellowa!" Hicks thunders so that once more Bill jumps and the grin disappears. "There are icebergs in these waters—and other boats. We've got to reduce speed. If you'll step into the chart room—"

"After you, my dear captain, after you," Bill agrees, leisurely sauntering towards the door of the chart room. As the surprised Hicks steps through the door ahead of Fields, Bill hauls off and gives him a swift kick where it will do the most good. He turns once more to Grace but just as he turns, Hicks recovers his balance and returns the kick.

Bill jumps as though he'd been shot, slams the door shut and bolts it after Hicks so he can't get out. "How many feet has that guy got?" he asks, scurrying over to another door and bolting that one, too. "Let 'em find the combination to that lock," he mutters. Then he offers Grace his arm. "Come, my dear, let us repair to the bar—for a little refreshment."

The tough part about describing a comedy scene is that it never reads as funny as it looks. Bill has never been in finer fettle and I don't believe he has ever played a funnier scene than this.

Just as Bill made frequent and kidding references to his lawsuit on the radio, there are kidding references to the suit brought against him by the over-wrought Carlotz, who, on a secretary's pay, is recuperating at ultra-fashionable Santa Barbara.

And so we come to "Romance in The Dark" starring Gladys Swarthout and John Boles. The scene is the porch of a fashionable hotel. Gladys is an Egyptian princess and looks it. Her black velvet dress is loaded with passementerie containing every color in the rainbow and a lot of other colors that have been discovered lately. Above the waist she is practically nothing but sables. I hope the princess will like Budapest, Boles ventures.

"The princess is sure to enjoy Budapest," Claire Dodd puts in. "After all, we're living in the present—and Egypt is in the past."

"A great many things are in the past,"
Below is the prima donna, Helen Jepson, as she sings in "The Goldwyn Follies." (Right) "Rosalie" is ready. Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell put on the finishing touches.

Then my guide drags me over to meet Ella Logan, "This is Dick Mook," he introduces me. "He's looking for news." Ella gives me a searching look and says nothing. "Got any news? I query, although I wasn't specially looking for it.

"Say!" Kenny ejaculates, "if we could get that bridge out of the way wouldn't that be a swell place to practice fly-casting?"

But I don't know from nothing about fly-casting and think maybe I had better collect some more data before I ask you how you like California by now?" I inquire.

Kenny gives me a surprised look, "California is my home," he vouchsafes, "I was born in Monrovia and raised in Long Beach. Everyone thinks because I made a hit on the Jack Benny program that I came out from New York with him. But I joined him out here. I'd been singing on local stations for years."

Well, that's new! To me anyhow. Then the director calls Kenny, Andrea and Ella for a take. They're customers in his hamburger stand, it's late, he has a record playing and is singing an accompaniment to it.

That's all there is over here so I chase over to Columbia. Three pictures going here—"The Night Before" with Richard Arlen and Mary Astor; "Penitentiary," featuring Walter Connolly, Jean Parker and John Howard; and "Wonder Child," starring Edith Fellows and featuring Leo Carrillo.

There is no synopsis yet on "The Night Before" but the time is the night before Christmas. Everything in the police station is very quiet and orderly. The sergeant is sitting peacefully at his desk stacking matches on top of a beer bottle as three station policemen look on in silent admiration. Suddenly there is a terrific noise outside, the door bursts open, two sheepish looking cops are thrust into the room followed by Lionel Stander leading two goats, Dick Allen and Mary Astor in full evening dress and Virginia Dale in a fur coat and carrying a huge bird cage with a bird in it.

"We caught them red-handed, your honor," Mary explains breathlessly to the sergeant. "We caught these officers going through a stop signal. They thought because they were officers they didn't have to obey the law."

"Get out of here before I clap you into jail," the sergeant (Paul Hurst) hollers.

"Come on, Rusty," Dick whispers to Mary, "He wants us to go."

"I dare him to clap us into jail," Mary thunders. "We dare him—don't we, Lain? Don't you see, your honor," she continues, "every citizen is a representative of the State and it's his duty to arrest anybody who breaks a law. That's civic spirit. The trouble with this country is there's not enough civic spirit."
I recently did an interview with Mr. Milland on what the well dressed man will wear but I'm sure if the editors of the magazine had caught a load of Ray in this snook he's wearing, Ray wouldn't never have been seen as an authority on this subject.

There being naught else of interest to see on this lot, we proceed to Twentieth Century-Fox.

There are five pictures shooting here, but two of them—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" starring Shirley Temple, and "Love and Hisses" starring Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie are closed to visitors, and another, "Thank You, Mr. Moto," starring Peter Lorre. But we still have two to see—"Checkers" starring Jane Withers and "Happy Ending" starring Sonja Henie.

"Checkers" is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and has the best cast. Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin play the leads with her.

Blue Skies, a race horse, Stu Erwin (the owner) and his niece Checkers (Jane) are a happy-go-lucky trio who frequent the race tracks. They are on their way to the home of Checkers' Aunt Mannie (Una) whom Stu has been courting without success for seven years because she doesn't approve of horse-racing.

Jane bursts into the house and grabs Una around the neck. "Gee, it's great to see you again" Jane Explodes. "I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow," Una replies, returning the embrace.

And then Jane notices Andrew Tobin standing by with some半导体 and glasses on a tray. "So I notice," Jane remarks, a decided chill creeping into her voice.

Tobin takes this as a reference to his presence, glares at her and leaves.

"Come on and stay for lunch with me?" Una invites me.

So we go over to the Brown Derby for lunch and give the whole town a good going over. Or, at least, I do. Una just listens. Finally the talk gets around to her picture. "There are two other children in it besides Jane," she says, and "I don't see how the poor little things can stand it. They have to go to school a certain number of hours a day so they have their own set, the teacher and their lessons to the microphone." She glanced hastily at her watch. "I have to get back to the set. Dick. Will you come along or do you have to go?"

"I have to, worse luck," I grumble. "I gotta work, too.

So I beat it to the next stage where Sonja Henie and Don Ameche are work-
ing in “Happy Landing.”

Cesar Romero is an eccentric song writer whom Amelie is a great admirer of. They try to fly the Atlantic, get lost in a fog, land in Norway, meet Sonja. Cesar dances twice with her at the Brille’s Fair (and the last one he dances with a girl at that fair means an engagement), escape to Paris when they learn the significance of his dances and then proceed to America. One evening as Don is on his way through the hotel lobby in immaculate evening dress, he sees Sonja sitting grimly on a lounge waiting to go to America—a tigress on the hunt, the Atlantic was no barrier.

Sonja is convinced Don turned Cesar against her.

“Why did you take him away from me?” she demands.

“I?” he exclaims in surprise. “Why should I do this?”

“Because you spoil everything beautiful in his life. But you’re not going to do it anymore. I ran away from home to come to him—and I’m going to stay right here until I see him.” And with that she seats herself firmly on the couch.

“Don’t you think you were a little hasty, running away from home?” Don asks gently.

“No! I love him—and he loves me!”

“I see.” He sits down beside her. “I hate to do this, but you’ll better get it straight. After all, he’s not a baby. If he really wanted to see you do think I or anybody else could have prevented him from going back to you?” Don argues, trying to soften the blow as much as possible. “He could, at least, have dropped you a line, couldn’t he? But he?”

“No-o, Sonja has to confess.

“Does that sound as though he’s in love with you?”

“Cuz he danced with me twice!” Sonja cries. “That means he wants to marry me!”

“Oh, I see.” Don smiles. “Well, here in New York you need more evidence than that. Oh, you poor kid. He doesn’t want any part of you. Why don’t you just forget him and go home?”

“But what can I? I love him,” she protests.

“You can’t be satisfied with a technical knockout? Don asks in exasperation.

“Are you-are you serious? From what Sonja convinced, Cesar comes into the lobby, sees her, has the brilliant idea that he’ll make up to her, give the newspapers a big story of a man who fell in love from Norway and get their pictures in the papers. So he gives Cesar a big play and, of course, that only convinces her anly that poor Don was trying to break up her romance.

Musing sadly over the fact that the Happy Hooligans and Don Quixotes of this world, who only try to be helpful always get it in the neck, I wound my weary way to M-G-M.

The most important picture at this joint is undoubtedly starring Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. Spencer isn’t working today and the scene is the chorus girls’ dressing room in a theatre–musical comedy. Joan is a two–hundred–pound girl who escapes from her parasitic family. But her husband is breaking her heart and taking her to the cleaner’s at the same time. Mary Phillips is her friend.

“I’ve got to have some money,” Joan begins grilly. “A hundred dollars!”

“I can let you have sixty cents of it,” Mary suggests. Inpromising the mirror.

“What’s happened to Eddie (Joan’s load of grief)?”

“What makes you think it’s for Eddie?” Joan asks, angrily, and then, “Well, what if it is? I’ve still got to have it.”

“When are you going to get wise to yourself?” Mary snaps. “Can’t you see it’s only a matter of time until that fake pulls you down into his own class?”

“Listen, Beryl,” Joan says quietly, “Listen to me—more and for all—Eddie took me away from Hester Street. Can’t you understand that?”

“A street car could have done it—and cost you less,” Mary snaps.

“You don’t know Eddie,” Joan protest.

“How—how nice he can be, and, sweet. He remembers the things that count—the little things—”

“I’m sick of hearing about men that do the little things,” Mary interrupts. “Ginny says a guy that does a big thing like payin’ a month’s rent now and then. But not Eddie! You lend him two bucks and he buys you fifty cents worth of violets.

Edith Fellows’ beautiful singing voice will surprise you in “Wonder Child,” in which she is supported by Leo Carrillo. (Below) Una Merkel and Jane Withers on the fence for Checkers.

Where’s the profit to you in that deal?”

“Who cares about the profits?” Joan squelches her. “There aren’t any bargains between Eddie and me—and no cash sales. Whatever we’ve got, we split! That goes for profits—and losses!”

“It’s got something to do with love, hasn’t it?” Mary softens her voice. “A tough argument to heat,” she goes on as Joan nods. “And after all my screaming, all I’ve got for you is advice. Try the manager.

They are taking a close-up of Mary and Joan stands out of camera range, cueing her. And it’s very unusual for a star to cue another player. Usually the director or assistant director reads the lines.

Joan and Mary are both something to see in these outfits. The black velvet skirts must have been made during the depression when everyone was trying to save wherever possible. They have on more hose than skirt and, even so, there’s more skirt than waist.

“Come have a cup of tea with me,” Joan invites me when they’re through with the close-up but, alas, kaddish! There is nothing upon which to show off all those wonderful costumes. I guess it’s just fate that I should end my days straddling a stool in a cocktail lounge.

The new, Nelson Eddie picture in which he is starred with Monique Potter, is in the final stages—from what I hear they’ve got something there.

I notice them in the next set—“Everybody Sing.” This stars Judy Garland and Allan Jones with Sophie Tucker, Fanney Brice and Lynn Carver thrown in for good measure. Allan, much against his will, is playing a chef.

It’s my lucky day, I guess. First I hear Kenny Baker sing and now I hear Allan sing. The One I Love,” to Allan Carver.

Great day! I almost forgot the most important one (to me, anyhow) in the whole cast. It’s Billie Burke. She isn’t working in this scene so we sit on the edges gazing and talking of the days when Billie was the biggest star in New York. She has on a filmy blue dress and she looks just the same now as she’s always looked. Truly, “Time cannot wither, nor custom stale the infinite variety of her charms.” To me, she will always be the movie’s most glorious star this country has ever had.

The last picture shooting out here is “A Matter of Pride” with John Beal, Florence Rice, Frank Morgan, Winton, spoon. Unfortunately, Florence has just been sent home with a bad cold and the company is disbanding for the day.

I am just about to sit down myself a pat on the back and call it a day when I remember I have not yet been to Warner Bros. for the goblins are smiling down on me here because I’ve already told you about “Hollywood Hotel.” “Robin Hood” is on location, “Jeezbel” doesn’t start until next week, I’ve reported “Gold Is Where You Find It” so there’s only left “A Slight Case of Murder” which, incidentally, I think is one of the sweetest titles I’ve ever seen. This stars Edw. G. Robinson and the scene is right at the beginning of the picture. Eddie has been the head of a brewery run by gangsters during prohibition. Now prohibition has been repealed he’s called his mob together.

“From now on,” he announces, “we’re legit. There’s gonna be a lot of changes around here, but we’re not gonna spoil it—it’s a brewery. I’m gonna give this place some real class, and that reminds me—” and I’m singing out Allen Jenkins, “I want you to shave every morning!”

“Every day!” Allen gasps. “Lefty,” Robinson continues, turning to Edward Brophy, “lay off those striped silk shirts. From now on we’re gonna wear white shirts—with clean collars!”

“Say, boss,” Allen objects, “you think we’re gonna sell Marko’s beer any better if—”

“That’s another thing,” Marko interrupts. “It ain’t Marko’s beer no more. Come here and want to show you some thing. He crosses the stage and raises a curtain and shows them a miniature model of a neon sign—

“Gold Velvet Brewery
Renny Marko, Pres.
DRINK GOLD VELVET BEER—IT’S THE TOPS.”

Since Robinson doesn’t drink himself he doesn’t know his beer has been slightly poisoned and people and now he is how legitimate he can continue making it the same way. So he goes on slightly poisoning more people.

And with those wise Kind, but well–chosen words, my friends, I’ll leave you until next month. You’ll have to get home as best you can. But we’ll meet again—I hope.
So Many Artists, Players And Technicians Are Required To Make A Picture. Why Should Some Of Them Be Neglected When We Pass Out The Praise?

Because films have had the power to make you laugh or tear your heart out they have captured and held the public imagination completely. Gregory La Cava, the brilliant director of "Stage Door," held forth to me about this the other day. I was telling him what a magnificent job I thought he had done in making over a stage success into a true movie and making this immensely more moving and memorable than the original. As a critic, who might very conceivably have to write disparagingly of his direction in coming offerings, my praise was as restrained as it was sincere. It was something of a shock, therefore, to have him turn on me indignantly.

"Who cares about the direction of "Stage Door"?" he said. "And what's more, who should care? We're making shows in Hollywood and they'll stand and fall on their capacity for entertaining you. Not a person will go to see "Stage Door" because I directed it well, but because they want to see Katherine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers acting together in a film which they may possibly have heard was a big hit on Broadway."

Rather timidly I tried to make the point that whereas "Stage Door" was a huge success, several preceding photo-plays in which Miss Hepburn starred were far from successes. It seemed to me that something more than the names of the stars or the producing company or the mere fact that the picture happened to be showing in a neighborhood house impelled moviegoers to witness a production. La Cava knew as well as I that the balance sheets of any studio would bear me out, but he still shied away from any analysis of his work.

"There is only one thing for a moviector to do," he said. "That is to take all of one's emotions to a screen offering and very little of one's intellect."

In substance I agree with Mr. La Cava. It will be a sad day for the movies when people start going to them because they think that they may be "important" or "experimentally interesting" rather than because they want to be amused. It didn't take any pontificating about theory or aesthetics to make "The Birth of a Nation" or any of the top-flight successes which have followed it pull their weight with audiences.

At the same time I do not think that one's intellect should be checked at the entrance to a film playhouse. For that matter I don't believe it would be possible. No matter how completely one may succumb to the emotional pulls of a picture, there is a certain point when one takes stock of the show one has seen, discriminates between the good and the bad to make a shadowy standard for further motion picture experiences. Out of the sum of millions of these evaluations, the motion picture will go on to new triumphs, stars will rise and fall and the screen will remain the popular medium that it is and should continue to be.

As I have stated in earlier articles in "Silver Screen," the surest way to make these evaluations is to reach out and put one's finger on the fleeting passages of perfect artistry which are to be found in nearly every Hollywood offering. Frequently they are the product of the inspired collaboration of every one connected with the making of a scene. Often it is the genius of the star which floods a sequence with the kind of beauty that haunts you even after you have forgotten the name of the picture in which he or she appeared. Sometimes it is one of the minor craftsmen connected with a production, who has done his bit so perfectly that he makes a fragment of a film memorable. I propose to celebrate the high deeds of these lesser artists once more in singling out their contributions to recent films.

If you think these moments of memorable artistry can be achieved at will you are mistaken. The screen has thousands of skilled craftsmen, from actors, writers and directors down to the fellow who can throw a spotlight at an exact angle to get a perfect photographic shot. Their combined efforts make for the magnificent finish which one has grown accustomed to expect in most movies. Only occasionally do out of them become so inspired that his stint looms out above the teamwork of his colleagues.

A perfect case in point is "Victoria the Great," the most impressive photooplay that England has shipped to these shores in a long time. Before the opening of the film I had a long talk with Herbert Wilcox, who produced it and directed it in the face of terrific odds. He told me of the troubles he had had, hoped that I'd see a production but was certain of one thing. This was that I would be swept by the final sequences of the show. In them he had shot for perfection.

He could not have prepared his climax more painstakingly. Having screened Victoria's illustrious reign from her accession to the throne in 1837 through her tenderly romantic marriage to Albert, he wanted to set a period to the chronicle by recreating the Diamond Jubilee in all its glory. With the cooperation of the British government, he was able to reproduce the striking ceremonies of the monarch with the utmost fidelity. The backgrounds were authentic—even the coach in which Victoria rode for her Jubilee celebration was taken from the Royal Mews to give Anna Neagle a correct setting. To cap it all, he photographed the scene in Technicolor.

When I saw the film, I was definitely startled. Of all the episodes in "Victoria the Great" I found the ending the least satisfactory. The colorizations for which Mr. Wilcox had had such high hopes seemed to me to be garish and the Diamond Jubilee itself seemed less dramatic than previous. Mr. Wilcox had tried to create a passage of memorable beauty, but it was my guess that he had failed.

Nevertheless there was one scene in "Victoria the Great" which has lingered in my mind for a long time. It was the day Victoria decided to go windsurfing in the Royal Yacht. It was a magnificent shot. The camera swept the ocean, the windblown sails, the surf. Victoria, stately and magnificent, was photo-formed as she sped across the waves. It was a shot which had every branch of artistry working together to make it memorable.
memory ever since I saw the film. If you have witnessed it, you will remember that the lovely and regal little Victoria, guided subtly into marriage with her beloved Albert by Lord Melbourne, starts on her honeymoon in one of the first railroad trains. The identical train in which Victoria originally rode was brought out of a museum for the sequence. As the royal lovers are about to depart, Albert's brother Ernest says good-bye and you are aware that the "great, wonderful little empress" is about to embark on the most important phase of her triumphal reign.

It is then that the loyal and grizzled Melbourne takes leave of his queen, almost prophetically envisaging the list of distinguished ministers, including Gladstone and Disraeli, who will succeed him. Very simply, he takes his young sovereign's hand, presses it to his lips and says: "My work is done."

Here is a bit of consummate screen artistry. Partial credit for it must go to Mr. Wilcox, to Miss Neagle as the queen and to the scenic artist. To my mind it is H. B. Warner who makes the scene so hauntingly beautiful. In a minor role (he does not appear again in the production), he gives one of those inspired performances that capture the imagination through the screen. For an instant Mr. Warner has become Lord Melbourne himself and one is transported into another century irrevocably. In his face and in his queen long after I have completely forgotten the climax of the Diamond Jubilee.

It is not a new film but if you saw it you will probably remember "Topper" as a funny comedy, with Thorne Smith's character cutting up in disembodied exuberance. It brought Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Roland Young together in farcical situations and they all rose to the top of their acting skill. I cannot remember their adult clowning, though, nearly as well as the magnificent photographic effects achieved when Mr. Grant and Miss Bennett became invisible in the midst of doing something. The high point of hilarity for me was when the former (invisible) changed an automobile tire, with spare wheels and wrenches moving around under no visible control.

Roy Seawright is the artisan who made that passage memorable. Before the Thorne Smith novel was slated to become a picture, he had been intrigued by the photographic possibilities of the material and had even made blueprints of ideas for camera stunts and double exposure. By trade he is a cutter and splicer in a picture laboratory. The director of "Topper" heard of him, commissioned him to do trick photography for the show and the result was triumphant.

In "Submarine D-1," there is a scene in which the film builds up intolerable suspense. A submarine is crippled on the ocean floor and the crew makes a hair-raising escape, even extricating an injured man in a diving bell. It was not Director Lloyd Bacon, though, who made the scene memorable. As a matter of fact it was not noted picture people. Sailors from the U. S. Navy Submarine Base at New London turned the trick, going through routine maneuvers with such professional aplomb that in watching them you forget the principals.

As I have pointed out more than once, it is rare that one person can claim credit for the interlude of perfection which inevitably becomes the artistic yardstick of a screen offering. In "Lancer Spy," for example, there are such knowing players as Fritz Feld, George Sanders and Joseph Schildkraut performing a spy melodrama and it is their performing that will make you like or dislike the picture. At the same time there is a brilliant sequence in the production for which they can claim no credit. Early in the action a call is sent out for an Englishman somewhere in the Baltic patrolling with his squadron. It is a "calling all cars" variety of shot that has become routine stuff on the screen. That it isn't routine in this instance is due to the inspired craftsmanship of Louis Loeffler.

Mr. Loeffler is a cutter, whose job it was to put together this sequence in the film. Realizing the ominous importance of the radio call, he pared the material to its bare essentials. No messages are handed back and forth. Instead, he spliced shots together to show a man in the radio room tapping out the communication, a low hum coming in on the sound track and slowly rising to a roar. The hum carries right through to the English officer reading the message, keying the mood for all the action that follows. It is much a cutting job but in this case a perfect one.

The new Shirley Temple film, "Heidi" owes a debt to Fred Swingell, a property man. In the production Heidi has been successful in persuading her playmate Klara to walk, her mission is accomplished, but she cannot share the happiness around her because of her "sitting" for her grandfather. Klara's father presents her with a little gift, one of those glass balls in which there is a tiny house which becomes enveloped in a snowstorm when you shake the ball. Heidi does so and cries tremulously, "It's grandfather's house. He's bringing in the wood." And for an instant the camera is focussed on the tiny house and it is the house we've seen earlier as her grandfather's. Fine as Miss Temple is in the scene, it is the exactness of the replica that gives it poignancy and Mr. Swingell saw to that.

With two such magnificent stars as Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer appearing together in "Conquest" it may seem to be stretching a point to give special commendation to a relatively unknown collaborator on the production. At the same time Nathalie Bucknell, a research expert, contributed curiously telling bit scenes of the film—the first meeting between Walewska and Napoleon and the farewell between the emperor-soldier and his mistress. For fifteen months she read

(Left) The navy co-operates for Warner's "Submarine D-1." (Above) Maurice Moscovitch, Dolores Del Rio and George Sanders in "Lancer Spy." The warmest praise in connection with this picture goes to an unknown film cutter.

books, sent scouts to Europe, hunted for first-hand documents of the period and made herself familiar with the projected backgrounds before the picture went before the cameras. When you first see Garbo in the film, you are apt to agree that the setting and costumes accent the scene to a remarkable degree.

Frances Richardson performed a similar job in recreating the Chicago of 1854 for "In Old Chicago" and it is the sight of the frame house city early in the picture which one instinctively compares with the mid-West metropolis of today that sets the stage for the great fire. In "The Bride Wore Red," it was a roving photographer, Fred Wilcox, who assembled breath-taking backgrounds of the Tyrolean Alps as compelling settings for the romance between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. In the daffy musical starring the Ritz Brothers, "Life Begins in College," it was a gag man, Darrell Ware, who thought up the idea of having the clowns flattened in the mud in their gridiron debut, one of the funniest interludes in a funny show.

There are other minor film craftsmen who rarely get credit in the billing of a show. Their satisfaction must be the same as that shared by movie-goers who recognize brilliant artistry in their work. They may be unseen heroes of motion pictures, but they do not need to be unappreciated.
IT HAPPENS time and again—that last minute invitation. You've hoped for it, prayed for it, planned for it, and here it is. If you're at your office, you remember that in your closet hangs that lacy blouse or suit, or that new tip-top frock, as yet unworn. You want to get rushed, fixed up and it always pays to do it. Business girl or home girl, you may both be up against the same problem—about twenty minutes to dress—when Fate offers you a rich plum via the telephone, that unplanned date.

You can do a lot in twenty minutes, in fact, the whole works. Twenty minutes can be stretched to cover an hour, if you know how. That's why I've taken Woodbury's as necessary battles, arranged my curls, all for nothing, but to prove it could be done. Here is the result of my homework for you, executed step by step, with an eye on Big Ben.

Get hair out of the way first. Comb it out, press back into place, using a pin or two to hold it up even if you're fluffing it out later. If your permanent is straightening out or if you have contrary wisps, the Aurora Bobbhead Hair Pin Curlier saves the situation. It's used cold. It clamps your hair, rolls it, catches it with a pin and in a short time you have a neat curl. By the way, it will give you a lovely all-over head of curls when you have more time. I hope you have one of those Donna net sleeping caps that keep heads in good form, because if it's ideal to slip over your hair now to mould it into smooth lines and to keep it away from your face while you make up.

Next, brush your teeth before cleansing your face, so you don't have that paste or powder line to remove afterwards. Slather on some cleansing cream, remove, and apply some fresh. Creams like Lady Esther, Pond's or Woodbury's are suggested because their light texture makes them go on off easily. There's a reason for this double use of cream. The first takes off all make-up and soil; the second should remain on while you shower. That gives time for more cleansing, softening and stimulating the skin, a good idea for all cleansing creams.

Hop under your shower—no tub now. If you speed up, you can do it in two minutes. Dry and splash on some perfumed cologne, especially over the chest and arms. Body warmth releases its soft fragrance and here it is particularly lovely. A mist of dusting powder and a dab of Mum to each underarm, and you're fresh as a flower. The Mum is very important, because you know what excitement, hurry or dancing will do to any of us, even just after a bath. Slip into underthings and don your face.

Remove all cream carefully, followed by a skin tonic. If you haven't one, splash on cold water. An eye wash like Hath or Eye-Gene will refresh your eyes, make them clear and sparkling. Now a very little foundation, cream or liquid, smoothed or patted on until the skin is just slightly moist. Use cream rouge, touching up later from your compact, if necessary. If your face is thin, keep rouge away from temples and cheek hollows. Under night lights, rouge there creates shadows and makes your face thinner.

Eyes need special attention, because you're probably wearing a veil. Apply shadow. Spring Green is lovely on blondes and semi-blondes. Over your favorite shade, however, you can create a lovely effect by using a little gold or silver shadow. Choose according to the gold or silver lame, sequins or jewelry you may be wearing. Press on plenty of face powder, well over your neck, too, and remove surplus with powder brush or fingers. Concentrate your mascara on the upper lashes, especially if you are blonde. Marlene Dietrich's eyes are done in this manner, and so are Toby Wing's. Anna Neagle, who is naturally blonde, leaves brows like her hair, but accents the upper lashes. Too much mascara on lower lashes is aging and hardening.

Helena Rubinstein has a new Blue-violet, very effective with the new pinks, purples and deep blues. Brush all powder from brows and accent with crayon, if necessary. Get out your evening lipstick. It should be darker and richer in tone than your day-time one. Tangerine users, please remember that Tangerine Theatrical lipstick is lovely for evening. If you will part your lips while rouging, you will get a softer curve to your lips. Outline first with the edge or point of your stick, then fill in. This is the Hollywood way and a good one. Apply your stick heavily, then do this. Press a tissue over your lips to blot up surplus. Then apply your stick lightly for lustre. The chances are you will not have to replace it the whole evening.

Slip into your frock, remove your hair cap and soften your curls. Spray on some perfume about neck, ears, wrists and the fur of your coat. Set your hat at a jaunty angle. Then pause and give yourself one good, long look in the mirror. You've done a fine job on yourself and you've done it in about twenty minutes. Your eyes shine and you feel like smiling. The evening's sure to be a success. If any of the girls ask you how you manage always to look so fresh and groomed, tell them it is done with mirrors. That's partly true. The rest of the truth is, knowing the steps that save time.

Radiant Fay Wray is one of the best-groomed women of the screen. She knows the value of the routine toilette.
HAVE A BUFFET
SUPPER ON
SUNDAY NIGHTS!

It is More Informal
And Lots Of Fun.

By
Ruth Corbin

Olyne Bradna, who will shortly be seen in "Everybody's Girl," opposite Randolph Scott, is re-arranging her buffet table so that it will accommodate all the good things she has prepared for her guests.

THE idea of a buffet supper is to provide good food in a comfortable, carefree manner. From the recipes given here you can easily make up a buffet menu of something Angostura bitters acts delicious to what and sate the appetites of all comers and of your often hard to please family.

Your buffet table may be set anywhere but it should consist of dishes easy to handle standing or to carry to a corner or small table elsewhere. The menu must be as informal as the service. It is much better to serve substantial, deliciously seasoned food and plenty of it than light and fancy dainties. It is advisable to have at least two of the dishes hot, one of them may be a hearty soup or bouillon (Seeroo cubes—one to each cup of boiling water—makes an extremely simple but nourishing bouillon), and the other may be hot baked, stuffed potatoes, and plenty of salads, buttered rolls or Melba toast, sandwiches, canapes, cheese, crackers, fruit, salted nuts, mints and, of course, coffee or chocolate. Potato chips are always acceptable while olives, celery—stuffed or plain, pickles and stuffed eggs (try stuffing with blended yolks and sardines for a change) add tart, crisp touches of garnish to your other dishes and are bits of nourishment all guests like.

CALCUTTAS

Select large prunes; stem and remove seeds. Stuff with a mixture of 1 tablespoon minced gherkins, 1 tablespoon cooked rice, 1 tablespoon chopped Major Gray's Chutney, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Dip the prunes into Worcestershire sauce, wrap each one with a strip of bacon fastened with toothpicks. Broil until bacon is crisp. Serve hot. This amount makes 6 or 8 Cuttanas.

METROPOLITAN CHICKEN

1 cup chicken, cooked and cubed
3 hard-cooked eggs cut in eights
1/2 cup chicken stock or broth
4 tablespoons butter
1/2 pound salted almonds
1/2 cup mushrooms
1/2 cup cream or top milk
5 teaspoons flour
Salt, pepper, paprika

Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour (Gold Medal), milk and seasoning. Slice mushrooms and cooks in butter, Fold, with other ingredients, into the cream sauce. Bitters last. Heat over boiling water, and keep warm in a chafing dish on buffet table. Serve hot on mounds of rice or fried noodles, on toast or in patty shells. A salad or pineapple chunks and chicory is particularly nice with this dish.

SARDINE CANAPES

Mince 1/2 cup of mustard sardines. Season with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Hellmann’s Salad Dressing, 1/2 tablespoons Heinz Catsup, 2 tablespoons minced onion, salt and pepper to taste. Chill on crackers and sprinkle with paprika.

LIVER PINWHEEL CANAPES

Spread large, crisp lettuce leaves with a mixture of 2/3 part smoked liver-sausage, 1/3 part Crosse and Blackwell's India Relish, and a few chopped ripe olives. Roll leaves, fasten with toothpicks; chill. Slice 1/4 inch thick and serve on rounds of bread or crackers.

TOMATO-RING SALAD

Peel 2 large firm tomatoes; cut a thin slice from stem ends; scoop out carefully, leaving the firm projecting points on the side wall of the tomato unbroken; drain upside down. Fill tomatoes with a mixture made of 1 teaspoon Royal gelatin softened in 1 tablespoon cold water, dissolved over boiling water, and combined with 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon each chopped celery, green pepper and pickle, 1 tablespoon Heinz Chili Sauce, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and paprika. Chill until firm. Slice with sharp knife and serve 2 or 3 slices on a lettuce leaf with French dressing.

While we are on the subject of salad, remember that mixed vegetable salad with or without cold cuts, potato salad and fruit salad are the usual standbys when you are uncertain about the tastes of your guests. And these salads are always so quickly and easily prepared when unexpected visitors arrive. Often you can get the makings of all but the potato salad out of cans.

With these salads serve chutney, mayonnaise, French or horseradish cream dressing, as the taste suggests.

Tomatoes stuffed with celery, green pepper and cottage cheese are always nice and most people like them. Pineapple wrapped in bacon and run under a hot blaze to crisp the bacon is something else you will like, also tiny broiled sausages. Both of these may be prepared by you or your guests right at the buffet table over the chafing dish blaze.

SPICED CRANBERRY COCKTAIL

1 quart cranberries
1/2 cups water
1/2 cup sugar
2 in. stick cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon allspice
4 to 6 cloves

Wash cranberries and cook with the water until berries burst. Crush berries, add sugar and spices and cook again for 5 minutes. Strain and chill.

BAKED CODFISH LOAF

1 cup milk
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 cupsfuls Gordon's codfish
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons butter
2 eggs

Scald milk; pour over bread and set aside until crumbles have absorbed most of the milk. Combine with fish, lemon rind, seasoning, melted butter. Beat eggs and fold in. Transfer to well greased loaf pan; place in pan of water and bake moderate oven (350°F) for 45 minutes. Remove from pan and garnish plate with parsley.

BEANS IN REMACKUS

Buy either Campbells or B and M baked beans. To them add a few tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses (2 or 3 tablespoons per can) put in individual ramekines, cover with a strip of bacon and heat in stove until bacon is thoroughly crisp. You never knew baked beans could be so good and you guests will rave about them and your way of serving.

CHOCOLATE ICED CAKE

Take a can of chocolate wafers and a bowl of whipped cream. Spread the wafers with the cream and build into a long roll. Cover the whole with whipped cream, garnish with chopped maraschino cherries, red or green, or chocolate sprinkles and let stand in refrigerator for at least an hour. It is a grand dessert and when sliced is pretty to look at as well.

SYLLABUB

Whip cream, flavored to taste with Sherry, wine and whiskey, and sweetened with sugar until it thickens. Serve in glasses with a spoon. This is an old Southern favorite. It is easy to make but is unusually rich.
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.

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."

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"
Her 3 Severest Critics

[Continued from page 30]

which caused me to strive to get it. The first thing I knew I had completely recovered from the stiff neck of the doctor that day that if it hadn't been for his calm, studied advice and assurance. Later, he became invaluable to me.

One of the things he did was help me overcome a certain self-consciousness about my hands, he taught me to pose for fashion shots and portraits, too. At that time, almost all of the work I was doing was in outdoor action pictures and I think I'd still be making them if it wasn't for Johnny. One day he said, 'Gail, think you've been type as a girl of the great outdoors long enough. Let's go in and try to make some stills in sophisticated poses.'

"We were very honest in our ideas saw them and they led to my getting a chance. A few sophisticated parts eventually led to the part of Estelle in 'My Man Godfrey,' which, as you know, is the best break I've had to date.

"And the laugh! I had to go to the Cotton Carnival in Memphis as a studio representative shortly after I arrived in Hollywood. I was going to fly, I knew I'd have to be getting out of that ship. Ar- rangements had been made for photographs at every stop. So Johnny got a soap box and I spent several hours stepping gracefully (I) from it to the next stop. Finally I did the job well enough to satisfy Johnny and he told me to go ahead.

"He felt I needed a little stage experience. Go Gail, go. I told him, myself to see that I got some. Every night for nine weeks he took me to the workshop at the Pasadena Community Playhouse to work on those different parts. That training has meant a great deal to me."

All three men are absolutely frank in their opinions about Gail's work, her appearance, her mannerisms, her personality. They never hurt her—they tell her constructively what she must do to improve.

"And I take their advice very best to make good," she says, "If I finally do make the grade, don't blame it on Gail Patrick but on her board of directors."

Projections—Tyrone Power

[Continued from page 19]

will repeat it at once and quite uncon-
sciously make himself the leading character, either hero or villain, he doesn't care, in the story. "A man is walking down the street——the story will go, but when Tyrone tells it is suddenly becomes, "I was walking down the street——" This, however, is not due to any knowledge, merely being perfectly normal. The other evening he picked up a Los Angeles newspaper and read a paragraph to the effect that he had given a thousand dollars to a friend to buy him a ticket on a freighter whose destination was quite unknown to him. My, my, thought Tyrone, I didn't do that, but it sounds vaguely familiar. He learned later one of his pals had told him that he was taking a trip on a freighter, destination unknown. He was showing it had simply put himself into the story.

"When I was a little fellow I was very shy—believe it or not," says Tyrone. "Though I was shy, my big role in the little girl was concerned. Mother has a picture of me which was snapped by my nurse when I was about 9 months old. I was playing with a little girl somewhat older. I didn't know her but I was pleased to meet

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER! 2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER! 3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without street dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop. Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Cur- ing 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.

WILLIAM D. BEECH, M.D.

SILVER SCREEN
her. Now when people ask mother if I was a shy child she points to that picture and says, "Judge for yourself where the girls were concerned.""

"There has always been a girl, or girls, it seems in the life of Tyrone Power. But, naturally, his two famous girls came along simultaneously with his own fame. About two years ago Tyrone was finishing up a good filet of sole in the Twentieth Century restaurant one night, then suddenly a very pretty girl sat down at the table with him and said, "Are you Mr. Tyrone Power? My name is Sonja Henie. I have some tickets to a skating exhibition I am giving tonight and I wish you would come." Tyronie, smiled, bowed, and accepted the tickets. Not only did he go to see the little Norwegian girl skate that night, but he went back-stage afterwards, and although she was surrounded by cagily females, it led to his relationship with her. And thus began the much publicized, and on and off the level, Henie-Power romance.

Janet Gaynor he met for the first time on the set one day when he was playing a small part in "Ladies in Love." Ever since "Seventh Heaven" Janet had been Tyrone's favorite movie star (he had even written her a fan letter once and received no answer) and when he finally actually met her the ordinarily voluble Mr. Power was struck dumb—it was strictly a case of worshipping fan meeting adored star. Quite secretly Tyrone had roses sent to Janet's dressing room every day, red roses, and so, so romantic. Janet was completely baffled by the roses—everytime she tried to trace the identity of her unknown admirer through the florist he very cagily changed to another florist. I don't know whom Miss Gaynor suspected, but she never once suspected the slender, rather nervous, young boy who was playing a small role in her own picture. But, as he became more successful, he became more confident. Finally he called her up. Shortly after the release of "A Star is Born" Janet and Tyrone began appearing together at previews, premières, and night clubs. Sonja Henie, with "Thin Ice" completed, left for a long vacation in her native Norway. The day she returned by plane to Hollywood Janet Gaynor left by train for New York. Sooner or later, our Tyrone will find himself with two glamour girls in Hollywood at the same time. But there is no doubt he'll be able to cope with the situation—maybe there'll even be a Third Glamour Girl—he's awfully good at explaining away.

Tyrone Power is really Tyrone Power the third and was born one bright spring day in May, 1914—5:30 in the afternoon, in Cincinnati, Ohio, in the home of his Grandmother Reanne, 2112 Fulton Avenue. His father, of course, was the famous actor Tyrone Power Jr., a matinee idol of a past generation, who divided his time between stage and pictures. He died in Hollywood, December 1, 1931, during the production of "The Miracle Man." and Tyrone was with him at the time of his death.

Tyrone's mother, Patra Reanne Power, is known throughout the theatrical and radio world, her voice being recognized by critics as one of the most expressive and flexible on the stage and in the air. Tyrone lived until he was two in New York City where his family were on the stage, but he was rather a puny little baby with too much energy and too little brains. So, acting upon the doctor's suggestion Mrs. Power took her two little children to San Diego, California, where they became healthy and contented. After six years, they moved to San Francisco, California, where Mrs. Power played the feminine lead in the San Gabriel Mission Play. It was here that little Tyrone made his first stage appearance.

"By the time I was seven years of age," he says, "I had overcome my terrible shyness. I had so far lost self-consciousness that it was all in the day's pastime to go to John Stevens McGroarty, at that time presenting the Mission Play, and talk with him, completely relaxed. Mother had been playing the leading role in the production every summer for four years and I wanted more than anything else to play a part in it. To mother's amazement, and pleasure too, I voluntarily went in to Mr. McGroarty's office one day and asked if I could play the role of the young neophyte the fifth season. He gave me the part. It was my first on the stage.

"The role only, since then, that I have had a sense of self-consciousness was when, a boy of eighteen, just after my father died in Hollywood, I tried to get a job in the movies. Producers would finally admit me to their offices, after many attempts to see them, and almost invariably they would say, "We know your father and wanted to see what you would look like. No, we haven't anything for you. No. There's nothing doing here. It's doubtful whether you would screen well enough to make the grade.

"He was such a success in the Mission Play that the manager took him on tour with the "La Gondolina" company and Tyrone was well on his way to being a promising young actor when Mrs. Power abruptly gathered up her two children and moved back to Cincinnati where she had been offered the chair of director at a school there. Tyrone led a very normal life there, flunked the sixth grade, played baseball and football with the neighborhood boys (to his annoyance he was never very good at football because of his skinliness) made extra money by jerking sodas in a

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HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

Silver Screen
corner drugstore, invented tricks to play on his teacher, and to be sure, with all the pretty little girls. In June, 1931, he told his mother he was through with school, he wanted to be an actor. Mrs. Power wasn't at all surprised. She suspected that he was playing up his things and sent him to spend the summer in Canada with his father, who put him through a complete course in Shakespeare.

After his father's death in Hollywood Tyrone did his damnedest to get a job in the movies, but his looks and brusque development were against him. The year 1932 was the most miserable in his life. Finally he could stand it no longer. One morning he went to his modest bungalow in California, and said, "I think there's more chance for me in the East. Will you get me money to go."

Tyrone got the news of his father's death on the same day Tyrone caught a train, headed for Chicago and New York, and slept in the day-coach. When he stepped off the train he had in his pocket a contract to a group of friends who insisted that he stay in Chicago with them and that they could get him a job there with the Century of Progress Fair.

"Chicagoland," says Tyrone. With a little money in his pockets, but not much, he continued his journey to New York and Broadway. Then another agent offered him a job as an office boy. He budgeted his savings and allowed himself five dollars a week spending money. His first "break" came through the courtesy of Helen Wills, then a Hollywood star, whom he had met during a Shakespearean season with his father. She phoned Guthrie McClintie, stage director and husband of Kath- erine Cornell, that when they were brought together, they were destined to meet again on the same lot in Hollywood and be two of Hollywood's biggest stars.

"Chicagoland" was a detour, says Tyrone. With a little money in his pockets, but not much, he continued his journey to New York and Broadway. Then another agent offered him a job as an office boy. He budgeted his savings and allowed himself five dollars a week spending money. His first "break" came through the courtesy of Helen Wills, then a Hollywood star, whom he had met during a Shakespearean season with his father. She phoned Guthrie McClintie, stage director and husband of Katherine Cornell, that when they were brought together, they were destined to meet again on the same lot in Hollywood and be two of Hollywood's biggest stars.

Not only did Mr. McClintie see him but he gave him the job of understudying Burgess Meredith in "Flowers of the Forest." When the season closed Tyrone came to a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Massachusetts, where he made a great success in a play called "On Stage." The Hollywood people were watching him. They caught him up and dangled small contracts in front of him, but Hollywood's sights and snubs were too fresh in his memory, and besides, he was a young man with big plans. He was going to play Benvolio, friend of Romeo, in Katherine Cornell's forthcoming production of "Romeo and Juliet." He was a very happy young man.

While he was playing the part of De- ponleang in "St. Joan" with Miss Cornell he was persuaded by an excited agent to take a movie test. It was a success, and he was elected a member of Twenty-first Century-Fox. The first test was awful, he took it again, and a few days later it was run in the Hollywood projection room for the great Zanuck who promptly summoned his secretary and said, "Take a wire."

Tyrone Power returned to Hollywood with a contract from the studio, and was so determined to work harder than he had ever worked in his life. After a bit in "Girls Dormitory" his success was assured. His fan mail did not fail him in London. With "Lloyd's of London" he became a star. Every producer in Hollywood would like to have him in the office pool.

"No, we haven't anything for you." Huh. Now it's Tyrone's time to laugh.
Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE DRIED, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you expect from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a clear, fresh skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or of blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a soft skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is not re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a smooth skin. But if, when you pass your fingers over your face, you feel little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay for your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

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 laughters at your surface cleanser.

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. 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.

Silver Screen

Plums From The Air

(Continued from page 55)

ment is so important. Thus, Simone Simon was worth far more to a sponsor last year, (which followed an interview in "Girl's Dormitory," than she is now. On the other hand, Bette Davis commands twice the figure now that she did a year ago. Hepburn, whose value diminished considerably after a series of bad picture breaks, was catapulted back again into the big money immediately after her brilliant performance in "Stage Door." Recently Gloria Dickson, who scored in her screen debut in "They Won't Forget," gladly accepted a mere $500 for a guest spot on the Vallee program, because she felt that the publicity derived from this radio debut would more than compensate her for the lack of filthy lucre.

In a few months, as her screen and stage career grows, the publicity angle won't be half as important as the monetary one.

To set the records straight, here is a partial list of Hollywood stars whose current screen popularity places them in the $5000 bracket: Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Jean Crawford, Robert Taylor, Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Astaire, Al Jolson, William Powell and Spencer Tracy.

In the next category, vacillating between $2500 and $5000 are to be found Myrna Loy, Herbert Marshall, Jean Hersholt, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Sonja Heine, Joel McCrea, Errol Flynn, Joan Bennett, Walter Huston, Rudy Vallee, Barbara Stanwyck, Madge Evans, Edward G. Robinson, Constance Bennett, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Charles Ruggles and Cecil B. DeMille.

While $5000 is considered a top-notch fee for guest appearances (and bear in mind that after the agent's commission and income tax are deducted, it is reduced to half), there are other entertainers who, starring on their own programs, rate considerably more. Eddie Cantor, for instance, earns more in one month as "Mayor of Tenderloin Town" with Frank D. Scott than he did in a year as President of the United States. Eddie strikes "oil" each week to the tune of $15,000, and even if he has to pay his running costs to Jacques Rubenstein and Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, his script writers, the William Morris Agency and the Chicago Tribune has enough left to support the chemist's fee at the Clover Club on Saturday nights.

Jack Benny, too, manages to struggle along on his weekly $12,500, even though Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Andy Devine, Schlepperman, his script writers and Young and Rubicam shave it off a little when they "jell" (o) together to collect their share of the Sunday night receipts. Mary Livingston garners her own $2500, but what is that in his own and what is Jack's is hers too, so who is she to worry about "Bank Night" when there are so many other important problems in the world, like whether Barbara Stanwyck is really going to marry Robert Taylor?

Nelson Eddy was a top notch radio performer at an enviable salary long before he thought of going into pictures. Now every Sunday night, he matches quips with the one and only Charlie McCarthy in between those vibrant songs of his. All in all, perhaps the best commentary on the fancy figures pulled down by stars in the entertainment world is summed up in Joe Lewis' priceless crack:

"Ted Lewis makes $8000 a week, and he asks, 'Is everybody happy'"
Don't Believe It

[Continued from page 15]

ing things you read, to quote the line George Gershwin used as a song title in ‘Porty and Bess,’ isn’t necessarily so. At the conclusion of the interview, in which the shapely Dolores had expressed her hope that some day she might be given a chance at a Technicolor film, I asked her if she ever dieted, so that I might pass it along to the woman readers: ‘You’ve read that, too,’ Miss Del Rio said, and her eyes started blazing. ‘Those muscle writer perfume people have had me dieting on everything from sliced carrots to bluebirds’ eggs. I’ve NEVER dieted in my whole life. With you please, that in the column, I get letters from all over the country asking me for diet charts, and I’ll like to stop it.’

Katharine Hepburn, in common with many stars, refuses to make an appointment with any magazine writer (except SILVER SCREEN). ‘They have misquited me so often and created so much trouble that it’s better just to avoid them,’ the Hepburn loves. That is a pity, because here is a colorfully star-rich in interview material. I went out to Malibu Lake, where the ‘Bringing Up Baby’ company was on location under Director Howard Hawks. Miss Hepburn, in gray trousers and sandals, was playing a scene outdoors with May Robson, her aunt in the picture. The picture is laid in a Connecticut farm, but it would be too expensive to send the company all the way to Connecticut, when mausons and carpenters can build a Colonial house that looks just like the Connecticut article.

‘Katie,’ as the company addresses her, was quite a revelation to me. She talked softly and freely, with the ready and frank attitude characteristic of Broadway and how her first experiences with the drama were disastrous. ‘I loved the theatre, but it was unrequited,’ she miled. Her first two jobs laced tour nights, Eddie Knopf, now story editor at MGM, fired her after one performance in ‘The Big Pond.’ The second show folded in three nights.

‘My success in ‘Art and Mrs. Bottle’ on the stage is easily explained,’ she said. ‘The part was a Daphne du Maurier, with some experience, could have run away with the notices. Jane Cowl let me have the big scenes deliberately. My first picture was ‘Broadway Bill,’ with another actress-proof part. Every girl who played that part clicked in it.’ Here is this wealth of material that magazine writers could dig up, but they are barred from her set because of some twist that she told them out of shape into harmful and malicious paragraphs.

Fred Astaire, on the last day’s shooting of ‘Dnamese in Distress,’ permitted a magazine writer to come on the set, because she told Eddie Rahn, the RKO contact staff, that she HAD to get the interview and mail it out immediately. Ruben went to Astaire and said: ‘Fred, this girl says that if she doesn’t get her job she’ll lose her job.’ So Astaire okayed it. Now this is what happened. The interviewer arrived on the set, Astaire, dripping with generosity, politely cajoled her to strike hands with her while they were reloading cameras, ‘Mr. Astaire,’ said the girl, ‘give me a story—something different preferably—Is it true that you’re doing a theatrical work?’ Astaire backed away, ‘I’ll come back,’ he said, signifying to Ruben to rush in.

‘Who does he think he is?’ the interviewer hotly demanded of Ruben. ‘I’ll do a story on him that will take some of that conceit out of him.’ Ruben, brother of Benny Ruben, the comic, really likes the people of the theatre from close contact with them. ‘Wait a moment,’ he said. ‘He came here only yesterday, but we okayed it and, then, when he was courteous enough to come over to you, although he was asking wet fences, you have the nerve to ask him to give you a story, preferably something scandalous about his wife. It would be just as idiotic to red to come over and do his dance for you. You’re a writer—is it asking too much of you to know the questions you are going to ask? It costs thou- sands of dollars an hour to have you want the cameras to stop while you think up questions that you should have brought with you. Now, before you don’t know what Astaire’s business is with Astaire. He’s a swell person, a decent, thoughtful guy, and I think you’re giving him a damned lousy deal if you ask me, and even if you don’t ask me. I don’t care if this costs me my job, but I’m not going to stand here and let you get away with it.

‘That’s a real good story for me,’ said the magazine writer. She sent it to Ruben a month later. It was titled: ‘Astaire aide writer. His only job is for him, with his ruminations on loyalty.

In closing, may I add this about Carole Lombard, so you won’t get too seriously, I was teasing her about a particularly silly interview I’d read in a fan magazine: ‘Hell, I didn’t even see it,’ she exploded. ‘The writer went to the publicity department and they gave it to him. There are hundreds and hundreds of small writers out there. It would be im- possible to see them all, so the publicity department gives them “canned” stuff to keep them happy. More often than not, it makes the performer appear as a clown fool, but what can you do about it?”

Mae West does something about it. Her contract stipulates that no photograph can be taken out of her dress and no deal if you ask me, released, until she approves it. Katharine Hepburn and most of the big stars have that clause in their contract. Just recently, a story appeared in the New York Mirror, under the signature of Miss Hepburn. A new man in the RKO publicity department, not knowing the rules, had concocted a story and sent it to him. Miss Hepburn was blazing mad, but when she learned that the newcomer’s job was in peril, she would have the writer’s job. That particular guy will tell you that she is the swellest person in the world.

The place really to see these stars is at some party or cocktail where they were there recently. They were all there: Connie Bennett, Norma Shearer, Lily Pons,
TREAT UGLY SKIN FLAWS
this pleasant new way!

An entirely new aid to skin beauty—VOvox! A really pleasant and effective way to get rid of those beauty-marred surface blemishes.

VOvox is a snow-white, granular, medicated cream. Delightly fragrant (see "dignity" note) ... as pleasing to use as the damask corset. Stainless quick-removal ... yet contains real, scientific medication.

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Most soaps or lotions can only be used at night in the privacy of your home. But VOVOX is designed to help your skin both day and night. Use it during the day as a corrective foundation cream; before retiring as a night cream. This way VOVOX is working 24 hours a day to help relieve and speed the healing of those distracting surface irritations.

VOvox is especially recommended for the treatment of externally caused pimples and the relief of itching, burning skin irritations.

More Than Luck [Continued from page 49]

though ... and during those twelve years of bitter struggle for fame she played with almost every star of the glamorous silent era.

Her great chance appeared when Director George Nicholls, Jr., was preparing for his production of "Finishing School," needed a young girl of unusual emotional ability to play a featured part. Nichols had been a cutter, and he recalled the performance in a picture he had edited some time previously.

Accordingly, he called her and made a test, and the test proved a sensation. So did Anna's portrayal when "Finishing School" was released. It was but a step, then, to the studio casting her in "Anne of Green Gables." Although only featured in this, the popular reception was so outstanding that RKO-Radio executives yielded to the demand and formally named Anna—she adopted the name—showing her enactment of the Green Gables heroine—at the age of sixteen ... a star!

Where Anna's discovery was a matter of long years, Joan Fontaine's was a question only of hours. On the opening night of "Call It a Day," Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, decided to see the girl herself. Joan was interested, but was as enthused with her possibilities as an actress that she went backstage after the performance ... and signed her to a picture contract, then and there.

As June Lang grew to lovely young maidenhood, her interests lay in dancing, not the screen. Much of her childhood was spent in appearing on local stages, and at fourteen she played in her first revue. She was dancing at the Orpheum when a girl chum begged her to accompany her on a screen test; she was taken for a Fox picture. By an odd quirk of fate, the casting director selected June for the role, and overnight she turned actresses, in "Young Men and Sinners." Her excellent work in this production led to the studio signing her to a contract.

So our young hopes entered upon studio contracts, and upon careers that now have lifted them to the peak. Anne, the regal, capable of tearing your heart out with her acting ... Joan, the delicate, a flower in no matter what setting ... Joan, classical, idealistic yet practical. Regardless of type, however, chance is to be known, chances for places in high drama, and in beauty, too.

Of the three, Anna undoubtedly has...
benefited most through opportunity. Her work in “Stella Dallas” alone establishes her as an emotional star of unlimited scope, and, probably because she has suffered more, known privation and want and even hunger, she is better qualified than either June or Joan to express herself in pathos.

June Leaf’s Dresden doll like personality may limit her acting to quiet, sincere roles, but her ability is no less marked. She endorses her acting capacity and in every way is a talented performer.

Joan probably will progress farther than either June or June, but this is because of her cosmopolitan upbringing. For girls in motion pictures today are more logical subjects for comparison and paralleling careers then they are. They are the newest contenders for dramatic honors, rank beauty is an accepted fact, and each is a consummateur. They still are under twenty-one, each has changed her name in the pursuit of fame—Anne Shirley from Dawn O’Day, June Lang from June Vласек and Joan Fontaine from Joan de Havillian—and the plum they are tossed their way. The sky’s the limit for each of them.

Flashshots

(Continued from page 21)

Many years ago Genevieve Tobin, blonde and amassing, is now in England making a picture, but in the weeks she was in New York before sailing she was frequently in the town’s night clubs, very often escorted by the very social Joseph J. O’Donohue IV. When I asked if I might take a photo Mr. O’Donohue said not unless I had a drink at their table. So I had a glass of wine, while Miss Tobin had was a copy of a magazine. She, like so many of the successful actors and actresses, never, or at least, if all. John Engstead of Paramount had arranged for me to take photographs of Mary Carlisle out at Anna Q. Nilson’s charming house to stop and pick up Miss Carlisle on the way out. We were early, or could Miss Carlisle have been late? In any case, she was out on the balcony of her apartment combing her blonde hair when we arrived. On a chair near her, hanging over a newspaper, were several pairs of sports socks which had just been washed. Miss Carlisle yipped in surprise when she heard the shutter click, but it was too late, and so I show her to you as first I saw her. Her apartment is small, but delightfully furnished. From there we went on to Miss Nilson’s while I photographed them out in the garden, under the trees, but I still prefer Miss Carlisle with her comb and her newly washed hair.

In Walter Wanger’s “Vogues of 1938,” one of the largest night club scenes was laid at New York’s famous El Morocco. The studio photographer, with great care, photographed and measured, and splendidly caught the atmosphere of the place. The scene is set not on the set, but made at the real El Morocco in New York only a few weeks ago. Joan Bennett was East on a vacation, Walter Wanger happened to be in town and so they dropped in to see how much alike the movie and the actual were. Joan Bennett was a great success in New York, a hat the scene were worn to “21” and the “Colony,” were widely commented on in the newspapers. What the papers didn’t say may be without saying, but really in New York to spend a great deal of time with her very ill father.

I should say that Robert Montgomery has less of that charm that stays in a successful movie star than any other actor I can think. I have seen him in Hollywood at the West Side Tennis Club, at private parties and in New York night clubs. He is always at ease, always pleasant and always inconspicuous. If a member of his party hadn’t sent me a note that he was in the place I shouldn’t have known it. I think he has that charm which light, nodded and spoke pleasantly. Then I’m sure he forgot the entire incident. A gentleman fitting unobtrusively into his surroundings.

Gloria Swanson, Gladys Swarthout and Grace Moore get all their clothes in private life from Balmain, a fascinating Russian dressmaker. Now we are about to snap a shot, hurriedly to arrange Grace Moore’s sleeve the way she felt it should be. With all happening in a hurry, Mrs. Grace Moore, in private life Mrs. George Schae, was giving for Miss Moore, who was late and finally arrived after much excitement. She had scolded and every few minutes there were calls from secretaries, newspaper people, friends and fans. Grace Moore has been accused of being temperamental, and I don’t know whether she is or not, but if she isn’t with that sort of a life, it’s a miracle.

Old friends somehow seem better friends when seen in strange towns and unexpected places, and I’m sure that Mary Brian and Randolph Scott felt that way when they met in New York. Mary Brian was with the English actor, Billy Mitton, and Randolph was with a whole table of friends.

Time was when Sylvia Sidney was difficult about all causes, snapshots and always suspected that it was because she really was rather uncertain of her looks and shy about them. Now she makes a grand and very helpful subject and is a very good sport. I suppose no matter how shy one is, that life of a movie star, and time itself, accustoms one to anything—even one’s own face.

Stars Recall Joyous Yuletides

(Continued from page 19)

Past and covered with chocolate.”

One day I recall well,” smiled Paul, “and that is—I are so much that shortly afterwards I thought I was going to burst wide open any moment! After the Hungarian Ball, when I had a bit of a good meal, the anonymous meal on Christmas Eve. This included wine soup, grilled carp, walnut cake-roll and apples. On Christmas Day, we all thought we were drooping with fatigue, sitting pig-soup with vinegar, roast duck, roast pig, sweet and sour cabbage, and almost anything, jelly and walnuts and cakes and cookies!”

“I shudder to think that Christmas will mean this year to war-torn Spain,” mused Luisa, “but I am safe out here in Parara, was born in that once care-free country. “Yet how well I recall the last Christmas I spent there in my husband’s native land, before any thoughts of a mad, horrible civil war. The Spanish people loved music, mirth and hilarity so much, and the celebration of Christmas was a tradition, a feature of the occasion. The provinces had varied customs, naturally, but Christmas Day was the Day of Days with them all.”
Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

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

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess colds and poisonous waste out of the blood.

People pass about 3 pints a day or about 32 ounces of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubules and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood.

These poisons may cause the backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, boils and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dow's Pills used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubules flush out poisonous waste from the blood.

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... or no cost!

If you do not lose at least 12 pounds in 4 weeks by this simple harmless method, it will cost you nothing! No limited diets, strenuous exercises or expensive massage!

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AMAZING EXPERIENCES
"Reduced from 230 to 100 lbs. and feel fine," says Mr. H. S.
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C. O. D., 91 plus postage, you do not reduce 12 pounds in 4 weeks, your money refunded at once. Not only ruins your appetite, it endangers your health, so mail coupon today! No Canadian Orders.

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"I was quite small but I vividly recall how excited I was when I was allowed to accompany my parents to their last Christmas dinner party spent in South America," said Marguerite. "It was given by the American ambassador and the center-piece of the table was a huge fig filled with tropical grapes, with the leaf tendrils coming out to each plate. All Buenos Aires was noted for picnics, so—course after course of perfect food! The final touch came at the end of the dinner, when the table was cleared and small silver buckets filled with ice water were placed before each guest. They were used to 'swish' the choicest of grapes around in until they were chilled to just the right temperature—when they were 'peppled into our mouths!"

"Another thing I remember is that turkey soup is favored even over roast turkey and is served not only following Christmas, but all the year around!"

Christmas at Janet Gaynor's is celebrated with a large breakfast at noon to which Janet and Mrs. Gaynor invite relatives and friends. Carols are played on the phonograph and later the company gathers around the tree before the fireplace and opens presents.

Warner Baxter likes to celebrate the day by really cooking the entire family dinner himself. He gathers around his relatives and friends at his home—it's a family tradition—keeps the Yule log burning in the huge fireplace in the recreation room and with music and song the time is passed merrily before, during and after dinner. Then Warner, in the role of Santa, personally gives out the presents.

John Boles believes in the old-fashioned southern Christmas, with the Yule log and all the trimmings. "We place the log on the hearth on Christmas Eve," says Boles, and it burns through Christmas Day and night, when we always keep open house for friends. During the evening I am called upon to sing carols and other hymns, after which we all join in singing carols."

Christmas at the McAlgane home finds Victor and his family reverting to their native English traditions. There are huge sides of roast beef, hams, turkeys—the table literally groans with food, and for the Christmas Day feast there's the ever popular plum pudding, brought in ablast with brandy. "Christmas is for the kids," says Victor, "and we always concentrate on them. If I get a headache or two myself, I'm happy at being renumerated, but I make it the kids I'm trying to see that none of the kids in the family are neglected."

The Paul Kellys hold open house on Christmas Eve while Paul trims the tree, and then they go visiting on Christmas Day. They will have turkey dinner at home.

Ireland will be well represented in the film capital observances by George Brent, Johnnie O'Sullivan, Errol Flynn and dozens of others who will keep a peat fire burning from Christmas Eve through midnight of Christmas Day.

Nils Asther laughs when he tells you about the little wooden shoes that the great Garbo once told him she used to put out to attract the attention of the Swedish Kris Kringle! And June Lang smiles when she thinks how she used to save every spare penny in a little tin box which she could but make and her mother something "nice" for Christmas.

All these Christmas memories the stars hold very dear—they are, in fact, amongst their greatest.

But—your favorite stars are not, as a rule, selfish. If they could see and say a word or two to you right this minute, they would, perhaps, feel the moment, forget themselves and their plans for Christmas, 1937—and, like the writer, wish you—

THE VERY MERRIEST CHRISTMAS EVER!
The Final Fling

Eric Blore

If we would be falling in the performance of our duty if we did not impress upon you that it is essential that you see "The Hurricane." Once you ride the tempest which forms so great a part of this picture you will become a disciple of the storm god—south sea stories from Conrad to Jack London will mean infinitely more to you and, in addition, you will become an honorary member of the Valhalla Riding Club.

There have been motion pictures of mighty storms and mountainous waves before, but the reality of this bit of weather is maintained by the unbelievable and convincing sounds that fill the theater. We cannot tell you about the technical problems nor how they were mastered, but take it from one who, man and boy, had bucked many a nor'easter and tasted the flying spume of the Atlantic Ocean in travel, the screeching of the wind has been recorded and recreated in masterly fashion, which brings us to the question—

This reality of sound and action—is that an artistic triumph? Acting that makes us feel the genuineness of an emotion is great, inspired, uplifting and in our opinion ART. And this wonderful performance of wind and sea is also ART. Why? Because that which justifies our imagination and causes it to react so sincerely is the work of an artist.

There was a surprising amount of Dorothy Lamour's slender, beautiful body in the advance advertising, but think nothing of it. She has only a small part in the picture. This film is not a sexy exhibition. But it is a terrifying screenplay of a hurricane that you will always remember. It raises Jon Hall to a place among the stars.

Clever comedies delightfully absurd and armed with wise satirical barbs are entertainment at its best. One of these, "It's Love I'm After," features Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Eric Blore, who has a grand part. The funniest moment in the picture is his, and many of the situations radiate humor because of him. We suggest that you watch him closely and notice how happy he is. He loves the pretending and relishes the good lines.

Do artists enjoy themselves when doing their work? Is Sonja Henie happy when skating or Lily Pons when she releases the magic of her voice?

---

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

Across
1. She originated "The Goldbergs" of radio fame (initials)
2. "The warden of the sea" in "Stage Door" (abbr.)
3. Part of a vessel
4. "Verba"
5. A king
6. A high mountain
7. Touched with Tyrolean Power in "Second Honey-moon"
8. Mrs. John Parrow
9. Paradise
10. Freddle Bartholomew's friend in "Captains Courageous"
11. Drudgerly
12. Point of compass (abbr.)
13. Period of time (abbr.)
14. Buntle
15. Measure of length (abbr.)
16. Famous Mack Sennet character (initials)
17. "Shelter for horses"
18. Star of "100 Men and a Girl"
19. Sylvia Sidney's brother in "Dead End"
20. Drift lightly on water
21. Mercantile Library Association (abbr.)
22. The earth
23. In "A Damsel In Distress"
24. His violin made him famous
25. Mrs. Jack Benny
26. Sun god
27. Presently
28. Mohammedan prince
29. Exisits
30. Regarding
31. "Baby Face Martin" in "Dead End" (initials)
32. "Sweet" (abbr.)
33. "Ungue"
34. Facial expressions of pleasure
35. To earn a right to
36. Young star of "Make a Wish"
37. The years of adolescence
38. Mënöc (abbr.)
39. With Francis Lederer in "It's All Yours"
40. Perceive by the eye

Down
1. Husband of "Stella Dallas"
2. "Eats away"
3. "Unusual"
4. Plays in the "Torchy Blane" series
5. Head coverings
6. Parent
7. In "Stand-In"
8. Upon
9. Not far distant
10. A recent butegroom
11. Extent of space
12. "Afternoon" in a sense
13. Armored cars used in warfare
14. Associated Press (abbr.)
15. Myself
16. Each (abbr.)
17. Corporation (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

Baker Dray Edgar Are Haviland Ebel Ts La Rene Os Qa Sa E Repeat Aherne N Rm Brave Dance Md Oa Is Sid Day Vista Orb Eye U Syn Asp Area Nie Cers Erse Rondergarden Stwo Scady M Doctor War Thin A Amir Rry Clear Its Diva Nard Van Llosby Disney
Take the advice of le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, if you would win most fervent feminine thanks for your gifts...Give beauty, as every lady loves it best...with a French accent...Give Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. By getting them for every lady on your list, you can do all the feminine part of your Christmas shopping right at one counter, saving hours of time and much wear and tear on you...Thirty-one sets, $1.10 to $25.00

At your favorite drug or department store
HEAVEN FOR SMALL TOWN FOLKS

By Ed Sullivan

February

ELSON EDDY—FUGITIVE FROM ROMANCE
How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you Doubly Lovely

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum...Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature’s way...Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It’s the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood’s lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in “I Met My Love Again,” a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress... designed by Elizabeth Hawes.

Simplicity Pattern

at any Simplicity Dealer
THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?
Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect... its pleasant taste... its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

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COVER PORTRAIT OF BETTE DAVIS BY MARLAND STONE
Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls... each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!

This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others... "Some day I'll wear ermine!" she said.

Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?

Jessie tells to keep their "three-room heaven"... while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!

"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and penthouse don't interest me!"

The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!

**JOAN CRAWFORD**

**SPENCER TRACY**

**in**

**Mannequin**

WITH

**ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
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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Edward Arnold is trying to turn lowly Sherry Ross that things are pretty serious, in this scene from "Blossoms on Broadway.

Edgar J. Smith's "When All is Lost" is an opulent production with a large cast. The action is fast moving and the acting is generally good. Dreams of the 20th Century Fox.

LARGE RINGER LIFE—Good. Audiences who like to be entertained with laughter that makes no effort to be subtle and super-sophisticated will enjoy this story of a modern Caspar Milquetoast, con man, who serves as a light guide for a little old lady (Ber- ton Churchill, Jane Wymen, Cora Witherspoon).

LAST GANGSTER, THE—Fine. The name of Edgar J. Smith's new production is a misnomer, for with its bizarre settings, its countless actors and its bigger-than-life situations, it is anything but a gangster picture. The story is a simple one of love and intrigue in Italy. Edward Arnold stars as a weakling who wants to become great and is enmeshed in a web of complicated love affairs.

MISSING WITNESS—Interesting. Of late years most of the big city racketeers have been exposed in the films, and this one adds another to the list. The racketeer is allowed to escape, but the film is built around the solving of the crime, and the film is a good one. It is a well-made picture with a clever script and well-played by the cast. The film is directed by E. L. Wynn.

PAID TO DANCE—Fair. On a double bill this will prove satisfactory film fare. It has to do with the dance-hall hostess racket, and includes a couple of nice scenes and a mystery, misunderstandings, and a few laughs. The cast are Thurston Hall (the deserver), Jacqueline Wells and Don Terry.

PORTIA ON TRIAL—Fair. D.W. Griffith wrote this story, which might have been more in keeping with his usual work. It is built around the old familiar Madame X theme. Irene van- court, Walter Abel, Heathcliff, cameo appearances, and others make up the cast.

RAT, THE—(Good. An English picture starring our own Ruth Chatterton (the drawing room dramas) with Anton Walbrook. The locale is Paris and the Rat is an irresistible anachronism whom the ladies can resist. He takes the rap when his protege commits a murder but Ruth, who loves the rat as an anachronism for her.

SH! THE OCTOPUS—Fair. This is a mad闹or, somewhat mysterious affair, made as a trade for the comedy-talents of funny-faced Hugh Herbert and the more serious looking Allen Jenkins. Scientific "detecting" has much to do with the pot plot. (Mach Bolsberg).

THOROUGHBREDDS DON'T CRY—Fine. Horse racing is the theme, but the interesting part of this film is the beautiful friendship enjoyed by three kids—Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and the new youngest, Ronald Sinclair. The adult roles are more than capably played by Sophie Tucker, C. Aubrey Smith, Bunce Darrow, etc.

SWING IT, PROFESSOR—Fairly amusing. Wherein an ex-collage professor, just an innocent simpleton in the person of Finky Cohn, ad- ventures into the underworld for a brief period and becomes the big shot of a night club gangster mob. The music and lyrics add a pleasant touch. (Paul Stone, Mary Kornman).

YOUNG AND INNOCENT—Fine. British film which serves as a picturesque vehicle for Nova Pilbeam, remembered for her charming performance in "Little Friend." In this Nova, now a girl of 18, proves the innocence of a man wrongfully accused of murder. Cast includes Der- rice de Marney, who has "it," and the old-timer, Percy Marmont. Remember him?
The embrace of lovers... their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise... Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition... truly a must-be-seen picture.

Bonita Granville and Connie Bennett are filled with consternation in "Merrily We Live."

The silver has been pinched or purloined by predatory persons, thus providing the plot.

"Here we air," Billie flutters, "and it's another beautiful morning. It's Spring again. I wonder if you've all noticed it. When a family has so many blessings, I think there is always the danger of taking things for granted." She picks up a large wooden ladle and starts digging into her melon with it.

Meanwhile Movbray has entered with a large platter on which some scrambled eggs are piled up. As Billie notices the ladle she is trying to eat with, she turns to Alan cheerfully. "Grosvenor, don't you think this spoon is a little large for such a tiny melon?"

"I'm sorry, madam," Alan begins, grievedly embarrassed but Billie doesn't wait for him to finish. She turns to Connie again.

"You know, darling, every night when I go to bed I search myself."

"Did you ever find anything?" Bonita cuts in.

"Be quiet!" Connie orders her and adds, "Stop squirming!"

"And so every night as I lay down," Billie continues. "I ask myself, 'Emily Kilbourne—that's my name, you know—have you counted your blessings, or are you just taking them for granted?'"

"Mother, dear, there's something I must tell you," Connie interrupts.

"Do, do—oh, please do," Billie urges her.

"By all means, do."

"It's about Ambrose, mother," Connie continues.

"Ambrose, dear Ambrose," Billie beams, turning to her husband, Mr. Kolb. "Henry, I wish you would stop at the bookstore today and get me a copy of Dr. Gillis' new book for Ambrose. It's called—she turns to Bonita who is fidgeting again—"STOP SQUIRMING."


"Grosvenor," Billie rattle along address—

Silver Screen
GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

SURE, if she is
MAE WEST
in "EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"
A Paramount Picture with
EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
WALTER CATLETTLLOYD NOLANHERMAN BINGCHESTER CONKLIN
and
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
Screen play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the holl and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hysters and you in a gale of giggles.

ing Mowbray. "I want to see Ambrose the minute I finish my breakfast. Will you tell him? I have such high hopes for Ambrose. I have given sanctuary to many a fallen man, but not one I have ever worked with has given me such quick response. Why, Henry, do you know—only yesterday he finished reading Dr. Gillis' 'Seek And Ye Shall Find.'"

"He certainly took his literature seriously," Kolb comments sourly.

"Oh, Henry, you're so funny," Billie gives a prop laugh and then she thinks it over. "No—that isn't funny. I wonder why I thought it was?"

Well, it seems Ambrose was a fallen man whom Billie took in and during the night he has absconded with all the silver, including the kitchen silver and that's why they're eating with wooden ladles, egg beaters, cocktail strainers, etc.

As they prepare to take the scene again Billie glances at her wooden spoon. "I don't think this is so terribly large for me to be making such a fuss about," she remarks to Norman McLeod, the director. "Everyone took all the funny things before I came on the set," she adds ruefully.

"You could use your egg beater to stir your coffee with," Bonita suggests helpfully. Originally Mowbray was supposed to be passing an omelet but Connie got a whiff of it and thought the eggs were not Grade A, so she had her maid scramble a lot of eggs on the stage.

"I don't blame you," Mowbray encourages her. "This thing—pointing to the omelet—looks like a murder accident."

"I don't think I'm even speaking to you," Connie turns on me. "You never come to see me any more."

"I don't even know where you live now," I protest.

"A fine excuse," she scoffs. You can't argue with a Bennett.

And so we come to M-G-M's super-super special. Years ago David Belasco wrote this play for one of the finest actresses this country has ever known—Blanche Bates. And still later Pucinii wrote a score to it and made an opera of it for Caruso and Geraldine Farrar. Now Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are making a movie of it and I'm sure by the time it reaches the screen Mr. Pucinii's lovely music will have been discarded in favor of some jingling froth by Herbert Stothart and there will be no more of Belasco's story than was there of "The Firefly" and "Maytime" when we saw them.

Anyhow, this scene is a combination bar and gambling hell of the old west. Walter Pidgeon is sitting way off at one end playing solitaire. He has his pistol lying on the table beside him. Suddenly Miss Mac Donald, in a cowgirl's outfit, with a Stetson hat on her head, cowhide boots on and a holster and pistol slung round her hips, comes striding down the aisle to Pidge. She pauses at his table, puts one foot up on a chair and leans toward him.

"Listen here, you trigger-pulling sheriff, what's the idea coming in here an' killin' off mah customers?" she demands.

"Well, I—" he begins.

"What'd you break mah rules fo' shay?" she goes on furiously.

"Well, I caught him cheating at the cards and when I called him on it he tried to beat me to the draw," Walt explains.

"Waal, Ah can't blame yuh for callin' him," she concedes. "Cheatin' shah is outside mah corral. But," firmly, "Ah aim to run the poker mah way an' Ah ain't gonna have you or any other sagebrush cat-wampus makin' a shootin' gallery outa mah place. Put yuh pack up on the queen. I doan' mind you fightin' in heah but just do yuh shootin' outside. What you got yuh gun out now fo' shay? Scared of shootin' yoself?"

There ought to be some way of putting Miss MacDonald's accent in a museum for posterity. I have never heard anything like it on land or sea. But she sure looks pretty and I'm sure whatever they give her to sing, she'll sing to the nth degree. And, as someone once remarked, we can't have everything.

Next is "Return of Arsene Lupin." This features Virginia Bruce, Warren William and Melvyn Douglas. William plays a re- titled G-man who is employed by an insurance company to guard a $50,000,000 emerald owned by John Halliday. He goes with Halliday and his daughter (Virginia) to Paris. Upon their arrival in Paris, William is introduced to Rene Farrant (Douglas) a
Envy the old-time Tahitian

Early travelers to the South Sea Isles marvelled at the Tahitians’ strong, healthy bodies, and magnificently sound, white teeth—kept well-exercised and healthy by chewing rough, primitive foods. Our own soft, civilized foods give teeth far too little exercise.

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TASTE THAT SMOOTH, SPICY FLAVOR—a luscious treat in itself! And you’ll appreciate another exclusive Dentyne feature—the shape of the package. It lies neatly flat in your pocket or purse—conveniently at hand.

James Stewart has a strong part in "Benefits Forget." A scene with Beulah Bondi, who plays the role of his mother.
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**SILVER SCREEN**

Jimmie Durante, Fred Allen and Louise Hovick go dramatic for this sequence of the musical, *Sally, Irene and Mary*.

“Jason!” she exclaims in astonishment at his appearance.

“Hello, noon,” he answers shortly.

“Why aren’t you with your father?” she asks but he avoids her gaze. “What happened, dear?” she persists and then has a moment of fright. “Has anything happened to—to—”

“No, he’s all right,” Jim mutters impatiently.

“You’ve been fighting,” she ejaculates, looking at him closely, and then, as he nods sullenly, “With whom?”

“Pop!”

“You—fought—with your father!” she gasps. He nods. For a moment they stare at each other aghast. Then, suddenly, all the sordidness of the years rolls over her—the frustration of her life seeps into her veins and permeates her. She has sacrificed everything. And for what? To have it end in a fight between her husband and son. She tors to a chair and collapses, sobs wracking her body. And, as she sobs, the sound of the church bell in the distance, comes softly over the scene.

There is much more to this scene. I wish I had space to give it to you in its entirety for I have seldom witnessed more gripping, heart-rending acting. As these two play this scene they reach in and near the heart right out of you. Nor was I the only one on the set affected. Props, grips and electricians were furiously wiping their eyes.

After this I need a few moments in which to pull myself together. So I leave M-A-X and proceed to—

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20th Century-Fox Four pictures going here but I have already told you about “Happ End.”

The others, “Sally, Irene and Mary” (with Alice Faye, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver, Fred Allen, Louise Hovick, Tony Martin, Gregory Ratoff and Jimmie Durante in the leads), “Shanghai Deadline” (with George Sanders and June Lang) and “Love On A Budget” (the Jones Family) are all shocking.

The only principals working on the first named are Gregory Ratoff and Fred Allen.

Ratoff is a wealthy, eccentric nobleman and Allen is the manager of the three girls. He promises them the world but the best he has been able to do is get them jobs in a manufactory shop. Once Ratoff gets Alice to sing for him and Allen comes in during the song, immediately announcing a salary adjustment must be made since the girls are entertaining as well as manufacturing. Since it’s all Ratoff’s fault, one word leads to another and Ratoff sets on Allen with his cane, reducing the joint to a shambles in the course of the fight. A short time later Allen is dispossessed from his office for non-payment of rent. As he sits on the sidewalk among his furniture Ratoff spies him and immediately starts in pursuit. Allen, thinking Greg is after him with the cane again, flees with Ratoff in hot pursuit. There being no other way out, Allen shuns up a light pole. With Greg standing at his feet, arms outstretched.

“Vain! Vain!” Greg implores.

“This is private property,” Allen warns him as he clings to the light pole. “If you come up here you're trespassing.”

“Mr. Analyst trained, please!” Greg declaims. “You looking on a man who is sufferin’ savemthink savishunnin’! I cannot extink. I cannot sleepin’. I can only drinkin’. Und for vs?”

“I give up,” Allen answers, slightly bewildered. “Why?”

“For luff!” sighs Mr. Ratoff, his mind’s eye on Alice.

The only thing funny about this scene to me is Ratoff’s dialect—but that’s enough. I never expect to see anyone funnier in a picture than Gregory.

The next picture, “Shanghai Deadline,” is designed for half of a annual bill so I suppose there is no use giving you all the plot and dialogue. Suffice it to say that June Lang has won a newspaper contest in her home town of Sacramento, Calif., and been rewarded with a trip to the Orient. The scene I witness is where she scrapes up an acquaintance with George Sanders aboard ship. But one thing in the dialogue sticks with me. She mostrar this being his “a soldier of fortune.”

“My dear young lady,” he explains patiently, “that is merely a romantic term for an unemployed vagabond.”

I don’t know George and I don’t know [Continued on page 80]
SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

EDGAR KENNEDY was rendered speechless when a green young girl player, after finding that her studio was not taking up her option, rushed over to him and all breathlessly said: "I've got something on somebody—whom do I tell it to?"

Speaking of mustaches, you have no idea how important that bit of lip adornment is to the leading men of the cinema. The preview cards which were mailed in by the San Francisco fans, after the "snark" preview of "True Confession" there, had far more to say about Fred MacMurray's mustache than about the picture itself. And ever since Tony Martin wore a mustache in "All Bala Goes to Town" they will tell you at the studio that his fan mail has practically tripled.

The other day Tony was having a pleasant game of golf out at Lakeside when he was called to the phone and informed that Darryl Zanuck wished to see him at once. "What have I done now," poor Tony groaned, trying to think over all his sins. Maybe they had decided he wasn't any good, and wanted to break his contract.

He was almost a nervous wreck by the time he had dashed into Mr. Zanuck's office. "Mr. Zanuck isn't here," the secretary told him. "But he left you this message." Frantically, and convinced of the worst, Tony tore open the envelop and read, "Dear Mr. Martin, please grow a mustache, Darryl Zanuck."

AND speaking of preview cards Carole Lombard, who is one movie star, at least, who can laugh at herself, is splitting her sides over one of the cards which was received by the studio after the preview of "True Confession," Where it says: What did you think of the picture? the fan had written, "I didn't like 'My Man Godfrey' either."

THOUGH everyone predicted fine and fancy feuds when the French star Annabella was brought to the same studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, where Simone Simon is starred, it seems that Hollywood is to be cleared of this time out of one of its favorite sports.

Maybe she was being nice—or maybe she was being smart—but, anyway, the moment Annabella arrived on the lot Simone called her (they had met only once before in France), and then proceeded to have her house hunting.

When Annabella had leased the home of Director John Cromwell, Simone, knowing all about those Hollywood servant problems, sent over her own staff to take charge of Annabella's household. The two shop together and lunch together, and Annabella has asked for, and received, a dressing room adjoining Simone's in the Star's Building.

ANN SOTHERN was greatly amused the other day when she received a letter from her eighty-three year old grandmother: "Ann dear," wrote grandma, "I liked your last picture very much, but why do you insist upon standing so near the camera?"

And Arthur Treacher has discovered that his severest critic is a nephew in Paris to whom he sends a monthly check. The nephew recently wrote Mr. Treacher that he had finally gotten around to seeing one of his pictures, and he didn't think he was funny at all. To which Treacher replied, "Enclosed you will find a check for one dollar. The rest of your remittance will go towards dramatic lessons for myself."

WHEN Jane Withers presented her school teacher with a kitten for the latter's birthday, Miss Lola Figueiredo thanked her and inquired what breed it was. Replied Jane, very seriously, "It's a pure, perfect alley cat."

MARLENE DIETRICH forgot all her poise and laconic dignity at the Basil Rathbone party and danced the Big Apple with Bill Haines, and they do say that it is the best Big Apple they've ever had in Hollywood.

THE antique manias of America look with envious eye upon Marneen O'Sullivan's collection which she recently brought back from Europe. When she wasn't emoting with Robert Taylor at the London studio she was prowling around the countryside gathering up gadgets. The pride and joy of her loot is an antique key to an old wine cellar which she is having mounted to serve as a knocker for her front door.

JUST when we had decided that humanly, along with the stock market, was reaching for a new low, we are told this story about Sonja Henie, which her friends swear is true. A jeweler, it seems, was showing an array of diamond bracelets to Sonja on the "Happy Landing" set.

Sonja chose one she liked particularly, but before she purchased it she called the wardrobe girl, Marguerite Royce, to ask her opinion. The girl raved so excitedly over its beauty that Sonja bought it, presented it to her, and then told the jeweler that she was sorry she couldn't afford another for herself. Marguerite, it goes without saying, is the most dazedly happy girl in Hollywood.

OUR favorite kiddie story of the month has to do with Shirley Temple. A youthful Providence, Rhode Island, admirer of Shirley long-distanced the dimpled star. The call was put through to the "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" set while Shirley was in the midst of a scene.

The take finished, Shirley rushed to the telephone, thrilled at the idea of talking to someone miles away, but the operator announced the call had been cancelled. Shirley climbed ruefully down from the stool, and then a thought struck her. Turning to her mother she laughed and remarked: "I'll bet her Pillars of Home earlier than she thought she would."
HOLLYWOOD IS

HEAVEN FOR SMALL TOWNS

(Dark to right)
Eddie Mannix,
Darryl Zanuck
and Robert Montgomeriy. Big shots
now, but it hasn't
spoiled them.

There are two cities in the world that arouse a definite chip
on-the-shoulder reaction in those who arrive in them for the
first time. Those two cities are New York and Hollywood, California. In seventeen years as reporter on New York papers,
it fell to my lot to show the city to a score of visitors from
Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Kansas City and other
large communities.

Curiously the attitude, upon seeing New York, was hostile if
not actually belligerent. "So this is New York," you could imagine
them saying as they looked at the overpowering physical panorama
of giant skyscrapers splitting the sky. No doubt at all that the
greatest city in the world does give a visitor an inferiority com-
plex. The vastness of it smothers ego, the noise of it drowns out
the echo of your home town reputation, the coldness of its stone
canyons chills the warmth that you brought from Main Street.
It's the same with Hollywood.

Now it never occurred to me, that some day, I'd experience
this same wretched feeling, but then, quite suddenly, Harvey Denell,
managing editor of The News, asked me if I'd like to shift from
Broadway to Hollywood. Frankly, I was delighted. It was like a
halfplayer being shifted from one major league club, after years
of service, to another, and the prospect was stimulating. It was
in that happy frame of mind that I loaded my typewriter aboard
the Twentieth Century Limited and started west. My good
cheer was still at par when we left Chicago on The Chief, and,
looking back, I seem to recall that even at Albuquerque, my mood
was buoyant and expansive.

Thirty minutes outside of Los Angeles, however, for no apparent
reason, I found that I had a chip on my shoulder.

"So this is Hollywood," I sneered inwardly. Through the com-
partment windows rows of palm trees were visible. "Florida palm
trees have these skimmed to death," I thought to myself. In
my heart, I knew what was happening; I was 3,000 miles from Broad-
way and scared to death of what was directly ahead. On Broad-
way, I had been a big shot; out here it was entirely possible that
I'd be just another guy named Joe. With painful exactness, I
recalled the words of that famous Chicago banker, on his first trip
to New York: "In my city, Mr. Sullivan, everybody knows me
and they sort of cater to me, but here I'm so completely unim-
portant."

Unimportant, that's the best way to describe how you feel
when you arrive in Hollywood! Unimportant, insignificant. For
this is a world out of focus, a world of lost proportions, and you
lose your sense of proportion too.

When you regain that, you begin to like Hollywood and its
people, and regain it you must if you will just consider that the
important people out here are small-town boys and girls who
made good. Remember, for instance, that suave Robert Montg-
gomery acquired that screen snarl in Beacon, N. Y., and you
restore him to focus. It's the same with the rest of them if you
will only remind yourself of it: Glenda Farrell, for instance,
comes from Enid, Oklahoma; Virginia Bruce is a small city girl,
from Minneapolis; Dick Powell came from Mt. View, Ark.; Irene

Dunne went to school in Lousi-
ville, Kentucky; Myrna Loy got
her freckles as a kid in Helena,
Montana, which also produced
Gary Cooper; Fred Astaire is
from Omaha, Mo.

With perspective restored, I started out to cover Hollywood for the Chicago
Tribune Syndicate. But, unceremoniously, I was hoping that I'd encounter ridiculous
things to jeer at, in the sophisticated manner. The opportunity was not long
in arriving. Darryl Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production of
both Century-Fox pictures, acceded to my request that he per-
mit me to watch him "cut" one of his big pictures, "In Old
Chicago," Zanuck, the Wahoo, Nebraska boy who made good,
is supposed to be the best "cutter" in the business, his shrewd
elimination of scenes supplying pace and punch. There were per-
haps fifteen of us in the small projection room when he went to
work at 9 p.m. The picture was projected one reel at a
time, and when the reel ended, Zanuck would trim a shot here, dis-
card fifty feet there. The tightening-up process was interesting.
One reel succeeded another, each one being subjected to the blue-
print, and I imagine that a managing editor might impose on a reporter's
story.

After the fourth reel, they sent out for soft drinks. Fidel La
Barba, former world's flyweight champion, now employed by
Zanuck, attended to this and served the drinks. As he removed
the metal caps from the bottles, La Barba pocketed them,
and when he had finished serving the drinks, the former ring cham-
pion started dropping the metal caps on the floor, a space
of a few feet between each one.

Curiously I observed this procedure, wondering what it pres-
aged. I hadn't long to wait. Zanuck, with a walking stick in his
hand, arose from his chair and started pacing up and down the
room, mulling over some point of dialogue in his mind. Suddenly
he stopped, and carefully took a polo swing at one
of the caps. He missed it, swung again. He moved
to the next target, then to the third until finally
he'd banged all of them out of sight. La Barba,
under cover of fresh requests for drinks, again
covered the floor for Zanuck's next artillery range
practice.

Here, I thought to myself, was a scene better
than any which George S. Kaufman had projected
saturatively in "Once In a Lifetime," the play which
spoofed Hollywood unmercifully. I knew just
how to write it too, to extract the fullest sardonic
flavor from this picture of the genius of cinema
swinging his walking stick as his brain wrestled
with the problem of a $2,000,000 picture.

The lights went out in the projection room,
and in the pitch-dark,
The screen, I pulled myself
up sharply.

What possible differ-
ence did it make if
Zanuck hit bottle caps
so long as he did a good
job in cutting "In Old
Chicago?" Wasn't it
more significant that
this wry little Ne-
braskan, after putting in a full day at the studio, was now engaged in a night shift that would not release him until 4 a.m.? Wasn't it a better story to point out, that in seven hours of observing him critically, I was compelled to marvel at his fine story-construction mind, and his instinct for drama? Wouldn't it be more interesting for perhaps 1,000,000 people who own stock in his company, to learn that his ability to concentrate was demonstrated twice and again during the long night, when to fortify his arguments about certain scenes, he quoted lines of dialogue, and instantly named the scenes which should be scissored? Certainly, here was an opportunity to distort the bottle-cap scene into a caricature of a Hollywood master-mind at work, but if I yielded to it, I'd only be fashioning a cruel caricature of my own mentality.

You might ridicule, if you wished, the magnificent mansion in which Jack Warner lives, by pointing out that in the midst of all this lav-ishness, he shows you first a stack of twelve hill-billy records on the automatic phonograph, and explains that by pressing a bewildering array of buttons, you can sound off these hill-billy records and caterwauls in every room, or even make them audible on the tennis courts or at the swimming pool. But the question is, does Jack Warner take this magnificent place in his stride. Let's ask him, as a reporter. "I hardly ever live here," he tells you. "I use it to impress people with whom I do business. Foreign dignitaries take one look at this place and say to themselves: "Hell, if the Warners have homes like these, they're the people to sign with."" The same idea is carried out in his office at the Burbank studios. You reach his desk across a wide sweep of rugs: "By the time they get to my desk, and whether they like it or not, they're impressed," says Warner. "We deal with temperamental people and the idea is to dazzle them, overpower them."

The powers in Hollywood spend some of their time in playing practical jokes on one another. RKO studio boss, Sam Briskin, was jockeyed into a position where his picture was taken with three visiting Congressman. Too late, Briskin learned that the "Congressmen" with whom he'd posed were three character actors. Too late, likewise, did Sam Bischoff, Warner producer, learn that the "representative" of Floyd Odland, New York financer, who expressed a financial interest in Bischoff's razor factory, was a fraud hired from the Central Casting Agency.

[Continued on page 73]
SNAPPING AT THE STARS

Director Wesley Ruggles looked a little bored when I snapped his picture, probably feeling it was useless and foolish to shoot anyone so expert themselves at shooting. That afternoon I had had a small cocktail party and he had come in glowing with enthusiasm over the day he had spent with his small son. He had taken him several times to the zoo and not knowing just what would amuse extreme youth hit on the happy idea of a trip across the Hudson on a ferry boat. The kid was enchanted, so very enchanted, that they had spent the whole afternoon going over and back. Dorothy Mackaill, who is utterly

In the ladies' dressing room, the intrepid cameraman discovers Mary Brian combing her hair while she chats with Jane Clyde.

Stanley Kahn, Loretta Young, Fred March and Mrs. March (Florence Eldridge). The latter are appearing in a stage play.

WHEN the "Normandie" docked, bringing back to America the No. 1 glamour girl of the movies, the pulse of New York beat just a little faster. She rushed off first to her suite at the Waldorf and then without even changing went with three admiring men to her favorite night club. When I took her photo unexpectedly, she protested: "Why, I haven't even any powder on my face." A little later a couple from Cleveland came in. After sitting at the bar beside Dietrich for quite a while, they called me over. It seems they were disappointed at not having any celebrities to gape at. When I explained that the slim reddish-haired young woman two down from them in a pale green chiffon evening gown was Mrs. John Jacob Astor they were delighted, but when I pointed out Dietrich in her severe tailored gray suit with its split skirt, they almost fainted away in a dither of joy. All of which proves but once again the old proverb that what one seeks afield is usually right beside you.

Jon Hall, now a personage, goes clubbing with Natalie Schaefer. (Right) Alice Faye is interested in the pictures of the other stars in the lounge of a 52nd Street rendezvous.
Janet Gaynor is surprised to see a camera looking into her car. (Left, center) Marlene Dietrich stops to greet her friends before she journeys home to Hollywood.

The cigarette girl should be pleased at Bruce Cabot’s frank look of approval.

By Jerome Zerbe

stepped in. Even in the faint half-light she must have seen me for, whatever before got in a car with such a happy expression, save perhaps a bride.

One night at the theater, I spotted Loretta Young with the Fredric Marches and lost no time in getting a picture of them. Miss Young’s escort was Stanley Kahn of New York, whom I recognized as having photographed dining with her the same night at the Colony. Later on when they turned up in a night club she asked to pose alone and teased me about always catching her with the same man. “After all,” she said, “I’ve been out with different people every night I’ve been in New York and you would have to photograph me different places with the same man and give the impression I’m out constantly with him.” She had on a beautiful dress of white crepe with a scarlet twisted arrangement of the same material falling from the shoulders behind and wore her ermine coat.

I met Mary Brian one night as she arrived at El Morocco and told her I wanted an informal snap, so she said she would pose as soon as she got out of the car. Miss Brian, who is great fun, stopped to talk to Rudy Vallee and John Perona, the handsome owner of El Morocco.

Jon Hall’s visit east for the opening of “Hurricane” was a great success. Jewelers presented him with gold and platinum cigarette boxes, haberdashers with dressing gowns and pyjamas and lovely ladies with no end of compliments. The night I saw him he was at one of the most amusing Sunday evening parties at the Pierre, arranged by that superb hostess Marion Cooley. When she introduced him she announced that he was going to undress and show his now famous torso to the guests. He was frightfully embarrassed, but was finally persuaded to get behind a sheet held around him by four waiters. When the sheet was removed there Jon stood, almost naked, in his “Hurricane” costume. But it was a highly colored cardboard Jon Hall and the real one was regaining his composure at a table with Natalie Schafer, the one-time wife of actor Louis Calhern. Is it true that Jon [Continued on page 61]
Girls Must Have "Umph!"

CHARLES BOYER and FREDRIC MARCH must be in their late thirties or early forties, while Brian Aherne is 35. (He gave us his birthday as May 2, 1902.) All three were professional actors in their early twenties, and consider acting a life-work. They have no intention of retiring when they are no longer comparatively young. And it is sale to the picture may that they will saw the names at the wicket for many more years to come. But your average woman star loses her romantic appeal and slips at the box office much earlier than men.

As Lillian Gish, dynamic dramatic coach at MGM told us the other day, "In this business the average girl starts at 17 or 18, and has to go places by the time she is 22 or 23. It's tougher for the girls to break into pictures than for men, because they have to be younger. But this emphasis on feminine youth, which limits a girl's chances to enter pictures, also handicaps her very seriously when she does succeed in landing a studio contract. It takes mentality, poise, charm, a certain degree of intellectual and emotional maturity, to be a star. Loretta Young is one of the few actresses who became a star at an early age.

Why do so many ingenues die out? The mortality rate among the girls with studio contracts is enormous. They just are too young to develop fast enough, too young to bring to the studio any background. To act is to think, and it takes a certain maturity to think well.

"But your average young man starts in this business between the ages of 25 and 30, definitely out of the adolescent period. He has a better background for dramatic work, is more stable, and takes his acting more seriously. He may have barnstormed through the country before a talent scout offered to give him a screen test. It has been my experience that the young men who start in this business are more interested in what they can give the world, than what they can get. But young girls too often are attracted to Hollywood because of its glamour, the grandeur, the razzle-dazzle of big premiers, the parties and orchids and fur coats Hollywood promises.

"Contrary to the belief that prevails in certain quarters, the movies require much more than the stage ever asked. It takes much more to succeed on the screen, than on the stage. By clever make-up you can create an illusion of youth and glamour and beauty, but screen acting is a much more intimate thing. You've got to project your personality on a small dead canvas. Hollywood is a decidedly tougher nut to crack than Broadway. And you have to be a consistently good performer to last in this business. On the stage, an actress might be able to survive several flops, but even one bad picture may have fatal results. And to be a consistently good performer you must have intelligence, experience, and inner dramatic resources. And then by the time a girl learns how to act, she is cast aside because she is too old for romantic roles."

No woman star anywhere near 30 would dare to return to the stage for the sake of gaining more experience, as Freddie March has done, and it is safe to say that no foreign actress would have survived Charles Boyer's two failures in Hollywood.

We asked Fred Datig, the veteran casting director at Metro, what a girl should have in this year of our Lord 1935 to land a Metro contract. Datig is reputed to know 50,000 faces, and his own face is a long and somber one. He is not a man to be easily impressed.

"First of all," he said, "I look for glamour. Glamour is as important as ever. Don't let anybody kid you that it isn't. By glamour I mean not only an attractive face, but also a good figure. A good figure is very important. A girl can't be too thin for picture work, unless she is so emaciated that she looks positively ghastly. We turn down many otherwise attractive and promising girls because they are too fat, and the screen would make them look even fatter."

"Beauty is basic. But if a girl doesn't have the looks, she must have enough personality and acting ability to overcome photographic defects. Luise Rainer is no Galatean beauty, but she has an outstand-
By Leon Surmelian

if for no other reason than the old law of supply and demand. There are many more girls than boys trying to break into pictures. There is always a shortage of leading men. Men usually are attracted to other fields.

"Would you say that luck has much to do with success or failure in this business?"

"Luck will help one get into this business, but won't keep him there for very long unless he has really got the goods."

He named Ilona Massey, whom you will see in "Rosalie," Miliza Korjus, who is being considered for several major roles, Delia Lind, and Ann Rutherford, as star material. Ilona is a blonde beauty from Hungary, with a voice. Miliza, also a blonde, is from Poland, and also blessed with a voice. Delia sings too, is blonde, and hails from Vienna. Ann was born in Canada, is a brunette, and her record includes such pictures as "The Devil Is Driving," "Carnival in Paris," "Live, Love and Learn," "Benefits Forgot," and "You're Only Young Once."

Irene Dunne, that delectable Kentucky thoroughbred who is a funster in real life and recently has increased her popularity as a comedian, believes this is the most competitive and exacting business in the world and one must be a ruthless fighter to be a star—which isn't exactly the kind of woman men like, and that makes it tougher for the gals. "I have known many charming and beautiful girls," Miss Dunne tells us, "who tried to crash the studio gates but failed, because they didn't have enough spunk. Believe me, I had to fight hard to get where I am today. I first came to Hollywood as a singer, at a time when producers were sick and tired of musicals. I wanted badly the part of Sabra in 'Cimarron,' but I had to move heaven and earth to sell the idea to the front office. It isn't enough to know that you can do something. You must convince others you can do it, fight for it. My lady-like dignity and self-esteem have received some very rude jolts in this business. But I'm half Irish. I can fight."

Bette Davis went as far as [Continued on page 77]
Perhaps the least publicized yet the most invaluable member of a broadcast- ing studio is the man in the control room—that invisible power behind the microphone who launches thousands of voices to radio fame.

To the great American public he is the "Forgotten Man," but to Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby, Lily Pons, Rudy Vallee, Grace Moore, Tony Martin, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Cecil B. De Mille, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell and innumerable others, he is as indispensable as a director, hairdresser, make-up artist and cameraman all rolled into one.

If you have ever attended a studio broadcast (and if you haven't, it's because you haven't a friend whose sister is a first cousin to the uncle of a man who knows someone with "pull"), most likely you have noticed him. The odds are ten to one that the only reason he has attracted your attention is because during the course of the program, he is the local point of interest to the announcer and artist. They look to him for a nod of approval in much the same way as De Mille anticipates the unison chorus of his "yes men." It is he whose expert manipulation in the control room can help or hinder the most talented artist.

Take Jeanette MacDonald, for instance (through special permission of Gene Raymond of course). On the screen, when Jeanette sings a number, whether it is "Sweetheart" from "Maytime," or "Indian Love Call" from "Rose Marie," she can record it again and again, until it is perfect. In front of the microphone, she has only one chance. If she doesn't hit that high C, there are no retakes. It is here that our friend in the control room is her only prop.

Before the broadcast, he has tested her voice—he has told her when to step away from the mike on a high note, and when to sing directly into it for ordinary pitch. She rehearses for him until he becomes familiar with her tonal quality. If she keeps to the voice level he has perfected for her, she need have no cause for worry. If, on the other hand, in the tense excitement of the broadcast itself, she forgets any of his instructions, he cannot come to her rescue. Experienced as he is, there are certain miracles that he cannot perform. He cannot amplify the voice nor add inflection to it. He can't make a nasal voice sound melodic. He can't overcome a breathless quality, nor still the rustling of paper.

Recently, when Betty Furness appeared on Bing Crosby's Music Hall, she wore a charm bracelet at rehearsal. In moving her arm, one of the charms happened to hit against the microphone and it sounded like a prelude to the auvil chorus! Luckily the control man caught it in time to eliminate it from the actual broadcast.

With a good voice and the ability to project it the prime requisite for a radio career, it is only natural that movie stars are in such demand. They have no bugaboo of voice to overcome and now, except in rare instances, no mike fright.

Time was—and not so long ago, when even the thought of doing a broadcast made Joan Crawford shake more than Gilda Gray. On her first program before an audience, she was so nervous that she sat through the entire proceedings. If she had stood, there was nothing the control man could do to avoid the knocking of her knees together!

Now Joan looks confidently into the mike and sings, "It's The Natural Thing To Do." Claudette Colbert is another player who no longer does a St. Vitus dance when she is asked to do a broadcast. Personally, I'd do a "St.

(Left to right) Jeanette MacDonald...when her voice, raised in glorious song, fills your own living rooms, you feel better acquainted with her. That's how Jeanette comes to call. Edgar Bergen and his dummy make some players yawn to walk the "plank." Broadcasting actresses are listened to more enthusiastically if, like Claudette Colbert, their faces are cherished in our memories.

Vitus all over, if I got $5,000 a program! Claudette is a "stocking foot" rehearsal. As soon as she steps inside a studio to begin rehearsals for any program, off come her shoes. And the only thing that bothers her is that they have to be put on again during the broadcast. With or without shoes, she has "Mistinguettes" that leave you limp—and her sponsors would rather not have any distraction from the work on hand!

It is often very amusing to see the contrast between a player at rehearsal and that same player during the broadcast itself. I'll never forget a few years ago watching Katharine Hepburn rehearse the balcony scene for her radio debut in "Romeo and Juliet." She had come to the NBC studios in a pair of blue denim slacks, with her feet encased in sandals. Her hair was a careless disarray of curls pinned back and piled high. To hear her recite the beauty of "Juliet's" lines in that get-up was one of the most incongruous sights I had ever seen!

The following night when I attended the broadcast, she was as transformed as Cinderella by her magic pumpkin. Wearing a black velvet hostess gown—her hair beautifully coiffed, she was the epitome of feminine allure—and the audience's illusion was kept intact.

It is because so often these illusions are shattered, that a great many players are not...
in favor of studio audiences. It can’t help but be disillusioning to hear Clark Gable and Myrna Loy make passionate love to each other, when they are divided by microphones and aren’t even looking at each other, because their heads are buried in their scripts.

It is shuddering the glamour too much to see Leslie Howard, Betty Davis, Binnie Barnes, Sylvia Sidney et al., gazing at you through tortoise shell glasses.

It is disappointing to realize that all applause isn’t spontaneous, but is incited by huge applause cards held up by the announcer at a given cue.

It is disturbingly unreal to hear Tyrone Power say “goodbye” and have a prop man slam the door for him.

Yet, despite these disillusioning moments, tickets for any broadcast—especially those featuring a Hollywood name—are as hard to get as a Ned Sparks grin.

It is a marvelous opportunity for the fans to catch a close-up of their idols, and even if Myrna Loy has freckles and Paul Lukas wears a toupee, the thrill of personal contact is still there.

The stars, too, are getting to like audiences. Comedians won’t work without them, as they find their reaction to them gags a true bonmot of how the program is going over.

Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and Jack Benny play to their live audience as much as to their vast unseen listeners. And often, before the program and after, they give the customers an added treat by staging an impromptu show.

The mob that jammed the ballroom of the Hotel Pierre, a few months ago, to hear Jack Benny give Fred Allen the raspberry, (lemon, orange, cherry and lime) was treated to a store of ad libbed wisecracks before the other ceremonies began.

Fred, walking on the stage and finding Jack already there, commented, “I never expected to find a marionette at a radio station!”

When Don Wilson announced that unlike certain Other Programs, Jello did not use signs, asking their audience to applaud, Fred sniffed back, “He uses signs because we cater to a public that can read!”

At this point Jack suggested that if the Jello gang had any sense, they’d shut up from now on.

“Don’t be so modest,” was Fred’s retort, “you’ve got plenty of sense. You’ve got me up here working for nothing, haven’t you?”

Jack almost doubled up at that one (so did the sponsors!) but regained his equilibrium long enough to announce his regrets that Kenyon Baker and Phil Harris, regular features of the show, would not appear because they were in Hollywood, making a picture for Warner Bros.

“...and they’ll be released before the picture will” volunteered Fred, from the sidelines.

“Don’t be surprised if you hear that crack on next week’s program!” answered Jack.

“No, and I won’t be surprised to hear it for nothing, either!” retorted Fred.

What a pity the boys have kissed and made up?

When the Marx Brothers appear on a radio program, things are always bound to happen—and do! They ad lib most of their lines, thereby completely throwing the rest of the cast off stride and causing all kinds of commotion in the studio.

Fred Allen has another perpetrator of ad libbed remarks. A few years ago, when we were doing an interview together, he gave me an unexpected answer to a question I had put to him. Seeing my amazed look, he announced right into the microphone, “No, Radie, we didn’t rehearse that!”

And without benefit of technicolor, was my face red!

Few stars can be spontaneous over the air, not even those celebrated for their ex-temperamentous wit. The reason for this is that they are so used to working from script, they are absolutely lost if anything doesn’t come off strictly according to the written word.

Bob Burns, Jack Benny, George Jessel, Bing Crosby and Edgar Bergen are rare exceptions. Charlie McCarthy breaks every one else up but Bergen.

A few weeks ago, Nelson Eddy became so convulsed with laughter, watching Charlie go on the make for Madge Evans, that he was literally unable to speak his lines. Robert Armbruster quickly came to his rescue with a musical interval that gave him enough time to regain his composure.

Walter Winchell has had all his material prepared in advance, but if any last minute scoops come in, they are rushed to him, even while he is on the air. Recently, just before he started a broadcast, he received news that Mrs. Al Donahue, wife of the orchestra leader at New York’s famous Rainbow Room, had been rushed to the hospital to await the arrival of a “blessed event.” During the fifteen minutes that Walter was on the air, the wires were kept open from the studio to the hospital, but Mrs. Donahue and the infant proved very uncooperative. Walter had to sign off without coming back in a flash with the expected flash!

Walter, incidently, lives up to every preconceived notion that his readers have of the way he looks and acts when he sends them “lorions of love” every Sunday night.

It is a rare occasion when a star has to disappoint a radio audience, but when it does happen, an earthquake is a calm affair compared to the chaos it arouses.

Radio is only for the talented and experienced. According to Variety, the theatrical bible of America, the chances of a newcomer getting a job are six hundred to one. Of 1,885 applicants who auditioned during the past twelve months only three were considered good enough to warrant consideration. These statistics prove that it is even harder to crash radio than Hollywood. Statistics also prove that if you crash Hollywood, you also crash radio—and vice versa.

In other words, it all goes back to that old saying: “Him who has, gists!”

By Radie Harris

Three favorites, Tyrone Power, Bing Crosby and Jack Benny...a million dials tune them in when they come on the air. Binnie Barnes—saved by the control man!

From The Antenna Of The Broadcasting Station Come The Mysterious Wireless Waves That Bring The Voices And The Personalities Of The World’s Great Entertainers.
O NE of the favorite stories around Broadway a few years ago was the one about the man who refused his friend's offer of a "little invention" because he thought $15 was too much to risk on a pipe dream, only to find the next morning to find he'd turned down Cellophone.

The unhappy gentleman had turned down gold shoulders on a "cool million." But that is nothing compared to Hollywood. There, million dollar mistakes happen every day.

So, he turned down Cellophone? But what of the charming of Sam Goldwyn, who turned down Robert Taylor; of M. G. M., who released the Deanna Durbin Paramount, who let go of Cary Grant?

They say the man who turned down Cellophone doesn't realize today how much he was missing, but times and tastes change much the way they do. And it is safe to bet the big wigs at Paramount wouldn't miss Golden's days for a year's salary. In the old days, there was no Cellophone.

As to the Dunne mistake isn't bitter medicine enough for the studio which received it's best silk shirt on "High, Wide and Handsome." "The Awful Truth" also boosts Cary Grant to the list of ten most desirable male stars. Cary was under contract to Paramount for many seasons, and assigned to one straight, romantic lead after another. Bored with his steady, romantic fare, and convinced that he could do the broadest of sophisticated comedy so much in demand at the box-office, Grant approached his studio bosses with the plea that he be given a comedy role for a change. When they refused, he asked for a release from his contract, and got it. Good looking leading man, Paramount figured, came a dime a dozen.

Cary won the toss when he went to RKO as a free lance player, side "Sylvia Scarlett" nearly from Katharine Hepburn in a consecutive hit on the silver screen. Cary George Burns and Gracie Allen. They are mighty happy because of their success, and so are the rest of us. (Right) the talented Gladys George is in the dog house because a big shot guessed wrong.

The tragedy has twice its sting for Paramount these days, with "The Awful Truth" piling up staggering profits for Columbia.

"Georgie-Porgie" Burns and Gracie Allen. They are mighty happy because of their success, and so are the rest of us. (Right) the talented Gladys George is in the dog house because a big shot guessed wrong.

But, if Columbia gets too smug reading this dissertation, what about Peter Lorre? The funny, little Austrian visited this moment Columbia placed him under contract, that he was first, last, and always a comedian. But the studio wouldn't listen, assigned Peter to the somberest of all roles, Raskolnikov in Crime and Punishment. The picture withered at the box-office, and Columbia returned Peter to the ranks of the unemployed. It was a break for Lorre, however, for now he's doing very well for himself at Fox, playing his favorite type of role, and coining money for his employers in the "Mr. Moto" series.

Sam Goldwyn turned down Robert Taylor. Sam is one of the best guessers in the business, but he also answers for some of the industry's costliest mistakes.

The "great lover" of the hour was a scared boy when he reported at Goldwyn's sound stages for his first film test. A bored assistant director dressed him up in unbecoming Grecian robes, gave him a side or two of the "Roman Scandals" script to read, and started the cameras. They showed Sam Goldwyn the test. Bad, he said, but not hopeless. "Tell the kid to drop back again when he's fattened up."

Red ink after the name of Robert Taylor in Sam Goldwyn's books glares not half so crimson as the long rows of figures tabulated under the heading of "Sten, Anna." Anna Sten spent her first year in Hollywood practically as Goldwyn's ghost, studying acting technique, learning the language, otherwise preparing herself for the screen. Overhead costs on "Nana" totalled half a million dollars before a camera turned. Two "Nanas" were completed. The first, costing $89,000, was shelved. Goldwyn released the second version—more expensive than the first—but the ticket buyers paid off only a fraction of his million dollar investment.

Goldwyn could have signed Burns and Allen at the peak of their triumphant vaudeville engagement at the Palace Theatre, but rejected their test with a note: "So they have a seven minute act. But what have they when that's used up?" If Burns and Allen's seven consecutive years on the air are not answer enough to the question, we suggest that Mr. Goldwyn drop in to see "Damsel in Distress."

On the other hand, give Goldwyn credit for discovering a wryly human personality beneath the Oriental mask. British films have been enriched by the return of Miriam Hopkins' potentialities after the other studios had turned her down.

Everyone knows the story of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most expensive mistake: re-
leading thirteen-year-old Deanna Durbin. The net receipts of "One Hundred Men and a Girl" are rumbling the two million mark about now, and Louis B. Mayer might have had his trigger finger on the cash drawer—if he hadn't let Deanna slip through his fingers.

It was Mayer who phoned the casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with orders to "find a part for that kid who sang for me the other day," only to be told Deanna Durbin's M.G.M. contract had been allowed to lapse three days before, that already she was filing a daily work card at Universal studio.

Deanna was under contract at Metro for six months and during the time worked for two days singing in a short subject. She was engaged originally to play Ernestine Schumann-Heink as a girl, in the film Metro planned as a vehicle for that grand old diva, but when Schumann-Heink's illness and death shelved the picture, the little Durbin kid was left to kick around the lot with nothing to do but check in daily at the studio school room.

Mayer, along with Rufus LeMaire and Sam Katz, had heard Deanna sing when she first came to work at the studio and had jotted down a note in his little black book that the child had something. But Mayer went away for a European vacation; Deanna sat out her contract, and Rufus LeMaire—by this time associated with the new Universal—remembered her and gave her a job. Deanna's first picture, "Three Smart Girls," substantiated all of Mr. Mayer's earlier hopes for her, but it was too late. He had lost his chance to emulate the example of Senator James A. Conzens, who had the good sense to invest in Henry Ford when Ford was an untried boy.

It's not safe, even yet, to mention "Three Men on a Horse" in Sam Goldwyn's presence. He could have owned half of the play, stage rights, screen rights, copyright, for $15,000. Fred Kohlmar, one of his own lieutenants, came to Goldwyn with the offer when the producer, Alex Yokel, was looking for capital. Goldwyn turned it down flat. The Warner Brothers stepped in with the $15,000 and now stand to collect a cool million dollars for their gamble.

When "Three Men on a Horse" was at the peak of its Broadway run, Goldwyn suddenly saw in it the perfect vehicle for a guy named Cantor who was then on his payroll, and offered $110,000 for the screen rights alone. But Warners didn't hear well at those prices. Goldwyn lost the play—and Cantor.

Don't you imagine that a movie producer, at a time like that, feels a little like the fellow who could have had half of the New York subway for a thousand dollars?

[Cont. on page 69]
MY MOTHER is responsible for my determination to fight for things that seem absolutely impossible.

Bette Davis sat in the studio commissary, dressed in an elaborate costume which she is wearing in her new picture, "Jezebel," We were talking about her philosophy and her belief in the importance of fighting the hardest and the longest when things seemed the most impossible.

"It was mother’s creed," said Bette, her delicate and expressive fingers tracing a pattern on the water glass before her, "that anything worthwhile is worth fighting for, no matter what the odds may be against you. She was also a firm believer in fate, but she thought that if fate made an opening for you, it was up to you to take advantage of it."

A prop man stopped at Bette’s table to bid her a cheery "Hello" and to ask how she was feeling. (This was just after she had recovered from her serious sunburn.) "I remember so distinctly," said Bette after greetings were over, "a certain rainy night many years ago. My mother and I loved to walk in the rain, you know, so we went visiting the bright lights on this evening. I was at the tender age of 8, if I remember correctly. For a while we just walked and looked. Then, suddenly, my attention was drawn to the glittering marquee of a theatre across the street. For several minutes I just stood entranced, a strange feeling racing up and down my spine. Finally I turned to Mother and said, "Maybe someday I'll have my name in lights, with a big picture of me out in front of the theatre." Mother just looked at me, smiled, and said, "If you want it badly enough, you'll have your name in lights. But you must fight for it—and be sure, in your own mind, that it is possible."

"And was that the beginning of your creed?" I asked.

"Definitely. I remember I wasn't so sure that anything as wonderful as being a star could be reached by merely knowing it was possible. And yet, since I had always had such complete confidence in Mother's ideals, I found myself believing I could have my name in lights just because Mother had said I could."

"Well, your dream came true, but was it all you expected?"

"No. It fell short some way. I was walking down by the Capitol Theatre in New York one night a few years ago when my attention was drawn to a sign over the theatre. There, in lights, was my name. I looked at it for a moment, and then—"

"Jezebel" is a dramatic story of the duelling days in the South and Bette is the girl that sets them to fighting. Prominent in the cast are Richard Cromwell, Henry Fonda and George Brent.

Could be reached by merely knowing it was possible. And yet, since I had always had such complete confidence in Mother’s ideals, I found myself believing I could have my name in lights just because Mother had said I could.

"Well, your dream came true, but was it all you expected?"

"No. It fell short some way. I was walking down by the Capitol Theatre in New York one night a few years ago when my attention was drawn to a sign over the theatre. There, in lights, was my name. I looked at it for a moment, and then—"

"Jezebel" is a dramatic story of the duelling days in the South and Bette is the girl that sets them to fighting. Prominent in the cast are Richard Cromwell, Henry Fonda and George Brent.

She and her mother and sister had moved to New York.
GETTING WARMER!

Sex Is Here Again—But There's A New Formula

By Howard Barnes

Olivia de Havilland and Leslie Howard in "It's Love I'm After." The modern girl seems to be the aggressor.

(left) Tyrone Power and Loretta Young revealing that former partners may still feel the yearning to love. It's a scene from "Second Honeymoon."

A regular guy, William Powell, knows an actor's job and loves to talk about it.

[Continued on page 66]
STAR
NUTTY

Some People Collect Stamps, Some Collect Dust, But Picture Fans Collect The Darnest Things.

By Grace Simpson

(left) Joan Crawford likes to take sunbaths, but she wishes that her adoring public would fall and break its neck.

(below) Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck sign autograph books just to show that Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens are "regular fellers."

If all the fancy tricks and strategies which eager fans use to get next to their favorite screen stars were laid end to end, perhaps they'd encircle this old globe of ours many times!
The ingenious subterfuges that members of the great American and European movie fan public cook up to meet their "pet" film celebrities are without end.

Crowds once tracked down William Powell, a fan grabbed Dolores Del Rio's hand and held on until she'd let him kiss her, a girl knocked herself completely out at Gary Cooper's feet, and a young man drove his car right into a lamp-post just so Mae Clarke would notice him.

Some of these incidents happened in Hollywood, but by far the biggest portion follow the straying of movie stars from the screen city, where, for the most part, they know the terrain, habits, and safety zones so well that they only occasionally meet a situation outside their control or upsetting to their highly treasured poise.

The stars get poor training in Hollywood for eluding persistent individuals, because they are usually pretty well guarded; and the recent hegira of celebrities across the earth revealed that some of them, like Powell, are well able to take care of themselves under most circumstances, and others, like Robert Taylor, poor dear, need all the assistance they can get.

Franciska Gaul, who will visit Europe as soon as Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Buccaneer," is nationally released, has already demonstrated that she is one of the cleverest actresses at preserving her privacy when traveling outside Hollywood. She avoids the big hotels, always stopping at the smallest ones or even at the auto camp.

William Powell and Barbara Stanwyck both gave ample proof in New York, not so long ago, that they can fend off embarrassing questions without hurting anyone's feelings. Barbara almost erred when a tricky question was hurled at her at a gathering. "Was it love at first sight?" a fan asked, referring to Taylor. She nodded gleefully, caught herself, and then added: "Friendship at first sight!"

Meanwhile, handsome Bob had, before this, been in New York and departed—and what a stir he left behind him!

Crowds had followed him so he couldn't move; strange girls had thrown strange arms about his neck and planted strange kisses on his lips! They even hauled two girls from under his bed and held back hundreds of other admirers as he sailed for Europe on the Berengaria.

Bob who said he liked demonstrations of admiration, but "got awfully tired of them at times," refused to see the girls who hid under the bed in his suite aboard ship. They were ousted by a detective. Several souvenir hunters crawled through windows and over the ship's superstructure in a mad effort to get close to their hero. One girl, after Bob had given her a handshake, vowed she'd never again wash that hand!
reason assists him in avoiding strangers that invariably pursue him. The guileless Cooper has no secrets. That is why he stays at hotels designated in advance; travels on extra-fare trains, and books passage on small steamers.

Clark Gable is as helpless as Robert Taylor when off the familiar grounds of Hollywood. His hurried trip to South America revealed him to be defenseless against throngs of women admirers, who everywhere created traffic problems. One audacious girl fan once crept up behind him and before poor Clark could say “boo” had snipped a foot-square piece of goods right out of the lack of his best traveling suit! Just for a souvenir, my dears, and what a souvenir! Next time he goes traveling, he has confided to friends, he will take a couple of Los Angeles newspapermen with him, who have been his confidants for several years—one to always stay right in front of him and the other right in back!

Joan Crawford recently had to complain to the police about fans climbing telephone poles around her Brentwood home and trying desperately to get candid movie shots of her around her grounds. “Half the time I’m indulging in sun baths and who wants to have peeping Toms around at such a time,” she explained. It seems that scores of masculine fans were making it a regular practice—climbing those poles and disturbing the Crawford peace.

Dick Powell was leaving his studio recently when suddenly a young man jumped on his car and asked him to please sign an autograph.

Dick complied and wondered a bit just why the young man said, “I’ve tried so long to meet you and I’m more delighted than you realize. Some day you’ll understand just what this all means to me.”

Powell found out later when a Hollywood grocer presented him with a bill for $12.67! The paper he had signed his autograph on was the folded over top of another bill for $7. On the strength of Dick Powell’s endorsement, the fast talking youth had talked [Cont. on page 71]

At that, Taylor’s experiences with fans weren’t nearly as bad as one experience that Allan Jones recently had. He went along with many other celebrities to see Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond off on their Hawaiian honeymoon.

Someone suddenly shouted: “Oooh! Allan Jones! I’ve been just dying to meet you! Will you please sign your autograph for me?”

As Jones politely leaned down to carry out the request, another fan suddenly leaped forward, seized a handful of hair on the unfortunate Allan’s head and jerked it out with main force! “Now I’ve got the grandest souvenir of you!” she cried hysterically. Poor Jones was crying, too—he let out a bunch of yells you could hear for a block. Afterwards, he told his wife: “Movie fans are crazy! I’d much rather get tangled up with a dozen electric fans!”

Another high in fan frustration occurred the other day in a cafe where Gary Cooper had just eaten lunch. As he rose to go the popular star was spotted by a girl fan, who promptly made a flying dive (looking for all the world like a U. S. C. football tackle) to meet him. She dove right into a waiter and went down with a crash. Striking her head, she was knocked out cold.

She awoke a few minutes later on a couch in an inner room, uninjured except for a bump on her head, and expressed extreme displeasure at having missed Gary, her idol of idols, who by this time had gone.

“Oh, did you want to see HUM?” asked the waitress. “Why, he was the one who carried you in here and bathed your head with that ice water!”

Incidentally, Gary’s traveling technique makes use of Mrs. Cooper. She knows that he is forthright and direct, and for that
BEHIND THEIR SMILES LIES A SECRET DREAD

By Gordon R. Silver

A NEWS item once came to us from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's publicity department, stating that Joan Crawford never has been higher than the seventh floor in any building—anywhere.

Behind that simple little statement lies a world of fear—a fear of suddenly falling from a high place and being smashed to bits! Joan one time told us, "Whenever I am up in some building, higher than the second story, I have an intense longing, an insane desire, really, to go to an open window and fling myself into space! Can you understand that? Particularly, since I am so horribly afraid of falling?"

"It's understandable, but hard to explain," I told her. "A lot of other folks are that way, too. The safest thing to do is to keep away from the high spots."

And that's just what Joan does. It's no pose with her. You never hear of her taking airplane jaunts across the continent or going on mountain hikes or anything like that. As for a skyscraper, well, the mere thought or sight of one makes her head swim. If she had to go clear to the top of the Empire State Building she'd probably die of sheer fright! Joan has tried to conquer this phobia, but she knows it is no use—she will have it all the days of her life.

Other stars have equally annoying phobias—strange fears that they can not seem to get rid of.

Gail Patrick, for instance, is deathly afraid of big black locomotives! She won't go within a mile of one if she can help it. She does all of her traveling by either plane or auto. She likes airplanes and will fly anywhere in one, but refuses absolutely to board a train under any circumstances! "They not only frighten me half out of my wits, but the mere thought of riding in one is quite enough to make me really sick," she told me. "It's a silly fear, I know, but I can't suppress it—so what can I do?"

Claudette Colbert dreads the thought of an earthquake. If one actually comes, no matter how mild it may be, poor Claudette

The Cheers Of Fans Cannot Drawn It Out Nor The Clink Of Dollars Stifle It—That Still Small Voice Of Fear!

(Left) James Dunn has built a house in which he will be safe. (Below) Gail Patrick wards off a haunting vision. (Right) The persistent fear in the mind of Martha Raye once saved her life.

lets out a scream of agony and her knees start shaking much, much more than old mother earth! On the other hand, Nelson Eddy isn't at all scared by earth-shakes, but he does live in mortal fear of dust-storms. He says he will never forget the night in a little Mid-western town, on one of his concert tours, when a dust storm suddenly came up and raged so that he had to keep a wet towel wrapped around his face all the time he was on the stage—except when he was actually singing. "And then," he grinned, "my teeth were chattering so much (and not from the cold, either!) I had hard work to open my mouth, let alone sing decently! It's a queer phobia, isn't it?"

Yes, but not as queer as one possessed by James Dunn. You wouldn't guess his phobia in a hundred years! It's this: fear of being gassed! It seems that Jimmy, when a small lad, got a whiff of gas up his nose and since that time, well, the idea of having more has just about terrified him.

Jimmy Dunn was the first film player to ever consult an architect about building a home that could be hermetically sealed in short order in case of gas attacks over the city! James borrowed the idea from England—was assured that, at small extra expense, he could have three rooms built in his new home so they could be made gas-proof in quick order, so—he had it done.

So realistically did "Mamma and Daddy" Farrell picture the bad, old "Booey Man" to their little girl in the days of her growing-up process, that today their erswhile little Glenda still sleeps with all the lights in her bedroom fully on! She's mortally afraid of the dark and never has been without a light during the full extent of her slumbers.

Just as Glenda is afraid of the dark, so is Fred Astaire afraid of blackbirds! If one of the errant sweeps down near him when he is walking peacefully along the sidewalk, well, poor Fred nearly collapses in his tracks! Great, big he-man Victor McLaglen
takes hours. Hours that he could be looting. An amazing young man.

But just because Nelson Eddy doesn’t fall in with the accepted Hollywood tradition you needn’t get the idea that he hates Hollywood. Quite the contrary. When he is on concert tour he invariably runs into some person in each city who will sit up to him after the concert and say, hoping for a juicy tidbit, “Now, Mr. Eddy, let down your hair and tell me what Hollywood is really like.”

Nothing makes Mr. Mayer’s white-haired boy so furious. Controlling a desire to slap the leer right off of his inquisitor’s face Nelson emphatically assures him that Hollywood is a city like all other cities, no better, no worse. It has given him and his charming mother the first home they have had in many years, and he loves it. And when it comes time to retire (oh perish the thought, Mr. Eddy) he doesn’t expect to dash off to the Riviera or the South Seas—he hopes Hollywood will always be his home.

Although he doesn’t like to go to parties, strange to say, he likes to give parties. What with his pictures, his concerts, his broadcasts, and his recordings heaven only knows he doesn’t have much time for parties, but when he is in town barely a week passes but what one night he will have his friends in for music and fun in his attractive Brentwood home. He moved recently from the house high up on Misty Mountain, due to the fact that he returned home from the studio one afternoon to find five cars with out-of-town licenses parked in his driveway, and a whole bevy of tourists making merry in his swimming pool. He likes fans—but he likes them not quite so brash. He gets a big kick at his parties out of turning on his recording machine, when his guests are laughing and talking, and quite unknowing to them making records of their conversation—which later he proceeds to play for them. P.S. Don’t ever indulge in Hollywood’s favorite pastime of talking about your host in Mr. Eddy’s house. He’ll get it in wax. And will your face be red!

Because he is such a hard, relentless worker (and did you ever try making a picture, rehearsing for a broadcast, doing recordings, and planning a concert tour all in one week?) the beachcombers of Hollywood have been wont to call Nelson Eddy a dull boy. They say he has no sense of humor. But so long as an actor can laugh at himself I don’t think we have any reason to worry about his lack of humor.

Give Nelson half a chance and he is bound to tell you about the little episode that occurred in the forecourt of the theatre the night of the preview of “Naughty Marietta,” with fans swooning right and left. “Well, how does it feel to be a great actor?” director Van Dyke asked Hollywood’s new favorite who was still slightly goggly from it all. “But I’m not an actor,” mourned Nelson. “I know that,” said Van Dyke, “but how does it feel?”

On the set Mrs. Eddy’s son is the gayest of gay. He does not go in for moods and retire to his dressing room between takes. Wherever a group forms, he becomes a part of it. He has a loud contagious laugh and ever so often he will raise his voice in song and fairly hellow across the stage. One day he will tinker with a guitar, the next day it will be an accordion. Several days on the “Rosalie” set, much to the amusement of Eleanor Powell and Frank Morgan, he endeavored to conquer the hall on the string trick. He just about had it mastered when he missed and the ball clanked him on the head. That was the end of that. He knows when he is licked.

It is always Mr. Eddy who picks up the check when a group of workers or players have lunch in the Metro commissary. He has never been accused of being stingy, and that, in Hollywood, where the great artists have their original nickels, is really something.

As a kid he was the greatest corres—[Continued on page 70]
RECENTLY, while shopping in one of the most spacious of department stores in Chattanooga, I stood and meditated thinking of the time when not so long before I had stood in that same place and listened to the lyrical singing of Tennessee's greatest and most beautiful woman singer. Of course the music had emanated from none other than our own lovely Grace Moore. At that time she was visiting her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Richard L. Moore, who had just moved to Chattanooga from their twenty-five-year abode in Jellico.

The people of historic Chattanooga had admitted the notable couple to their hearts and since most of them loved to shop in the Colonel's store there was no wonder that, large as it was, Grace was never able to enter without receiving a sizeable portion of attention. On this particular day, shoppers had even gone so far as to ask her to sing for them. And, being the good scout that she is, and loving the people of her state as she does, Grace simply couldn't resist.

So, as might be expected, this golden-voiced exuberant diva climbed upon a counter and, without any accompanist, rendered one of the most brilliant and sincerely appreciated appearances of her entire career. For Grace is a real Southerner and she loves to sing to the people of the Old South. I can still visualize that rapt throng as it swirled around the "counter stage" and literally brought the house down with its happy and enthusiastic applause.

Though this girl of rapturous trills was born far distant from the Great White Way and the Golden Horseshoe there is no question but that she now merits and receives the plaudits of both forums. Today she is a star in many fields. Not only has she brought audiences of the Metropolitan Opera House to their feet with salvoes of cheers, but she has become one of the outstanding artists in the field of radio. She has proved to the entertainment world that cinema seekers appreciate operatic music on the screen as do those far famed "first nighters" of Broadway. Another remarkable feature is her beauty. Instead of being a huge and awesome creature, like some prima donnas that we know, she is alive with personality and pulchritude. She was selected by the late Florenz Ziegfeld as one of the ten most beautiful women in the world, and was also chosen by Baron George Hoyningen-Huene (internationally famous photographer) as one of the world's thirteen supreme beauties.

But greater than any of these, to Miss Moore at least, is her latest starring achievement. For in this field she becomes the one and only feminine star in the complete horizon of her own home State of Tennessee. Only a short time ago that climactic victory was won when, on November 30, at a concert given by her at the Homecoming of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, she was formally awarded by Governor Gordon Browning of that state, the first and only feminine title of Colonel.

"This is the greatest thrill of my life!" she said upon being informed that she would be made a Tennessee Colonel. And well it may have been for, indeed, the honor is a highly coveted one.

Born and reared in the foothills of the Cumberland mountains this favored daughter, who combines breathless beauty with intelligence and unlimited talent, represents the upper strata of some of the very purest blood in America. [Continued on page 72]
We Point With Pride

To

STUART ERWIN

STU is well liked and one proof of this is his nickname. He may be Stuart to his family, but he is Stu to the rest of the world. He is of the "better" sort of comics and his puzzled, good-natured stupidity brings abundant laughter to one and all. And he doesn't have to wear trick boots or funny pants either. To see him wrestling with the great problems that complicate his screen existence is to witness a masterpiece of impersonation. Or maybe you think that's the way he is. Well, you ought to see his income tax report!

June Collyer gave up her screen career to throw in her lot with old Stu and no regrets have yet been heard from Mr. and Mrs. Erwin.

With Melvyn Douglas and Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance." Repulsed again!

In the loyal heart of Frances Farmer will always be enshrined the name of her first picture, "Rhythm on the Range."

Claude Rains, who, in his first speaking part, had much to do with the extraordinary success of "Crime Without Passion." (Below) It only required "Bill of Divorcement" to establish Katharine Hepburn. (In corner) Sonja Henie became a star of the first magnitude on the showing of "One in a Million." (Next) Luise Rainer, triumphant since "Escapade," her first film.

ONE PICTURE PEOPLE

Players Whose First Pictures Gave Proof Of Their Great Talents Go Happily Toward A Smiling Future.
The producer who makes the decision to put his money back on an unknown player deserves a hand for his good judgment in selecting the play, the cast and the director which are to bring the stranger into the circle of established stars. Some actors of undoubted talent have to try, fail and try again many times before they strike the right part and the right play to put them over, and some capable ones remain "supporting players" all their lives.

How fortunate then are the ones, who in their first parts, find the golden opportunity and make good. Their names are spoken across the continents and over the seas and the rest of their lives will be happier because of the few hours at the beginning of their careers when fortune smiled upon them.

[Top] Fernand Gravet made "The King and the Chorus Girl" and his own reputation in one effort. [Right] Lily Pons' first picture, "I Dream Too Much," revealed her great charm and wonderful voice.

[Left] "They Won't Forget" brought Gloria Dickson into deserved prominence. [Right] "The Farmer Takes a Wife" was a story of the opening of an important canal in New York State. It will be remembered for the performance of Henry Fonda.

[Below left] Nor Powell came sing into star portance in Broadway Melody of 1936.

[Below right] Since "Morocco," Marlene Dietrich has advanced to the point where she can even make a film without showing her legs. [Extreme right] Freddie Bartholomew came from England to play David Copperfield and sprang into first place among the youngsters.
Is the Hollywood Woman the Nearest to Perfection That Can Be Found?

Of course, she must have a voice whose muted chords can add strange meanings to her spoken words, or she must be blessed with resonance cavities in her throat which give her singing voice that quality called timbre. She must be rhythmic and dance-gifted, but these gifts will count as very little unless she is also fashioned so gorgeously that her every measurement and proportion qualifies her to be the mold, model and mannequin for that wonderful creature, the Modern Woman.

Her face must have beauty; her profile, character; her figure, allure; and her mind, understanding.

(Right) Rosalind Russell can stand the harshest lighting and still her mouth shows the form which is the hallmark of strength, of poetic recklessness and of a tender heart.

(Above) The angel beauty of Anita Louise is the mask for Ideal beauty. At her back the form of an ideal woman has survived through ages in the marbles of ancient Greece. It is Beulah Grable and all the grace of perfect proportion hers. (Below) A profile poorly lighted but blessed with a forehead of grey beauty—Gail Patrick.

Whether dressed in a sarong in the jungle or in a gown of shimmering sequins, Dorothy Lamour has the figure that is the ideal of this day and hour.
The actress of Hollywood who has never been a weak line nor led like a weak character. Subtle? Yes. Gentle? Because Kay Francis wrong in the great things require might. (Right) Ginger Rogers leans nonchalantly and this grace that ease is the result of dancing muscles. Poise never the product of weakness. (Below) Myrna Loy has a funny little nose, possibly it is the reason she ranks as No. 1 in the firmament of stars.

When Alice Faye dresses in the long lines of accordion pleats, it is to make herself look a little taller. But that isn't necessary. She's tall enough now. She comes up to our heart and stops there.
Every Minute The Movie Stars Are Being Photographed—For Either Scene Stills, Publicity Or Just For The Hell Of It.

The players who have qualified for screen roles find the spotlight of every-day life hard to take. That air of importance which surrounds them makes many a star feel ridiculous. Then there is all that money coming in! They want to play their off-screen parts quite modestly, for in their innermost souls they know the debt they owe to luck.

Shirley Temple has a grand time dancing in her picture, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and Bill Robinson is again in step with the Littlest Lady.

While on a location trip, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ginger Rogers find time to enjoy a cross country canter. (Below) Merle Oberon in a tricky house robe, answers her phone, and clever Merle knows all the answers.

(Above) In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," David Niven stars as Claudette Colbert as she twists about in her figured bathing suit. It is a scene from the picture and the young man is at work, actually. (Right) Visitors, Ray Milland is glad to show his studio to some distinguished folks from home... Sir Henry and Lady Brackenbury. (Below, right) Vera Zorina, who dances in "The Goldwyn Follies," is being propositioned by the Ritz Brothers. (Below) Rosemary Lane being kissed by Dick Powell. It is one of the less arduous tasks of picture making and Dick is a great hand for detail.
Robert Taylor, in England, lived at a Fifteenth Century farmhouse near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. Bob thinks posing with a fork full of hay is pretty foolish, but he pulls a grin anyhow. (Below) Ray Bolger, after a few years on Broadway, easily falls into the habits of the Far West. He is listening with ear to the ground to hear if the Indians are approaching.

Frances Gifford does some stunts with Cole Brothers Circus, for publicity for the baby pony and also a casual mention of "Moving Wonderful Time," in which she supports Ginger Rogers.
Peasant kerchiefs are more popular than ever! Gloria Stuart ties hers gracefully in a loose knot in the back. The colors are bright blue combined with white and dull red to carry out the vivid scheme of her Tyrolean frock.

The Magnetic Screen Stars
Model Enchanting Resort
Fashions That Make One
Long To Fly South Toward
The Sun.

TIME was when only the extremely wealthy could afford to take a vacation in the South each winter when the snow comes around and wintry winds and pneumonia are not far behind. But now, with the marvelous cruises arranged by the various Travel Bureaus, featuring short treks to the Tropics at slightly more cost than it takes to go to the seashore or the mountains in the summer, many people plan their annual vacations in the winter instead. And for those of you who have planned in this way, these pages are primarily designed. They will give you a fair idea of what Hollywood considers suitable for wear in a warm, balmy climate. And for those of you who are not so fortunate, they will afford an eye-filling preview of next summer's fashions.
Suits are varied and extremely well cut and colorful. Above-right) Navy blue and white (the old standby) is Rita Johnson's selection. The halter is navy blue jersey, and the taffeta and tricole pique jacket are bordered with navy blue and white lace lacing. (Left) Priscilla Lawson favors roman stripes in cotton for her suit, with a tiny white cotton bolero. Their sports coats are of suede, harmonizing with their individual color combinations. (Extreme right-below) A fencing costume served as a model for this port suit worn by Jacqueline Wells. Flame red flannel with white bone buttons fashion the jacket which tops a white silk jersey blouse and short pleated skirt.

Cotton is King apparently. For this utterly charming afternoon frock worn by Jacqueline Wells is of black and white printed pique combined with the same material in solid black. Her huge picture hat is of bright red linen, and her sandals match it to perfection. (Above) Valerie Hobson, the English star, wears a French designed suit of lemon yellow silk linen with green face-cloth applique. Her soft pill box hat is also of silk linen with long silk matching tassel, and her bag is of green face-cloth.

Shirred taffeta in a ravishing shade of blue that closely resembles the Mediterranean sky fashions this Schiaparelli swim suit worn by Danielle Darrieus. Above she wears a play suit (also designed by Schiaparelli) of rough white linen with brown saddle stitching. The barred trunks are a decided innovation and give Danielle a grand opportunity to compete with Dietrich so far as her nether extremities are concerned.
Films Soon To Make Their Debut

Chas. Butterworth, Mae West and Chas. Winninger in "Every Day's A Holiday."

Ruth Donnelly, Jane Bryan and Edward G. Robinson in "A Slight Case of Murder."

Charles Ruggles, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in "Bringing Up Baby."

Mary Baland, Julius Tannen, and Ernest Truex in "Mama Runs Wild."

Don Ameche, Sonja Henie and Cesar Romero in "Happy Ending."

Walter Pidgeon, Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell in "Man-Proof."
Alice Faye, Joan Davis and Marjorie Weaver in “Sally, Irene and Mary.”
(Right) Scott Colton, Sarah Padden and Wyn Cahoon in “Forgotten Women.”

Dean Jagger, June Travis and Wally Ford in “Exiled to Shanghai.”
(Right) William Hall, Lean Ames and Jane Wyman in “International Spy.”

DON’T BE THE GIRL WHO HAS TO TELPHONE BOYS

HONEY, YOU WOULD HAVE ROY CALLING YOU, IF...

THEN LOIS TOLD EDNA HOW SHE OFFENDED OTHERS BY PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTINGS. EDNA BEGAN LUXING HER UNDIES DAILY. NOW . . .

OH, MISS EDNA, THEY’VE BEEN A LOT OF CALLS FO’ YOU! MISTAH ROY—HE CALLED FO’ FIVE TIMES!

DON’T WORRY, HE WILL CALL AGAIN!

Avoid Offending
Girls who want to be popular never risk “undie odor.” They whisk undies through Lux after each wearing. Lux takes away odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use soaps containing harmful alkali—these wear out precious things too soon, often fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX undies daily
Solitaire introduces a sinister note in Frank Morgan's solitude.

"The Big Apple" and "Shag" are dances for couples—

So Eleanor Whitney's solo might have another name—

How about "The Little Cabbage" or "The Cock-a-Doodle-Do?"

Or would "Mister" suit it?

He realizes he will have to cheat a little.

Footsteps approaching? It's his conscience.

Franciska Gaal, dressed for the scene Where the pirates sail the Caribbean

Fred March saves her before she sinks; Wraps her up and gives her drinks.

(Above) W. C. Fields, soon to be seen in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," responds to the cheers of the deaf and dumb asylum.

Ah! There it is. I win!

(Below) Bobby Clark and Ella Logan in "The Gwyn Follies." Love conquers all and proves much for Ella.
Gladys Swarthout waits patiently for the cue from her announcer, Gary Breckner, before broadcasting on the United Charities Program. Lud Gluskin, the orchestra conductor, studies his score in the meantime. (Below) Gladys in full swing.

Ben Blue shows Lola Jensen and Terry Ray (see them all in "The Big Broadcast") how to thread a needle. Ben holds the thing so that the girls catch the needle's eye and when it winks Ben is on it like a flash—a Blue streak in fact.

"CULTIVATE CHARM IN YOUR HANDS"
says
Joan Bennett
(Walter Wanger Star)

"IF A GIRL wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!

Hand need not Chap and Roughen
...when Lotion GOES IN

It's worth while to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to go in the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 at any beauty counter.

JERGENS LOTION
FREE; PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS
See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

Name__________________________

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Street________________________

City___________________________State____________________
IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

WARNER BROS.
line up the headliners of screen, air and stage to give you your greatest revel in romance, beauty and song! The grandest party of the year, in the gayest spot on earth!

HEAR
"Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks"
"Let That Be A Lesson To You"
"I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star"
"I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water"
"Silhouettes In The Moonlight"

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macaulay. Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer. A First National Picture
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL * ROSEMARY LANE * LOLA HUGH * HERBERT HEALY
TED LANE

FOOD FARRELL * JOHNNIE DAVIS
ALAN MOWBRAY

L TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

LOUELLA PARSONS

with FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies.
WE DO not wish to belittle the studio geniuses and their marvels, but Nature does pretty well, too. And when a picture story is told in the “dappled shade” of which poets have sung, there comes to most of us a pleasant consciousness of the lavish gifts of beauty of the world we live in.
THERE was considerable delay on the set due to the fact that Freddie March's costume of the pirate LaFite had been torn to pieces in a heavy action scene and the wardrobe women were hard at work sewing him together again.

Cecil B DeMille, star-maker, he of the abbreviated riding breeches and diamond-studded wrist watches, was pacing up and down the set of "The Buccaneer," deep in thought, when a very beautiful young lady came on the set. Everybody turned to look at her—she was ravishingly beautiful. Everybody, that is, but C.B. himself, who took one quick glance at her and then called for his script.

One of the DeMille staff—they are numerous—approached him.

"How about a test for that beautiful young lady who is watching us over there?"

DeMille looked up.

"I am not interested in beautiful young ladies for the screen. Beauty is the cheapest thing in Hollywood."

DeMille says that in the two decades and upwards that he has been making Hollywood productions, he has never selected beautiful women for leading roles in pictures for the simple reason that your true beauty, in the classical sense, is too posey, too stilted, too unwilling to reflect emotions and thus ruffle the beautiful calm of her classic features. Spoiled by life she does not feel the inner urge to improve herself, to be pleasing or to exhalt feeling.

"But," says C.B., "all my leading women have had the ability to create the illusion of beauty. Sarah Bernhardt and Duse are examples of what I mean when I say 'create the illusion of beauty.' Neither was a beauty in the accepted sense. Bernhardt was slender and her features anything but classic. But to the day of her death, crippled as she was, she could come on the stage and by the alchemy of her talent produce the illusion of a young and beautiful Camille. This power is far more precious than beauty."

DeMille lists three prime requisites for a star. They are, first, personality. Second, ability which presupposes brains. And third comes good looks.

Eyes, he says, are of paramount importance, since they are, as Leonardo da Vinci expressed it, "the windows of the soul." Pretty feet and thighs are sometimes thing DeMille has always felt to be prime requisites. Her beautiful feet and ankles got Nita Naldi her first big vamp parts from DeMille. He chose Gloria Swanson, an ex-Sennett girl, because of her vivid, dynamic emotion. He saw Bebe Daniels in half a reel of comedy film and, sensing her basic exaltation, gave her her first dramatic role. He selected Leatrice Joy for fame because of her innate "perfect ladyhood." Florence Vidor's pretty ankles influenced him in selecting her as a perfect type of aristocratic lady. Claudette Colbert played in "The Sign of the Cross" because she had "the most mischievous eyes in Hollywood."

In his next picture, "The Buccaneer," he is introducing a new star, a petite Viennese, Franiska Gaal, to the American screen. He repeats that she is not beautiful in the accepted sense but possesses an indefinable quality—a blend of Helen Hayes, Elisabeth Bergner and Mary Pickford—praise from Caesar, indeed. She has played everything from the title role in "Peter Pan" to Lady Macbeth on European stages. When she came to America a few months ago to play the little Dutch girl in "The Buccaneer," she was a brunette, but DeMille discovered by looking over some old pictures that in reality she is blonde and made her go back to light hair.

Young Gaal's most exciting quality is to be found in her eyes, which are brown and sparkle with the joy of living. She has extraordinary vitality, and for all her petite figure and soft feminine charm is a thorough-going sportswoman. Snowboarding, game and fishing are her favorite sports. She rides, swims, plays tennis and dances, and—when she can—skis.

"But," above all," says C.B. proudly, "she has the ability to think an emotion and does not depend on her beauty alone to overcome the difficulties she encountered."
THE IMPATIENT LOVERS

Careers Take So Many Years But Love Comes All Of A Sudden In Screen Stories.

By Jack Bechdolt


It was a big day for Jefferson City. It was a bigger day for Barbara Lang. The prettiest girl in town was going to Hollywood to crash the movies.

In honor of the great occasion all the members of the Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Motion Picture and Dramatic Circle were grouped about the observation platform at the fall end of the California Flyer. All the reporters and news photographers in town were there to record the scene. A fair sized crowd of people, who had nothing else to do was there. And, of course, Barbara was there.

Barbara in her full skirted organdy dress and picture hat! Barbara, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her blue eyes like twin stars, her pretty lips parted in dazzling smiles as she posed with the club leaders while the cameras clicked. Jefferson City was proud of Barbara and she was rapturously happy, looking forward to the beginning of this glamorous career upon which the kind hearted club ladies had launched her.

Michael Winslow, about to board the flyer, was one of those caught in the press of people around the observation platform. A tall and presentable young man clinging tightly to a bulging portfolio he stood on tiptoe in the crowd, staring straight at Barbara, whom he had never seen before. Michael forgot where he was. He forgot that he, too, was on his way to Hollywood. He forgot that clutched under his arm was the portfolio in which were manuscripts of motion pictures not yet produced—manuscripts that were going to make his fortune. All he could see or think about was Barbara. What a girl!

A mother with two babies in arms and leading two toddlers by the hand, pressed through the crowd.

"Help me, on the train," she snapped at the young man. He merely stared at Barbara, his mouth open and his expression that of a man just hit by a truck. When she thrust the babies into his arms he accepted them in a daze and followed the mother weekly.

"Now Miss Lang, please," said the news photographers. "Just one more, with your hat on this time. Look like a movie star . . ."

Barbara smiled and posed. Behind her passed Michael, carrying the two strange babies. The cameras clicked just as a baby hand reached out in passing, tore the lovely lady's hat off.

At the same time the clasp of Michael's briefcase, catching in Barbara's organdy dress, tore off her skirt. Barbara had met a man she was not to forget soon.

In the dusk of that day Barbara sat alone on the observation platform. Ever retracing from her lay the winding ribbons of tracks. The rhythmic clack-clack of wheels told of the lessening miles between her and Hollywood, goal of so many ambitions, mecca of so many heartbreaks. No fear of heartbreaks entered Barbara's thoughts. Was she not young? And lovely? And was she not endorsed by the Ladies Wednesday Afternoon Motion Picture and Dramatic Circle and financed by public subscription of her adoring home town!

A young man with a pipe came out of the club car. Their eyes
met. The temperature of a genial spring evening suffered a sharp drop, chilled by the icy indignation of a young woman whose best organized skin has been stirred.

"You don't like me?" said Michael ingratiatingly.

"I don't see what difference that makes—"

"I'm the kind of fellow, when you first meet me you don't like me," he added. "But after you know me better—You hate me."

His frankness won him a giggle. Michael took hope. He applied himself energetically to interesting her and half an hour of his efforts ended in her joining him for dinner. She noticed with rising curiosity that he carried the brief case to the dinner, not because he told her what it was in.

Other things Michael told her without hesitation. Some of his thoughts and emotions he expressed in words and many in significant glances and dramatic pantomime. Her beauty had staggered him; her wit entranced him; her sweetness made him her slave for life. Somehow she gathered all this from his behavior and her own heart began to beat faster. Examined critically and under such circumstances Michael was the most attractive man she had ever met. By the time he said goodnight at her stateroom door she was wondering if a great movie star could find room in her life for a truly happy marriage. Of course it would take a bit of managing, but somehow she could not see her career without Michael—perhaps Michael might mean even more than a brilliant career.

Two other persons aboard the California Flyer were thinking intently about Michael Winslow that night. Goldie and Herman Tibbets had had their eye on him since he boarded the train.

Herman was a meek looking little sawed-off runt, as mild as a cup custard with cream. He was one of those middle-aged men who might have been the model for Casper Milquetoast but had, in fact, been the right hand man in one of the most dangerous mobs of bank bandits the country had known since the James boys. Herman was only that day out of a middle western penitentiary and Goldie and he were going to California to start a duck ranch.

Goldie was the enterprising one in the Tibbets family. In the station she had overheard Michael Winslow trying to insure the contents of his brief case for fifty thousand dollars. Naturally, she jumped to the conclusion that Michael was packing fifty grand in the bag. A newspaper clipping, dropped by Michael, gave her the rest of her information. The clipping told of an absconding bank cashier who had got away with fifty thousand dollars. Goldie's simple idea was that she and Herman would capture Michael for the police and claim the reward.

"Goodnight, Michael," Barbara said, smiling at him from her stateroom door.

"See you for breakfast?"

he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, but don't wait up." She closed the door and leaned against it. His was something about Michael that made him different from other men. Career or no career, it certainly looked as if she must keep on having him around.

And then she thought, "Why, he's a perfect stranger! I never saw him until a few hours ago. He might be anybody—even a crook for all I know!"

She looked doubtfully at the thin partition that separated her stateroom from Michael's. Just then from the other side of the partition came the noise, terrifying voice of Herman Tibbets: "Gimme that brief case, sucker, if you know what's good for you!"

Michael's voice protested, "What's all this about?"

"You made the mistake, Sonny Boy, when you stole them bonds," Herman snarled.

There! Barbara knew it! This Michael Winslow was a bond thief. He hadn't even given her his right name!

From Michael's stateroom came sounds of a fight... the thud of a falling body... Michael's despairing groan, Barbara blanched and trembled. His fellow thieves had attacked him. Had injured him. Perhaps killed him! She ran to get help.

When she returned with the conductor and some of the train crew they demanded admittance to the stateroom—and got it. Inside were seated three people, Michael, Herman and Goldie. Each was reading a manuscript. Each was innocently surprised at an interruption. Barbara's rescue fell flat. There was nobody to rescue.

It didn't improve her temper any to see silly in the eyes of the train crew. Nor did it allay her suspicions of Michael. That seemingly peaceful scene in the stateroom, to Barbara meant only that the three crooks had patched up their quarrel. Michael was the guillest of them, the ringleader! She had been warned not to talk to strange men she met on trains and look what had happened. She had almost fallen in love with a crook!

Barbara did not have breakfast with Michael next morning. When they reached Los Angeles they met on the platform to settle of her efforts to dodge him, Michael wanted to explain. "Don't bother," she said icily.

"But I've got to see you again. Where shall I call you?"

"I'll call you." she stormed. "I can find the numbers of all the jills in the phone book." She leaped into a cab then. From its window she saw Michael turn away, baffled. With him were his two fellow crooks, Herman Tibbets and Goldie. Her angry tears blotted out that scene.

Hollywood, Cinderella's own home town, absorbed the girl from Jefferson City without surprise, without compassion, without so much as a leer. Hollywood sees girls like Barbara arriving by the tens of thousands. They exist in its cheap bungalow boarding houses; they throng the offices of casting directors; they plan and pose and wait for the big chance that will come along surely... tomorrow. And that tomorrow comes to few of them. For the great majority tomorrow is only another yesterday with
Barbara's suspicions were aroused. She could only see that Michael was a crook and hounded by the law.

Michael had greeted her with kisses and every evidence of love. He was working hard, finishing the second picture in his series "The Trail of the Hawk." When that was done there would be a little holiday, time to find a minister and through a marriage ceremony...yes, it started as a very happy day!

Then, while they talked on the new sheets of the great crime series, two visitors arrived. Two gentlemen of obvious integrity and position, a bank president and the head of a big detective agency. In an hour's talk they managed to shake all her faith in Michael.

"The evidence we've outlined is as good as a confession from Michael Winslow," Decker said.

"In all your association with Winslow," Peyton argued, "has there been nothing to arouse your suspicions? Think it over, Miss Lang?"

With a shudder her mind turned back to that night on the California Flyer. Her suspicions had been roused then. And despite Michael's reassurances her suspicions were roused again, for how could Michael know so much about crime if he were not, in fact, a criminal! Her quickened imagination saw the tragic ending looming large before her. These men would arrest Michael. The law would sentence him to spend the rest of his life in a penitentiary. They could not marry. They could not ever see each other again!

She made an excuse to leave the visitors and rushed to Michael, secluded in an inner office. "Mr. Peeton is here," she gasped. She looked up with a smile. "One of the Austin bank? Peyton? Invite him to the house—"

"He has a detective with him! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Sure, two extra plates for dinner," Michael, she pleaded. "You've got to tell me. Were you and Herman in on that bank robbery?"

"We were not," he answered emphatically. He was beginning to lose patience.

Then how did you know so much about it?" Barbara persisted. The friend between Michael's eyes cleared suddenly, "So, I'm a crook again. Now listen, Barbara—"

Barbara exploded then. Terror and grief combined to destroy all common sense. She could only see that Michael was a crook and that the law menaced him and that he was insane enough to think he could beat out his mates.

"I had you spotted right all along. You're a criminal and I don't want any part of you."

"All right, then, I am," Michael shouted in answer. "If it makes you happy to think so, I am a crook. Now go away and let me get my work done!" He hurled himself back at his typewriter and the keys rattled. Barbara slammed the door hard enough to shake the building.

Between irritation at Michael's stubborn denial and despair over her future she was half hysterical. But more than half hysterical was Goldie Tiltons who at that moment barged into her. Goldie clasped at her arm.

"Listen," she babied, "the Hawk's here. Right on this lot!"

"The Hawk?" Barbara began.

"I mean the real Hawk. Sure, there's a real Hawk. He's the mug that got poor Herman to take the rap for that bank robbery. That guy is dynamic and he ain't here just to play kissing games. He's got big Al with him. He's sore about that picture of him and he's here to rub out Herman and Michael—and maybe the palmed women clutched at each other. Just then out of the door of Stage 9 where the last sequence of "The Trail of the Hawk" was being shot, lounged a figure that caused Goldie to utter a shrill yell.

"That's him, Barbara! The Hawk!"

The man they watched strode to a quiet [Continued on page 61]
Fun To Be With

Wayne Morris Never Thinks About "Swank" But Steps Out With Style When He's Dancing.

By Maxine Smith

three days later, and he said: "Will you please look me up when you come out? I'd really love to buy your lunch!"

It was agreed, the luncheon "date" was set, and so we said goodnight.

On the appointed day, I visited the Warner lot and my studio guide, Arthur Janisch, steered me over to the "Submarine D-1" set where Wayne was working with Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh in a scene directed by Lloyd Bacon.

When the scene was finished, Wayne literally galloped over to greet me. It was lunch time, so we strolled over to the "Green Room" (that section of the Warner's commissary reserved for executives, stars, producers, directors, etc.). Guide Janisch was along because studio representatives must "sit in" on all interviews to

The author, while visiting Hollywood, goes sailing with Wayne Morris! Something to tell Chicago about.

interest and encouragement that you gave me.

"I've never been to Chicago but you can be assured that the first thing I will do when I get there will be to come right up and thank you personally. Thanking you again, I remain, Wayne Morris."

That note is the real Wayne Morris—grateful for praise, unassuming, boyish and charming.

So many people asked me about Wayne after seeing him as "Kid Galahad," that I made up my mind to interview him first when I went to Hollywood last Summer.

We met, quite unexpectedly, on my first night in Hollywood. It was about 8:30 at night and I was walking out of the Knickerbocker Hotel with a friend, on my way to dinner. Wayne came striding into the lobby on those long legs of his and we bumped—yes, bumped!—into each other in the doorway.

He grinned, that famous "Galahad" grin and started to apologize. Naturally, I recognized him and introduced myself. He was completely bowled over and immediately became very shy.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure glad to meet you! That sorry you wrote about me was really something!"

Noticing that I was with a friend, he apologized again for delaying me, and asked:

"When are you coming out to Warner Brothers?"

I told him that I would be at the studio to dinner. Wayne came striding into the lobby on those long legs of his and we bumped—yes, bumped!—into each other in the doorway.

He grinned, that famous "Galahad" grin and started to apologize. Naturally, I recognized him and introduced myself. He was completely bowled over and immediately became very shy.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure glad to meet you! That sorry you wrote about me was really something!"

Noticing that I was with a friend, he apologized again for delaying me, and asked:

"When are you coming out to Warner Brothers?"

I told him that I would be at the studio censor material given to newspaper critics! Later, the studio publicity director joined us.

It was a grand noontime. To be honest, we did more laughing than serious interviewing at that luncheon! I found Wayne an extremely good-humored boy who couldn't quite figure out why anybody would want to interview him.

Knowing Hollywood actors as poseurs of the first rank, I figured that he was affecting the fresh-faced-young-man act for my benefit. But I found out later that it was the McCoy!

He told me that he was bankrering after the role of a forest ranger in a picture which the Brothers Warner were preparing.

(Continued on page 65)
TRUE CONFESSION
ANCHER SCRIVY, COMEDY--BUT IN THE UPPER BRACKETS--PARAMOUNT

WE might just as well face the facts, that one of the five funniest films of the year, Carole Lombard, who has more beauty and allure than most of the glamour girls in Hollywood, but who, unlike them, doesn't throw it at you, is perfectly at home in the role of Helen Bartlett, a lovely girl from a good family, but who simply couldn't tell the truth. Now Carole isn't a vicious liar, she just has a vivid imagination, and every time she is about to pop out with a whimper, she puts her tongue in her cheek. Which is exactly what you must do with this gay kidding comedy.

Carole's husband, Fred MacMurray, is a poor but honest young lawyer who believes that woman's place is in the home. In one of her efforts to smarten more money into the family budget Carole becomes involved in a murder case, and the circumstantial evidence is so strong against her that she has to plead guilty with a "defending my honor" defense. Having convinced her husband that she really did it he defends her with a clear conscience and she is quickly acquitted.

Aquittal brings fame and fortune to Carole and every thing is beautiful until one day, a slightly psychopathic har-ry named Charley, our own Mr. John Barrymore, resenting Carole's enormous publicity and wealth, arrives at the Bartletts' summer home and tries to ruin everything by confessing that he is the murderer. Well, Carole has to do some fast lying to keep her husband after that, but she's capable of it.

The cast is superb. Una Merkel as Carole's protecting and protesting girl friend is simply grand and adds much to the hysteria. Standing out in small parts are Lynne Overman as a bar tender, Edgar Kennedy as a wainey detective, and Porter Hall as a prosecuting attorney.

HITTING A NEW HIGH
COMEDY IN THE MODERN MANNER--WITH LILY PONS--RKO

AND now it is Lily Pons of the bell-like high notes who goes in for goofy comedy--much to the horror, I am sure, of the music lovers of the old school. But they will forgive her for cavorting around and showing her contours, I am also sure, when they hear her sing so expressively "Fidaniya" from "Mignon," "Saints' Sacrament Nightingale Song," and the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor." And just in case there are people in the audience who don't give a rap for the finer things in music the petite Lily obliges with a couple of popular songs and a swing number.

The story sounds like a little something that was waiting for Wheeler and Woolsey to claim it, it is that daffy. Lily plays a Parisian cabaret girl who is eager to get an audition with the wealthy, and irresponsible, American impresario--adventurer, Lucius B. Blynn, played admirably by Edward Everett Horton. But he had rather go big game hunting in Africa than hear Lily sing, so his press agent, Jack Oakie, perpetuates a gigantic hoax whereby Lily is smuggled into the jungle, dressed in a few feathers, and discovered by Mr. Horton flitting from limb to limb and singing far more beautifully than the birds.

Mr. Horton, who is a pushover for publicity, cages his "bird-girl" and ships her to New York where she becomes an immediate sensation. After much intrigue she is all set to make her operatic debut, but her band-leader boy friend from Paris, John Howard, catches up with her, and all for love she forsakes art and opera for John and swing. Mr. Horton is of course as mad as hell about the whole thing.

WELLS FARGO
A DRAMATIC PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY BECOMES ROMANTIC FILM FARE--Pat.

THE years 1840 to 1870 were the most thrilling and romantic in the history of the West, and it is this period of American history which Producer-director Frank Lloyd brings so magnificently to the screen in his newest picture, which is a "cavalcade of early American transportation."

Beginning in Batavia, New York, which at that time was the western end of the railroad, the story tells how Henry Wells persuaded Ransom Mackay (spaciously played by Joel McCrea), an energetic young employee of his stage and express company to extend the service through the
Hitting you're hold-up necessary handsome looking fascinated work cocky the unwittingly cussed course in McHugh's love the Regis will her of is Fran- Confederate necessary beautiful Submarine fine the thrilling summer Gold laconic St. comedy so swell. his Pons. small good lot "Wells temperamental Parisian Bob our overnight each They with follows ces Porter Burns.

(Above) An illuminating moment from "Hitting a New High," with John Howard and the lovely little singer, Lily Pons. (Below, left) The pioneers in "Wells Fargo" — Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Bob Burns and the newest Forty-niner.

wilderness to St. Louis, and then on and on to San Francisco, which became a city overnight in the throes of a Gold Rush. In St. Louis Joel falls in love with Frances Dee, a beautiful and wealthy Southern girl, and despite her mother's protests she follows him to San Francisco where they are married. When the Civil War breaks out she sympathizes with the South (the with the North). She is unwittingly responsible for the attempted ambushing of his wagon train of gold by the Confederates. They separate and she goes home to her parents.

The cast is of course tremendous, with each one contributing stand-out performances—but especially noteworthy are Bob Burns as a laconic scout, Lloyd Nolan and Porter Hall as hold-up men who become bankers, Mary Nash and Ralph Morgan as Frances' southern parents, and John Mack Brown as a Confederate officer. And right here and now we want to go on record as screaming at the top of our lungs that Frances Dee will be simply perfect as Melanie.

SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST
The Eternal Triangle Again—But With A Light Touch—Columbia

This is the first American picture of the celebrated Luli Deste who is quite pretty, has a charming accent, and best of all a fine sense of comedy. Miss Deste will doubtless click with American audiences.

The story you have seen before under subtle disguises but Miss Deste manages to give it quite a piquant touch. She plays a Parisian fashion designer who comes to New York and rushes right into a marriage with John Boles, a temperamental illustrator. Now it seems that Mr. Boles has a lovely and faithful model (Frances Drake), who has loved him secretly for years and without whom his work goes to pieces. His bride is necessary to his happiness and his model is necessary to his work which is necessary to his happiness.

The last time you saw this it was called "Wife, Doctor and Nurse." Anyway, it is very breezy and amusing, and women in particular will enjoy it. Miss Deste gets off to a good start.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE
Wholesome Entertainment For THE ENTIRE FAMILY—M-G-M

Here another of those little domestic comedy dramas which you so extremely pleasing if you're the family type. Lewis Stone plays a wise and kindly father and his two children, Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker, to Catalina island for a summer vacation. Mickey immediately falls for a pretty little sixteen year old (a newcomer named Eleanor Lynn) who is on the "fast" side, and Cecilia is fascinated by a handsome lifeguard who has a wife in Santa Barbara but who is looking for a little-summer diversion.

Well, you know about adolescent love. The children's parents rescue them in time, quite directly, without destroying their loyalty. Fay Holden and Sara Haden are excellent as the mother and aunt respectively. Ted Pearson is the lifeguard and Ann Rutherford is Mickey's real sweetheart. Mickey Rooney plays Mickey Rooney—and is swell.

SUBMARINE D-1
There's No Football In This Exciting Drama of Navy Life—W. B.

This is a highly instructive and interesting picture which, thanks to Uncle Sam, takes you behind the scenes in the U. S. Navy and gives you a lot of worthwhile information about the least known and most dangerous branch of the Navy. The climax of the picture—the rescue of the men from the submarine which lies helpless on the bottom of the ocean—is so thrilling that it will bring out the goose pimples.

Pat O'Brien plays an ambitious young officer of Submarine D-1 who is in love with Doris Weston. Also, in love with Doris is that handsome Galahad, young Wayne Morris, who plays a cocky gob. Their friendly-enemy rivalry is interspersed by lively patter from Frank McHugh who is sort of the clown of the crew. George Brent is the officer in charge of the ill-fated submarine, and among his men are Regis Toomey and Ronald Reagan. Demi Moore stands out in a small part as McHugh's man-hunting girl friend.

TOVARICH
In Which Some Royal Russian Emigrés Capture Our Hearts—W.B.

At long last now the muchly dis-
cussed "Tovarich" comes to the screen. Claudette Colbert is nothing less than per-

(Continued on page 62)
PROTECT YOUR SKIN
WHILE ENJOYING
WINTER SPORTS

S. ONJA HENIE is going to sell a lot of ski
and skate costumes without knowing it.
For this appealing handful of grace and
vivacity has brought out the skates from
many a closet and chest and made us all
long to cut figures in ice, or ski swiftly from
snow-clad hill like a blue or red bird.
And a grand thing, for too many of us hug
cozy chairs and warm corners at this time
of the year. Frankly, we shump when it
comes to facing snow, ice and wind. The
stumpers miss some very good times and
the finest of beauty treatments. There’s nothing
like real outdoor activity to keep the figure
straight and slim, to force rapid circulation
that clears and revitalizes skin like magic.
So let’s forget comfortable corners and
leave our satin’s and sequins hanging in the
closet. Instead, let’s get some simple out-
door togs and see how we look against the
landscape. A ski-suit, for example, some
stout shoes, woolen socks and one of those
sports hoods that looks like a baby’s bonnet.
I’ll wager you can look just like one of our
magazine covers!
Before I get you outdoors, let me urge
you to protect your skin. This warning is
for all, whether on your way to school,
shopping or business, or when participating
in outdoor winter sports. A little protection,
and you go through the cold season smooth,
silken, sleek. Otherwise, you will know the
hurt of chapped, roughened, cracked skin.
The wise winter girl uses her soap and
water at night followed by a cream cleansing
next morning. The cold-cream soaps
seem especially good. Then, plenty of pro-
tective cream or lotion before make-ups.
Don’t forget your neck, or it will develop
that scaly, dried-skin look. This makes the
skin look shabby and leaves a whitish film
on dark necklines. To do a thorough job,
use your preparation over hands and wrists
and well up the arms, and for real ex-
posure, from ankles up to your thighs. Un-
protected by winter coat or skirt, even if
your play suit is warm, wind whips through
and underskin is very sensitive.
Dorothy Gray makes Blustery Weather
Lotion, and there is also Tussy Wind and
Weather Lotion. Their names tell their
purpose. Both are of the same school, light
lotions, quickly absorbed by skin, grand
for protecting fest, then soothing afterwards.
Germaine Montell’s Beauty Balsam does
a good protective job and so does Sunclayre
Peniston Limer Foundation Enchanted. An-
toine of Paris last year introduced Ski-
Cream, with the sports-girl particularly in
mind, and also gave us Ski-Lipstick, which
combines the qualities of a soothing pom-
ade with brilliant color. These are but a
few of the preparations that will save you.
Any good foundation—the oilier, the better
—will do for skin, and the creamy lipstick
helps prevent chapped lips. If your lip-
stick seems too dry, do this: smooth some cold
cream or petroleum jelly over your lips,
rubbing most of it and then apply an ordinary
lipstick.
If you want to look truly smart for sports,
temper your make-up. Forget your eye
shadow in favor of an exotic pose. In-
stead, use enough protective preparation
for a lustrous look and follow maybe with
just a touch of cream rouge. Wind and cold
will bring up your color. Use a very light
dusting of powder in a warm shade, a brilli-
ant lipstick and a touch of Maybelline or
other cream over the lids to make you look
vivid and young. This cream also protects
the eye skin against squint lines that sun,
glare and wind produce. With this make-
up, you will have that clean, fresh, smart
appearance, exactly right in the great out-
doors.
Smoked or colored glasses are a boon to
the eyes on snowy jaunts and you won’t
catch any of the stars off on snow jaunts to
Sun Valley or other places without them.
Joan Blondell has just bought two new
outfits, one for skiing and one for skating,
and Rose Stradner, the newcomer from
Vienna, is a lover of winter sports. Her pic-
ture illustrates the appeal of a natural ap-
pearance when geared for winter fun. She
looks comfortable, compact, smart. Comfort
is essential. A pantine girdle, for instance,
that stretches all ways with your figure.
This light support gives warmth and does
not restrict you. Woolen socks, because
they’re warm and cushion your feet against
heavier shoes. And that reminds me, be
sure your feet are in good condition, free
of blisters, callouses or rubbed spots. If you
have any foot ailment, step into your near-
est drugstore and see the fine aids Dr. Scholl
and Blue Jay have made for you. Make a
note to remember these names in all foot
emergencies for nothing gets us down like
painful feet.
When you return from your jaunt, cleanse with cream and apply at once your
protective preparation, or any good cream,
this time for soothing. For the snow-burned
skin, and this winter burn is as bad as
that of summer, must be treated much like
that sunburn at the beach last year. If your
eyes smart, use a good eye lotion, or apply
eye cream about them and use eye pads.
Lacking the specially treated ones, pads
of absorbent cotton wrung from witch-hazel
and warm water are good.
Primrose House has a smart idea—a Ski-
Pack, small enough to strap onto your belt.
It contains comb, glasses, a dry skin mix-
ture, to be used before and after, and a
white pomade lipstick and powder. This
kit presumes that you want to look a la
naturelle, in the manner of the Europeans.
They grease their skin heavily and wear
enormous goggles that practically disguise
anyone. Antoine has also picked that Ski
Cream and Ski-Lipstick, already mentioned,
together with a cleansing cream and tissues
in a smart affair that looks like a binocular
case, except it’s in burlap, with rope handle
and is decorated with a bright Salzburg
band. Distinctly new and really something!
I have an idea bright girls will think of
other smart uses for the case when the
snows are gone. It’s that good looking.
If you follow some of these ideas, you’ll
come out of winter on top with a good skin,
a fine figure and, generally, in the pink,
instead of at the bottom where we homemak-
ernaturally land, needing some good exercises
and a course of face treatments to get us
ready for a spring wardrobe!
This New Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"
Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

"Smooths lines out marvellously—makes texture seem finer."
Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!
Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr., famous for her beauty here and abroad, "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.

"Sends for the new cream! Test it in 9 TREATMENTS"

Pond's, Dept. 788, 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 10 cents to cover postage and packing.

Name:
Street:
City State:

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FAMOUS OLD SOUTHERN RECIPES
By Ruth Corbin
(All Recipes Pre-Tested)

THE South is justly famous for its fine cooking. Nowhere is it possible to find such temptingly prepared, uniquely flavorful food. The recipes given here have in many cases, never appeared in print before. All of them are old southern standbys which have withstood the test of time. You will notice that in many of the recipes sherry wine is used for seasoning. It is, perhaps, a small part of the secret southern cooks have learned to make their dishes a taste sensation.

GUMBO
2 cups tomatoes
2 cups boiling water
2 cups finely cut okra
1/2 teaspoon celery seed or 1 cup chopped celery
2 cups chopped green peppers
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons chopped onion
Salt and pepper to taste

Fry onions in melted butter until a golden brown; add tomatoes, okra and hot water; season to taste. Cook until quite thick. Serve with boiled rice. By substituting 1 cup of corn, preferably green, 1 bay leaf and 1 tablespoon of flour powder for onions and green pepper, and adding a young chicken cut for frying this Southern Gumbo can be converted into Chicken Gumbo.

VEGETABLE BOUILLON
This was General Robert E. Lee's favorite soup. The recipe has been in my family since before the Civil War. Put 4 cups tomatoes in a saucepan with 2 cups of water. Add 1 stalk celery, 2 carrots, 1/2 a green pepper, all chopped; 2 sprigs parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoon onion juice, salt and pepper to taste and let boil for 90 minutes. Strain. Add 1 wineglass of sherry wine and serve piping hot.

BRUNSWICK STEW
1 frying chicken
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 No. 2 can cream style corn
1/2 cup bread crumbs
2 onions
1/2 cup sherry wine
1/2 cup okra, cut
1 cup or 1 pound fresh lima beans

Brown onion in 2 tablespoons bacon grease; add chicken, cut into pieces and seasoned with salt and pepper. When chicken is done pour off grease and put chicken and onions in a Dutch oven or a heavy aluminum saucepan. Add 3 cups water, tomatoes, sherry and 2 tablespoons Worchesterhire Sauce. Cook slowly over low flame for 3/4 an hour, then add lima beans, okra and corn. Simmer 1 hour. Then add a tablespoons chopped onions, salt and pepper and cook half an hour longer. This is a complete meal in itself. Poor man's Brunswick stew is easier to make. It is flavorful but not so tasty as above. It is made by cooking together 1 pound chopped meat—beef or veal or half and half—1 can tomatoes, 1 cup corn, 1/2 cup okra, water, which must be replenished from time to time, and salt and pepper for an hour or longer.

CHESAPEAKE OYSTER LOAF
Cut off top crust of a loaf of bread, thick enough to use as a cover, and scoop out inside. Butter 1/3 of scooped out portion and toast in oven. Fry 2 dozen oysters in butter, add 1/2 cup cream, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, salt, pepper, 2 drops tabasco sauce and toasted bread. Fill hollowed loaf with mixture, cover with top crust and bake 20 minutes, basting frequently. See recipe for oysters. Slice and serve hot.

TRIPE A LA CREOLE
Fry 2 tablespoons onion in 2 tablespoons butter. When cooked, add scant cup finely chopped green pepper, a little garlic, 1/4 cup strained tomatoes, a few chopped mushrooms, and 1/4 cup stock. Into this, when heated, put boiled rice. Add 1/2 tablespoon flour, to thicken, and salt and pepper to taste.

CRACKING BREAD
Sift 3 cups water-ground meal and pour over it 2 cups boiling water. Mix till smooth then add 2 eggs, beating them in. Mix 1/2 teaspoon soda in little cold water and add; then add pinch salt, 1 cup sour milk and 1 cup cracklings. If cooked in a pan and then cut in squares, batter should be consistency of cake batter. If made in pones, the best way, it should be thicker. Either

[Continued on page 62]
Foolish words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that sureness of yourself, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

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3—Penetration... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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Southern Recipes

[Continued from page 60]

way it is baked to a thick brown crust.

**VIRGINIA SPONGE BREAD**

Sift 2 cups water-ground meal and pour over it 3 cups boiling water; mix until free from lumps. Add 3 large tablespoons butter, melted, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Thin with 11/4 cups milk. Separate 3 eggs, beat until light, add yolks, then whites. Pour into a buttered pyrex dish and bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 30 minutes.

**HOPPING JOHN**

Take equal parts rice and old-fashioned cow peas, boil together until done, (about 1 hour) with a piece of bacon the size of your hand and, if desired, a pool of red pepper with seeds removed. This is a famous and popular South Carolina dish.

**POT LIKKER**

This good old southern standby was made famous by the late Senator Huey Long. It consists of water in which turnip or other hard greens have been cooked. The greens are thoroughly washed, placed in a pot and covered with water. They are seasoned with salt and pepper and a good sized piece of salt pork added to the whole being boiled until greens are tender. Remove greens and meat and the succulent "soup" remaining in "Pot Likker." It is always eaten with corn bread, made as follows.

**CORN PONE AND HOE CAKE**

They really are only different in the way they are cooked. Sift desired amount of water-ground meal into a mixing bowl and pour over it cobalt cold water to form meal. Season with salt, add about 1 tablespoon shortening and enough cold water to make a rather stiff dough. Pones are shaped with hands in an egg shaped style and baked on a hot griddle in a hot oven until a golden brown. When done they should have a thick crust and be about 1/2 inches thick. Hoe cakes are also sliced into pones, clapped on a hot griddle and flattened out like a cake to a thickness of about 1/2 an inch. Cooked on top of stone, they are browned on the down side then turned and browned on other side. Corn bread in its various forms has been used in the South since Colonial days.

**GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING**

Grate needed amount of raw sweet potatoes, about 3 for average pyrex dish, sweeten to taste with sugar and about 1/2 cup red label Karo syrup. Add 3 well beaten eggs, 1/3 cup flour, a little salt, butter size of an egg, vanilla and nutmeg. Mix all together finely and bake, stirring once or twice as it browns so it will be cooked through, then allow to brown evenly on top. May be served hot or cold his nice hot. The sauce is made of water, sugar, butter, flavored with nutmeg and cooked until slightly thickened, must be served hot.

**MINT JULEP**

No list of southern recipes would be complete without one for the famous and traditional Mint Julep. Have a thin tumbler very dry and warm. Put a few sprigs of mint into tumbler with a tablespoon of sugar and fill glass 1/3 full of brandy or rye. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then fill tumbler with shaved ice. Put several sprigs of mint into tumbler and serve when glass frosts on outside. It is improved by shaking a little run on top of ice before serving.

Charles Winninger, the country doctor of "Nothing Sacred," whose mistake doomed Carole Lombard and started the comedy.

Reviews of Pictures

[Continued from page 57]

fiction itself as the gay, irresponsible Grand Duchess Tatiana who can be as imperial as hell one minute and bilibely switch appetizers for dinner the next.

The romantic Charles Boyer plays Her Highness' husband and the story goes on to relate how these two delightfully mad emigres eventually take jobs as servants in the Paris home of the nouveau riche Duponts, where they are having a merry time of it washing dishes and teaching the younger Duponts how to play poker, until one evening they encounter their old enemy of the Revolution, Comtesse Gorochenko is excellently played by Basil Rathbone.

Melvile Cooper and Isabel Jeans are priceless as the screwy Duponts who adore their snooty Russian servants. Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy are the snobbish children who go Russian in a big way. It's directed by Anatole Litvak and handsomely produced, and Warner Brothers can take a deep bow.

NOTHING SACRED

Spoofing The World We Live In With Hilarious Results—UA

If IT'S laughs you want, here they are, 4 hundreds of them. In Ben Hecht's devastating satire on journalism and New York bookies, nothing is sacred, not even death.

Carole Lombard, the gal who knows how to put away fast comedy with a sock-o, plays a poor little factory girl in Ver- mont who is supposed to be dying gradually of incurable radium poisoning. But she learns from the town's doctor, Charles Winninger, that his diagnosis was incorrect (the good doctor had been tippling a bit that day).

However, when Freddie March, a star reporter from a New York daily breezes into the village to offer her one last fling in the big city before she dies, as guest of the Morning Star (a circulation builder-upper to be sure) Carole, who loves a good time and can't resist the temptation, ac-

cepts his offer and falls to mention that she hasn't got radium poisoning after all.

Contributing greatly to the madness are Walter Connolly as the publisher of the Morning Star, Frank Fay as a master of ceremonies, Maxie Rosenbaum as a dapper Olin Howland and Margaret Hamilton as village types, and Sig Ruman as a doctor from Vienna. It's all done in technicolor and the shots of New York are something to take your breath away.

62
THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light. SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

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Luxor Powder is Light-Proof. If you use it, your face won't shine. We will send you a box FREE to prove it.

• At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glint in every strong light. Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

Seeing is believing

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run this risk with Luxor. We will give you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance—in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

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Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores. Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip and mail the coupon below.

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State


Silver Screen 63
Snapping at the Stars

[Continued from page 19]

Hall spells his first name without the "h" because when making out his contract Goldwyn forgot to spell John!

Not since "The Charleston" has as mad a dance struck the mood of American dancers as completely as "Big Apple."

In the old days of Alice Faye's Broadway life, she was a constant El Morocco visitor: usually, those days, she was with Rudy Vallee. Now in her rarest infrequent trips to New York she makes it her first port of call. I've pictured her in the room of celebrities where the walls are paneled with photos of the great and near great who come to this famous night club. She was with her lawyer, but wanted to be taken alone. Of course, I don't know, and I didn't ask. The rather surmise she felt a photo with the lawyer would be a little too business-like, especially in view of the disquieting rumors about her marriage to Tony Martin. Alice is a grand, natural girl and everyone is devoted to her.

The Impatient Lovers

[Continued from page 51]

corner and lighted a cigarette. All the tiger woman in Goldie was roused. Barbara, beside her, sneaked up behind that sinister figure, a discarded length of two-by-four timber in the club connected with the unsuspecting man's skull and he dropped.

They gave a horrified look at the pros- trated man. Goldie yelled again, "Oh, my gosh, that ain't the Hawk. That's only the actor that plays the Hawk in the story!"

Barbara was trying to learn more.

"Michael!" she screamed and raced back to his office to warn him. But Michael had left his office. She learned he had gone to consult Wells, the head of Wonder Films. She sped after him.

The door to Wells'. private office was closed. When Barbara knocked there was a long pause and finally Michael's voice bade her enter. When she got inside she saw that in part, at least, her fears were realized. "The Hawk already had been there. Hugo Wells lay bleeding on the floor. Michael stood a prisoner, watched by Al who held a wicked automatic in his hand. Now Barbara was in the list of prisoners. As soon as the Hawk was somewhere out on the lot, looking for Peyton, the bank president, and his detective. With a desperate snarl Barbara melted into Michael's arms. They clung together waiting the final blow of fate.

On Stage 9, while Barbara and Michael and Wells were held prisoners the camera was ready to grind the last shot in "The Trail of the Hawk." The actors had taken their places on the set. Through the arch of a double door the Hawk would make his entrance. They would leap upon him, overpower him and toss him through a window of the set, presumably to be dashed to pieces in the street far below. Everything was ready, or the director supposed it was. Everything including Darcy, the actor who played the Hawk, Silence Lights, Turn 'em over!

At that moment there prowled through the jumble of sets on Stage 9 a figure who was not pretender but an actual figure. He would have waked chills of terror in the breast of Goldie or Herman Tibbets, if either had been there to see. It was the Hawk himself.

Rampaging through the intricacies of Wonder Studios, bent upon vengeance, the Hawk had lost his way. Now he saw some far oil lights and began to move toward them, hoping to spy an exit. He carried a gun in his hand because he didn't like the scary shadows of the big, silent stage. He walked furtively, on tip-toe, because that was his way when keyed up.

The lights were just ahead now, shining through an arched door. The Hawk did not hear the grinding of cameras, because sound cameras made no noise. All he was aware of was a door and the possibility of exit from this labyrinth of phony rooms.

Furtively he dodged through the door. Then the entire building seemed to fall upon him. A small mob of movie actors, keyed up to the big final scene of Michael's story went over the Hawk like a rod roller. The gun was knocked from his hand. Breath was knocked out of him. Finally, the crowning outrage, he was picked up by arms and tossed through a window. And the fact that the window was only scenery and that he fit on a convenient mattress placed just outside, did not do the Hawk any good. He was in a condition where a mere child could handle him. The police who arrived a minute later found his capture no trouble at all.

Meantime, in Hugo Wells' office, Barbara raised tear-misted eyes to Michael. If they were to die, let them die together. If it was jail for Michael, let her go with him. Whatever it was, it must be she and Michael forever after, for only in Michael's arms could she be happy!

And it was in Michael's arms that news of the Hawk's ignoble finish reached her. Hugo Wells was delighted. Everybody was delighted. Michael's second film would be a success even greater than his first. They all agreed that the performance given by the real Hawk was superb. And in the midst of everything Barbara set about planning her marriage to the innocent cause of all this exciting melodrama.

CAST

Michael Winslow ..... Lee Tracy
Barbara Lang ..... Joan Woodbury
Herman Tibbets ..... Paul Guilfoyle
Goldie Tibbets ..... Lee Patrick
Hugo Wells ..... Richard Lane
The Hawk ..... Bradley Page
Thomas Percy ..... Al
Dickson ..... Tom Kennedy
Alexander Peyton ..... Jack Carson
Robert Decker ..... George Irving
Mrs. Armstrong ..... Grace Cunard
Mr. Crisby ..... James Conlin
Miss Meggs ..... Maxine Jennings
Jove ..... Cecil Kellaway

Kenny Baker, the radio tenor, has the romantic lead in "The Goldwyn Follies."
Fun To Be With

[Continued from page 55]

to film. He said he wanted the role because he had been a forest ranger one summer during his vacation from college . . . and knew the life.

Too, he told me the whole story of his "discovery" at the Pasadena Playhouse . . . of his whirlwind signature on the Warner Brothers' contract . . . of his tremendous role in "China Clipper," in which he spoke only the two words, "Hello, Bill!" . . . of his insignificant part in "King of Hockey" . . . all about his first big role as co-star with Pat O'Brien in "Don't Pull Your Punches" (which still is on the shelf) . . . and, finally, of his sudden and breathtaking success as "Kid Galahad."

He explained that he was glad he had selected the Coconut Grove for our dinner and dancing because a clause in his contract would not allow him to be seen in "night clubs" such as the Tropicana, Clover Club, Famous Door, Swing Club, Beachcomber's Bar, or other similar film colony spots.

When I asked the reason for this, Wayne told me:
"Well, you see, I'm 'Galahad' as far as the public is concerned, and 'Galahad' was supposed to have been 'pure of heart' and all that. So, the studio figured that I should stay out of bars and night clubs. They'll let me go to the Grove or to the Brown Derby, Cafe LaMaze, Vendome, Al Lows, the Biltmore Bowl and other places like those . . . but no spot that is classed as a nightclub."

We went downstairs to the cocktail lounge to wait for Gertrude, who was appearing in her regular radio show that night.

Wayne ordered coca cola and I blinked. Could I believe my ears? A Hollywood actor drinking a soda fountain beverage? I had become so accustomed to having my actor friends urge me to hop off my own coca cola "wagon," that Wayne's order flabbergasted me.

When I echoed his order, he said: "Please have something else, won't you? The studio won't let me drink hard liquor, but if you drink coca cola too, everybody will think we're a couple of sissies!"

Gertrude and Craig came in at about 8 o'clock and we all went over to the Coconut Grove for dinner. On the way over, Wayne told me:
"You're going to be sorry you ever went out with me . . . because I'm the world's funniest dancer!" I opined that I would judge for myself.

Inside the Grove, no sooner had we ordered our dinner than Wayne asked me if I would like to dance. Insofar as dancing always has appealed to me more than the habit of eating, I nodded and we walked out onto the dance floor. Mentally, I was wondering just how much damage he would do to my trailing evening gown with those size 12's of his . . . but I was game to try it once.

I remember that George Olsen's orchestra was playing a medley of old favorite tunes, "Stormy Weather," "Stardust" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." And Wayne started to sing, I am only five feet tall with my high heels on, and he is well over six feet—so he had to unbind considerably to sing into my ear!

His voice was soft and sweet . . . a nice
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Sally Eilers and Preston Foster on the sidelines of "Easy Millions" set. They head the cast.

Getting Warmer!

[Continued from page 27]

stunning films that are turned out by the studios today—it was definitely quaint in its handling of that old theme sex. Those were the Femme Fatale days, when the ordinary relationships between boy and girl were considered worthy of notice. Sex, with a capital S, was personified in the vampire and Miss Bara was the embodiment of the temptress who led men on to sin and perdition.

There may have been a time when her attitude-causing pulses to beat faster but it is definitely past. Watching her now, coyly letting a shoulder strap slip down, exposing a few inches of flesh or gingerly pulling off one of those instruments of the devil—a cigarette—you'd be certain to find a remarkably vivid personality and a good actress, but the rules of behavior which she portrayed are as dead as the dodo.

Now you will find Loretta Young, Myrna Loy or Janet Gaynor quite happy to play a wife rather than a siren. They do not have to depend on the "props" of physical attraction, as Miss Bara did, in putting over her sultry sex appeal. They are content to demonstrate that physical attraction can and does exist even in the most common relationships that a man and woman can enter into—marriage. They not only smoke, but they take a drink if they feel like it, without being labelled fallen women. Sometimes they do crazier things on the screen than you, your wife or sister might do, but they stay within definite bounds.

Those bounds have gone through a lot of changes since Miss Bara slipped her shoulder strap. Right after the war, Holly-

wood let its hair down in no uncertain fashion, both in the films turned out and in the private lives of the people who made and appeared in pictures. It was a natural reaction, but one which was stopped short when Will Hays became the "czar" of movies in 1922. Back to earth, the screen went about holding the mirror up to manners and morals.

The vampire was followed by the flapper and in turn was followed by the "It" girl made famous by Clara Bow. Romance remained a hectic business, even with the sophisticated touches that Gloria Swanson gave it. On the male side, Rudolph Valen-
tino was the beau ideal to set feminine hearts aflutter. It was the jazz era and it had a jazzy accompaniment on the screen. There were Westerns, too, the Mary Pickford films, the swash-buckling adventure tales of Douglas Fairbanks and the great comedies of Charlie Chaplin, but the films that dealt with everyday experience reflected a rather frenzied point of view.

I wouldn't insist that the twenties were given a completely faithful portrait by the

screen. Such a film as "The Sheik" was nine-tenths fairy tale, but even so it suggested that romance involved a grand passion that was pretty unattainable by most mortals. In the same way, the early gangster pictures had an unfortunate tendency to glorify the rats who waxed fat on the spoils of prohibition, but they did show that the "noble experiment" of the 18th amendment had fostered a high disregard for law and order. Certainly if I were writing a history of the period, I would study the films it produced with the utmost care.

The coming of sound had its headaches for the movies, but it did wonders in mak-
ing them better able to reflect the American scene. Having people talk made them infinitely more real. The realer they became, the more they had to behave and react the way people you and I knew. Even the concentration on sex with a capital S could be forgotten while the screen really started to explore the life, manners and aspirations of Americans. Meanwhile the depression forced people to adopt new values of living and now they are blossoming forth in the current Hollywood offerings.

"There isn't any fundamental change in human relationships as the screen shows them," according to one of the finest veteran actors in Hollywood, William Powell. "It's only that Hollywood has caught up to a curious shift in emphasis on these relationships."

The actor had been asked point-blank about the success of "The Thin Man" and the cycle of deft, amusing comedies it started. This business of switching the whole point of a film from "they married and lived happily ever after" to "they were married in the first place and here's how gaily they lived" seemed to me to be a daring departure in the conception of plots.

"If an audience doesn't like a picture, it's the actor's fault," said Mr. Powell, "All we players can do in the long run is to recreate experience for spectators. There has been a big change in technique since I started acting—it has been all to the good. Give film-goers the credit for getting plots down off the stage. It is because they were ready and eager to accept a new attitude about love, marriage and daily living that they are able to win their sympathy and applause."

He would be the first to agree that the screen's rules of behavior follow those adopted by the public generally. If you stop and consider, a film making marriage a swell, exciting adventure in living would have seemed as quaint to the audiences that watched Theda Bara, Clara Bow or Rudolph Valentino as the pictures they appeared in would seem to us today.

It was the crucible of the depression that prepared us to accept the drama of everyday living and be moved and amused by its small triumphs and tragedies. It was because a husband and wife met reverses with chins up and even gaily that Mr. and Mrs. have taken their place as some of the most engaging characters of the screen. Not only in the comedies that "The Thin Man" inspired down to the wise and witty "The Awful Truth," has this splendid salute to marriage broken through onto the screen. It took tragic, but no less compelling form in "A Star Is Born."

It is no prissy conception of wedlock that is reflected on the screen. Pictures are not

---

**I’m “Stepping Out” Tonight!**

**So I’m Bathing with Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap... It’s the Lovelier Way to Avoid Offending!**

Whenever I’m going out with Bob, I always bathe with Cashmere Bouquet...THE PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS A GIRL’S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

Now let’s see her through Bob’s eyes!

You’re so sweet, Shirley! Just like a lovely fragrant flower!

It’s wonderful how all evening long, Cashmere Bouquets lingering perfume keeps a girl so sure of her daintiness!

**Protects Complexions, Too!**

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

Now only 10¢

All drug, department, ten-cent stores.

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

---

In "Scandal Street," Virginia Weidler will wear a few curls, if the darn thing works.
Each Fated for 2 Colds This Year!

According to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year. The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you’re nursing a cold—see a doctor! Caring 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. Moreover, 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 its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps to keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

1—TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
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Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist’s. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature Forgets—Remember

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Name__________________________

City__________________________

Age____________

State________________________

Silver Screen

middle twenties and you will see all the reckless activity of the speakeasy era reflected in sequence after sequence. Gin and jazz were mixed together in more than one screen cocktail.

As a sequel, there was a short period when a lot of people seemed intent on drinking everything within reach. In a fierce reaction against the hypocrisy of prohibition, there were probably considerable excesses along the lines of imbibing. Even with an ever-watchful censorship, these excesses found their way into films and audiences were shown a variety of ways of getting bloated.

We have gone by that period now and nowhere is it more evident than in the shows you see. Drinking is taken as a matter of course today, much as sex is. Occasionally a star will get high in the course of a plot, but it is the way in which any one of us might drink to relax from great emotional strain. We have adopted an intelligent, mature attitude about drinking and the screen has made it one of its rules of conduct.

Add all of the foregoing together and if I am right, you have Hollywood giving us the real low-down on themselves. The things a man or woman live by are always more or less vague and you change from year to year as imperceptibly as a person whom you see constantly. It is for this reason that you may get an added thrill out of the picture you see today, if you watch with a view to reading the different forms of human behavior. For it is you and all of us who have brought this particular behavior into being.

Censor authorities were nary a cry from the scoundrel of the early films, about to attack an innocent girl, to the amusing yarn and take between Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland in the recent “It’s Love I’m After.” Trying to make her fall out of love with him, you may remember, he steals into her bedroom and threatens her with “a fate worse than death.” Whereupon she flings herself into his arms in one of the most comical situations of the season.

As one who misses very few films in the course of a year, I should say that they are reflecting a rather splendid way of living in this country of ours. Sex is no longer something to be concealed at in immensities, but to be treated lightly and even gaily as an important part of existence. Marital life may be less secure than it once was, but it is far more of a real relationship and has enormous possibilities for excitement and fun.

It is my hunch that a long battle to evolve a new code of conduct has been won by the American people. We have gone through difficult eras of transition since the war, but there is something substantial about human relationships today. The screen has missed very little of the shifting points of view which have accompanied the transitions. Even now we are seeing the things we stand for—and the things that make us Americans.

The Aquitania came up the bay with more swank than usual, and there, were Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCullough!
One of the oldest cliches about mistakes is that one profits by them. But does Hollywood? M.G.M. cast Myrna Loy in siren roles for years before it tapped the undiscovered gold in her "Mrs. Miniver" characterization. Yet, with that glaring example as a warning, Paramount continues to cast Gail Patrick as a villainess, even though in reality Miss Patrick is Mrs. Miniver. In the flesh—witty, charming and gay Ambassador can't forget that she came to Hollywood as winner of a Panther Woman contest, evidently.

Miscasting probably has a dozen embryo Lombards and Gables under cover in Hollywood. Carole, as you will remember, was feminine foil for the horse operas before her bosses found out she could make people laugh; handsome Mr. Gable got his start in films as a "heavy." You can forgive the producers for these cases of belated discovery; but why should a studio hire Gladys George because of a swell performance in a farce comedy, "Personal Appearance," and then put her to work in "Madame X"?

The most recent instance of talent-blindness in this town of chronic bad eyeglasses was that of Marjorie Weaver. Warner Brothers first placed this fresh-faced young lady from Louisville under contract when she won a beauty contest, used her in colorless bit parts for six months, then dismissed her with the brutal advice that she would better go home to mammy. She wasn't good enough, they told her, for westerns.

Marjorie dabbed a little powder on her tear-reddened nose, went over to see Darryl Zanuck at Fox Twenty-Third Century, and got herself another job. Now, with her delightfully straightforward performance in "Second Honeymoon" the suspicion of the

Mae West radiates pre-war glamour. Her new picture is "Every Day's A Holiday."

moment she is stepping into a featured role in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and is being groomed for stardom.

It's all a matter of guesswork. Fred Astaire made the rounds of the studios, testing and re-testing: played a small part in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady" without attracting authoritative notice, was ready to leave Hollywood whipped when RKO hit upon the lucky formula of Astaire plus Ginger Rogers, plus dancing rhythms. Paramount's test files to this day contain a little white card reading: "Astaire, Fred, Bald, not much voice, dances fairly well." What was that gross again on "Shall We Dance?"

Paramount covered its losses on Astaire no doubt, by guesssing tight on Crosby. They were taking a chance on Bing, for an executive of the J. Walter Thompson advertising company still cherishes a letter from an Oldsmobile company official demanding that he deliver Crosby from the Paul Whiteman radio show "or else." Crosby's crooning reminded that early sponsor of the morning of a cow, but no blue-ribbon dairy champion ever paid such profits.

It was Paramount, too, which won by a long shot with Martha Raye. The little gal with the big mouth was singing, practically for her supper, in a second-rate night club when studio scouts picked her up as a possible foil for the newest Paramount "find," Bob Burns. Burns has still to click as a film personality, but the "Oh, Boy" girl is worth her weight in gold at the box office.

There are other stories which are Hollywood folklore: How Eddie Cantor wired George White six years ago from the wilds of Pittsburgh to say that, in his opinion, the future of ceremonies at the Pittsburgh theatre was a sure fire bet for a juvenile leading man, how White wired back that he could get juveniles for ten cents a part, and how the laugh was on him, for this particular one was Dick Powell.

How Nelson Eddy sat around for two years at M.G.M. before he was able to get before a camera.

Eleanor Powell's signature graced a Fox contract for months, but Eleanor appeared in only one picture at the studio, an insignificant part in "George White's Scandals." The man whom cellobromade famous has nothing on Hollywood.

No man thrills to the touch of Chapped Hands

Hinds is extra-creamy, extra-soothing cream, chapped hands. And now it contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs! Used faithfully, Hinds gives you soft Honeymoon Hands!

Honeymoon Hands!
denence course taken in history. Mathematics threw him completely. He likes to do nothing for himself, and the Eddy house was quite surprised at long ago to find him putting away the laundry. He adores his sheepdog. Shela, given him by Jeanette Stiebel, is away immaculate, meticulously so, and one of the earliest risers in Hollywood. When he was working in an advertising agency he dis-liked to knock for drawing and ever since then the Eddy letters are usually illustrated with highly comical cartoons.

He never mentions it, but a little thing that occurred at the Metro studio several years ago must have been very soul-satisfy- ing. After he was signed by Metro he did not work in a picture for a long time, as you know. During this long wait he gave a concert down in Los Angeles and gen- erously passed around tickets to the Philharmonic Auditorium right and left all over the studio. Nobody from the studio went, neither the biggies nor the little people. So the next year when Nelson ap- peared in concert in Los Angeles he did not give out free passes. But in the mean- time "Naughty Marietta" had clicked and everybody in the studio decided to vend Nelson's concert. But there wasn't a ticket to be had, free or otherwise.

Metro's greatest singing star was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on a certain June 29th, and he had the good luck to be born into a musical family. His mother was a soloist in the Church of Transfigura- tion in Providence and his father sang bass in the Universalist Church choir in the same city. At the age of ten Nelson himself became the soprano soloist in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, and later in Grace Church. Not long ago he received a letter from "Ma" Kelly, the choir mother of the church, in which she joked about all the troubles she had had with him. "I never could keep your hair brushed," she wrote, "because you had a cow-lip." At All Saints Church in the same city, when he was about fourteen, his beautiful soprano voice went cracking one evening into a half-way falsetto. Nelson Eddy was no longer a boy soprano.

Grandfather Eddy was bass drummer with Reeves American band and he beat the same huge drum the same big stick for fifty-five years. He played at Brown University's commencement exercises for half a century. Nelson's father, William Darius Eddy, a mechanical engineer, picked up bass drum playing and later became drum major with the First Regimental Band of the Rhode Island National Guard. "He used to take me along when the band went to encampments at Fort Bragg," says Nelson, "I was the band mascot, which was a grand thing for a small boy, excepting that there was a catch to it. The mascot had to wash the mess dishes of the band. That was my taste of army life, but at least I learned much. After I turned out to be a pretty good drum player." He later played a drum in the school orchestra, and still later in a dance orchestra, when he needed the money.

Nelson was nicknamed "Brick-top" by his school chums, and his boyhood was more or less uneventful up until 1915, the year he graduated from grammar school. During this time of his life his mother and father decided to divorce and Nelson, instinctively and naturally, went with his mother. "Two things they could agree on, "he says of them, "who just couldn't get along, temperamentally.

School days were over for Nelson, who, at the age of fourteen, now had to make his own living in the world, and after the divorce he and his mother departed for Philadelphia where she went to work at the University of Pennsylvania and Nelson got a job as telephone operator at the Mott Iron Works, but when Nelson was pro-moted to shipping clerk at twelve dollars a week he and his mother could hardly make ends meet.

He got "fed up" with his job there after a year and decided that he wanted to be a newspaper man. After two weeks of haunt- ing the newspaper offices he was hired as night clerk on the Philadelphia Press at eight dollars a week. "Although the work was at night, I could study by day and I kept on with my reading and my correspond-ence course," says Nelson. "A reporter friend of mine showed me how to write obituary notices and I started my journalism career by writing death notices in my spare time. I paid half space rates on them, which swelled my salary a little."

Then I began hounding the city editor for a job as a reporter. The work fascinated me. But the Press knew I was only sixteen and said I was too young to send on assign- ments. The only thing to do was to find a job on another paper." From the Press he went to the Evening Public Ledger, and from there to the Evening Bulletin. On the Bulletin he went right into the fire, a full fledged reporter. He reported everything from murders and sudden death to major league baseball.

He left the Bulletin to become a make-up man and copy writer for the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency. Ever since his voice had cracked in the choir of Grace Church, Nelson had given up singing and thought very little about it, so engrossed was he in the business of making a living for his mother and himself. But now with more money and more leisure he began to be conscious of his voice once more. He couldn't afford a teacher so he would buy phonograph records and learn the songs from them, and to amuse his friends would sing duets with the records.

Then one day a friend told him that he had arranged a meeting with David Bis- plum, the great American baritone of his time. Mr. Bispilum took an interest in "the
singing reporter" and shortly after their meeting Nelson began his singing lessons. Har- 
dly had the lessons started when Bis-
phano died. But in that year January, 1922, a social musical play, "The Marriage Tax," 
was produced at the Academy of Music in 
Philadelphia and Nelson was given the 
role of the King of Greece, and made such 
a hit that the next morning everyone in 
Philadelphia practically wanted to know 
the name of the King of Greece. Alexander 
Smalley, conductor of the Philadelphia 
Civic Opera Company, took notice of the 
Eddy voice and it was under this great 
conductor that Nelson made his next for-
ward stride. His career began in earnest. 
It was in this company that Nelson met 
Dr. Edouard Lippe, himself a singer of 
note, who later became Nelson's singing 
teacher and closest friend. "A few years 
later it was my faith in Lippe's judgment 
that actually brought him to Hollywood, 
where he now teaches other singers than 
myself," Nelson says. "At that time I was 
learning film work preparatory to starting 
my career and I suddenly felt that some-
thing was wrong with my voice. I wired 
for Lippe and he came straight to me and 
has remained here ever since. I am thank-
ful that I frequently have a feeling that 
something is happening to my voice. 
Because of that I keep working constantly. 
A singer can never stop learning and 

cost."

It was Lippe who advised Nelson to go 
to the great William W. Vilonat, the 
master who had been Lippe's teacher in 
Europe. And Vilonat, after listening to Nelson, pro-
ceeded to map out his life for him. He must 
study in Europe. "But I have no money," 
moaned Nelson. "You must borrow on 
your future," said Vilonat. After months of 
hard study in Dresden, and with his 
borrowed money running low, Nelson Eddy, 
now a trained singer, returned to the land 
of his birth and eagerly seized the first 
opportunity that presented itself. In 1924 
he made his debut in professional grand 
opera when he sang the part of Tito in 
"Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera 
House with the Philadelphia Opera Com-
pány. The concert field appealed to him 
and he made his first formal recital in 
Philadelphia in 1928. Since then he has 
sung everywhere, in cities large and small, 
in school houses as well as great audi-
toriums. To young singers he says, "Never 
turn down a chance to sing." Then one 
evening in the spring of 1923, he sang in 
Los Angeles and stepped right smack into 
a movie career. I'm telling you. 
"He can't have much fun," people say of 
Nelson Eddy. "He works too hard."

But evidently Nelson Eddy thinks differ-
ently because he never misses an oppor-
tunity to say, "As long as I can sing I am 
happy. And because nature gave me a good 
voice and hard work developed it, I am not 
afraid to sing; so I consider myself the 
happiest man in the world." As the popular 
song goes, there's a song in his heart.

Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast 
who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group 
of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, 
the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night. . . .

They have discovered the new

**SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP**

by Elizabeth Arden

A complete line of preparations are available 
for professional—and taking a hint from the 
stars—for private use too. They are priced at 
a dollar ($1.00) each, and sold by exclusive 
Elizabeth Arden distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" 5-3, 
containing procedure of make-up application 
for effective use, may be obtained by writing 
Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5333 Sunset 
Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Silver Screen 71
How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON’T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?  YES       NO

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don’t show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

OILY SKIN?  YES       NO

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

DRY SKIN?  YES       NO

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of dry skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?  YES       NO

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

TINY LINES?  YES       NO

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?  YES       NO

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here’s how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads   Dry Skin   Oily Skin
Coarse Pores   Tiny Lines   Poor Color

Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name  Address
City  State
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

The Singing Colonel

(Continued from page 34)

On her paternal side the family originated in North Carolina, dating back to the middle of the Seventeenth Century. There were the Moores, Martins, Carvers and Swedes, many of whom held responsible positions in both State and National Governments and many another received recognition for his services in the numerous conflicts in the establishment of our government.

Her mother, being Miss “Tessie” Stokely of Newport, Tennessee, and a debutee of her day, is a product of the Stokelys, Hill, Jones and Nichols families of Tennessee, and likewise brought to her daughter a heritage of religious and patriotic devotion.

With such a heritage, coupled with the inspiration of the picturesque community and adjacent country, with the added advantages of travel and a finishing school there can be no doubt but that Grace did have a fitting and proper background to take her place in the stellar firmaments. She is the second child of a family of five. She has an older brother, Martin, and two younger brothers; Richard (Dick) and Jim, and a younger sister Emily, who is now Mrs. Tom Mahan.

Though her achievements belong primarily to herself she is the owner of a happy and cultured background. Contrary to the impression often conveyed by uninformed and casual writers, Jellico—where she was reared—is not a village of “white trash,” “Georgia crackers” or “clay eaters,” but a thriving town of many highly educated and cultured people, even if the mining operations do require the services of a goodly proportion of rugged hucksters. Jellico is in Tennessee, seventy miles north of Knoxville, just below the Kentucky line on the new main highway from Cincinnati to Knoxville, and it is here that Grace frequently returns to find new inspiration. Here she finds friends, and families that make seasonal trips to New York and Florida, travel abroad and send their children to fashionable schools in the same manner as did the Moores.

Perhaps the outstanding memories of her early days are those centered around the First Baptist Church where she led a children’s choir, taught a Sunday-School and presided at meetings of the Baptists’ Young People’s Union and sang in the choir, with the renowned Homer Roddeyher wielding the baton.

Grace always loved the mountains. And when she visits Jellico she never fails to drive over familiar roads to the same picnic grounds where she used to pilot the family car loaded with the children of her Sunday-School class.

After completion of her early schooling Miss Moore was educated at Ward-Belmont School for Girls, an exclusive finishing school in Nashville, and at Wilson-Green Music School in Cherry Chase, near Washington, D. C. It was from the latter school that, as an impulsive girl, she ran away, soon to make her name a byword in the realm of music. While at the Washington seminary she heard her first opera, “Carmen,” which was sung by Geraldine Farrar. During her school days in Nashville, however, she had heard Mary Garden in concert, and then and there an earlier ambition to be a missionary was dissipated and a singing career became her goal.

She made her first operatic appearance, while attending school at Washington, at the National Theater as assisting artist to Giovanni Martinelli, the great Metropolitan Opera tenor, and her favorable acclaim brought dreams of a great career. Buoy-
A FINE CAMARADERIE EXISTS BETWEEN THE PLAYERS FROM DIFFERENT STUDIOS

Ronald Colman comes to call! Claude Rains, Olivia de Havilland and George Brent on the "Gold Is Where You Find It" set.


DON'T BE A TISSUE FUMBLER!

BUY KLEENEX* IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

It saves as it serves—just one double tissue at a time

- Life's too short to fumble with clumsy boxes...to tolerate inferior tissues that can't compare with Kleenex. So buy the Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box today. Only Kleenex has it...box of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for your car.

During colds, it's good policy to put aside handkerchiefs and use Kleenex instead. See how it soothes your nose and saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. What's more, Kleenex tends to hold germs, thus checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Use Kleenex, too, to remove face creams and cosmetics; to dust and polish; as a kitchen help; for baby; and for countless other uses. In the car, Kleenex comes in handy to wipe hands, windshield and greasy places.

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(Trademark Reg., U.S. Patent Office)

Silver Screen 73
Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown

INDEED, I'M GRATEFUL TO HENRY FONDA FOR TELLING ME ABOUT KISSPROOF LIPSTICK. NEVER AGAIN, IN WINTER OR SUMMER, WILL I BE WITHOUT ITS PROTECTIVE BEAUTY CREAM BASE TO KEEP MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY SECRET.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores...50c

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (cream) or Compact (dry)

Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Star Nutty

[Continued from page 29]

the grocer into $5.67 more credit, then had disappeared. Poor Powell paid the bill and wrote the local down to "fan experience."

Marlene Dietrich, on a European vacation, had her life endangered in Vienna when a fan, armed with a camera, leaped from a high wall on to the top of her limousine, which was surrounded by admirers. The man's weight broke the top of the car and lie went right on through, landing but a few inches from Dietrich, who escaped injury fortunately.

The fan explained that he had been following her automobile on his bicycle, hoping to get some "candid camera" shots. But whenever she came to a halt or slow pace star fans, also on bicycles, would quickly surround her car, making it impossible for him to get any pictures. When her auto was parked beside the wall for a moment, he conceived the brilliant idea of getting on the top of the car, leaning way over the side and photographing the star from a brand new angle! But the whole idea went haywire when Marlene's car top couldn't take it! She, incidentally, refused to bring changes against the man and he was re-leased after being questioned by police on the scene. Just another case of "fan mania."

A fan presented herself at Mary Brian's home and "demanded to see her film favorites. She had come from the middle west to get into the movies and wanted Mary to let her live with her for a couple of months! Mary wasn't home but her mother was—a more amazed Mrs. Brian you never saw! She explained to the girl that her daughter's home was small and she couldn't possibly take in any strangers for two-month visits anyway! For four successive nights the girl tried to see Mary Brian but without success. After the fourth night she must have given up in disgust for the Brian's never heard of her again.

The newest whim of fan admirers may be funny to some, but it's anything but funny to the stars themselves.

Where these fans used to be content with autographs or, at the most, snapshots posed with the stars, they are now demanding kisses! Fully fledged kisses! The idea is believed to have been given impetus by the publicity given to Bob Taylor's osculatory experiences in New York.

Another, it is now a common occurrence for a feminine fan to throw both arms around the neck of an astonished and embarrassed masculine star and loudly demand a public kiss! Rex Bell, in his exposed spot as front man at his and Clara Bow's "11" cafe on Vine Street, is a favorite target with the girls. Warren Baxter, Francis Lederer, Tom Keene, Tyrone Power and plenty of others have also been embarrassed in this sad manner.

But the actors aren't the only ones. On coming out of the Brown Derby the other noon, Dolores Del Rio was stopped by a tall young man who suddenly grabbed her hand and held on to it tightly. "I won't let go until you give me permission to kiss your dear hand," he declared firmly. As a crowd was quickly gathering, the nostalgic Dolores decided the quickest way out of her dilemma was to let this very ardent fan do it, which he did, departing with a low bow! Hereafter, Dolores will keep her hands hidden or something, we bet!

Once in a blue moon they do work—the odd schemes thought up by fans to get something from their favorite star.

Not long ago, John Boles reported to the police that he had been followed all the way home from the studio by a mysterious stranger on a motorcycle. The next part of the story came the next day when
a young man presented himself at the Boles' door, and asked to see his screen favorite, John Boles. The star finally came to the door and listened to his story. It turned out he was Jolly Rallsing, son of an official in a Salt Lake City telegraph company. He said he had quit school and had come to Hollywood looking for work in pictures. Not knowing a soul, he had suddenly thought of his screen idol of years, but not knowing any other way of getting hold of Boles' address, he borrowed a motorcycle and followed him home from the studio.

His efforts evidently succeeded well—for he is now John Boles' stand-in at Paramount in "Yellow Nightsale." A million-to-one chance—that worked!

Well, they sometimes do.

Hollywood Is Heaven
For Small Town Folks

[Continued from page 17]

You could sit down and ridicule these practical jokers, harangue them for wasting their time. But memory recalls scenes at El Morocco, swanky New York supper club, where dignified Wall Streeters crawled behind chairs to apply the "hot foot" to a nationally-known political bigwig. (The "hot foot," for those who haven't received it, is achieved by inserting a match in the sole of the victim's shoe and then lighting it. When it burns down to the leather, the shock of the heat will galvanize even a Stephen Fetchit into immediate action.) I have been at the Stork Club, in New York, where famous Detroit auto manufacturers labored for thirty minutes to get one of their important colleagues to sit in the "electric chair," just to hear his frightened yells as the current hit his posterior.

Lambast the stars, then—expose them as morons. Katharine Hepburn, in our interview, told me of the flop shows she had played in, gaily commented on the fact that her first two dramatic appearances lasted a total of four days. She recalled that when she tried to get a role in the Jane Cowl show, "Art and Mrs. Bottle."

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author Benn Levy told her frankly that she was the ugliest girl he'd ever seen and suited word to action by firing her. The crows Eve made, he thought, do not take themselves seriously. They work hard, they pay 70 percent income tax.

The funkies of the town, the special人们 at the blowout information desk at the front office desks—these people take themselves seriously, much more seriously than the big shots. Ponderously they cross-examine the hotel employees, adding religious affiliation and any other animine

quity that comes to tongue. This

degree practice is going on in the world, but once they can be prevailed upon to relay your name to the person whom you have come to see, and you have passed the portals, you are made to feel that the people of the industry are as plain as an old shoe.

Eddie Mannix, at M.-G.-M., is one of the big powers of the business. I'd heard a lot of writers assigned here to report on him. He developed that he was a big, powerful Irishman, with a raspy voice. His office was cluttered up with Irish shillallals, gifts of moving pictures, the kind that travel abroad: "This business is 25 percent art; 75 percent racket," said Mannix, frankly. "We make mistakes, plenty of them; so do you, and so does everyone. We're doing the thing that seems the best thing to do at the moment and we strike a pretty good average. It's an unusual situation. This over we have to combat temperaments of artists, writers, directors; we have union troubles, we have to work at top speed; try to understand our problem. I'll have greater sympathy for our errors."

If you were still carrying a chip on your shoulder, that kind of talk would kill it. Things are getting better, our executive, shortly after I arrived, did something that struck me as the most courageous gesture any business man ever made. He went to press conference. L. M. Heir had had a contract for $169 a week and he had 78 weeks to run. For months, the Universal studio had been chalking up the inexperience of New York bankers. If Le Maire (who had signed Meena Durbin) saw some other prospect he thought worthy of a contract, his next step would be to hustle with him first to contact them and secure their permission. In desperation, he pointed out to them that the time their okay was forthwith, something that the company would in all probability, have signed the performer to a contract. New York was ada-

mant: the red tape couldn't be cleared through. L. M. Heir then had to take up his $1,650 a week contract that had 78 weeks to run and quit. "It's a lot of money," he told me, "but my self-respect is more important to me than the dough."

"Once In A Lifetime" jibed cleverly at Hollywood, but I think that Rufus Le Maire's astounding refusal to compromise with his self-respect wipes the slate clean.

There are not all Mannivexes and Zanucks and Le Maires out here in the picture colony, of course. There is a definite proportion of incompetents who are held on payrolls because of blood ties, or similar reasons, but the proportion is comparatively small. There are people here who surround themselves with yes-men, but again the proportion is small. The reason is that this is business with a daily check-up sys-

tem. The check-ups come at the box-offices of the theatres of the world daily, and there is no escape from the box-office ver-

dict.

You hear much about the temperamental idios of Hollywood stars, and no doubt about it that some of them are exasperat-

ing individuals, "hams" in the complete sense of the word. But the biggest "hams" out here, the most temperamental of in-

dividuals, are a large percentage of the writers are producers for Hollywood for newspapers, fan magazines and radio

programs. These are the people who put on the airs, and make life unbearable for the harassed attaches of the studio publicity departments. The wits of some of these correspondents are particularly ob-

noxious.

They demand that the studios supply them, gratis of course, with studio cars and chauffeaus, they threaten reprisals if they are not invited to parties, they insist that studios almost suspend operations and cater to their whims when they sweep into a place. They can do each other at every opportunity—in short, they are a disgrace to the craft. One of them, a newspaperman who has had some success on the air with his group, wanted to compile a series of film shorts showing the old-time stars in their heydays. He wanted, from Universal, shots of Lon Chaney, Thomas Meighan and others whose names escape me at the moment. Patiently, Marc Lachmann, Universal publicity chief, explained that Universal could not supply these shots because the law is very strict on this, insisting on a full re-

lease from the heirs of the performer. "I'll get even with your company for this," was the amazing reaction of the newspaperman. "Wait until you preview your next picture!" The wife of a Los Angeles film reporter is such a prima-

donna that publicity men at the smaller studios fear her arrival as they fear a plague of locusts. I was at the Walt Disney studio one day when the publicity man learned she was coming out that afternoon. She wanted a studio reserved for twelve of her friends so that they could see Snow White. They explained to her that the picture wasn't ready, hadn't been scored for music, hadn't been cut. "My husband wouldn't like to hear that I had been refused admission to your studio," this virago answered. Disney, with $1,600,000 wrapped up in his picture, took the easiest way out. She and her friends went. It is madly ironic that those who write about Hollywood and expose its venal faults are the most grievous offenders. Not all of them, of course, but most of them. To them, the power of the press is a budgeon to crack down on the skulls of those who dare tell them to act their age. In contrast, the people of Hollywood ap-

pear quite sane, quite civilized.

That, at least, is my impression and I arrived with a chip on my shoulder.

The STAR of "Mad About Music" Relaxes

Deanna Durbin gets tagged up for ski jumping—says thing to work off her excess happiness.
to say, in her characteristic straight-shooting style: "The principles we were taught as kids don't work in Hollywood. People in this town don't judge you by the quantities we thought were so important—by your kindness, sincerity, modesty. The producers don't give a girl a part because she is nice, is a real lady. She can be the most vicious, double-crossing dame in the world, and they will still beg her to sign on the dotted line if she can sell more tickets at the box-office. You can't be a sweet little angel and get along in this business."

"We women have to fight harder. Take my case. When I first came to Hollywood they took me for another little girl from Broadway. The biggest battle I've had to wage in this town was to make people take me seriously. They told me I was too young and innocent looking to play the available roles. They dressed me up in beautiful costumes and tested hundreds of actors with me, but when the real shooting began, they left me out. For over a year I was the test girl on the lot, and for two years I didn't play anything but 'sisters.' I got my first real break as the cheap, cruel cockney waitress in 'Of Human Bondage.'"

"I'll never forget my first year in Hollywood! It was HELL. When a girl is new out here, this is the loneliest place in the world. I can't think of a more terrible, selfish and indifferent town for the newcomer than Hollywood. Nobody will help you, nobody tells you what you should and shouldn't do. I had to find my way around by the old method of trial and error. Someone ought to open an office in Hollywood to advise the new girls; there are so many things they have to be told!"

A conversation with Bette is a delight. There is no better copy in town.

Another fighter, would you believe it, is that perfect wife of the screen, and an enchanting person in real life, Myrna Loy. Myrna tells us: "Girls shouldn't expect any special privileges and consideration in this business. Today the sexes are equal in the economic world. Since we women have accepted this equality, we should be good sports and not demand from men the old-time chivalry. Since they treat us as equals, we should be equal in our fights to meet them on equal terms. It's sometimes very hard, I know, women being what they are. But that's the logic of the situation, isn't it?"

Myrna fights like a man, or at least she claims she does, for the right parts and the right stories, and you will remember that a few years ago she staged a nice one-person strike because the studio wouldn't give her the salary she thought she was entitled to, and went to Europe, which gave Luise Rainer her big break in "Escapade." Luise had been waiting for over a year twiddling her thumbs.

It's tougher for the girls in another way. A man can sleep on a park bench, and descend to the lower depths, so to speak, without losing his self-esteem and attracting undue attention. But a girl can't sleep on a park bench, and even if she doesn't have enough money to buy a bag of peanuts, she must dress like a lady, if she expects people to treat her as such. The young impressionable actor with a three-year-old suit can still manage to look well dressed, but a girl has to observe the whims of fashion, as changeable as the wind. No girl could have gone through Henry Fonda's experiences when he was trying to land a job on Broadway. The theatre has its terrors, which men are better able to meet.

One of the wisest actors we know is Brian Aherne, the tall, lean romantic socko of stage and screen, with that poetic attraction that also distinguishes Gary Cooper. The British sophisticate is frequently mistaken for the ex-Montana cowboy, and, as he told us once, highly flattered, for he admires him. Brian knows what he wants from life, and what he is expected to give the world as an artist. We must call a chap like him an artist, in the real meaning of that word, for he is fully aware of the obligations of the artist, and in that sense takes his career seriously.

"As an actor," he tells us, "I hope to reach my peak between 40 and 50. Proper development is the most important factor that determines the final success and standing of an actor. Of course, that is true in all the arts. I like this town, I have always liked motion pictures and I have found extraordinarily nice people in all branches

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In "Benefits Forgot," Walter Huston returns to the screen. He portrays a pioneer village preacher.

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SILVER SCREEN
Following The Family Tradition

York for the sole purpose of getting Bette trained for a career on the stage. It had been a Long, hard pull. Suddenly, she received an offer to appear in summer stock at the Cape Playhouse, at Dennis, Massachusetts, a well-known training spot for young actors and actresses. She was terribly excited. Arriving at the theatre, she reported to the manager. Much to her surprise and delight, she discovered it was the same man who had hired her. It seemed that the theatre had changed hands and the new manager informed her there was no opening.

Bette's heart sank, but she would not give up so easily. After all, this was too important an opportunity for her to pass up lightly.

"But isn't there anything I can do?" she wanted to know. "I'll work back-stage, or do just anything at all, if I can stay."

"Well, we could use an usher," the manager replied.

So, during the entire season, Bette ushered people up and down the aisles of the Cape Playhouse, hoping against hope that a vacancy would turn up in the cast. It was the very last week that it finally happened. She was given a part in a play with Laura Hope Crews. Determination won out!

Few realize how much Bette's determination has affected her life. It is so easy to look at her enviable position in motion pictures and visualize her life as a bed of roses. Far from it! And no one is happier today that things did not go so smoothly than Bette. To her, it would be awful going through life with everything handed to you "carte blanche."

I have known people who had everything given them. They had nothing to
fight for, and, as a result, they were in- 
surably dull. I reached that stage once 
myself. Fate had been very kind to me, for 
I was appearing steadily on Broadway in 
bit parts. Every dream I had wished for 
seemed to have come true. Then came a 
new challenge. I was offered an opportunity 
to come to Hollywood—and pictures!" she 
smiled as she recalled the event, and then, 
with a carefree toss of her flowing blonde 
hair, continued, "I had no special interest 
in pictures, but I was determined to try 
my luck and so I packed my trunk and went 
to Hollywood. Here was about the first 
big turning point of my career.

"So with a little cynicism and a little 
confidence, I landed here. Any thought 
I might have had of registering an imme-
diate hit in pictures, I soon discovered, 
was nonexistent. Months passed and little 
happened. Then I learned that Universal 
was not going to take up my option. Before 
this I hadn't cared much what happened 
to me in my new career, but when I learned 
I was about to be shuffled back to Broad-
way, I had a real laugh. Days went by and nothing 
happened. My hopes and my fighting 
spirits began to lag. So I thought it was about 
time I admitted defeat and went back to Broadway. Then came 'The Man Who Played God.' 
Remember?"

"I certainly do. Fate stepped in once 
more, didn't she?"

"Fate—and George Arliss. I began to hear 
rumors that Mr. Arliss wanted me for the 
leading role in that picture. I couldn't 
imagine why. But, regardless, the confidence 
Mr. Arliss had in my work somehow gave me 
a new desire to reach my goal. I wanted 
that part so badly I packed my trunk 
and started for Hollywood. Then I 
asked Mr. Arliss for my chance. My 
determination wasn't all it should have been at that time."

Finally Bette happened to mention "Of 
Human Bondage." "There's something about 
that picture that will always give me a great 
deal of satisfaction," she said. "When I heard 
that another studio was working on the story. 
I determined to play the part. So, 
with supreme confidence, I approached my 
own studio on the matter. They refused, 
telling me that they had other plans for 
me, and that they did not like the part. 
Once more I recognized the fine Italian 
habit in Broadwood and my determina-
tion started hitting on all sixteen. I asked 'Ham' (her husband) what he thought 
about the role, and he said it would be a 
great change. That's all I needed. I was 
going to play that part! I insisted so 
much, I guess, that my studio began 
to see the possibilities of it. I didn't give up hope. Finally, I received 
the good news that a trade between me 
and a star from the other studio had been 
arranged. I was in the picture! I never 
believed in anything so much as I did that 
if I was successful in the role. 'Of Human 
Bondage' would be an important turning 
point in my career. It turned out to be 
the most significant change—not for the 
notices I received, but because it opened up a new 
field in acting to me, an opportunity 
that I could play such a character."

"I should certainly say you succeeded. 
And from the way you are knocking off 
the hits now, there you go.

"Personally," she answered in all 
sincerity, "I still feel that I have a great deal 
to learn. I know I'm not tops among the 
big stars in Broadwood, and my inexperience, 
I still have a lot left for to. 
Ev. Everything I do something that is considered good, I always try to find places where I can improve, and I do so.

"Don't forget that my last few pictures 
have given me a better opportunity. Also, 
I hated the fact that maybe I was trying 
harder. You know, of course, about 
my difficulties with the studio—the trial 
in England and all that. Since my return, they 
have done everything within power to 
make things pleasant for me. And there was 
something in me that had changed, an 
incentive to exert my self to the utmost."

"What about your next picture, 'Jezebel' ?" I asked.

"'Jezebel' is a dream come true," she 
replied, earnestly, "I have wanted to play 
the girl in that story ever since I first heard 
about her. I'm terribly excited about it, 
too, because it is my first costume picture. 
I honestly believe the character I am 
portraying will show me more than anything 
else I have done what I must accomplish 
before I can be considered—myself a 
big star. I believe, in time, I will do a lot for me one way or another."

Lunch was over, so Bette and I walked 
to the still department where she was being 
photographed in costume for "Jezebel." 
As she waved goodbye, I knew she was 
determined for even greater heights. I knew she could never turn a head because she has 
that unconquerable will-to conquer 
and the determination to overcome every 
obstacle, no matter how great. To me, it 
is Bette's courage and fighting spirit that 
makes her the great actress and the swell 
person she is.
Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and very frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and virility. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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**Pictures On The Fire**

(Continued from page 12)

June. No more have I the slightest desire to know any girl who haunts “mama” along on her own — no, who installs “maia” in the flat to which she returns after the honeymoon. So I just proceed to the next set which is “Love on a Budget” — another of the Jones Family serial. Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason have married and returned from their honeymoon. But they have different ideas and Shirley goes home to mama. June Carlson is the kid sister and Jed Prouty is the harassed father. I don’t know what went before but June starts up the stairs. One of her high-heeled pumps slips off, and Shirley and Jed look at her, attracted by the noise of her fall. Shirley spots the pump.

“My new pumps!” she shrieks. “What do you mean by wearing my new shoes?”

“I should think you could let your own sister borrow something without having a fit.” June retorts defiantly.

“Father.” Shirley demands turning to Jed. “Can’t you do something with that child? She took my shoes because she wants high heels—at her age! And,” turning back to June and noticing her hair which looks like a gross of black corkscrews, “look at her hair! It’s a disgrace!”

“It is not!” June exclaims indignantly.

“It’s beautiful. Tommy (Marvin Stephens) said so.”

And so it goes. The dialogue is down-to-earth—the sort of squabbles that happens in every home every day. There’s nothing new in it because I remember the time my younger sister wrote to Beatrice Fairfax to find out how she could get a “glimpse of red” in her hair and I found the letter and mailed it. But it’s heart-warming.

Feeling pretty light-hearted all over this, I leave T-C-F and head for—

**Paramount**

THERE’S only one picture shooting here, believe it or no, called “College Swing.” It features Burns & Allen, Charles Butterworth, and (if I could buy Mr. B for what I think he’s worth—but I said that last month, didn’t I?) Bob Hope (who is also Paramount’s new Hope), John Howard Payne, Edward Everett Horton, Martha Raye and Jackie Coogan.

Luckily for me, there is no particular action to this scene. Mr. Payne is being initiated into the Omicron Sigma Fraternity and has been ordered to sing—in his shorts—a serenade to Florence George. The song is called “What Did Romeo Say to Juliet?” The scene is the grounds around the President of the college’s house and all I can say is, “They certainly do right by the President. When Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie used to go to college for Paramount it was always Midwest but Paramount is sponsoring a move down South yes. Well, times change. And so do studios. Let’s change to—

**R-K-O**

THREE pictures going here but one of them, “Hawaiian Gals” starring Bobby Breen, is on location. The other two are “Radio City Revells” with all-star cast, and “Having Wonderful Time” starring Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Doug isn’t working today but ginger and Lee Bowman (a sort of “heavy”) are. Ginger and Doug have quarreled and she goes walking with Lee, only to be caught in a downpour. They have to take refuge in Lee’s cabin, “Eagle’s Nest,” across the lake from Ginger’s. Prompted by Mr. Hays, no doubt, Ginger is scandalized by Lee’s proposal she spend the night in his cabin. What I can’t understand is how Mr. Hays ever allowed Lee to make such a proposal. Ginger, in a fit of outrage, stalks from Eagle’s Nest and returns to the sanctity of her own cabin. But she is driven back by another downpour. She has been trying to drown her sorrow (over her quarrel with Doug) in doughnuts and coffee. In Lee’s cabin. He “good-naturedly” wraps her in a blanket and tucks her in THE OTHER BUNK. So honor and virtue are saved and Doug and Ginger live happily ever after—we hope.

Despite my jibing and jeering (which are all in fun) this was one of the outstanding hits of New York last year and I am sure it will be equally as successful as a picture.

Now for “Radio City Revells.” Hmn. Now, let’s see. Our Mr. Jack Oakie was once a famous song-writer. But now he is broke and only his pianist (Milton Berle) sticks with him. He gives mail-order lessons in song-writing but his only pupil is an Arkansas hill-billy (Bob Burns). Bob, in a far-off Van Beuren, Ark., gets the idea of going to New York to finish his course. Jack and Berle are over-joyed to see him, thinking they’ll get the rest of his tuition in a lump. But, alackaday! When they get Bob into Jack’s apartment (which, for a down-and-out song-writer, is très luxurious) and Jack broaches the unpleasant subject of MONEY, they discover to their horror that Bob has lost his wallet.

I might have known this would happen.

---

**The Greatest of Detectives Puts His Mind On A Sex Problem**

Warrin William, Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce in “Arsenic Lupin Returns.” Did you know he’d been away?
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin to Go

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freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You
get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel weak, with a drowsy feeling.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your gloom or gloomy feelings. It takes
those poisons, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle and yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for
Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Rubbishly refuse anything else, 25c at all drug stores.

WARNER BROTHERS

ONLY two pictures going here and one of them, "Robin Hood" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, is one location.

But the other, "Jerebel," starring Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, is shooting. And what a picture!

Bette is in a Southern belle of the ante-bellum period. But she was always during.

At the debaucheries' ball in New Orleans, when everyone else wore white, she wore red. And so they called her Jerebel. Henry was in love with her—until that night. Afterwards he married someone else and went away. Years have passed and he's just now returning. He is renewed acquaintance with mint juleps and faithful old Uncle Cato.

Suddenly Bette appears in the doorway, and I mean to tell you she is a vision in her white hoopskirt. Caught off guard by her sudden appearance, Henry can only stare.

"Are you remembering the time you wanted me to wear white?" Bette smiles.

"Well, I never have until now." She moves toward him and said with a sure understanding and delight of the evident effect she has produced on him. "Oh, Pres, what fools we are!"

"Please," he begs, thinking of his wife, "That's over, Julie."

"Yes, of course," she breathes, misunderstanding him and with sudden tenderness, "Pres—I can't believe it's you here. I've dreamed it so long—a lifetime long! No longer than that.

He doesn't answer. He looks at her beginning to be troubled, and when she takes
his hand in both of hers he tries to tell her of his wife. "But, Julie..." he begins.

"Yes, I know," she says it yet she puts on this white dress—for you—to help me
and I'll help you how humbly I ask you to forgive me. See, Pres," suddenly dropping on her knees, she says, "I'm kneeling to you!"

"Cut!" calls the director.

Then Bette comes up with a smile, "Hello," lighting a cigarette on the way. And that's something new for Southern belles of that period. But I, then, I've told you, she's a Jewbel. In her hand, a cigarette panel. Bette glances down at it carelessly and grins.

"Just the thing for wear in a crowded ele-
vator," she laughs.

Then the director calls for another take and she leaves.

At Columbia one lone Western is shooting. United States lines are closed down so, until next month. I'll update.}

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Between the ages of 13 and 25, vital glands are developing, helping you gain full manhood or womanhood. These glands change upset the system. Pimples are thrown in your blood— and bubble out of your skin in bashed pimples.

Resole to rid your skin of these adolescent poisons. Thousand have succeeded by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, three a day. Each cake is made up of millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants that fight pimple-making poisons at their source in the intestines and help heal your skin, making it smooth and attractive. Many get amazing results in 20 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

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1938 READING—NOW—$25c
The Final Flying

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1 English singer and dancer
7 Foreign actress in "The Last Gangster"
13 Refurb
14 "In First Lady"
16 The chef in "History Is Made At Night"
17-20 The comedians in "The High Flyers"
23 To exist
24 Irritate or annoy
25 Beverage
27 Because
28 Morning (abbr.)
29 "Well-known screen and radio personality"
30 "In The Bride Wore Red"
31 "Qualified"
33 Mohammedan Prince
36 A color
38 In "Rosalie"
40 Sweet potato
41 He supplied "Music for Madame"
42 A circular band
44 Aged
45 To marry
46 An oak
48 Medical practitioners (abbr.)
50 Wooden instrument for threshing wheat by hand
52 Kindest
54 Collection of maps
57 Prosecuting attorney in "They Won't Forget"
58 He was once wed to Ruth Chatterton
59 Terminate
60 The eye
62 A former president's nickname
64 Grief
65 Prefix
66 A comedian
67 Tree
70 Fasten with thread
72 Right worthy (abbr.)
73 Euchar
74 Co-star of "Toilers"
75 Whethe
76 Exists
77 Part of verb "to be"
79 Celery
80 Arab (abbr.)
83 The love interest in "Hold 'Em, Navy"
84 Shirley Temple's grandfather in "Heidi"

DOWN
1 Orchestra leader in "Music for Madame"
2 Golf mound
3 Matzca in "Second Honeymoon"
4 In "Fit for a King"
5 Conflict
6 Stairs (abbr.)
7 Holy person (abbr.)
8 A game of matches
9 Purposely keeping apart
10 She is now appearing in "Lancer Spy"
11 Numbers (abbr.)
12 Husband of Francis MacDonald
13 Co-star of "The Awful Truth"

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

BER LHPBURN MAST A LPE ARIA DEA
LORETA A MAUREN EDEN SPENCER TASK
SE DA AD MI T S STABLE DE ANNA
OOS HALOP RER FLOAT MLA RUB NO F T LIVINGST V
RA ANON I AMIR IS SW RAH BCR
PRETTY EGG SMILES MERIT BREEN TEENS DEC CARROLL SEE

The people in the audience know that a picture costs a lot of money to make, at least so they read. But putting the money in and getting it out again is the worry of the producers, not the spectators. Recent pictures cost up in the millions. Formerly the facts were reversed. "The Miracle Man," a silent picture, cost $157,000, and grossed more than $5,000,000. It made stars of Betty Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan. How about going back to great stories; advertising for ideas, arranging to find them and paying a fortune for a good one?

A MAGAZINE painted in England asks for natural instead of studio backgrounds. . . A magazine published in California, asks for more motion in pictures and less talk . . . All we ask for is better stories . . . Stories that stir the emotions . . . Editors must give producers a pain just back of the collar button.

WHEN Gary Cooper gives them a lift, a career is started. Years ago, an unknown girl from the European stage made her first picture in Hollywood. Gary Cooper was her leading man and "Morocco" was the picture. It put Marlene Dietrich up at the top.

A newcomer to us, from Norway, is Sigrid Gurie. She will first be seen in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" and Gary Cooper is the star with whom she plays. He's good luck for pretty girls, and perhaps Sigrid will profit by this fortunate beginning.

82
Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...

THE GIRL WHO ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO WIN ROMANCE—LUCKILY ANY GIRL CAN HAVE THIS CHARM! HERE'S AN EASY WAY—

USE Lux Toilet Soap AS A BEAUTY BATH: ITS ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH, FRESH—FRAGRANT WITH A DELICATE PERFUME THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

Loretta Young

IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, sure of being sweet from top to toe—and you look it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
They know the thrill of playing the game and playing it well!

Pasadena... Mrs. Robie Paine Spalding III (below)

This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton... and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"

Philadelphia... Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr.

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"

New York... Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr.

Young Mrs. Rockefeller's time is crowded with hunting, polo, aviation. She pilots a low-wing monoplane... takes frequent hops along the Atlantic seaboard to attend perhaps a meet at Aiken or a Long Island match. "Flying as much as I do," Mrs. Rockefeller says, "takes healthy nerves. So I prefer Camels for steady smoking. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
Do women appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:
Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Costlier Tobaccos in a Matchless Blend Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO - Turkish and Domestic.

A few of the women of distinguished position who prefer Camels:

BOSTON: Mrs. Powell Gahot
Mrs. J. Gardner Cookidge 2nd

CHICAGO: Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr.

BALTIMORE: Mrs. Nicholas G. Penson III

NEW YORK: Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.
Miss Wendy Morgan
Mrs. Howard F. Whitney

PHILADELPHIA: Mrs. Nicholas Biddle

VIRGINIA: Mrs. Chiswell Dalney Longhorne

LOS ANGELES: Mrs. Alexander Black

Copyright, 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
So many times a day
In Danger!

YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.

FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.

YOU KISS SOMEONE—Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.

MOUTH GERMS REDUCED 96.7% IN TESTS 15 MINUTES AFTER GARGLING LISTERINE

The graphs at left show the average germ reduction effected by Listerine Antiseptic in repeated tests. Five minutes after gargling, tests showed germs were reduced 94.6% on the average; fifteen minutes after, 96.7%; one hour after, nearly 95% on the average.

THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects. And now the delightful Listerine treatment offers you that possibility. Listerine treats a cold for what it is—an acute local infection.

Tests made during a 7-year study of the common cold reveal these remarkable results:

Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than non-garglers. Moreover, the colds reached the danger zone of the lungs less frequently than those of non-users.

The secret of Listerine’s success, we believe, must be that it reaches the invisible virus (bacteria) that many authorities say starts a cold, and also kills the mouth-residing “secondary invaders” that complicate a cold. Use Listerine this winter and see for yourself what it does for you.

LISTERINE for COLDS
"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong."

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that."

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN
Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor in
A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh
Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

What with everybody else conducting publicity polls and box office polls and "fan tests," why shouldn't I be different, too? And so, I take great pleasure in presenting you with the results of the fan writers poll. After all, we, the fan writers are the people who really know the stars, we know them with our back hair down and their eye lashes in the top drawer.

On the Western lot Bette Davis is without a doubt our choice among the girls. Bette is the only star who fully appreciates that dreadful thing called "a deadline." She is friendly and intelligent and one can least fussy about her stories. Second in popularity with us is Olivia de Havilland who comes right out in the open and admits she really likes giving interviews and seeing her name in print. And that from a star, dear Ed., is practically the millionth. Helen MacDermott gets right spot among the men. The star most of us had rather lose a check than interview is Kay Francis. Kay doesn't want publicity, so simply doesn't bother to cooperate.

On the Paramount lot it is Claudette Colbert who is the most popular with us writers. Claudette puts into the character is gracious and intelligent. Dorothy Lamour is the runner-up. George Raft is the most popular of the men. George likes to talk, likes writers, and time means nothing. The most unpopular with us among the men are Cary Cooper and Bing Crosby. Personally, we are crazy about Cary and Bing, both of whom are swell guys, but Holy Mackerel and Jumping Catfish, just try to get a story out of them.

Our pets at Twentieth Century-Fox are Sonja Henie and Don Ameche, both of whom are simply too good to be true. Jane Withers is the runner-up. Peter Lorre, like Fred MacMurray at Paramount, is a very poor copy, but the most fun. Those we dodge at Twentieth are Simone Simon, a number one staller, and the Ritz Brothers. Alice Faye is our problem child. When she is good she is very, very good—and you know the rest.

Out at Metro old Massa Gable has been our pet for a long time. He and Bob Montgomery are very palsy with interviewers, and get out with both the best stories and a good time. Nelson Eddy is the guy we avoid. Nelson is very business like, and insists upon editing everything written about him. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are the most popular of the girls with us because they are friendly and helpful and never rushed. Luise Rainer is too eccentric and hard to get. And I'm sure you've heard rumors about Garbo.

At RKO we writers practically drool at the mouth when we have a chance to interview Barbara Stanwyck, who will sit right down for hours and figure out a way for you to get your story—and your check. Runner-up is Ginger Rogers. Katharine Hepburn doesn't bother with us, and we love not bothering with her. Cary Grant is our favorite among the men. We'd rather go hungry for weeks than tackle Fred Astaire. Irene Dunne, like Myrna Loy at Metro, is very poor copy, but is so charming and gay when being interviewed that we poor dopes don't realize until later that we didn't get a story.

And so now I suppose you will send me assignments on Garbo, Hepburn and Astaire, but immediately, Mme.
FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness—to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of raw throat, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 5 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucous membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. (3) Kills cold germs greatest threat to the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory tests) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY—BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. But remember: If you are feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

CHECKERS—Fine. Horse-racing is the theme, with Sue Erwin crazy about the wins and Una Merkel, the woman he loves, feeling just the opposite about them. However, Jane Withers proves a Barrymore of these noncompatibles, and all's well that ends well.

CITY GIRL—Good. The denouement of this big-budget motion picture story is that Crime does not Pay, even though the young and beautiful heroine in this story has a fine time while pursuing the rather nefarious ways of city racketeers. Cast includes Ricardo Cortez, Phyllis Brooks, Robert Wilcox.

CHANGE OF HEART—Good. An amusing little tale that you should be able to accept in an amusing frame of mind if served to you on a double bill. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen (a salt enthusiast) are the handsome young married pair whose breakup and subsequent reconciliation enrich the nucleus of the plot.

CRASHING HOLLYWOOD—Fine. A lively tale of Hollywood, in which the industry takes a good-natured ribbing. The dialogue is brassy and the comedy spontaneous and really funny, with the plot revolving around an amateur script writer who gets mixed up with a gang of crooks. (Lee Tracy, John Woodbury, Paul Guilfoyle, Lee Patrick.)

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Fair. This sentimental meller serves as a come-back for the ingénue Anna May Wong, and all we can say is that Anna never did unless she wants to make a quick exit. The plot concerns the breaking up of the wedding ring and in the cast are Chas, Beckford and Evelyn Brent.

HOUSE OF MYSTERY, THE—Good. All lovers of good detective story films should enjoy this yarn centering around Jack Holt, a plain clothes man who gets in wrong with his co-workers because of the publicity he receives while plugging a vice crusade. There's a missing necklace, too! (Beverly Roberts, Marjorie Ramson.)

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE—Good. It's too bad we can't say 'excellent' when referring to this latest Grace Moore opus, but slick-a-day, we can't! Grace sings beautifully and Melvyna Douglas gives a good characterization of the persistent wooer, while Stuart Erwin is delightful as usual while keeping the plot on a lighter key, but when all's said and done, the film is not one of Grace's best.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN—Good. In which our lovely heroine, Joan Bennett, jilts Henry Fonda and elopes to Paris with a handsome young rube who causes her many a heartache before he dies, leaving her duly remorseful and with a daughter to rear. Ten years later she returns and eventually, after several latter experiences, captures Fonda's interest.

JURY'S SECRET, THE—Fine. A good study of the daydreams of circumstantial evidence. When Kent Taylor, a ghost writer for a newspaper publisher, murders his boss, a young stenovore is falsely accused and, ironically enough, Taylor serves on the jury at his trial. The story works out to an interesting and logical conclusion. (Fay Wray, Fritz Leiber.)

GLORIA—A new, pleasant addition to the cast.

LOVE ON A BUDGET—Good. Another episode Gull length feature, of course, in the line of that so-called typical American family, the Jouses, with Spring Byington, Jed Houghton, Zonite and Russell Gleason again in the cast, but when the goers around the problems of Shirley and Russell when their honeymoon is over, Alan Dinehart is a new and pleasant addition to the cast.

MAN-PROOF—Fair. That's what Myrna Loy thought when Rosalind Russell, the society deb, stole handsome Walter Pidgeon right from under her eyes, but, alas, it wasn't so and Myrna makes a great effort to redeem her good name and to find that she really loves Franchot Tone after all. The romance gets a bit complicated, but women will adore it.

OLD BARN DANCE, THE—Good. Gene Autry, the personality who was not so well is cast as a horse dealer who, when his business takes a nose dive, gets a radio contract in order to promote another, which turns out to be a pretty successful one. The rugged plot gets highly exciting at times, but is not to be recommended. However, it is the romance which Helen Vallas in this case.

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Good. Another Booth Tarkington story featuring stories of adolescents, with the Mauch twins cast in the title roles, and doing a neat job there. A little colored youth called Philip Hurlie makes himself quite irresistible during the "cops and robbers" type of plot, and the pictures of Penrod and Frank Craven are fine in their roles as parents.

PATIENT IN ROOM 18—So-so. What they call a "whodunit" film, but it will take a great deal of detecting in this case, not because the mystery is wholly concealed, but because it is so slyly muddled. Even a good cast (Ann Sheridan, Patric Knowles, Frank Morgan, John Litel, Una O'Connor) can't raise your blood pressure when viewing this.

PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Good. This is entertainment of the bright, breezy, frothy sort. It deals with a somewhat corrupt society and a good story concerns a debonair swindler (on the screen slickswindler) and an equally attractive detective who is in pursuit of him. (Wendy Barrie, Mischa Auer, Kent Taylor.)

ROSALIE—Good. Nelson Eddy sings and Eleanor Powell dances in this one, so everybody should be happy! Especially since its an ultra lavish musical, with a plot that includes a Princess made unhappy by the love of the most Point Point cadet who supplies the happy ending. Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger and Edna May Oliver supply the laughs.

SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING—Just so-so. When Ann Sothern, the incomparable but beautiful heroine, and Gene Raymond, the smooth young coffee magnate, start courting lustily throughout the first five or so reels, you know that well they'll end up in each other's arms. (Victor Moore, Helen Dresser.)

WISE GIRL—So-so. New York's supposedly daffy Greenwich Village provides the setting for this equally daffy farce, which stars Edith Miron Hopkins who goes there to reclaim two orphaned relatives from the suffrage suffrage artist, Walter Abel. You know the end, of course!

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Fine. A back stage musical with Alice Faye the Follyanna type of Jimm dyno and George Murphy the rich millionaire who'd like to save the show but can't. Needless to say, the score provides opportunity for much romantic singing and dancing. In for the laughs are Andy Devine, Frank Jenks and Charles Winninger.
A gallant with the ladies... beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans... feared by those rats of the Seven Seas... his bold, bad buccaneers... Jean Lafitte... the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen... Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic... "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British... Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag... Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.
NOW that the holidays have come and
gone people are beginning to settle
back to normal, even if the studios are still
in a slump.

At Warner Brothers

THERE are big pictures going out here.
"The Adventures of Robin Hood" star-
ing Errol Flynn and Olivia DeHavilland,
with Basil Rathbone featured; "Food for
Scandal" starring Carole Lombard and
Fernando Gravet; and "Men Are Such Fools"
starring Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane.

On the "Food for Scandal" set there is
much hilarity, as there always is on any
set where Lombard works. And Gravet, too,
is a convivial soul who speaks English with
only a slight French accent.

Miss Lombard is in a black velvet eve-
nings gown which is held up by only a few
strap which aid the gown in displaying
plenty of glamour. She has just been
entertaining Ralph Bellamy at dinner.
Ralph has been trying to propose to her
but Gravet, as the butler (of noble birth),
keeps interrupting because he (Gravet) is
in love with Carole and doesn't want any-
one else monkeying around. Not even
Gable.

Right now in his suit with satin knee
breeches and a white wig he is sitting in an
easy chair in the living room, with one shoe
off, rubbing his foot. And this is OK, too,
because no less an authority than Joan
Crawford has said it's all right to say your

foot hurts but it sounds perfectly lousy to
say your feet hurt.

They have been arguing about the way
he has behaved while serving the dinner.
Suddenly he rises, kisses her ardently and
holds her in his arms for a moment. I'm
sure he'd hold her longer if it wasn't for
the Hays office. And if he didn't he'd be
crazy. She stops struggling momentarily and
then gives in.

"If you'd only stay like this," he whispers.
"This is the first honest thing you've done
since I've known you.

She breaks away from him uncertainly,
almost dazedly, then composes herself. "Get
out, Rene," she orders.

"Now don't start that again," he begins.

That was the worst thing he could have
said because it infuriates her. "Get out!"
she screams, her anger mounting. "Get out!
Get out of here! Have I got to have you
ever around making a fool of me. I
don't want to see you again. I don't want
to hear you again. Take that pop-eyed
hobo assistant of yours and get out."

"All right," he comes back at her furri-
ously, "I'll get out. But I'll do just what
you don't want me to do. I'm going back to
Paris. Goodbye!"

With those few well chosen words he
strides angrily towards the door. But when
he is halfway to the kitchen he stops sud-
denly, whirls around, comes back, grabs her
fiercely and plants a voluptuous kiss full
on her mouth. Then he turns and dashes
out of the room as Carole watches him in
daze.

When the scene is finished Carole comes
screaming over to say "hello." "Hello, nothing," I retort snippily. "The only time I ever see you is when I run into you on a set every third or fourth month."

"Well, as soon as I finish this masterpiece," she says, "I'm going to take a long vacation and you can come out for dinner every night if that's what you're hinting for."

"You wouldn't take a vacation just when I'm going back east," I snap.

"How you going?" she asks.

"Flying-TWA." I tell her.

"That's the best way," she nods. "I went that way last time. Well, anyhow, give me a ring when you get back and maybe I'll still be vacationing. And here's something to speed you on your way," she adds, giving me a lovely goodbye kiss—but not so voluptuous as Mr. Gravet had just given her. However, I suppose when a movie queen kisses you—oe can't be too cautious about the kind of kiss it is.

"Robin Hood," like Tennyson's brook, goes on and on. Olivia isn't working today (and it's not because she's getting over the holidays, either, smart pants) but Errol is and so is Hollywood Host No. 1—Mr. Rathbone. I can remember when Mr. Rathbone played a gigolo to Doris Keane in "The Czarina" years ago and such a helpless little man he was in the toils of a woman. But that was fifteen years ago and Mr. Rathbone isn't a helpless little man any more. If women have had their way with him (on the stage and screen, I mean) each has taught him something and now—well, all I have to say is "Heaven help the dame who falls into his toils!"

In this scene he is dressed up like a cardinal and he is leading a band of roughnecks or soldiers against some sort of castle. Errol is running up a flight of stone steps when the heavy oaken gates are burst open and in plops Mr. Rathbone with his motley crew. Errol pauses, fits an arrow to his bow (and I think that's a much better maxim than "hitch your wagon to a star.") I mean, "Fit an arrow to your bow." It gets quicker results even though it may not be as poetic and spiritual! Zing! goes the arrow and lodges in the gatepost. The men pause a moment and start towards him again. Zing! goes another arrow and lodges right beside the first one.

Let me tell you Mr. Flynn shoots a mean arrow and don't for one moment think there's any trick photography about it.

Jean Dixon and Irene Dunne keep things humming in "The Joy of Loving."

**YOU'LL** miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

**A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star**

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movie star. Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right!" Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

**Old Gold Cigarettes**

Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh

![Old Gold Cigarettes Advertisement](image-url)
WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?

See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois
I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Cream.

Name: ____________________________________________________________
Address: __________________________________________________________
City: ____________________________________________________________ State: ________________________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

this, I was right there and saw him shoot those arrows with the men crowding through the gates at the time. I am perfectly willing to believe he actually did slay a wild boar with an arrow when the troupe was on location.

The third picture out here is "Men Are Such Fools" and I do hope and trust there is nothing prophetic in the title because Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane, who have the leads, have just announced their engagement. Of course, that was last week and by the time you read this Wayne will undoubtedly be wondering who Priscilla is and where he met her when anyone mentions her name. He's nothing but Canmore brought up-to-date with a 1938 grin.

But to get back to our mutiny. He and Priscilla are already married (in the picture) and it's New Year's eve or something and they're supposed to be entertaining a gang of people, but Priscilla isn't waiting for them when they reach the restaurant where she was supposed to meet them (she had been detained somewhere on business—but what kind of business I don't know). Wayne is furious, calls her on the phone, doesn't get much satisfaction and goes back to his table where Johnny (Dimples) Davis, Carol Landis and Penny Singleton are waiting for him, along with all the others.


"Keeping her! I" Wayne explodes and I don't blame him because Mr. Davis has no business making any such inferences, regardless of the script and I don't know what the Hays office have been thinking of to pass such a line. It will be deleted in all foreign countries, including the Scandinavian.

"Hey," says Wayne to me a few minutes later. "What about that poker game we were going to have at your house? You won all our money the last time we played and we want it back."

"What about that interview we were going to have at your house?" I counter.

"We can have it over the poker table," he grins and turns to Davis. "You can come too, Johnny. We'll have eats at his house, drinks at his house and line our pockets at his house."

"Yeah," I sner to Davis. "Hitch your wagon to a star. That guy provides for everything except paying the bills, "What are you kicking about?" Wayne grins again. "You get the benefit of our company, don't you? And please have it
before you go away, TWA just phoned and asked me to leave you enough to pay for your ticket."

People can talk about writers being grasping but I have never seen anything to equal this guy. You remember only a few months ago, when he had only made two pictures, I told you how he promoted a deep sea fishing trip for himself at the studio's expense, just by posing for a few pictures.

There is one other picture working here—"Femod's Double Trouble," but the Munch twins aren't working today and the scene isn't very important so there's no use taking up space with it.

On the Universal Lot

DEANNA DURBIN is working in her new picture, "Mad About Music," here. Gail Patrick is her mother, a famous movie star. But, on account of her glamour, it can't be known Gail has a half-grown daughter. So Deanna is in a convent in Switzerland—or somewhere. She falls in love with a little boy (or half-grown kid, rather) and tells the heads of the convent she has to get leave to meet her father. When they check on her she grabs Herbert Marshall and pretends he's her father. Then she tells Herbert how terrible it is she can never see her mother.

So chivalrous Herbie's indignation is aroused, he pretends to be her father and then takes her to the hotel where Gail is stopping and that's where I come in. Deanna doesn't want to be caught in another lie and she knows her mother's room will be full of newspaper reporters and everything is in a fine mess. Franklin Pangborn is the manager of the hotel and he has orders not to disturb Gail. For my money, Mr. P is one of the funniest comics on the screen and the best part of it all is he only plays bits so you never get tired of him and always leave the theatre wishing you'd seen more of him—which is much better than seeing too much and getting tired.

At Paramount

THERE is only one picture shooting at this studio—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" starring Claudette Colbert and Cary Cooper. Mr. C is asleep as usual and Miss C is having her hair fixed. Mr. Lubitsch is pacing up and down like a caged animal. An air of tenseness pervades the set, which seems all the stranger to me a few minutes later when I watch the scene being played.

No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill $—- were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glorious and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a bath alone could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that might have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's past—but Mum prevents odor to come!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you all-day-long protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
Have that even, golden TAN

that enhances your beauty!

A BEAUTIFUL, golden brown body may be yours regardless of where you live or what the weather! No need to wait for a vacation or sunny week-ends at the beach and then perhaps burn your winter-sensitive skin to a painful lobster red! Now you can get your lovely, attractive tan quickly yet without burning, with the new Health-Ray Sun Lamp.

**Men Prefer a Healthy Tan**
- Your personal appearance is either a distinct social asset or a handicap. In a recent survey, 95% of the men questioned, named "good health" as one of the three most feminine attributes that appeal to them. Start now to accumulate that healthy bronze tone that attracts admiring glances and solid friends. A daily sunbath in the privacy of your own home will keep you looking as though you spent every day in the seashore sunshine—yet there will be no "bathing suit pattern" in what crosses your shoulders!

**Beauty Is Built on Health**
- Your daily bath with ultra violet rays does far more than enhance your beauty, these rays actually help to increase youthful energy and vitality and to stimulate glandular functions. They are a great aid in some forms of skin disease, in destroying germ life, and in building up resistance to the common cold.

**4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!**
- Now Health Ray has made a really high quality, genuine carbon-arc sun lamp available at a price within the reach of all—$7.95. In 12 minutes with your Health Ray lamp you can get the equivalent ultra-violet radiation of an hour in summer sunshine.

**Compact, convenient, easy to operate. Tested by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be one of the greatest investments you ever made. TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!**
- We want you to experiment with this remarkable benefit. The perfected HEALTH RAY SUN LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days in your own home... Try it now! 7 days works wonders in the way you look and feel! Then if you decide to keep it, it is your own for the remarkable new price of $7.95. Pay as little as one dollar down payment. Health Ray Mfg. Co., Deep River, Conn.

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NAME__________

Time you receive our special FREE TRIAL OFFER on Health Ray Sun Lamp in Sample:

Address__________

City__________ State__________

This is NOT on order—Ship NOTHING C.O.D. D.D.

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Franklyn Panabok looks with suspicion at Herbert Marshall and Deanna Durbin in "Mad About Music."
Snatching her coat off the bed (mink, of course),
"He ought to get life," Jean remarks drily.
"Life!" Irene screams furiously at the door, "I'll see that he gets the electric chair!"

But he doesn't get the chair. In the end he gets Irene, which is the way all good pictures should end.

That other certain person on the RKO lot whom I dislike almost as much as I do Dietrich, isn't working today so I barge on to the set of "Bringing Up Baby." Cary Grant is working and so is Virginia Walker, who is much the nicer of the two women. Cary is a paleontologist and he is busy, in fact, his life's work is putting together the bones of a brontosaurus. You remember that song a few years ago that began, "Go wash an elephant if you wanna do something big?" Well, an elephant isn't in it with a brontosaurus. Cary is up on a high platform absent-mindedly waving the jawbone around. "I'm not sure this isn't part of the tail," he mutters.

"Nonsense," snaps Miss Walker, another Boston society girl who is entering pictures by way of playing Cary's secretary. "You tried it in the tail yesterday and it didn't fit!"

"So I did," Cary remembers, relievedly. "David," she continues, "come down off that ladder. Here's a telegram."

"Open it," he orders.

She does—and lets out a little squeal. "David!" she gasps. "They've found it! The intercostal clavicle will be here tomorrow."

Naturally, Cary gets all hopped up but I could tell him he's wasting his emotion because not only will the clavicle be there but so will Hepburn. If anything he'd sooner do without the clavicle and work in some other picture.

There being naught else to see at R-K-O I trim my sails for another studio.

Over at Columbia

Only one picture going here—"The Lone Wolf." This features the personality kid, Francis Lederer, in the role that Bert Lytell once made famous. This has an European background, it has to do with a mythical kingdom and when I tell you the crown jewels have been stolen again I've said everything. Frances Drake plays the Princess Thania and just at this moment the Grand Duke, Walter Kingsford (who is the real heavy) has Francis Lederer strapped to a board and is throwing knives at him to make him tell where the jewels are hidden. Lederer smirks with the utmost sanguine and keeps his trap shut.

But Frances Drake gives out with a scream

(Continued on page 86)

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Six girls in "Walking Down Broadway." They are Lynn Bari, Dixie Dunbar, Jayne Regan, Leah Ray, Claire Trevor and Phyllis Brooks—tomorrow's ladies of glamour.

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**How Did We Ever Get Along Without KLEENEX?**

Seems like everyone has a "Kleenex True Confession"

Have you? Well pay $50 in cash for every one published!

Mail yours to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

I USED TO BE A TERROR.

When I had a cold, with my nose so sore and red, since KLEENEX HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)

**KLEENEX® DISPOSABLE TISSUES**

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

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Did my ears burn—When I heard guests whisper that my TOWELS WERE STAINED WITH MAKE-UP! New KLEENEX LIPSTICK TISSUES NOW END ALL THAT!

(From a letter by Mrs. H. E. B., Pasadena, Calif.)

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I USED TO BE A TISSUE FUMBLER...because other brands haven't that PEACHY KLEENEX PULL-OUT BOX that makes it easy to get only one DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME! No more fumble and stumble for me!

(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

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BUY KLEENEX IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

It saves as it serves—one double tissue at a time

---

Pull a double tissue...next one pops up ready for use

---

Silver Screen 13
Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED
IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!

SONJA HENIE

A show aglow with joy-laden
wonder...winging from gay
Norseland festivals to New
York's wintertime spectacles!
And Sonja breathlessly in love
...breath-taking on the ice...
the radiant queen of a world
of dreams come true!

DON AMECHE

with

JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON - LEAH RAY

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!
"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart!", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!
Nelson Eddy, who has been called the male Garbo of Hollywood because he prefers his own fireside at nights rather than ringside tables at the local clubs, seems to be breaking loose lately. One night, urged on by his companion, the irresistible Woody Van Dyke, he sang several songs at the Swing Club in Hollywood, and a couple of weeks later the stay-uppers at the Trocadero were astounded to see Mrs. Eddy’s blond boy take over the microphone and172 give one to the entire crowd, practically, of “Rosalie.” It was not a publicity stunt, Mrs. Eddy just felt like singing, and sang.

So with what Nelson sing all over the plate, and Marlene dancing the Big Apple every chance she gets, all we need now is for Garbo to come back and entertain the night clubbers with imitations of the actresses who have done imitations of her.

Norma Shearer’s appearance at the recent Basil Rathbone party brought forth gasps of envy from the feminine guests. Her gown was a Princess model of white faille on a soft transparent velvet backing. The blouse was soft and full, with high neck, and had three large diamond clips down the front. With it she wore a short eon jacket of the same material, with long sleeves, full at the top and shirred round the arm from the elbow down. She carried a bag of the same glittering faille material with brilliant ball clasp.

Let men kid the girls about the contents of their hand bags if they will, but take an inventory of what is contained in the gadget Basil Rathbone totes around. It is a gold case slightly smaller than the average cigarette case, and it contains a watch, a reading glass, a knife, a perpetual calendar, a door key and a lighter, and is engraved with his name and address for identification. It was designed however, by a woman—Ouida Rathbone.

While his own car was in the garage for repairs, Edgar Kennedy borrowed one of those half-pint motor cars from a friend. Watching Kennedy park it caused more excitement in Hollywood than Greta Garbo on a shopping tour without her disguise.

The comedian finally got up and suspense his two hundred and forty pounds through the door, walked to the front of the car, picked it up, and the tender and swung it into correct parking position. As he dusted his hands the actor was heard to mutter...“a charm bracelet, that’s the right place for your...”

Jeanette MacDonald’s western dress in “Girl of the Golden West” was acquired from a group of cowboys at the B-Bar-H Ranch near Palm Springs. Before starting the picture Jeanette vacated the ranch with hubby Gene Raymond, and they say that she spent long hours every day down by the corral absorbing the necessary western twangs of the cowboys.

The bride didn’t wear red when Virginia Bruce married her director, J. Walter Ruben recently. Virginia wore a long sleeved light blue jersey dress with a draped high neck, wine red sandals, and a white orchid corsage. Virginia won the prize for having the simplest wedding of the year. But the party tossed for Virginia by the Countess di Frasso, Kay Francis and Ann Warner (Mrs. Jack) that night was something else again. It was held at Ann Warner’s on account of she has the biggest house. Of course Kay Francis happened to be seeing Jack Warner at the time for a breach of contract but a little thing like that didn’t interfere with the fun.

The Rubens stayed for breakfast at the Warner’s, attended the tennis matches later, followed by a cocktail party at Alfred Vanderbilts’s in the late afternoon. Sunday night they spent at the Tropicana. It started off as a quiet wedding but apparently it ended in an endurance contest.

Silver Screen Topics For Gossip

The most avid reader of the comics in Hollywood is Carole Lombard. She gets furious if anyone takes the paper before she has had a chance to look at the funny strips.

Glenda Farrell is wearing an interesting scarf. It is of wine red silk, and on it in white letters, is printed the Adoration speech of Edward VIII of England.

Ken Murray says he’s tempted to change his name back to the original (Kenneth Alber Donavan), As he was leaving the Brown Derby one night, ken was stopped by a man wearing a broad-brimmed Western hat. “You’re Ken Murray, ain’t you?” said the man. “I am.” replied Ken. “Well, I come all the way from Texas to shake your hand. I think you’re the best cowboy actor there is in the movies.”

But I’m not a cowboy actor,” said Ken. “I’m on the radio.”

“Bravely, I don’t think so much of your radio stuff, but you ride better than Tom Mix and Buck Jones together.”

“You don’t by any chance mean Maynard, do you? Ken Maynard?” “Maynard! That’s the name. Say, who are you?” “Jones is the name. Fremont Jones from Chickamauga,” returned Ken as he stepped into his car.

Everybody in town is perfectly furious with Warner Baxter. Warner put five dollars on the nose of a $160 long shot at the Santa Anita racetrack the other afternoon, and the nag came in. The only other person known to be on the horse was the Richard Arlen’s chauffeur.

Pat O’Brien’s little son Sean will probably grow up to be an extremely good natural young man. Pat simply can’t resist waking him up from his sleep when he comes home from the studio and Sean doesn’t seem to mind. The youngster is eighteen months old and refuses, since he has learned to walk, to be held in anyone’s arms but Pat’s. Pat takes it big.

Marjorie Gateson, travelling along at a fair rate of speed, was hailed by a traffic cop who quizzed in no uncertain tones, “Hey, you got any idea how fast you were going?” “Thirty-nine miles,” smiled Miss Gateson, who figured to keep within the forty mile limit.

“That ain’t allowed along here,” he said, digging for his ticket.

“I mean twenty-nine,” quickly responded the actress, and at his glowering look she smiled sweetly. “A lady’s got a right to change her mind,” hasn’t she?”

“Yep, but I ain’t goin’ to change mine,” handing her a ticket.
When Famous Roles Are Being Cast The Sparks Begin To Fly.

THE fireworks that were exploded on Page 1 when Claudette Colbert got the role in "Tovarich" which Kay Francis desired, brought to light something generally hidden from movie fans, the active fight that goes on in Hollywood for parts. Long before the cameras start grinding on a picture, the stars of the movies are battling for prized roles, for the players agree with Shakespeare that the play IS the thing. They know that they are as good as their material, so, in consequence, when their studios buy a Broadway hit play, the battle is on. The players themselves rarely appear on the battlefield, but stay behind the scenes, urging on their agents. That the Colbert-Francis row was revealed to the public was an accident. An alert newspaperman got wind that Kay Francis' agent was planning to go to court, in an attempt to break her contract, and the story was out.

Paulette Goddard's ambition to play Scarlet is another case. The situation had developed to the point where David Selznick practically had decided to give her the coveted role. Then the studio learned that one of the top-flight magazines had photographed Miss Goddard in costume, and was planning to go to press with a double-page "beat." Selznick immediately cancelled all negotiations with Paulette and gave out a statement to Associated Press that was a verbal repudiation of all who, in Selznick's words, "were seeking to capitalize on the popularity of the book."

The M. G. M. radio program again spotlighted the quarrels that are carried on by the performers. Jeanette MacDonald agreed to appear on one of the early programs, providing no other girl singer was featured with her. At the last moment, the studio, seeking to build up Ilona Massey, an Hungarian importation, announced that

(Extreme left) Clark Gable, a poor judge of parts. (Left) No one blames Kay Francis for fighting for career-building roles. (Above) Jeanette MacDonald battled for a chance and now she fights to retain her position.

Ilona would sing on the same program. The furious battle that ensued will go into radio history. Miss MacDonald, however, won out. The Massey girl's performance was cancelled.

The star system of Hollywood creates all of this controversy. Once an actor or actress develops box-office power, he or she can practically dictate the terms and conditions of his or her employment. Woe be it the studio if the feelings of a big star are ruffled. Not, mind you, that the actor or actress always chooses wisely. Performers are rare indeed who can read a part and decide on its merit. From time immemorable, performers look ONLY at the left side of a script, to see how many lines they have to speak. If they have sufficient lines, the quantity is a compelling argument. They are not always so scrupulously exact in their judgment of the quality of the lines.

"Mutiny on the Bounty," one of the greatest pictures made,
illustrates the errors in judgment of performers. Charles Laughton, whose characterization of Captain Bligh remains as one of the truly fine documents of celluloid, took the role with the greatest reluctance. Director Frank Lloyd told me exactly what went on behind the scenes when Laughton came to his office at Paramount to discuss the picture and the character.

"Frank, I can't play Bligh," protested Laughton. "Good God, man, I don't look like a sailor, I don't walk like a sailor, I don't talk like a sailor, and I get violently nauseous on any kind of boat. I must turn it down. The part is bad for me.

Lloyd reasoned with him, and finally had to remind him that the studio insisted that he play the role. On top of this, Clark Gable didn't like the role of Mr. Christian, the part that was to add to Gable's lustre as a star. "It's a bad part," Gable said. "It lacks conviction. The audience won't believe it."

That is the mental attitude which Laughton and Gable brought to "Mutiny on the Bounty." Laughton, the first time out on the tug, did get violently nauseous. Gable made him stretch himself flat on the deck, and the attack passed. It was while he was in that position, flat on his back on the deck, that Laughton let out a violent exclamation.

"Frank, I've got it, I've got it," he yelled. "Got what?" asked Lloyd doubtfully. "I was watching you just now, Frank," said Laughton, sitting upright, "and noticing how you cocked your eyes up to the mast of the boat. It's your eyebrows that give you that sailor expression. Look here, I have no eyebrows, just a fuzz. Get me eyebrows like yours, big, bushy eyebrows and I'll be able to play Bligh."

That's exactly what was done. The cameraman made pictures of Director Lloyd's eyebrows, and the Max Factor wig department made up a false pair which Laughton pasted on. From then on, he was Captain Bligh. Gable, who is a swell scout, used to stand on deck, plainly unhappy and disappointing. Finally, after a series of exasperating delays, Lloyd and Gable went ashore at Catalina to have a few drinks.


"I guess I've upset you some, haven't I?" asked Gable.

"Well, Clark, to tell the truth, your attitude has upset me," confessed the director.

"Well, from now, I'll do whatever you ask me to do, Frank," said Gable. "I won't guarantee you that I'll believe what we're doing, but I'll do it."

Lloyd says that Gable's sympathies are so keen that if you appeal to him, he'll do anything. "The point I'm making however, is that Laughton and Gable didn't like "Mutiny on the Bounty" in script form, but on celluloid it was a smash hit collectively, and provided outstanding individual successes for them. Performers fight for parts, and fight against other parts, but few of them know what is best for them. As witness Mae West's unhappy radio experience. She insisted on certain material. It was amusing.

Joan Crawford, for instance, is a shrewd judge of this business. Yet Joan clamoured to play "Gorgeous Hussy," and it was a terrible box-office flop. Then she asked for "Bride Wore Red," and a second flop registered against her. Neither she nor Spencer Tracy liked "Mannequin" while it was being filmed. I know, because I used to visit them on the set while Frank Borzage was directing it. Yet "Mannequin" is a box-office sensation. Paul Muni, after a series of great successes, wanted to go comic. The studio begged him to sidestep it. He insisted. "Hi Nellie was the result, an egg-layer. Jimmy Cagney, (Continued on page 80)
I knew the Fredric Marches were in town to do a play and so I called up Mrs. Brock Pemberton, who is a great friend of theirs, to find out where they were staying. "Fine thing," she said, "to be wanting to photograph Freddie now. He's very ill at the Doctor's Hospital, but I'll see if I can arrange it."

The next morning Mrs. March, who is the lovely Florence Eldridge, called to say that her husband would see me that afternoon and to call his nurse at the hospital and tell her what time I'd be there. So I called the hospital and asked to speak to Miss—well, we'll call her Miss Roberts, which was not her name, to be kind. The operator said Miss Roberts wasn't taking any calls, that I'd have to call the secretary. I explained I was calling at Mrs. March's request and how, otherwise, could I have known the nurse's name?

The operator asked me to wait a minute, which I did, and then again she said she was very sorry but that Miss Roberts didn't wish to be disturbed. I made some mighty unkind remarks about that nursing Garbo and called the secretary who arranged for three o'clock as the best time.

I found Mr. March looking ill and very, very bored. He had to pass the holidays in bed with nothing to do but keep very quiet and watch the boats go by on the river below his windows. The play opening had to be postponed two weeks and a measles epidemic had broken out in the company to further complicate matters.

We discussed the play, and mutual friends, and I expressed regret that Mrs. March wasn't there to be in the photo. "But," he said, "I thought you knew. Florence is laid up at Mayfair House with a severe cold and won't be able to get out for two or three days." So, on the way downtown, I stopped at Mayfair House and sent up my name. Mrs. March received me, sitting up in bed reading. She was wearing a pink knitted bedjacket and the walls of the room were a soft blue-green. She told me she admired my photos, which put me instantly at ease and also gave a new spring to my step. She expressed restlessness at not being able to...
see her husband, also at being away from her friends and her lovely Hollywood home.

Later that evening I went to a costume party and everyone was very pleased because Rosalind Russell was there. Her sister, Mrs. Chet La-Roche, is a great friend of mine and I sought her out, as I knew Rosalind would be with her. And she was. Her costume was all pink, the cape lined with white and the hat, with its blue and lavender ostrich plumes, was tied with a big black ribbon. I told her I'd like a photo of her singing and she said, "All right, but surely not like this," and struck a pose which I took very quickly. I'm not sure she'll like it when

[Continued on page 70]
It was George M. Cohan who understood publicity. "I don't care what you say," said he, "so long as you mention my name."

Pretty the poor rising star! The bright hopefuls of the screen may not make a deal with Mephistopheles, but they pay a high price for fame. Win or lose in the struggle for top honors, there are few players who have not often felt that they were being tossed into an awful arena. Sometimes they are lionized—frequently they are thrown to the lions.

It does not take much imagination to picture Robert Taylor's feelings when he was surrounded by a bunch of hard-boiled reporters in New York recently.

"Do you think you're beautiful?" he was asked.

He probably felt like punching someone in the nose. It might have helped his state of mind, but it wouldn't have helped his career. One of the best actors in Hollywood gave way to jangled nerves in Mexico a few years ago and he is still fighting desperately to stage a come-back.

The point is that Mr. Taylor himself has done absolutely nothing to make anyone think he is handsome—much less beautiful. An average young American, endowed with good looks and a vivid personality, he has had greatness thrust on him, publicly and privately.

From the moment a producer first had the notion that he might make a fine leading man, he started a perilous journey, with a pack of wolves loping relentlessly along after him.

When he signed his first contract, he bought a new wardrobe. He also found that he was having a whole personality custom-built for him. Dozens of shrewd publicity experts immediately started casting an aura of romance and enchantment about his most prosaic activities. Gossip columnists had him madly in love with any presentable girl with whom he appeared in public (first it was Irene Hervey, later Barbara Stanwyck). Willy-nilly, he became the new matinee idol—the beautiful youth and the great lover of the silver screen.

As a matter of fact young Mr. Taylor has too much sound American common sense to be fooled badly by the enormous build-up he has been given.

He has confided to friends that a lot of the contemporary myth that surrounds him makes life pretty unbearable, but he is too wise to give the wolves a chance to dart in and start tearing him to pieces.

Consider his recent trip to England to appear in "A Yank at Oxford." On his way East from Hollywood, the plane stopped at Kansas City, where 1,000 more women closed in on him. He did exactly what you would have done under the same circumstances. He stayed in the plane. And so there were boos and catcalls before he winged on to New York to be heckled about being "beautiful." The day he sailed he was mobbed not once, but twice and two star-struck stewardesses were dragged out from under his berth before the boat could weigh anchor. It still seems to me that the actor showed the real stuff of greatness when, in the midst of all that pandemonium he said:

"The only thing I'm afraid of—somebody's going to get hurt."

In Europe it was even worse. There he was really at the mercy of the mobs. In Amsterdam traffic was tied up by flin-stuck Dutch lasses. Women fought each other in London to retrieve his discarded cigarette butt. As a matter of fact, he saw none of the sights of London he wanted to view for the first time but had to take refuge in the country, thirty miles from the British capital.

There is no ducking the limelight, though, once it has been turned on you. Here was a quiet simple fellow, who had started to be a lion, who switched to economics and only got into the maelstrom of a movie career because a talent scout happened to see him acting in a college show. Almost over-night, he was rich and famous. At the same time virtually cut off from the normal pursuits that most of us can call living.

Even his retreat to the countryside was no help. The publicity experts still sent out reams of drivel about the private aspects of his life. The gossips linked his name with that of Maureen O'Sullivan for no better reason than that she was his leading lady in the pic-
ture he was making. One commentator wrote a scathing piece of invective, based on press releases, in which he was sarcastically called "Robert Taylor, English country squire" who was in the custom of eating a "good old English breakfast of bacon and eggs.

Make no mistake about it "Heartthrob Bob" as he has been called, has plenty of scars from the wolves. It makes no difference that he is extremely modest about his acting abilities and that he has put himself on record as shunning stardom. He is in the very middle of the arena. He can cow his hecklers if he keeps his head, but he is faced with the greatest battle of his life at the very moment that his star is most brilliantly in the ascendant.

There are many screen actors who have not been as level-headed as he. There are many who have had no choice in the matter. When I was in Hollywood not so long ago, I was told about The Glamour Girl. No names were named, but I was given to understand that here was the most beautiful, most exotic, most brilliant, etc., etc., actress.

(Right) They keep the spotlight on Robert Taylor as if he were an escaping prisoner. (Below) Katharine Hepburn. Is she immune?

(Left) Anna Sten fell off her build-up — BAM! Now what? (Above) Will Doris Weston fulfill the studio promises?

Incidentally, Mr. Goldwyn is too good a producer to make the same mistake twice. When "Hurricane" first went into production, there was a good-looking youngster appearing in the leading role. I asked John Ford, the director, about him but only got a vague reply. The press department didn't help me out beyond telling me that he was a new-comer who might work out in the assignment and then again might not. Jon Hall was his name.

He is a fortunate young man and if Mr. Goldwyn sticks to his plans for him he will continue to be fortunate. You haven't heard Mr. Hall being touted as a matinee idol and you won't, if his studio can help it. Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power can have the spotlight, can crash the scandal columns and get mobbed, but not Jon Hall.

When he made a swift tour of the country recently, after "The Hurricane" was released, to be interviewed by the motion picture critics of the key cities, the whole regular [Continued on page 79]
The caste system in the studio restaurant. The hopeful waitresses serve the big stars immediately—the typists can wait.

It's about time I went back to Hollywood to try my luck again. I intend to do my best to stay out of jail this trip.

Being a young woman reared under reasonably respectable circumstances, I really wouldn't know whether this Hollywood jail was above or below standard. I was confined in a semi-basement room with bad ventilation and worst light coming through small, barred windows near the ceiling, windows which had evidently not been washed for months.Originally it had been two smaller rooms; the door between had been taken out, and into this inadequate space some twenty girls were crowded. The floor was full of litter, the walls splotted with dark stains where the plaster wasn't flaking off in chalky patches, the air grim and musty.

But it didn't say Municipal House of Correction for Females over the door. Instead, it said Script Department, and it was the room in which some twenty stenographers toiled for a great movie studio. The black stains on the walls were sprawling smudges of ink where the boys who operated the mimeograph machines wiped their hands, and the litter on the floor was waste paper. But the only real difference was that we pounded typewriters instead of rock, were paid $22.50 a week instead of contributing our services to the community gratis, and had the consolation of getting a good look at Hollywood from the wrong side of the fabric—in some ways a better look than people in good positions got, for we didn't stay in the cell-block all the time. Like the members of a chain-gang we were often sent to do outside labor all over the studio.

In college, I won a Dramatic Club prize offered for the best one-act play. Thus encouraged, I thought of Hollywood. A brother-in-law of mine was a famous director, so I didn't have the panic-stricken awe of the place which handicaps a great many aspirants. I was not screenstruck. I had no illusions about eventually making Greta Garbo gnaw her fingers over my rising threat to her supremacy. But I did have an idea that, if I were as smart a girl as I thought I was, the picture-business had room for me there in a real job.

I arrived primed with rash ideals, determined not to trade upon my brother-in-law's name. If I had to start by grafting a job, I didn't want it. It was just as well. When I arrived, I learned that my relative was under the cloud of a political studio feud and couldn't get past the front gate. No more could I. For three weeks I tried to get an interview with anybody at all. At the end of that time, I had not even succeeded in getting the guards at the front entrance to say more than no to me.

There were other girls hanging around the studio door on the same errand. From them I learned that...
REVEALS ALL!

beneathes outside studio gate and
drew circles and circles fabulously
in my shorthand notebook.

Then, something happened al-
most as implausible as an old-
time movie plot. A famous
director whom we shall call Mr.
von Strohbitsch came to pay a
social call upon my brother-in-
law while I was there. In the
usual course of Hollywood
events, this call was fantastically
unprecedented. When you are
out, in Hollywood, you are so
completely out that no one re-
nembers your name. Perhaps
my brother-in-law owed him
money; perhaps he had a hot
up on the races. At any rate
that visit marked the point
where the heroine deserted her
principles.

"If you'll take my advice," Mr.
von Strohbitsch replied to
my appeal for a job, "you'll get
married. But I don't suppose
you want to take that kind of
advice." I said I certainly did
not, so he gave me a card which
passed me on to the lady-head
of the script department at the
Jones Brothers' Studio. (Since then
Mr. von Strohbitsch has joined my brother-in-
law in the doghouse. The lady-head of
the script department is there yet, but
she can't last much longer. Things happen
fast in Hollywood.)
The script department lady, who had
an eye like a wary parrot's, started ask-
ing me questions.

"Have you had any studio experience?"

"No," I answered, "but Mr. von Stro-
hitsch sent me."

"Well, how fast can you take dicta-
tion?"

"Not fast at all," I said, thinking of
that business course of mine which quit
where a competent stenographer begins,
"but Mr. von Strohbitsch sent me."

"Well, have you had any general busi-
ness experience?"

"None whatever," I said,

"Well," she said quickly, "can you speak
any foreign languages?"

"Not a one," I said, "but Mr. —"

"I see," she said in great haste,

"Have you had a college education?"

"Yes," I said, feeling
almost as relieved as she did.

"You'll do," she said,

hastily gave me a copy of
the departmental
rules and put me in a
little room with a type-
writer to copy these
rules as a sample of my
work. I had not stayed
at business college long
enough to learn what
tabular keys were, so I
took far too long over
the job and turned in a
terrible piece of work.
But I went on Jones
Brothers' payroll next
morning.
The other girls in the
department were rather
deliberate about how they
had got their jobs. Most of them must have had the equivalent
of a brother-in-law who owed an important man some money.

For many of them were little better than stenographers than I, only
two of us had gone to college, and, as to speaking a foreign
language fluently, most of us hadn't mastered English.

Practically none of us had any liking for stenography as a
career. Some were pretty youngsters who had won small-time
beauty prizes and couldn't get jobs as extras. This was their last
desperate effort to get inside the studio walls within eyeshot of
casting directors. Others had heard legends of stenographers whose
smiles had so affected big shots that they had been promoted
along the girl-friend-cum-secretary route to a hundred dollars a
week. Still others thought they could write. Some very few were
in love with the shadowy image of a movie actor or the glamour
of his leading lady and wanted to be near the charmed circle
instead of writing letters to movie magazines to find out how
much Clark Gable weighed and whether [Continued on page 64]
WHEN Errol Flynn came to Hollywood from London and New Guinea in the winter of 1934 he was twenty-six years old, weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, and was six feet two inches tall. His hair, brown like his eyes, parted on the left side, and he was comfortably dressed in his favorite outfit: flannel pants and shirt, open at the throat. English tweed sports coat, and gay scarf.

The secretaries and stenographers at the studio, the most blasé group of people in the world, did him the honor of glancing up from their inner office memocans as he passed by with long graceful strides, followed by Aino, his devoted Schnauzer. After years of Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney in fistfights, Pat O'Brien in sailor suits, Joe E. Brown in gags, and Paul Muni in beards it was rather a relief to have a male around who looked tall, handsome and devastatingly romantic. Over their chicken patties in the commissary they pronounced Jack Warner's newest imitator "a fine figure of a man."

Errol was under contract to the Warner Brothers at that time for one hundred and fifty a week, and no one, least of all himself, had the faintest idea that he would become a national idol, after the release of his third picture. and have his salary tripled to twenty times the original amount.

He arrived at the studio simultaneously with a batch of eager newcomers who seemed bent on expressing their personality, and curves, for the local newspapers, so it was quite some time before anyone, except the secretaries and stenographers, paid the slightest attention to Errol Flynn.

Hollywood, a rather exciting place to the dreamy folk who write and act, Mr. Flynn considered just another dull hole where nothing ever happened. The night clubs bored him. So did the Hollywood parties. He craved excitement. The nearest he could get to the chilling thrills of New Guinea was a ride in a radio patrol car going eighty in the midst of traffic, with the siren screaming. He made pals of the radio cops and hinted outrageously for rides.

Last spring he wrote in a national magazine, "Four years ago I quit New Guinea, the most savage, the least known and, in all respects, the wildest country on the earth's surface. In spite of two years in Hollywood movies, I haven't had a really exciting moment since."

When Errol was introduced to Edward Sclzer, head of the publicity department at that time, he called him "dear old boy" with a clipped British accent, and promised him that he wouldn't be late for appointments with the press, and that he would not seldom people in public places. (To date he has kept his second promise but not his first—as we who write while the editors burn well know.)

Then he was turned over to the publicity boys for the filling-out-of-the-biography routine, a routine to which every newcomer to the movies is subjected. When Errol, trying to be helpful, mentioned his adventures among the head hunters in New Guinea, the cannibals in the untamed wilds of Papua, the deadly cobras in the uncharted jungles, and the rivers infested with man-eating crocodiles through which he had to swim, the boys listened with their tongues in their cheeks. Mr. Flynn, it

(Below, left) Errol Flynn has had a champion's training and keeps "in the pink."

(Left) In the lovable character of Robin Hood.
seemed, had been places and done things. Or else, Mr. Flynn had a very vivid imagination.

When they asked him if he had any famous ancestors, Errol said, "Well, I don't know whether you'd call him famous or infamous. Anyhow I am a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian who led the mutiny on the Bounty." Mr. Flynn, the boys decided, was a colossal liar. But thank God for Mr. Flynn. The more he invented the less they would have to invent.

After the release of "Captain Blood" (no one was interested in reading about Errol Flynn until that picture established him as a sensational new star) the publicity boys launched numerous stories about the amazing life of the Irish adventurer. Such as, "Captain Blood" was a fictional doredevil of the seventeenth century. Flynn is his counterpart in real life, born two hundred and fifty years too late to be a member of Blood's pirate band, but a youth equally adept at finding romance and adventure in unexpected places. He can shut his eyes against the bright lights of the premiere of his picture and remember that four years ago he was nursing a poisoned arrow wound, somewhere in the jungles of New Guinea, while the natives danced about his camp-fire in strange ceremonies, warding off the unwelcome visitor called Death.

And, "Errol Flynn fought his way through the river water, his flesh crawling in anticipation of the ragged teeth of crocodiles. . . . A horrid way to die, to be pulled under water, jammed beneath a slimy log and there left to decay until soft enough to make easy food for gigantic reptiles. He'd faced death a thousand times in the last few jungle years but always on his feet, fighting, ready to die if he must, but ready to die like a man."

When the stories spread the whimsical people of Hollywood also put their tongues in their cheeks. They said, "Mr. Flynn is taking his Sabatini far too seriously." Others, inclined to be catty, said, "Mr. Flynn has quite a flair for publicity, hasn't he?"

When Errol discovered that Hollywood was giving him the tongue-in-the-cheek and the laugh-up-the-sleeve he shut up like the well known clam. Today it is only to his most intimate friends that he will tell "tall tales" of those days not so long ago when he was Constable of the [Continued on page 71]
The gamest woman in Hollywood, I thought to myself as I gazed at Osa Johnson's paint drawn but radiant little face. It was the only part of her that appeared from a veritable snowbank of bandages.

I could stay but a moment. A nurse stood anxiously by and kept time. It was after that stormy night when a plane carrying Osa and Martin Johnson crashed into a California mountain side.

"I do wish they'd bring Martin in this room with me," Osa said softly, but her voice was as vibrantly alive as though she were 5,000 miles away, stalking lions in her beloved African jungle.

"You know," she chuckled confidingly, "Martin is such a baby when he's sick. No one can manage him but me.

But now—fate had snatched his life out of her hands. Martin Johnson had gone on his last safari, I sat awkwardly, not knowing what to say. But not for long. Osa was off again—in Africa, bickering with natives and "hunting" wild animals with her camera. Already she had forgotten the hospital and her leg, broken in eight places.

And so, later, she took her adored companion back to the bleak, frost-bitten Kansas prairie.

I saw her again some four months later in Hollywood. Like Norma Shearer, another of Hollywood's gamest, she did not wear her grief on her shoulder. She was going back to work—back to Africa—and she was exuberant.

"It's to be a really great safari," she told me at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio where she was completing arrangements to head a film company on location for "Stanley and Livingstone."

"Do you know the story of Stanley and Livingstone?" she asked.

I admitted that I was busy.

"Well, Dr. David Livingstone, who was a famous explorer and missionary in that day, disappeared into the heart of Africa," she explained. "He was given up for dead, but every so often, tales would come out of the Lake Victoria country about a strange white man, just like the rumors that still float out of South America about Paul Redfern.

"A New York newspaper took enough stock in the reports to send a reporter by the name of Henry Stanley down to find him. That was in 1872. He had many narrow escapes at the hands of natives, wild animals and sickness, but he found Livingstone: It is a great story, isn't it?"

I nodded my head. It was a great story.

"Otto Brower will direct the filming and there will be 25 technicians and actors from Hollywood, not to mention 90 natives who will join us at Nairobi, the exact spot from which Stanley set out."

Osa laughed. "You see, they're taking me along as a combination mother confessor, dietitian, guide and hunter."

She joked about the hardships of the trip. It never occurred to her that she was heading the most hazardous expedition ever made for movie realism. Neither would she have admitted that she was the only woman in the world who could have handled the job—who could have made all the arrangements with African authorities and the Belgian and British governments, routed and equipped the safari, furnished it with wild animal meat and fish, (she was the only member of the party who had a hunting license), and who could have doctored the bruises, snake bites and fevers of the men.

She looked like an animated doll, sitting there on the edge of a big chair in a studio office. Her feet didn't even reach the floor.

"The natives are all hand picked," she was saying, "I know many of them."

She was silent for a moment, and I knew she was traveling in her thoughts back to Africa and by her side was a tall, bald, jolly man.

"The natives will be asking for Martin," she said at last. "They'll want to know where he is."

She was all business after that. "I must cable the British authorities about those old style guns," she reminded herself. "I am quite sure I can get the loan of them for the battle sequencers."

And the Muses! If I don't get that ordered, your technicians and native porters will starve to death."

The gamest woman in Hollywood, I thought again. Game not because of charging rhinos, stampeding elephants, lurking cobras, or head hunters on the war path. She had faced all these many times and never flinched.

But there was one thing she had not faced in Africa, and that
one thing she feared—loneliness. For loneliness, to Osa Johnson, was a sign of weakness, of self-pity. It would have been too easy, right then, to lay aside her dreams and spend the remainder of her days on a quiet Kansas farm with her memories, near the little town of Chanute where she was born and where she first met Martin many years ago.

But Martin would not have wished it. She must go back to Africa and face her Gethsemane alone. Back to the jabbering monkeys, to the same natives whom they had both called friends, back to the scenes of their happiest days together, where every twist in the newly-chopped jungle trail would remind her of the one she loved more than life, yet whom she would never see again. Game Osa!

And now, after six months in the jungle, Osa Johnson has come back. I saw her in her hotel room the day she returned. She was full of Africa, of funny stories and tragic, for she has a sense of the dramatic as well as the humorous.

"I was proud of my big family," she said, cutting up like a puppy in a great chair. "You know, I've nursed everything from baby hippos down to native babies. Martin always said I wasn't happy unless I had something to fuss over. But 327 were a few more than I'd ever handled at one time before.

"It was a pretty severe initiation for the Hollywood boys, too. At our very first camp, in the famous Riff valley, a native was bitten by an eight-inch centipede. I doctorred him and he recovered.

"The next night I killed a large gator as it was slithering into camp. Despite all this and the sight of lions and leopards prowling in the distance, there wasn't a single case of jitters among the jungle newcomers."

"Yet they had reason to be frightened. Not far from our camp near Nairobi, three natives were killed during the week of our stay, one by an elephant, one by a leopard and the third by a crocodile. In our own camp, one of the more daring natives ventured into what seemed peaceful, calm waters and suddenly found himself surrounded by hippos. One of them got to him. He escaped but he was maimed for life.

"Curiosity jeopardized its time and again. At our camp at Lake Naivaska, we killed three eighteen-foot pythons and several cobras which were attracted by our food boxes. It is suicidal in the jungle to venture a night's sleep without adequate guards on the job.

"We had practically every climatic handicap possible. Too, But Africa is like that. There is always something new in the jungle. That's one reason it is so fascinating."

I wondered about that. Wondered if an eighteen-foot python in the commissary or the sudden appearance of a leopard around the bend of a trail would be construed as fascinating by the average tenderfoot.

[Continued on page 69]
THE Maid of Orleans heard voices and saw a vision—and you, the boys and girls of today, in the rural districts, on farms, in small towns which may seem dull and cramped and too narrow for opportunity, in big cities where you feel lost and overwhelmed, you, too, may hear "voices" and see "visions" as Andrea Leeds did, and Jon Hall, and Olivia de Havilland. Just as Souja Hene did in far away Norway and Iona Massey, a peasant, in the fields of Hungary.

You may be thinking: But what has the vision of the Maid of Orleans to do with us? That is a far-fetched analogy. But it is not so far-fetched when you pause to realize that Joan of Arc was but fulfilling her destiny. That her destiny led to martyrdom and the noble history is beside the point; the point being that it was her destiny and that she kept her eyes open, her ears open, her heart open to hear the call when it came. And everything is comparative, success, martyrdom, love, everything but birth and death, which are the only finalities. And you, and you, and you, whoever you are, wherever you are, may not hear the voices which will lead you to a coat of mail and the salvation of your King and Country but you may hear voices, on the radio, from the screen, from the tongues of immortals trapped in ink on the printed page, voices which will lead you to your own far horizons.

You may be thinking: Fine talk, fancy talk but if it be talk of Hollywood, what chance have I? Some of you may be thinking: I'm poor, my people are poor and obscure and without color. We live in an out-of-the-way place and no-one bears a path to our door. Or you may be thinking: I am awkward and stiff and self-conscious, how could I ever succeed in a world of grace and rhythm and poetry. Or you may be thinking: I am downright plain, ugly, I am condemned for life to a desk, to a clerkship, to monotony and poverty and dreariness.

Stop thinking these thoughts which are gags and nooses! For there was Eleanor Powell, born and raised in Springfield, Massachusetts, where there were not, certainly, many shining opportunities toward which a girl might rise up her hands and touch the stars... and there was Eleanor, so shy, so self-conscious that school was an agony to her, so many pairs of eyes boring holes into her painful awkwardness. And then dancing school, the little inexpensive local dancing school where Ralph McKernan taught. Ralph McKernan, who had a genius for training small, stiff children, and it was in this dancing class that Eleanor first saw her vision, a vision of pleasing not only Mr. McKernan but millions of other people whose eyes, like his, might brighten, whose feet might tap, whose heart might sing along with the merriment with her dancing... and she awoke and was on her way.

And then there was Luise Rainer, on her father's country estate outside of far away Vienna, a far, far call from Hollywood. Luise trying to write and fumbling with words which were not her medium of expression, making figures of bronze and smashing them again because they expressed so poorly that which she wanted to express... Luise, then, reading Goethe and Schiller and in those solitudes feeling her eyes open wide and her spirit expand into a desire to try to do, in her small way, what these had done for their age and for immortality. In those pages she saw Luise hear the voices and see the visions; catching a glimpse of her own transfigured face in the mirror. knew suddenly that it was with her face and her body that she could best give to the world that which was within her to give... to the vision and to life more colorful, more emotional and also more dangerous and daring than anything she could know there at home, dared to go to New York, without much money, without experience, without a pull, and try for a job on the stage. Getting it, she came to Hollywood.

All Over The World The Struggling Artists See A Vision That Beckons Them To Hollywood.

By Gladys Hall

(Top) James Cagney was inspired to circumvent his humble beginnings. (Top center) Jon Hall, who saw a vision of himself and followed it. (Above) Andrea Leeds has started to make her dream come true.
where she found her heart's desire, as well as the experience of grief and her own eventual fulfillment.

And if you think: But these girls are beautiful, there wasn't any gamble for them, there is the case of Helen Hayes, who was born the daughter of a meat-packer in Washington, D. C., and who said to me one time, "I was so plain, so absolutely without any attraction at all that when my mother took me out people were embarrassed because they couldn't say 'What a lovely child!' or 'Isn't she pretty?' or any of the things people usually say to a mother about her child. All they could think of to say was 'hasn't she a remarkable personality?' And I soon realized what that meant! And when I finally got a chance to do a child's part on the stage I got it only because there was no other child available at the moment and the manager of the stock company in Washington said 'well, I guess she'll have to do.' That very plainness gave Helen Hayes her vision, a desire to take the unremarkable clay which was herself and make it so pliable, that it could take any shape or form and create any illusion she desired.

Don Ameche was the son of a saloon keeper in Kenosha, Wisconsin, one of many children, poor and struggling for the very necessities... but he heard voices over the air, watched the shadows on the screen and reached out his hands and his energies for success. Jimmy Cagney was born on Avenue A in New York, also the son of a saloon keeper, and he watched small boys, like the slithering shadows they were, foraging in garbage pails for enough to keep them alive and he saw a vision of a world where such things would cease to be and he worked at all kinds of jobs, any job that came along, two or three jobs at a time until he had climbed out of the tenement streets and was able to extend a hand to his unfortunate brothers. And young John Beal, son of a department store keeper in Joplin, Missouri—it was John's elder sister who gave him his vision, for she was a violinist and would have been world-famous had she lived and in young John was born the desire to do that which would make her proud of him, as he had been proud of her... and then he saw Richard Barthelmess in pictures, a科学研究" and others, and kept scrap books about Barthelmess and knew that some day he wanted to be what Barthelmess was... somehow.

And Allan Jones, son of a Welsh miner, born in Scranton, Pa., sweating in the grim bowels of the earth, taught to sing by his father who had never had a chance to develop his own fine voice, looking back and realizing that it takes money to make the first steps, out of the mines, onto the concert or opera stage, spending, then, all of his youth, all of his young manhood working, saving, a nickel at a time, a dime, a dollar, denying himself everything but the barest necessities in order to make that vision in the pits reality as well as a dream.

Annabella in France, born with a vision, she says, playing, from earliest childhood that she was not Annabella but others... a boy one day, a girl named Mignonette the next day... wanting to be more than one person, having to be imprisoned always in her own body... fighting her way out of that prison... And Jack Oakie who is, surely, no Gable, making his mother and father laugh so that laughter rang through their home from morning until night and looking about him at the homes of others, at other people with dull eyes and mouths turned down at the corners and thinking what it might mean to make the whole world laugh, not only his own folks and the next-door neighbors in Sedalia, Missouri—perhaps to make the world laugh may be accounted, in the last recordings, as valuable a call as crowning a Dauphin of France. And then there was Jimmy Stewart, a small town boy from Indiana, Pa., his father a hardware merchant—

You see, you do see, don't you, that they were not born rich and beautiful and colorful, with opportunities heaped about them for their choosing. They might so well have stayed in [Continued on page 78]
The making of figures to double for stars requires artistic skill. (At right, center) Katherine Stubergh with the implacable Clark Gable. She made him, and that's something, for he's hard to "make." (Below, center) The same artist modeling the Gable head.

Our editor has asked me to delve into the side streets of Hollywood, and bring out for his readers the color and drama of places off the beaten tracks, discovering the hidden achievements, tragedies, laughter and tears of the unfamous in the most famous city in the world. I doff my battered reporter's hat to him for giving me this opportunity to tell you of these places and people, and I hope, as you roam around with me, you'll come to know the Hollywood behind Hollywood. The star parade on our much publicized Boulevard is an intriguing show, but even more exciting is the hidden life in the side streets of this amazing town.

In a white, arched building near Vermont and Beverly, I found Greta Garbo watching a beautiful girl in a green smock brushing the flaxen hair of Marlene Dietrich. "Hello, Greta," I hailed her in my best breezy manner. But she ignored me, "Don't you remember me?" I asked her, "I was John Gilbert's attache in Queen Christina. We flourished our plummed hats and bowed before you a hundred times as you sat on your throne, majestic in your sweeping red velvet and gold gown, and enjoying like a little girl the courtly homage we paid you." But Swede didn't mind being talked to and even stared at me, but she remained true to form and made no reply. In desperation I turned to Charlie Chaplin, but he kept studying me in his baggy pants, and wouldn't say anything either. I saw Clark Gable in a corner of the room and hurried up to him. Clark was a regular guy and he would certainly tell me the reason for this strange conspiracy of silence in the presence of a reporter who had said many nice things about them. But Clark just smiled at me with his dimples. Mae West was on the point of swinging her hips and telling me to "Come up," but she didn't. Wallace Beery laughed. Joan Crawford looked in another direction and pretended not to notice what was going on. There were other stars gathered in the room—John
Barrymore, Fredric March, Carole Lombard, even little Shirley Temple was there—but none of them would talk. For alas and alack, there were all made of wax! Katherine Stubergh is the name of the girl in the green smock. She has created with her mother this amazing collection of life-like figures in wax. One of the loveliest young ladies this side of heaven, Katherine represents the fourth and last generation of this unique art that has been a family monopoly of the Stuberghs. Her likenesses of Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton were on exhibition in the Hall of Science of the Century of Progress Exposition Charles Chaplin, a la Stubergh, and other pioneers of the motion picture industry are on permanent exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum. Katherine is planning a motion picture museum of her own to preserve for posterity the faces and expressions of your screen favorites.

A trip through the Stubergh studio is like visiting Hollywood with Abbein's Lamp. You'll find there every player of importance in waxen postures, as well as world famous figures in other lines of activity, and a veritable gallery of rogues with severed heads. The place gives you a queer feeling as you step over the torso of Errol Flynn or the arms of Luise Rainer, but Katherine's serene smile puts you at ease.

"My mother was born in the Rhineland, but I was born in this country, in San Francisco," she said, as she started lacquering Malene Dietrich's hair. "My mother ran the San Francisco branch of my grandfather's business, which was in New York. My grandfather had done work for museums throughout the world, among them the famous Eden Musée in New York. "I received my entire education in private schools and from private teachers, which enabled me to give the greater part of my time to the study of sculpture and dancing. My real intention was to be a dancer, sculpture being a sort of family hobby. For four years I studied the Russian Ballet with Theodore Kosloff and then interpretive and modern dances with Michio Ito. I also wanted to be an actress. You know, every girl passes through those periods."

She chuckled in self-deprecation. La Dietrich's hair was by now properly lacquered, and she took up a thin brush and began painting the lips of Clark Gable.

"I feel," she spoke again, "that I owe my career as a sculptress to Mae West and Albert Einstein. They were among the first people who sat for me, and they encouraged me to go ahead. Miss West was very nice, not vain at all, and spoke freely of her shortcomings as she imagined them. She has the finest complexion of any actress I've ever seen.

"I was working on a head of Albert Einstein when he came to Hollywood a few years ago, or rather, Pasadena. I had not seen him, and worked from photographs. A friend told me the professor would sit for me if I could meet him. Would I? I was thrilled. He sat for me two and a half hours. I know very little German, and he knew very little English, so we just smiled and bowed our heads. He liked the way I had modeled his face, without seeing him, but wanted a stronger jaw. I had made him look too spiritual. He wanted to look more solid, firmer. 'Don't make me too soft,' he said. He was very particular about that. He liked my work so much that I decided I might as well give up my dancing and follow in the footsteps of my mother."

Amelia Earhart and Art Goebel also posed for Katherine. But most of her work is connected with movie stars. She was 16 when John Barrymore submitted to her left fingers for a plaster mask. Perfect immobility is essential while the plaster is allowed to set on the features. Barrymore sneezed, and spoiled a mask. The life-like Chinese figures and doubles of stars in the lobby of Sid Grauman's famed movie palace are the work of the Stuberghs, mother and daughter. Katherine goes on the sets or to the homes of the stars for her modelling, "I now model in clay only." she explained. "I don't like to work from masks. Masks have a monotonous, wooden expression. I work mostly from photographs when I'm modelling a likeness of a movie star, after I once see him. I try to catch precisely the same qualities that the camera does. Off screen, the stars are different. I like to make them look like their photographic selves."

In particularly dangerous scenes, the Stubergh wax dummies are used as doubles. The Stuberghs also make models for clothing and beauty shops.

One of the most difficult jobs Katherine has had to do was making Ginger Rogers masks for "Shall We Dance." Every mask had to be identical. She worked a month on them. Now Katherine is a movie fan, and talks like one when she tells you of the different stars she has modeled. But Ginger Rogers seems to be her very special favorite. "I smeared her face with the plaster," she explained, "and she lay still for twenty minutes with all that mud on her face. She didn't move at all and I got a perfect mold. Most stars are too edgy. What I like about Ginger is that she is so natural and friendly that you wonder if she is really a movie star."

She seized an armature, and started [Continued on page 74]
Hollywood Buys A

Now Yesterday Has Its Field Day On The Screen. The Years That Are Gone Were All Sleeping Between The Covers Of Books Until The Picture Makers Discovered Them.

By
Helen Louise Walker

PLAYLET IN THREE SCENES.

Scene 1. A school room. Class is about to be dismissed and the boys and girls are closing their books and stowing away pens and pencils.

The teacher speaks,

"Attention, please. I want to give you your assignment for this week's homework."

Faces of the boys and girls fall.

Teacher continues,

"I want you to go to a film, 'Wells Fargo,' and be prepared to write a brief summary of it on Monday."

Scene 2. A living room. Mother, Father and Young Hopeful are assembled.

Young Hopeful speaks.

"Pop! Will you and Mom help me with my homework?"

Pop looks apprehensive.

"Why can't you do your own homework? What is it now? Algebra?"

Young Hopeful.

"Teacher wants us to go and see 'Wells Fargo.'"

Pop beams. Mom beams.

"Fine! We've been wanting to see that..."

Epilogue.

A fine time was had by all, including teacher, who went to see "Wells Fargo," herself.

Well, all I have to say is that things weren't like this when I had homework to do! None of the adults in my family ever evinced any eagerness to accompany me to the public library and help me pore over the dusty books from the top shelf which would tell me something of the saga of the development of transportation and communication in my country while it was still young and raw. No one seemed anxious to give the picture of the fall of the Bastille a vivid and indestructible place in my memory. No one tried very hard to make me see the man Napoleon Bonaparte, as a lonely, pathetic, ambition-scorched creature.

I'll betcha that twelve-year-old Mary Jones, around the corner, knows more of what Louis Pasteur meant to the world than most of us knew until we saw "The Life of Louis Pasteur" upon the screen. I'll wager that sixteen-year-old Billy Smith, across the street, knows more of the Dreyfus case and its significance, understands more of the possible horror
of a miscarriage of justice, knows more of Emile Zola, has a clearer picture of life and people and politics of that era than you or I or Billy's parents did at his age. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether Billy Smith would have ever heard of Dreyfus or even Zola, if it had not been for that superb picture!

The curious thing about all this is that no producer will ever admit that one of these pictures is an "educational venture." The moment that the word, "educational," is introduced at a story conference apparently everything becomes hopelessly dull and depressing. Several major studios have made excursions into the field of "educational, historical, short subjects." The result of these efforts has been to cause the public (especially the younger fry) to stay away from the theatres in unanimous and discontented droves.

But "Lloyd's of London," made at a cost which approached the two million mark, netted Twentieth Century-Fox a tidy profit and created, besides, a brilliant and valuable new star—Tyrone Power. Now, "Lloyd's of London" was the story of the growth of an insurance firm—and insurance, to most of us, is a pretty dull subject. You wouldn't have expected it—would you—to be thrilling, exciting, to present an epic sweep of stirring events, to mirror a fascinating era? But it did. Darryl Zanuck will assure you, with haste, that it was merely "good entertainment with authentic, historical background."

It was certainly good entertainment and it is comforting to learn about the authenticity. I suppose it merely goes to prove that everyone enjoys history if it is dramatized for him. "Conquest" enjoyed one of the deftest scripts which has been brought to the screen in many, many a moon. It was the story of two people—Napoleon and Walleska. You sensed, you did not see, the terrific sweep of events which they caused and for which they suffered. You knew that world history was being swayed, maps altered, national destinies decided. You had an intimate picture of manners, costumes, methods of thought of the period. What you actually saw was two people, in love. You realized what one frail, obscure, rather frightened woman did to the world and to one of its greatest figures. The majority of people had never heard of her before. They had thought that Josephine was important. They hadn't noted Walleska, who was infinitely more important.

In "Marco Polo," which you will no doubt see very soon, the canny Sam Goldwyn thought that Polo, himself, was more important to the world, more interesting to the public, than the period in which he lived, the ancient politics in which he figured, even the history which he undoubtedly swayed. In "Marco Polo" you will find a character to love, a romance to stir you. But you will also find the color, the atmosphere, the feeling of a world strange to you. You will have a fantastic adventure. But don't be surprised if you wake up next morning and find that you have learned something important about the world in which you live and about the people who inhabit it!

It's putting a sugar coating on history—possibly putting frosting on culture. Anyhow, it's great fun!

The research on these pictures is interesting. "Marco Polo," for instance, requires authentic reproductions of antique Chinese costumes and furnishings, fighting tools and so on. As long as the set dressers, armorers, costumers and so on stick to the general atmosphere of their period, they are all right. No one but a thorough scholar will rise to rebuke them. But—in a picture like "In Old Chicago"—every detail, down to the pattern of the crocheted face on a table doily, must be correct and authentic. There are thousands of people still living who remember, or who think they remember, accurately all the details of life of that period. They think they know how many globes there were in the chandelier in the lobby of the Palmer House. They are certain that they are thoroughly conversant with all the slang terms of that period. They know whether Aunt Minnie wore laced or buttoned shoes when the fire broke out. They know the names of all the cousins of the O'Leary's.

Research on a story of so recent a date is much more of a problem than research on an obscure era. Yet, "In Old Chicago" there is history. It mirrors an important phase of American development, and is a saga of terror and courage. (P. S. You will agree, too, that it [Continued on page 6]).

(Below) The South of the aristocratic days returns in "Jebel." (Left) "Wells Fargo" spread a magic carpet and sent us all to California and the gold fields.
IT HAS long been a popular belief with people who live East of the Rockies that movie stars don't think. They assume apparently that the glamorous dream children of Hollywood know every attitude and posture under the sun—except the one made famous by Rodin. As the last fence straddler of my time, and I must say I can do a neat bit of straddling, I see no reason why I should become involved in a controversy over popular beliefs, especially as I am feeling delightfully insane at the moment. So I shall merely thumb my nose pleasantly at the accepted tradition, and give you tonight a movie star who is thinking—and thinking, I may add, like mad.

The scene is an upstairs bedroom in a beautiful home on North Faring Road in Holmby Hills, where movie stars pay exorbitantly for the privilege of breathing. In the middle of a huge four poster, with the covers slightly awry, lies Claudette Colbert, and very pretty too. No curlers, no chin straps, no go, it must be getting rather late because all the lights are out in Irene Dunne's house across the street, and the last car has just pulled out of the Butterworth driveway with a cheery, "It was a swell party, Charlie. See you at the Troc on Thursday."

Claudette is chic as usual in a white satin nightgown, strictly tailored because she can't abide lace, her arms are crossed behind her head, and she is staring intently at the ceiling. Believe it or not, people who live East of the Rockies she is thinking. She isn't thinking great big wonderful thoughts, to be sure, she's just thinking a whole flock of perfectly normal thoughts, even as you and I. Claudette is thinking:

"There are some people in this world who can cope with departures, and there are others who cannot. I am definitely one of the can'ts. I don't know why it is but there is a certain hysteria whenever I leave a place. Even if it's only the studio commissary where I have dropped in for a cup of tea. I'm sure to have left my gloves behind. I suppose I am just not psychologically prepared to leave places. That's the reason I am never on time.

"A departure always takes me completely by surprise. For at least six months now I have known that on Tuesday I am leaving on the Chief to make connections with the Contelle de Savoie in New York which is taking me to Europe on my first real vacation in eight years. And here it is Monday night and I still have a million things to do. I wish I could make out lists, and check them off, the way other people do, but I always lose my lists in the fan mail.

"I must remind mother to remind Mrs. Davey to change those curtains in the playroom while I am gone. I love my new playroom, with its hooked rugs, its big fireplace, with the copper kettle, and its early American furniture. It's the room I have dreamed of all my life.

"I wonder if the red chair wouldn't look better on the right side of the fireplace? Un-huh, I believe it would, but I'll go down there right now and change it. No-o-o, it's pretty chilly in here and I'd probably catch a cold. Wouldn't it be terrible to arrive in New York with a runny nose? There's really nothing so un-glamorous as a cold—unless it's a boil on the nose. Say, my nose feels funny. I wonder if I'm getting a pimple. Now that would be something. Claudette Colbert arrived in [Continued on page 76]

Stage Training Gave Him Assurance To Play Any Part Without The Desperate Effort That Ruins Many Screen Discoveries.

Melvyn Douglas' father was a concert pianist and talent was Melvyn's birthright. He was born in Macon, Ga., in 1901, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and married to Helen Gallagher, a brilliant actress. Screen actors who came up from extra work should study Melvyn Douglas to learn the importance of keeping something in reserve. Melvyn never is out of control. That's acting!
Gary Cooper ranks ninth on the list. (He is fourth in the British Isles.) Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are voted together and stand seventh. How they will succeed separately is still in doubt.

Clark Gable ran second. No one has ever outdone him; during the last six years he has been among the ten best bets.

Jane Withers is No. 6 where the shakels roll in. She's 11 years old. (Right) Sonja Henie is eighth among the ten leaders. 1937 was her first year in pictures. Her sudden rise is unprecedented.
The Money Makers!

The money received at the box offices does the real voting and the players who are selected to head this list rest their fame on a more tangible basis than do the darlings of the fan letters.

Myrna Loy is the tenth in money-making qualities, but there is only one woman who rates higher. (Right) The fourth in theatre packing in 1937 is Bing Crosby. In 1934 Bing was seventh. Going up!

Robert Taylor is now in third place. Last year he stood fourth and the year before that he ranked eighty-third. Good work, Taylor!

(Left) William Powell is rated as the fifth star in drawing power. (Right) Shirley Temple is the number One Box Office sensation, and has been for the last three years.

The popularity of a movie player and the box office draw are two different matters. Robert Taylor was selected by Silver Screen readers as being the most popular. These are the players whose pictures brought the greatest number of people to the theatres. The Motion Picture Herald contacted the showmen of America and compiled this list. The stars rank in the following order: Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Bing Crosby, William Powell, Jeanette Macdonald, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (equal), Sonja Henie, Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy.
The old joke about skating home would work in good with this Betty Grable picture, only Betty, as you well know, is Mrs. Jackie Coogan and they are owners of limousines. Skating is her beauty exercise—a leg shaper-upper!

(Right) Movita uses the twisting bending movement to be sure that her waist keeps down to about 24 inches. (Left) Trainer Appas moulds Joan Woodbury's figure.

The Ambitious Girls Of The Screen Bend Their Efforts And Stretch A Point To Be Willowy And Svelte.

(Right) The limbering exercise which Don Loomis prescribes for Priscilla Lawson is good for the waist and hips.

This treatment which the physical instructor is giving to Lynne Carver relieves pressure on the upper part of the back. It is excellent for relax nervous or tense people.
IN THE privacy of their own rooms, the ladies of the picture studios go through their setting-up exercises. The girls who are generously curved must reduce to thoroughbred leanness. They diet and exercise because they are training for a bout with beauty, and screen beauty is tough to beat. Some girls have become famous for one perfect feature, but, more inspiring is the woman with a form divine who combines with her symmetry and physical loveliness the greater gift of talent.

(Left) This pulling exercise helps Joan Woodbury strengthen her back muscles.

(Above) Her instructor shows Joan an exercise that few can master.

(Below) Everyone is familiar with the very beneficial bicycle exercise, but few look as lovely as Movita, who's going places even though her bicycle is imaginary.

(Left) Priscilla Lawson squats with pride. She has learned to maintain her balance, and that's something.

(Right) To overcome insomnia there is nothing better than a breathing exercise. Lynne Carver assumes the correct position for deep breathing.
As in a looking-glass, the movie actors see themselves on the screen. They look with amazement upon this strange person that is so familiar to the millions of movie patrons. They study the unfamiliar being who earns the big salary and pays the bills. He is loved by thousands and even is a model for other lives.

The screen is their mirror. Sometimes this particular vision of himself comes as a shock to the playboy actor. One player who was drinking too much saw himself on the screen, and, as the ancient Babylonians saw the writing on the wall, he read the message of his doom right there on the screen before him. He pulled himself together and has not had a drink in eighteen months and is regaining his lost position.

In "Doctor Rhythm," Andy Devine is treated quite disrespectfully by Bing Crosby, the doctor. But he can console himself—he gets the laughs.

Their Famous Shadows
Constance Bennett should be very happy when she sees herself in her new comedy parts. In "Merrily We Live," she is separating Tom Brown and Bonita Granville.

Edward Everett Horton must feel like yelling to his screen self "Don't be such an idiot." But the public has made Eddie one of the best liked of the boob fraternity.

He has played in many a picture and helped each one of them. This time Jean Harsholt is a genial landlord, in "Happy Landing."

The Players Go To The Movies To Get Acquainted With Their Screen Selves.

(Above) Fay Wray and Kent Taylor in "The Jury's Secret." Fay fills her stockings nicely, doesn't she? (Left) A scene from "Her Jungle Love," in which Dorothy Lamour continues her charming native girl role, with Roy Milland. She probably wishes she could act in some gorgeous gowns, but Dorothy is so lovely that we hope the sarong becomes the fashion.
Rose Stradner in a new version of the dinner gown, modeled after a Viennese fashion. The sweeping skirt is of black taffeta, and black and white checked taffeta is used for the tailored basque with its modified leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Danielle Dorieux looking very superior indeed in form-fitting block crepe, the heart-shaped bodice of which gleams with magenta sequins. And Simone Simon, very much the jeune file in bountiful white tulle with a comet design of silver sequins. There's a halter neckline of crushed tulle and the waistline is banded with narrow white velvet ribbon.

Andrea Leeds is an exquisite study in this beautifully molded chiffon dance frock. The color is a deep, rich coffee brown, with wide lace inserts dyed to match. The shoulder straps are of taffeta, like the underslip. (Brown, by the way, is going to be very much in evidence this Spring.)

Milady matches up her jewelry these gay evenings. Anita Louise chooses lovely star sapphires set in delicately etched platinum for her brooch, ring and hair clip; whereas Jane Bryan smiles contentedly with her less precious costume necklace and bracelet of heavy gold chains, linked with simulated rubies.
"CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?"

Then Come On An Early Shopping Tour With These Charming Screen Players.

SIMPLICITY rules the feminine clothes-conscious mind at this season of the year—so far as daytime fashions are concerned. Tailored costumes that rely upon smartness of line rather than fur belows are in order. Where evening gowns are concerned, however, there will be little variation until the real warm weather arrives and cotton in its various forms takes the lead once again.

(Left) Gloria Holden in the new Tuxedo top coat of light grey tweed shadowcheck, with padded shoulders, and wide lapels. Under it she wears a simple plum colored wool crepe with a wide roman striped girdle. . . . (Right) Mary Carlisle in a sea-green crepe frock having an all-over soutache braid design on the blouse, and self-covered buttons from neck to hem. A three-quarter length beige camel hair coat and a beige felt cone, striped with green and henna suede and boasting an eye-catching quill, add contrast to this ensemble.

(Below) Lynne Carver wears a double-breasted top coat with revers, fashioned of an interesting combination of beige, cinnamon brown and cocoa brown stripes in wool. Maureen O'Sullivan in a navy blue wool skirt and hip length tailored cape worn over a navy blue and white checked waistcoat with a white pique collar. . . . Deanna Durbin's chocolate brown kaska suit has a high cut swing skirt and a pert saddle stitched bolero worn over a long sleeved yellow cashmere sweater with a turtle neck. A yellow felt off-the-face hat and brown accessories complete this outfit.
The Studios Present:

Wayne Morris and Barbara O'Neil in "Everybody Was Very Nice."

Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi and Walter Huston in "Benefits Forgot."

Milton Berle, Bob Burns and Jack Oakie in "Radio City Revels."

Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Having Wonderful Time."

Jack Holt, Craig Reynolds and Beverly Roberts in "All Were Enemies."

Akim Tamiroff, Harvey Stephens and Anna May Wong in "Dangerous To Know."
Girls, ask your brothers—
they’ll tell you about
S.A. (stocking appeal)

Brothers speak out frankly. They’ll tell you how men frown at stocking faults... runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky seams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.? It’s easy with Lux.

SAVES ELASTICITY. Lux saves the elasticity of silk—lets threads stretch without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

*S.A. = stocking appeal.

Cuts down runs... saves S.A.
When Martha Raye opened her mouth to broadcast, the mike saw the danger and tried to escape. But Martha is very strict and will not allow Mike to go too far.

She decides to use force.

When she brought her beautiful legs into action, the heart of Mike was touched and he became like spaghetti in her hands.

In "A Yank At Oxford," Movreen O'Sullivan demands that he do his stuff, so Robert Taylor gets to work on a clinch. But he fell for her! So another Great Lover loses his glamour, or something.

The Studio Adventure of Martha Raye, or Why Knee Action Microphones Get a Girl Down.

Buddy Ebsen propositions the mule. He tries gentle persuasion and then, his interest aroused, he grows brutal. "There," yelled Buddy, "You're making an ass of yourself being so obstinate."
Sonja Henie on skates is beautiful, poised and graceful. Her routines are based upon ballet dancing, which was her first accomplishment. The central figure shows a dance kick which she does in "Happy Landing."

“HANDS SHOULD BE GLAMOROUS”
says Luli Deste
(COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR)

“HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty,” says Luli Deste, “and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home life as to professional life.” Girls—prevent ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!

Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

YOUR HANDS get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture. But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chapping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50c, 25c, 10c, $1.00—at all beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION
FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS
See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion puts in—softens and whiten chapped, rough hands.
The Andrew Jergens Co. 2539 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, Perth, Ontario

Name: ____________________________ (PLEASE PRINT)
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
The Performers Do Better On Stages, Even Though Audiences Are Missing.

Alice Faye is quite at home in a dance number, from "Sally, Irene and Mary."
The laughing, larruping hero of "Kid Galahad"!

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

with

WAYNE MORRIS
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
Always Something Doing

The Ritz Brothers make such lovely sirens; or are they more like steam sirens? In "The Goldwyn Follies."

Real Hawaiians, in "Hawa Calls," doing the hula—just another Big App with free hipping. (Left) Vera Zorina introduces new movement in her ball dance in "The Goldwyn Follies," winning hands down. (Below) Preston Foster and Sally Eilers as Gary Grant for his autograph. "Things must be getting tough," he wrote "when we have to ask each other for our names."

(Above, left) Fanny Brice, Reginald Gardiner, Judy Garland, Director Edwin L. Marin, Billie Burke and Reginald Owen in the spirit of "Everybody Sing." (Left) A great director at work. Lubitsch is trying to show Gary Cooper just how he thinks Gary should play his part. The Lubitsch touch.
C LARENCE BROWN carefully examined the script of "Ben-
Nits Forgot." It was a story he loved. In fact, nineteen years
ago he had such faith in it that he bought it. It was his per-
sonal property. The silent screen wasn't ready for a story of fine
characterizations and down-to-earth human emotions. But Brown
saw ahead. He waited. Then Hollywood came to see the value
of stories like "Ah, Wilderness!", "Night Must Fall," and of the
human characters that made these stories great. So Brown was
ready to direct his story, "Benefits Forgot," with Walter Huston,
James Stewart, and Beulah Bondi in the cast.

The locale was a backwoods Ohio village of Lincoln's day.
The principal characters, a pioneer circuit-riding preacher, played by
Huston; the son, with ambitions to be a surgeon and out of
sympathy with his father's religious zeal, played by Stewart;
the wife and mother, blindly adoring both, played by Beulah
Bondi.

There were two choices; either build an Ohio village on the
"back lot," or go to some location.

"In a story depending on characterizations rather than plot,"
argued Brown, "the background must necessarily be as important
a character as an actor." So search started for a location on which
to build the backwoods village, with its church, general store,
blacksmith shop, dock and river steamer, rail fences and the
rest of the picturesque detail.

The first step was routine. Brown and the art director, who
had read the script and laid out preliminary sketches of the
village, visited the files of the location manager. They looked at
pictures of hundreds of possible spots. They gradually narrowed
their choice down to several locales. Then they visited these.
Scenery was considered, and topography was considered, as the
village was to be designed along certain lines for camera angles.

Brown always watches these details himself. He started life as
an engineer. Today he uses the exact mathematical machine of
an engineer's brain to check on the flights of fancy of the artist
that is in him. He calculated the exact angle of the road leading
from the village along the hillside to Parson Huston's home. The
next minute he was envisioning the old-fashioned horseshoes
nailed on the door of the blacksmith's shop. No detail is too
small for his notice, from a gartered candle in a pioneer shack
to a flock of sheep, backlighted by the sun, in a sylvan pasture.

Before and after. The lower pic-
ture shows the spot selected for
a film location. The one above was
taken after a village was built on
it. The two pine trees outlined
against the sky prove these shots
are of the same site.

Villages, On Picture Locations,
Spring Up Like Magic
(A short short, complete in this issue)

The North Shore of Lake
Arrowhead was finally chosen.
Architectural plans were drawn
for the carpenters. Brown checked
them all, and the construction
work began with Brown right
on the spot, just as an architect
supervises a house. He saw that
the painters placed just the
right shades for photographic
effect. He saw that the corn and
pumpkin fields were irregular
enough for primitive country.

Walter Huston, who plays the
principal role, was, like Brown,
an engineer. The two men have
a great deal in common. Huston
accompanied Brown around the
city, to make sure he could
"live" in it. They conferred
with Harry Oliver, artist, and
Charles Whittaker, historian. A
little was taken from history, a
little from art, as tiny details
were added to the location. . . .
A country churchyard with
rough wooden crosses. A charm-
ing stile, over a fence made of
rails such as Lincoln used to
split. An old wiggling wooden
churn for Beulah Bondi's kitchen.
An heterogeneous jum-
ble of medical tools, magazines,
and whiskey bottles for the off-
ce of the bibulous Doctor Shingle,
played by Charles Coburn.

Their homes were made to
describe the characters. Cleo's to
mannerisms, such as the hiding
place of a bottle, the resting
place of a pipe, were consid-
ered in asking "characters" out
of the sets.

Finally, Brown considered the
location complete. A company of
two hundred journeyed nearly
100 miles, by cars and busses, to
location, and "Camera" was
called on the first scene.

Clarence Brown, the
creative director of
"Benefits Forgot."

N O T D O N E W I T H M I R R O R S
By
Gregory Squire
SOME people still lift an eyebrow. They still believe all that truck about the "French peacocks" whom the Poppy Bonita drove to ruin, even suicide, before she left Europe flat, flamed into Hollywood, and got where she is now—in the top-flight of New York. But we're inside dope.

At first Poppy Bonita was only a name which had come to Mr. Irving Seal from one of the hitting of the grapes of Old Poppy. The mere idea of a dream girl cloaked, as Irv himself modestly admits, "with the mystery, the perfume of summer night; with all the exotic elusive glances of green womanhood!"

Hot dog!

"Poppy Bonita!"

Irv loved that name. Wisfally, then Poor had become real. She was born. Not in Europe, as per publicity, but publicly—on a sidewalk just south of Hollywood Boulev-
dale.

Having hunched late and long on shirred eggs, double-thick buttered toast, and champ-
gagne, Irv left the Hollywood Derby and started across Vine Street.

Simultaneously Mr. Joe Bilson abandoned the opposite curb in front of Al Levy's Tavern, glowering inwardly from a mixture of sweethearts, mushrooms, soup, and Manhattan which had been taken aboard in the order specified, and likewise began a maddened head-on in mid-air and mid-pavement, and knocked each other sprawling. They were neither insane nor plastered. But the fact that they sat up still alive amid a pleasant crunching of fenders was due only to the protection of those doorills and dizzy gods who watch over mankind, including real persons—and Hollywood executives.

"Hello, Joe," Mr. Seal observed.

"Hello, Irv," Mr. Bilson said.

"How you doing, Joe?" Mr. Seal inquired.

"Swell!"

"Joe?" Irv derisively cracked, "this morning the papers say you are canned from National Art. Let out, they called it.

"And also that you, Irv, are canned from Super-Tone Productions. Joe cracked back. They studied each other sardonically. Both were young, intelligent, clever, but whatsoever Mr. Irving Seal was rugged, short, dark, and expensively upholstered in chamois Not the magnificent silences of genius; only Mr. Joe Bilson was sleek, muscular, and loosely but expensively tailored in homespun.

"If we're gonna talk," Irv suggested with a sudden, acquisitive gleam in his eyes, "let's get out the street. It might be safer."

"Okay," Joe said.

The two adjourned to the Tavern side, this time using a little caution. Irv said with elaborate friendliness, "Did National Art pay you enough potatoes so you are emerge with some food in the bank, Joe?"

Joe recognized Irv's tone only too well. "Never mind about that," he said. "Let's talk about you. Yesterday a producer, To-
day a jobless bum. Were you trying to steal the whole Super-Tone studio in just one year? What you should have taken years at least, Irv."

Irv looked wounded. "Now, Joe, do you think that any way for an old New York pal to talk? All I do is, I chisel a mere five percent for myself out of all salaries and other items spent by my unit in making pictures, and I always chisel from agents and such, who are rich. This is not crooked but a guy's plain duty to himself, as anybody but a rat could see."

"Only five?" Joe sneered, "Me, I collected six percent on the whole studio.

"In that case, old pal," Irv said, "let's spend the afternoon right here, like when we were a couple punk kids just out college and standing on Forty-second Street and betting one note on each taxi which comes around the corner, before we ever went to work in any moom picture business. Remember?"

A new light had sprung into Joe's eyes. They would bet, he said, not on the next taxi but on the next blonde.

"What?" Irv said in alarm—"King's X! Nobody can tell about a blonde, is she odd or is she even. Not even Gable!"

"Right!" Joe snapped. "But we won't be betting against each other, we will bet together against the world. Look! We're both all buttered up with dough but no jobs. We know this picture racket cold. Therefore we pool our kitties and make some pictures, and the star of our pictures will be the next—"

"Stop!" Irv said. "You're killing me!"

But then he himself stopped, for the essential soundness of Joe's idea rang a bell in his brain. He knew that movie magnates do, against all laws of reason and chance, occasionally discover or create a new star. Rapidly Irv reminded himself that it an

**THREE N LOVE**

Joe said, "Okay!" because Miss Johanssen wore no hat and her hair was the color of corn; because in the hot sun she wore blue and white tennis slippers and shorts and a tricky blue shirt, and her long legs were bare and anybody could note without effort that the shape was O.K.

Together Irv and Joe moved into the middle of the sidewalk.

"Joe politely began, "we have decided to make—"

Miss Johanssen cut him with a gasp, a look that should have burned his collar off but didn't, and an attempt to walk around him. Mr. Irving Seal svuvely got in her way.

"Do not be alarmed, sweetheart, because we—"

Miss Johanssen re-

coiled. She seemed to reflect, abruptly she grinned and malici-
ously she opened her mouth and loosed a flock of blood-curdling screams. Officer O'Shane came running from the intersection.

"What?—he demanded severely—"Is all this?"

"These men!" Mary stormed. "Mashers! And in broad daylight, too!"

"Is that all?" O'Shane said, "I thought it was some puny serious. The way you yelled," he explained. "Chuck, don't you know who these two guys are?"

"I do not!" O'Shane told her.

"Oh!" Mary said.

"Furthermore, baby," Joe said, "we have some news for you, in case you can listen without further screams. We are going to make you over into a famous film star, at once!"

She thought Joe was cute. She liked tall, lean, well-dressed gorillas. But her startled, questioning glance leaped to Irv. She also liked short, sturdy, well-dressed gorillas.
A New Silver Screen Feature—Fiction That Gives The True Flavor Of The Romances Of Real Men and Women Who Live And Love In The Fantastic Atmosphere of Hollywood

By

Robert Neal Leath

Illustrated by James Trembath

"That's on the level," Irv assured her.
"Stardom. Immediately."
"To what do I owe this honor?" Mary sneered.
Irv said, "To coming around the corner."
Mary thought she was being kidded.
"Like Miss Prosperity," I suppose.
Joe loudly clapped his hands. "That's wonderful! Miss Prosperity, a new film star because she came around a corner! What Maxie Murphy will do with that! I can see it right now! Front page stuff every paper in the world!"
"Nothing doing!" Irv said flarily. "Her name is Poppy Bonita and she broke the hearts of twenty dukes!"
"Are you guys nuts?" inquired Officer O'Shane, who in a town of dizzy dialogue had never heard anything quite as dizzy as this. Of course, he stood on the street and never got inside an executive office.
"What do you care?" Joe said.
"Buddy, O'Shane told him triumphantly, "I'll tell you! I don't care a good—"

"Whoopee?" Irv delicately suggested.
"Whoopee!"
Mary explained, "The flat-foot means he doesn't care a good, leather-legged damn!"
"Thank you, lady," Joe said loudly. "We shall get along. And as for you, officer, you'd better scram because we cannot tolerate such profanity as yours in the presence of a lady! So scram at once!"
Considerably bewildered, Officer O'Shane retired. He belligerently awarded six tickets to drivers who went past the go signal before he remembered it was the stop signal and not the go which merited his attention. Meanwhile Joe and Irv had toweled Miss Mary Johanssen into Levy's and ordered old-fashioned all around.
"What do you see, Joe?" Irv inquired.
Joe inspected Mary. Usually there was something like a film over his eyes—a filter which turned his eyes into camera lenses and impersonalized a girl's charms before they got to his brain. The filter melted. His heart began to thump, although he thought Miss Mary Johanssen was not particularly pretty. Sun-freckles had been sprinkled across her nose, which was straight. Her lashes were black and long, and her upper eye-lids had an odd droop. Her mouth was full, luscious, and later discovered to require no rouge at all. She had very small, entrancing, mercenary ears. She looked good and true and merry and rough. Joe felt a sharp pain in his muddle which might have been indigestion. Amazed, Joe knew it wasn't. It was love!
"Gosh!" he breathed, giving her nearest knee an enthusiastic pat. "I see somebody I been looking for a long time!"
"I might have expected something like this," Mary snapped as she socked Joe violently. "Whoop?"
"Honey, honey!" Irv pleaded—"Come on back! I personally guarantee to keep that ape in his place and no more knee-patting will occur, honest! Give us one more chance!"

"I ought to know better," Mary said, and did not rise. He had a blood-splotted napkin against his nose but the rest of his face wore an enchanted smile.

"My goodness, you are quick," he complained, "but marriage was your last hope, isn't it?"

Mary finally caught her breath.

"This is no time for me." Where have we got here, Joe, and Ignatius do not go with it."

Joe sighed. The enchanting doll was mad at him. That meant he must wear her down. He brought the napkin down, discouraged, although his nose had stopped bleeding, rubbed a hand across his forehead, and went artistic.

"We got—freshness," he said. "...Dewiness!" he added. "She's dewy! What got here. Irv, we got a typical American girl! We got another Jean Parker, another Jean Muir, maybe another Gaynor or Pickford! What will we do, we pull at the old American heart-strings? That gets 'em! We will make this blonde baby America's Sweetheart Number One account of that. Our heart-strings always yank 'em one hundred percent past the box office!"

"That's light," Irv said with withering pate. "You know one uncle John."

"Heart-string, Nuts!" He half rose from his cushion, bent across the table, and tapped Irv impressively on the chest.

"This, Joe! What do you see first? The eyes! Droopy—long—exotic—glamorous! And think! What was Garbo got? What have Crawford and Dietrich got?"

"What has Shirley Temple got?" Joe retorted with caustic venom—"Sex appeal, I suppose!"

Irv carried away, paid no attention: "Glammer! That's what most of the big money-makers have got! And glammer's what we need. We don't just put our dough on a long shot but on a favorite!"

"You," said Joe, "are completely screwy, Irv, if you will pardon my saying so!"

Mary said, "And if I may say a word—"

"Please!" Joe said—"You can't! He glared at Irv and Irv glared back. At last Irv said, "We need a umpire."

"That's it!" Joe slapped the table. He summoned a waiter and the waiter brought three boxes of cigarettes and a telephonic Joe called the million-dollar Isaac Smith Cosmetic Corporation and after mentioning their own name heard the quick -- was of a supercilious secretary and soon the voice of Isaac Smith himself.

"Come right over to Levy's," Joe said. "I will Irv see you quick!"

"I cannot do it!" Isaac protested. "Mae West will be here any minute for personal attention to the hair."

"Listen! Joe cracked—"Are you a cheap appointment slave or are you an artist? I hear you are the greatest make-up artist in the world but at present I begin to believe certain contrary rumors I also bear; you are nothing but a cheap hair-dresser and no artist whatever! You're not big!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

In this issue Silver Screen introduces to you a new feature—a love story with a Hollywood background. Clever fiction stories furnish an opportunity to describe the intimate atmosphere of the studios and convey to the reader the champagne quality of Hollywood love. Next month there will be another of these interesting fiction stories, rich in glamorous detail and untrammelled by facts.

The stars lead lives whirling with excitement, touched by the shining moments of fame and the complacence that comes with burgeoning bank accounts. That is, the successful ones. But there are other aspirants for fame who offer their talents with little hope of success. Lou Surmelian, in the April issue, writes a dramatic and colorful story teeming with episodes right out of the side streets of Hollywood.

There is an unselfish streak which runs through the famous stars. Did you know that they give thousands of dollars to their associates when the shooting is over and the picture is finished? Read all about these lavish gifts in the next issue of Silver Screen.

Many other fascinating articles of the screen world will appear in our April issue, on sale March 11th.

Not big!

A sound of crunching teeth came through the wire at those most fighting words of Hollywood, and then Isaac said, drifting outraged dignity, "I am coming! Wait!"

Ten minutes later he arrived, quivering. He was fat, enormous, pop-eyed, and sensitive as a Stradivarius violin.

Irv pointed, "Hey! What can you do? We want glamour!"

"We do like eunuchs in the pants!" Joe snarled, "We want heart-string!"

The impresario replied only to the waiter, ordering a double Scotch. He took two long refreshing gulps backwards and down, shuddered, closed his eyes, relaxed, and went into a sort of trance from which he emerged only once to stare intently at Miss Mary Johannsen. Every day hundreds of beautiful girls storm the casting offices and cocktail parties of the film capital. But they seldom rise to any important place, because somehow they all look alike—perfect in loveliness, different in coloring, but somehow all alike.

Asac's showman to his finger-tips, also was an authentic genius. If he saw a girl might be beautiful but had a high forehead, he did not bring langs on that forehead to make her look like all the other girls; he emphasized the forehead instead, and in one case actually had given a French actress a forehead like a pealed pear: she had huge wide mouths he made even wider, and to hawk noses he imparted a go-to-hell lovely emphasized arrogance, with the silent he murmured: "As a starter, it will cost one grand."

"Shoot the piece," Joe said.

They wanted, Mary was quivering, too. Stamp in motion pictures, out of a clear sunny sky, was indeed something. But a proposal of marriage, even if promptly rejected, was something else than the any girl. A girl couldn't help sort of palpitating and thinking about What If I Had Said Yes?

Isaac's eyes popped hopefully open. "Can you speak any language except American?"

"Also German," Mary astonishingly said. "And Spanish, and Russian, and Italian, and Japanese. I'm foreign correspondence expert for a great big old bank."

"Twice in one afternoon I am stopped!" Irv said, "They put me away! A blonde with brains!"—"Please!" Isaac snarled. "I am thinking!"

After perhaps three more silent minutes, abruptly 'his face relaxed and he sat back. Producing an old envelope and a pencil, with a few strokes he drew an outline of Mary's face, which he separated into six sections with one vertical line down the middle of the nose and two horizontal lines through eyes and mouth. He studied the balances, the proportions, and sagely nodded to himself. Mary nervously passed, and her blood boiled indignantly, for she saw that Isaac's method was that of the caricaturist rather than the glorifier. "Glammer it is!" he finally announced dramatically.

Irv spread his arms wide.

"Poppy!" he said—"Poppy Bonitat!"

"This is Wednesday," Isaac said. "Friday night to you I will present glamour! Ten o'clock! The Troubadour! The party," he added, "will be on you guys, as also the necessary additional expenses for wardrobe, Baby," he instructed Mary, rising, "come with me!"

"Nuts!" Mary said demurely—"I have heard no mention of money for myself and I buy very fond of regular meals."

"You will get a contract, gorgeous," Irv promised largely—"Later. Contracts take time to draw up, ununderstand. Don't you trust us!"

[Continued on page 50]
HAVE you ever looked in your mirror and thought you'd give almost anything to change yourself? Perhaps you have no idea of what you want in exchange. You are just good and tired of looking the same.

There's a solution to this self-boredom that works like magic!

Change your hair! That changes your appearance and your outlook on life. It seems to give you a new grip. Every so often, repeat this old recipe for a new self. This is a great Hollywood method for new faces and new personalities, and I cite Bette Davis and Carole Lombard as the most versatile exponents of hair changes—both blondes, by the way.

Hollywood often practically a post-graduate course in personality through this hair change business, beginning right at the roots in the matter of hair care. For Hollywood hair is a constant problem. Therefore, it is about the best groomed hair in the world.

Consider how your star must take it in the head. Some undergo a daily shampoo when working in a picture—this to give that silken sheen before the camera. Then the hair-dressing, itself, takes one whole early morning hour. Overnight, too, because of character requirements, or for the sake of Technicolor, the nice brown head becomes a blonde or vice versa. When I last lunched with Helen Vinson, she was a soft blonde.

I met her on the screen in "Vogues of 1937" a flaming redhead, grand with the greens she wore. Or there are girls whose hair parts the wrong way for the right effect, or who haven't the right hairline, and so a wig takes care of them. Thus Hollywood hair has to be strong to take it and still be beautiful.

Almost all stars answer in chorus to hair care, "Hot oil treatments!" This is olive oil, castor oil or one of the prepared oils warmed and applied to the scalp before the shampoo. If it can be done the night before, so much the better. In that case, cover your pillow to protect it. You won't look well for social encounters at this stage, but you will when the oil is washed out.

I am a great believer in the home shampoo, even if you have your hair set professionally, which many heads need. You can make a quick and thorough job of it via the basin, shower or tub method. If you use the tub, try resting your elbows on your raised knees while you rub. It saves arm strain. Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo, that cleanses perfectly without any lather, gets warm praise from the homeworkers. It leaves hair soft, yet with body, shimmering and easy to manage. I have found it particularly good for naturally curly hair, which is usually coarse and unruly after washing, because it seems to give a silken texture. Then there is a new Admiration companion-piece, Foamy Oil Shampoo, which I think you will like immensely. This gives a rich, billowy lather, non-drying. The feel of lather on the head is liked by many. It seems to insure extra cleanliness, just like soap and water for the face. Both shampoos are very reasonable and are made of oils so that no final lemon or vinegar rinse is needed. For the very oily, dry or otherwise misbehaving scalp, there is Admiration Hair Tonic that does a good job.

After the shampoo comes the brush and it ought to be a good sturdy one. I've had the same Prophyactic brush for about four years. It has brushed many thousand strokes, had many baths, and it's still good. These brushes last wonderfully well. Brush with vigor. Put energy into it, and you can get in between one and two hundred strokes in about five minutes. Nothing gives your hair the polish and sheen of good brushing, and it does not remove curl. Instead, it makes hair more pliable, and so

the curl becomes deeper, more lasting. In fact, for anything, try this quick cleansing method. Push a square of cheesecloth down through the bristles of your brush—then brush. Renew the cloth as it becomes soiled.

If you do a home set, try Nestle Super Waxing Lotion first. It makes waves go in deep and smooth, ends curl softly or a Page Boy look like a glistening ribbon of smoothness. For ends that are too permed, dry or brittle, the Ogilvie Sisters have Creminol Set. A tiny bit rubbed on these ends makes them tractable, and the Set seems to condition hair as it grooms. It is very good, also, on hair that has been too bleached until it looks lifeless; and it will give body to fine, limp hair.

Lechler Laboratories have been doing splendid scalp and hair aids for years. A great number of women praise their Moorish Hair Coloring Pencil to cover unattractive or premature gray streaks or spots. This is not a dye. It's vegetable coloring in pencil form, simply dampen and apply to the streak. It lasts until shampooed away. There is a right tone for every head, too. Gray and white hues will not be beautiful when the tone is clear, unmarred by yellowish streaks. For these heads, Lecher offers Snow-Lox, a shampoo soap that neutralizes the yellowish tint, giving that pure platinum tone to gray or white hair.

It is suggested, too, for hair burned reddish by the sun, in case you've been South and to remove that deep yellow look from overly bleached hair. It gives more of an ash blonde cast to the hair.

The other Lecher specialty is Curl-A-New, a very mild shampoo soap that encourages more curl in the permanent, naturally curly or childlike hair. If you are now praying that your baby may keep those soft tendrils, this soap is a wonderful aid. Try it for taming wiry hair, too. The soap is pure and mild, used largely for children's heads.

An idea, if you want to make your curls very neat looking—try using a small child's brush to persuade them over your finger instead of a large brush. The little brush is easier to manage and gives a smoother curl. Also use your fatidious personal taste in even such small details as hairpins. Ask for De Long Bob Pins if you want a lovely, unpinned looking, though secure, final effect.

And where are hair styles going, you probably want to know? Hairdressers say up, up, up. We, however—and Hollywood stars agree—say keep hair like nature meant it to be but make it shine like satin, glisten with life and wear it the way it looks best—up, down, over, or across. For hair, after all, is about your best expression of good taste and individuality.
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
RECOMMENDED TO EVERYBODY—OLD AND YOUNG—DISNEY—FAB

Grimm's fairytale of Little Snow White, her cruel stepmother, Prince Charming, and the seven gallant dwarfs is the inspiration of Walt Disney's first feature-length film told with animated drawings. It exceeds in idyllic beauty and grand entertainment even the wildest expectations of Disney's millions of fans.

So human has Disney made his fairytale folk that you find yourself laughing hysterically over the comic antics of the dwarfs, hating with a great big hate the jealous stepmother, and sobbing your soul out over Snow White's death. (Tsch, Tsch, there isn't an unhappy ending—don't forget Prince Charming and his loving kiss.)

Snow White, a lovely little star without any false lashes or make-up, sings sweetly two charming ballads "Some Day My Prince Will Come" and "The Wishing Well." The dwarfs, of course, you will go deliriously mad over, and will have to use all your self-restraint to keep from barging right up there on the screen and taking them home with you. I must have Grouchy and Dopey before the winter's over, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse, I hear, are as jealous as they can be.

This beautiful and delightful picture is highly recommended as perfect entertainment for all ages. You don't have to be a whimsy-pooh to like it. In fact, if you don't go to see it as many as two and three times I shall be very disappointed in you.

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
A MUSICAL COMEDY DONE IN THE LAVISH SCREEN MANNER—WB

The story takes that old situation of a small town boy who arrives in Hollywood on the crest of the wave, gets pushed about considerably by the studios and the big shots, and eventually lands on top himself thanks to the same scheming of a little stand-in who's fallen in love with him.

Dick Powell is the boy, and Dick is at his most charming best, especially when he's singing "I'm Like a Fish Out of Water" and leading that nutty production number "Sing You Sons of a Gun." Rosemary Lane plays the pretty stand-in, and joins Dick in his songs. Lola Lane is simply grand as the temperamental star with an amazing vocabulary.

Deserving of much praise are Alan Mow-

(SN)OG WHITI AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

h as a hammy actor, Glenda Farrell as a secretary, Louella Parsons as Louella Parsons, Hugh Herbert as a movie father, Ted Healy as a shoe string agent and Edgar Kennedy as the manager of a drive-in. "Hollywood Hotel," the famous Campbell Soup Hour, comes in for a big plug and if you are a radio minded person this is your chance to see your air favorites.

SWING YOUR LADY
A HILLBILLY FARCE WITH MUSIC—WB

SOMETHING new in rowdy burlesque! And the chances are you'll like it. Nat Pendleton plays a dim-witted wrestler who is being matched for local bouts down through the backwoods country of Missouri. Humphrey Bogart is his manager and business is pretty bad until he meets a village blacksmith, who is none other than Louise Fazenda.

Bogart arranges a match between the buxom blacksmith and his wrestler and the whole countryside is aroused and eager for the fray. But Nat Pendleton, the big sissy, falls so much in love with Louise that he simply swoons in the clinches and the fight has to be called off.

It's comedy at its broadest, and there's certainly nothing dainty about it. Penny Singleton plays Bogart's sweetie and she livens things up considerably by dancing and singing. In fact the hillbilly songs as sung by Penny and the Weaver Brothers and Elviry are so good you wish there were more.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY
Mae West's Latest Divertissement—Pat.

This film is a decided improvement over Mae West's last few, and ranks right up there next to "She Done Him Wrong." And

(Above) Humphrey Bogart and Penny Singleton. No holds are barred in "Swing Your Lady." (Right) The smiles of Rosemary Lane and Dick Powell reflect the spirit of "Hollywood Hotel."
it might be interesting to note that the censors were so pleased with it that they ok'd it without a quibble.

Mae plays Peaches O'Day, a belle of New York's underworld at the turn of the century, and she is caught in the opening sequences selling Brooklyn Bridge to Herman Bing for $200 while she borrows it for not paying her $100.

But Mae soon falls for Edmund Lowe, an honest cop, and straightway she espouses the cause of clean government. She puts on a black wig and poses as Mlle. Fifi, a musical comedy actress, and this disguise enables her to keep the honest cop from driving her out of town while she gathers up evidence on Lloyd Nolan, a crooked police inspector. She sees to it that Lowe is elected mayor, that Nolan is exposed for the crook he is, and the taxpayers' money is saved. She takes on quite a job!

The Old New York background is lush and colorful and there are plenty of good hearty laughs, contributed mostly by those top-notch comedians, Charles Winninger and Charlie Butterworth.

THE BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE
A REALLY GRAND WESTERN—M.G.M

This will thrill you to the core, no matter how sophisticated you may think you are. The locale is the wild and woolly Southwest as it actually was some fifty years ago, and the story revolves around Trigger Bill, the bad man of Brimstone, who thinks nothing of mowing 'em down with his trusty sixgun. Wally Beery is, of course, Trigger Bill.

To the town of Brimstone comes, one day, a young prizefighter from the East who decides to settle down there, marry Virginia Bruce, and bring law and order to the community terrorized by the outlaw Trigger Bill. Trigger Bill discovers that the perky young upstart is his own son and in a typical Beery-Pagliacci performance tries to help the boy without revealing his relationship. There are many violent and dramatic incidents which finally culminate in one of the most sensational gun battles ever screened.

After all, for good old movie thrills there's really nothing like a Western. The kids will simply eat this up. Dennis O'Keefe plays the son and Guy Kibbee his manager. Bruce Cabot is terrifically menacing as the venal Black Jack and Joseph Calleia is perfect as Trigger's right-hand man. And don't forget to look at the scenery. It's real western too.

MANNEQUIN
GOOD DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD and Spencer Tracy are teamed for the first time in this sincere and dignified drama which has been adapted from a Katherine Brush story. They make a grand team—let's have more of them.

Joan gives a beautifully sympathetic performance as a poor girl brought up in the New York tenements, who licks herself out of the squalor and horror of the slums by marrying Alan Curtis, a weak, fast-talking but personable young man. She soon discovers that her marriage is a mistake, and that instead of getting jobs for himself her husband is only interested in getting jobs for her. When he suggests that she exercise her charms, for the purpose of getting money, on Spencer Tracy, a wealthy ship owner, Joan divorces him.

Months later, after she has worked as a mannequin, Joan actually does marry Spencer. Her first husband makes plans for blackmail, but is thwarted when Spencer loses all his money in a shipping strike. There is a satisfying and dramatic denouement. Elizabeth Risdon, Leo Gorcey and Oscar O'Shea are splendid as Joan's Irish-American family.

THE BUCCANEER
A THRILLING PICTURE—DON'T MISS IT—Par.

This is C. B. DeMille's lavish production of the adventures in the life of Jean Lafitte, one of the most famous pirates in American history. Months of research were spent on this picture and the historical background is quite authentic. Mr. DeMille assures us, and so are the swamps and bays of New Orleans, where a location company took scenes that will make your spine tingle. Fredric March plays Lafitte

[Continued on page 62]
SYRUP IS GETTING A NEW BREAK!

By Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pre-tested)

(Below) A luncheon menu with syrup used in every dish.
(Right) Anita Louise trying her luck with Gingerbread Petit Fours.

SYRUP, the veteran seasoning that dates back to covered-wagon days, is still a gastronomic favorite in this age of streamlined kitchens. Thousands of modern cooks, like the pioneer women, keep cans of various types of syrup on their pantry shelves, ready for use as an ingredient in baking or cooking, or as a flavoring.

Today entire menus may be created in which some kind of syrup is used in every course, even in every dish. Here is an ideal luncheon menu, containing all the necessary elements of food value plus the visual satisfaction every hostess demands in the dishes she serves.

MENU
*Baked Grapefruit, Hawaiian
*Virginia Ham *Belgian Endives, Braised
*Sweet Potato Puffs
Pear, Date and Cream Cheese Salad with Molasses Salad Dressing
*Molasses Ice Cream Praline
*Gingerbread Petit Fours or *Sweet Potato and Nut Loaf Coffee

BAKED GRAPEFRUIT, HAWAIIAN
Slice fruit in half and core. Separate slices. Drop spoonful of Brer Rabbit Molasses between slices and in center. Sprinkle lightly over the top with Domino Cinnamon and Sugar. Bake under broiler for five minutes.

VIRGINIA HAM
By this method of preparation a ham need not actually be one of the famous Joiner or Thomas hams of Virginia. Even an ordinary ham can be endowed with a flavor which will bring words of praise from your guests and your family and make them send their plates back for more.

Wash the ham thoroughly in warm water, scrubbing with brush or cloth. Boil slowly, with top on boiler, until ham is tender and large bone in butt of ham becomes loose and protrudes. The average ham requires approximately 25 minutes cooking per pound. When ham is done, remove from boiler and when cold enough, remove skin and some of the fat. Stud with whole cloves and a layer of Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sprinkle some fine bread crumbs over ham, place in an open baking pan and add a glass of sherry wine. Bake in oven until fat becomes brown. Sherry wine, like syrup, is a seasoning standby of the average southern cook.

BELGIAN ENDIVES, BRAISED
Clean endives. Butter a baking dish and place endives in it. Melt a little butter, add juice 1 lemon, a little salt. Put this mixture over endives. Cover with a buttered paper and put a cover over it. Bake in oven until tender. When done, arrange on a platter, put a little Brer Rabbit Molasses over it and glaze under broiler.

In all recipes where molasses is indicated I use Brer Rabbit. Where cane syrup is mentioned I use Domino. They are both fine flavored and rich with a consistently excellent taste and texture which makes for better flavor. I do not mean these are the only good brands on the market; there are many others such as Log Cabin, New Orleans Black Molasses, B and O, Karo and many fine maple syrups. But Domino and Brer Rabbit just happen to be a personal choice.

MOLASSES SALAD DRESSING
Over a salad of pear, date and cream cheese balls, pour a dressing which consists of 2 parts mayonnaise, 1 part molasses and lemon juice to taste. For four, the recipe is:

1/2 cup molasses
1 cup mayonnaise
3 tablespoons lemon juice

You will find this dressing particularly well suited to all kinds of fruits. For those who like a slightly sweet, slightly tart dressing it is acceptable for almost any type of salad. If, however, the molasses taste, though barely perceptible, is too heavy, substitute Domino Syrup.

MOLASSES ICE CREAM PRALINE
Yolks 8 eggs
1 pint milk
1/2 pint molasses
1 pint heavy cream
2 cups finely chopped roasted almonds

Mix egg yolks with molasses. Add slowly boiling milk. Put in a double boiler and cook, stirring slowly with a wooden spoon. DO NOT BOIL. When mixture begins to thicken, remove from fire and let cool. Keep stirring. When cold, add heavy cream and chopped almonds. Freeze. Freezing may also be accomplished in a mechanical refrigerator. This is not entirely new in desserts but it is the most tantalizingly delightful dish you have ever eaten.

GINGERBREAD PETIT FOURS
2 eggs
1/4 cups Brer Rabbit Molasses
1 1/2 cup Domino Old Fashioned Brown Sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda
1/4 cup melted Crisco
2 1/4 cups Pillsbury Flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

And beaten eggs to sugar, molasses and melted shortening; then add dry ingredients which have been mixed and sifted, and lashes the hot water. Baking in a greased pan in moderate oven (350 F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into Petit Fours. Frost with quick icing made by mixing 1 cup Domino Confectioners XXXX Sugar with the white of 1 egg and beating until smooth. Stir in 1 teaspoon of vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice and about 1/2 cup more sugar until thick enough to spread.

SWEET POTATO PUFS
6 sweet potatoes
6 teaspoons butter
1/4 cup molasses
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/4 cup cream or milk

Bake potatoes until tender. Remove carefully from shells and mash well. Add molasses, nutmeg and milk and beat until light and fluffy. Return to shells and bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) until brown.

SWEET POTATO AND NUT LOAF
3 cups mashed potatoes
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup Domino syrup
1/4 cup chopped nuts

Combine ingredients in order given, reserving a few of the raisins and nuts. Transfer to a greased baking dish; sprinkle top with remaining raisins and nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350 F.) 30 minutes or until loaf is brown on top. Unmold and serve.

Yams are, of course, always more desirable than regular sweets. The flavor is better and the rich orange color brightens up your table.

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Three in Love  
(Continued from page 51)

"No," Mary said. "All movie stars receive at least five thousand per week and I can eat quite nicely on that.

"Okay," Irv said. "We will fix it up, starting at thirty dollars a week and working up to five grand in five years, with a raise and an option every three months.

"Make it five hundred to start," Joe looked dreamily into her disturbing eyes, thought of fifty dollars, and roughly said one hundred and fifty.

Mary got up. "Sold, temporarily," she said.

Now, despite everything, it must not be supposed that Joe and Irv were either illogical or ill-bred, for they were not. Like so many of the present moguls of movieland, they had never missed a meal in their lives.

Mr. Irving Seal was the sole son and heir of a late, celebrated, highly paid and highly acquisitive Hungarian violinist.

Mr. Joe Bilson, during thirteen years at home, four years at Croton and four more at Harvard, had been exposed to cultured grammar but had decided against it, with that high-minded individualism which Cambridge halls seem to bestow upon all their products. Upon graduation he also had decided that any man is a fool who does not realize he has only one life to spend in the wide world, and that the most exciting way to spend it is in trying to secure large sums of money as rapidly and painlessly as possible. The game of staying alive being hardly what it is, his reprehensible but sound logic could not be relaxed, and it led him by easy jumps from Harvard to New York, sidewalk and stock-market gambling, and finally to Hollywood and the motion picture business, which is undoubtedly one of the greatest gambling enterprises on earth.

The next two days the partners spent in rapid, intelligent action. They called upon banks, attorneys, and magnates, to whom they might be persuaded to market their pictures. By wire they wired everybody and bought the most expensive play on Broadway, "Three in Love," not because they had read it or liked it, but because its heroine was glamorous and the story already possessed that one unarguable badge of merit—the public's box-office approval. They engaged elaborate office space in an independent studio, installed their secretaries, and engaged three more. They hired Maxie Murphy, publicity genius, and Maxie went to work.

Poppy Bonita, Celebrated Soviet Star. Secretly Imported to Hollywood appeared in headlines throughout the nation, as well as an account of Poppy's previous love-life and screen triumphs, personally invented by Maxie himself. They borrowed Carl Bette, the most expensive and sophisticated director in town, and Ronald Anderson, the most expensive single-handed scenarist, paying to the regular employees of these two gents a premium of twenty percent over customary salaries, International Artists accepted the set-up, agreed to market "Three in Love," when completed, and Joe and Irv and Maxie Murphy donned top-hats and tails and arrived at a ranch-side Tropicadero table only forty minutes late. They had, however, underestimated Isaac Smith's showmanship. Eleven o'clock came; half-past eleven; midnight; the Troc held its ultimate crowd; but no pop-eyed Isaac, to Mary.

"The rat!" Joe hissed—"Tell for him-self!"

"Jealous!" Irv jeered—"Havf!" "Shut up! And—and look!" said Joe, whose glance had strayed nervously back to the entrance—"Look!"

Other eyes were looking too... staring, having been forewarned through Maxie's efforts that the siren Poppy Bonita would make her first public appearance in Hollywood here tonight, Isaac was standing in the entrance, and beside him stood a slim, feminine, dramatic figure in a coat. No common nickel or ermire, this—but what a coat! Velvet, orchid-colored; a floor-touching coat, the graceful, wide-skirted, bust-tight coat of a princess; a coat that reached tightly up over the shoulders but kept on going into a pointed hood which could, as now, conceal even the face of the wearer. She waited while Isaac consulted the head waiter. She might have been standing upon a stage, for the Troc knows its stuff and the cheerful low-celling room even between dances is never brightly lighted, although the entrance is very brightly lighted indeed. Then, swiftly, with Isaac she approached.

"Gentlemen!" Isaac said.

He waited while Maxie Murphy and the partners rose; he waited longer, till they were perfectly motionless. Then, reverently, he pealed the hooded velvet coat off Poppy Bonita, nee Mary Johansen.

"Oo-oo-oo!" Irv softly and delightedly moaned—"Bab-y!"

Mr. Joe Bilson felt a hunk of lead drop from his throat and go plunk against the bottom of his intercostal spaces, everybody sat down. Irv bent forward not even waiting till the waiter had served additional champagne.

"Poppy?" he rapidly breathed—"The girl of my dreams and will you kindly do me the honor of becoming my wife right away, so I can protect you from the passes which undoubtedly will increase in your station and also make me very happy indeed, since I am crazy about you!"

Maxie Murphy's spine straightened with a jerk. "A fine speech," he decided happily, then looked at Mary.

She had orders from Isaac Smith never to appear excited, and she didn't, but she was. All the famous people in this room. The pantherine rumba, starting. People on the floor, dancing slowly past and calmly staring. She knew one girl inspired by four men. A girl with a new dress, a breathless, changed face. Such a girl had a right to feel excited, privately, inside. Mr. Irving Seal's heart was right there looking at her. He was neither plastered nor crazy. Long ago he had created a certain girl in his mind and now here she was. And Irv looked, Mary thought, quite handsome and intense, and very clean and sturdy and effective. She liked Irv fine.

"Thank you," she drawled politely, "but no. I couldn't quite," she explained, "since Joe asked me first and I turned him down too!"

Joe gulped and abruptly got up.

"Good night," he said—and was gone.

"Now!" Isaac observed—"What's eatin' on him?"

"Jealous," Irv said.

Maxie Murphy said, "Excuse me a minute." Happily he went outside, found a telephone, and called all the morning newspapers. There was a story in the fact that Poppy Bonita's two partner-producers had announced themselves as rivals for her affections.

Meantime, "Three in Love" progressed slowly but well. The partners had had no difficulty in collecting an excellent cast. Instead, competent professionals with box-office names voted for the supporting parts, knowing as they did how fickle the stage play had proved. And since "Poppy Bonita" was the star and not some bit-player trying to become a star, there wasn't as much scene-stalling as there might have been. Unprotected, Mary would have been slaughtered. But not with Karl Kutte as her guide. In direction, Kutte gave Mary precise instructions for each minute bit of action and dialogue, rehearsed over and over, and cut each separate take as short as possible. Preview night revealed that the picture was good—but not a wow. But, considering the extravagant claims which had been made for their star, Mr. Joe Bilson and Mr. Irving Seal glumly acknowledged

Lovely Mary Maguire is one of Warner Brothers' treasures.

At the 20th Century-Fox studios, Don Amerche, William Collier, Sr., and Robert Young put action into "Jooestee."
to each other that a vow was absolutely esential.

"Maxie, get to work! Faster!" Irv commanded. "With publicity you must deliver to us a vow. Otherwise the critics will tear us to pieces. We are throwing the premiere of this picture in Sponberg's Parthenon, although Sponberg does not know it yet."

Maxie tried but he didn't get far because word had gone out through Hollywood that "Three in Love" was only an excellent program opus, as distinguished from the super-extra-special-colosal-Epic. And only half the Parthenon had been sold, the premiere lay only ten hours distant when Joe stormed into Irv's office wildly brandishing a newspaper which had been folded to display an advertisement.

"You're responsible for this!" Joe yelled—"You!"

The advertisement read: "Tonight! World Premiere! Poppy Bonita in THREE IN LOVE! . . . All Seats Reserved, Five Dollars Fifty Cents—But—

"DOUBLE your money BACK—if you do not agree Poppy Bonita is one of the greatest stars you have ever seen and THREE IN LOVE is not one of the greatest pictures of the year! We don't want the motion picture industry to come to this Gala Premiere!—We want YOU! . . . Sponberg's Parthenon Theatre—

Irv said in a pleased way, "Certainly I'm responsible. Good, eh? It came to me like a flash. Inspiration," he explained, "It works with cigarettes and tooth powder. Why not pictures?"

"And we, I suppose, personally underwrite the deal?" Joe demanded through his teeth.

Irv tossed this into the air.

"A negligible consideration, old pal," he said.

Joe's mouth hung vigorously, speechlessly open till he realized the complete futility of further discussion. Then he closed it and went running out. He failed to reappear all day, nor did he show up to accompany Irv and Mary to the Parthenon. The house was packed. Irv palpitated with triumph. Afterward, he made his dream girl wait till the theatre was almost empty. Then, coming out into the long forecourt, he demanded, "What's the trouble, beautiful? This is your night to howl."

"I'm—I'm exhausted," Mary said. "Do you think Joe got hurt or something?"

"That mug? Naw—"

A difference impressed itself upon Irv's consciousness. Something had changed. The forecourt! When they had entered there had been nothing unusual about it, beyond the customary excitement, crowds, noise, glaring lights, ropes, policemen. But now there was something very unusual indeed. The regular box office, located on one side, had been closed and a portable box office placed far ahead, almost on the distant sidewalk. And directly down the middle of the forecourt stood a series of red-lettered signs which nobody, departing, could miss. Reading the first of these, Irv felt his blood pressure nearly burst his arteries.

It read:

"Poppy Bonita has never even MET a duke! She is only a sentimental little doll from Iowa!"

Irv grabbed Mary's hand and barged forward. The second sign was even worse:

"She's so very sentimental, if you can bear the truth, that she has pledged 100% of her salary to Charity!"

Ahcad was a small crowd, looking at something, Irv made a passage. Murmurs rose as Mary-Poppy was recognized. But, paying no attention to the murmurs, Irv's astonished and furious glance fell upon a small, elderly, kind-faced man in a white coat standing beside a long cage. The cage had been separated into sections with wire gratings and now contained a startling assortment of dogs. Dogs of all ages, from sprawling half-blind puppies to white-whiskered, limpid-eyed great-great-great-grandmothers. And across the top of the cage hung the third and last sign.

(Jaybee Dog Refuge, Inc)

I'm Poppy's Charity! Ruin POPPY—and Again you will ruin US! Double Your Money Back—If You Want It! Box Office Straight Ahead

With a stricken cry, Mary, in silk and silver fox, Mary of the corn-colored hair sank to her knees, poked her fingers between the wires and began to make small gurgling sounds.

But from round a corner of the cage Irv heard a large, skeptical matron demand: "About this salary business? Who says she gives it all, every cent?"

"The boss," the white-coated veterinarian said. "Him," he said, pointing.

Irv looked. Mr. Joe Bilton, in overcoat and slouch hat, was lounging against a near-by pillar.

"Bubbling with rage, Irv charged. "It's no myth," Joe said calmly.

"That's even worse!" Irv moaned—"If it is an on-the-level charity and Poppy doesn't pay up one hundred percent as advertised,
Today, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly
Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits
Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it does make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.
ON OATHTELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many Report Gains of 5 to 15 Pounds After Taking New Ironized Yeast Tablets

No longer need thousands of girls remain in shape, active, underweight friends and popularity. For, with these amazing new Ironized Yeast Tablets, thousands who never could gain before have put on 5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—often in just a few weeks!

Listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is just one of many users, swears to under oath before a Notary Public—:

"Under the stress of working in several pictures in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I lost weight, my skin looked terrible, I suffered with headaches and my nerves were simply on edge. Of course I knew I couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so shabby and wornout. I was in despair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast tablets and I bought a bottle. Almost at once I felt better and my skin looked like new. My headaches and nervousness disappeared, and in 2 months I gained 8 pounds. With this new energy and new outlook I've gained loads of new friends, and the hard work of pictures never bores me."

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y. Sworn to before me.

Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get that body-building good out of what you eat. Now you can get these essential elements and build in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

"They've made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making beer. By means of a process, this rich yeast is concen-
trated into a small bottle of tablets, so that you receive 100 times as much as you could get just one pound of concentrated—making it a much more powerful and effective aid to health. This tablet is a rich mouthful of strength-building iron (ferrous), iron, and furnish a vitamin that is known to be helpful to women in pregnancy. They're added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested hundreds of times to Vitamin B strength. This makes it

full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the slum-

briest people who thought they couldn't gain their desired automatic pounds, new charm.

Make this money-back test
Get Ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first purchase you don't begin to eat better, and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast is making your body a success story, return the bottle and you need not pay one cent to us. Your money is refunded. For this one-time purchase you are entitled to a full money back guarantee. 

Special offer!
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast Tablets now, cut out this slip and mail it to us with a stamp. At all drugstores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 203, Atlanta, Ga.

Pricilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane take their mother to "Hollywood Hotel."

REVIEW OF PICTURES

[Continued from page 57]

Joe whispered rigidly: "Movie stars can get dimes from their husbands! Go away, L*e!"

"I won't!" Irv indignantly whispered—"Nobody treats me like this! It is not possible! Think, Poppy! Think what—"

"Poppy?" Mary said in surprise while two brown objects happily chewed the polish off her fingernails—"Oh! My name isn't Poppy. It's Mary. I'm a sweet sentimental doll from Iowa which Joe wanted to keep just the way she was, and Irv darling, if you will, please, actually go away now I'll introduce you later to my best girl friend. She's glamerous as everything already, without alterations, honest."

"Name, please," Irv said skeptically.

"Vleska Skarl," in delight but disbelief, Irv beamed,

"Does she look half so glamorous as she sounds?"

"You betcha!" Mary said just before Joe kissed her, right there to the admiring applause of everybody.

"Vleska Skarl!" Irv said without whispering—"Ah-h!"

Ian Keith is a British spy, and Hugh Sothern is particularly striking as General Jackson. Making her Hollywood debut in this picture is Franciska Gaal, from Budape-

st, who gives a charming performance as a little Dutch girl who loves Lafitte.

LOVE AND HISSES

IF YOU'RE FOND OF LIGHT MUSICAL FILMS, THIS SHOULD BE EASY TO TAKE—20th CENTURY-Fox.

As everybody knows who can read bill-

boards by now this is the picture in which Simone Simon sings. And very pret-

ty, too, with plenty of personality. The story is a romantic one, and it was Berni-

ne's discovery, but he very slyly arranges things so that Walter Winchell will do all the hard work of making her famous in America.

But Winchell discovers in time that Berni is pulling a fast one, so he arranges with a local mob to have the old maestro kidnapped and brought blindfolded and scarred to death before the patrons of his own little club.

That swell comedian, Bert Lahr, comes into his own in this picture and his "great

love" scenes with Joan Davis will have you in hysterics. Two grand song hits are introduced—"Sweet Someone," which Mile. Simone puts over with a bang, and "Broad-

way's Gone Hawaiian" a musical number fea-

truring Ruth Terry and the plumpish Peter Soffer.
FRANCISCA GAAL
in Paramount’s
"THE BUCCANEER"
A CECIL B. DE MILLE PRODUCTION

The Powder...
Created in original shades to beautify
famous screen star types, here is a face
powder that will be unusually flattering
to your skin. Glistening, it creates a satin-
smooth make-up that looks lovely for
hours. Max Factor’s Face Powder...$1.

The Rouge...
Rouge must be the right red...a harmonizing
shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor
created color harmony shades for blonde,
brunette, brownette and redhead...to
dramatize the individuality of each type.
Creamy-smooth, it blends easily. Max Fac-
tor’s Rouge...50c.

The Lipstick...
In Hollywood, lip make-up must look
perfect for hours, so you can depend upon
Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick to
withstand every test. In alluring color har-
mony shades to accent the appeal of lovely
lips. And remember, it’s moisture-proof.
Max Factor’s Lipstick...$1.

Are you blonde or brunette, brownette
or redhead? Do you know what shades of powder,
rouge and lipstick will bring out the most beauty in
your face? Then discover Hollywood’s make-up secret.
Note coupon for special make-up test.

"To enhance the charm and attraction of beauty,
your own complexion colorings must be emphasized,"
explains Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius.
"Make-up must be in color harmony to vividly accent
the personality of your type."

Yes, make-up is something different in Hollywood...
and you, like famous screen stars, will find that the color
harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick originated
by Max Factor will bring amazing beauty to you.

So create a new personality with this make-up secret.
Give your skin a satin-smooth loveliness...your cheeks
lifelike color...your lips an alluring red. Discover today
how really beautiful you can be by using your color
harmony in Max Factor’s powder, rouge and lipstick.

★ NEW! Max Factor’s invisible Make-Up Foundation
keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

.Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in color harmony shade of
your choice. Color chart, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and
mailing. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Unique

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

Silent Screen

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Hollywood Buys a Book!

[Continued from page 33]

Florence Rice, whose next appearance will be in "Paradise for Three."

Studio "Stenog" Reveals All!

[Continued from page 33]

it was true that Joan Crawford's hair was dyed. Their disillusion was probably worse than anybody else's because, once inside a studio, you get just as sick of seeing actors and actresses standing around with grease paint on them as you would of having ice cream for every meal.

Script department stenos are just to many replaceable parts in the studio's machinery. No one thought of developing our latent talents in preparation for the distant, rosy future when the best of us would climb into responsible jobs as we might have in another business. For those inside the studio had their own jobs to think about, and knew that everyone outside the studio was thinking about them too. Everyone in Hollywood simultaneously prays for a break and secretly dreads the next payday or contract-date when you get notice that you're canned. And blocking your way in the upward climb are always the grifters like yourself, secure by nepotism, who knew a Mr. von Strohbusch well enough to get placed higher up on the ladder.

Yet Hollywood is so paradoxical that breaks do come now and again. Before he took up his residence in the doghouse, my brother-in-law was asked to rewrite a difficult script that no one else had handled well enough. His brother-in-law returned with the comment that it was "terrible." When my brother-in-law went storming up to the holy of holies, he was referred to a Miss So-and-so who passed judgment on all scenarion for that office. She met him with a cold face and showed him the door.

It was his own secretary whom he had fired six months before.

It was the magical possibility of a break like that girl's which kept us all working at meager wages, six days a week with half a day off every other week if the studio wasn't busy. It isn't only the Utopists and Townsendites who prove that there is something in the air of southern California that makes human beings able to believe in fairy tales. We were all following the mirage, thirsty and eager. If we didn't like it, there were always plenty of applicants outside the studio gate waiting to grab our jobs with joy in their hearts.

It made us cut each other's throats too.

If the axe fell, it had to fall on someone else. If there was a break, it was to be ours. So we had our knives whetted. If one of us mixed up the numbers on the mimeograph stencil, the boy who ran the machine didn't give us a chance to fix it.
he told the forewoman. If the girl who made sets used old carbon paper and we saw our copy was light, we didn't tell her, we protested to the forewoman. She was a dumpy maiden lady whom life had passed by; all her superiors yielded to her, so she delighted in yelling at us. If we stopped for a cup of coffee in the commissary on the way to somebody's office or there were certain to bump into someone who would report us for malingering. All just one big happy family. And the farther you got toward the top of the tree, the sharper the knives were and the more frequently and skillfully used.

Script department girls lasted an average of six months. By that time we were thoroughly disillusioned and glad to quit or exhausted and canned. One girl, to my knowledge, got a break of the kind that should have made all cynical. But when I left, the plainer and more competent members of the basement sorority were still hoping right along.

Don't confuse us over-sanguine Cinde-rellas with script girls. A script girl is a comparatively well-paid lady with the responsibility of sitting in on shooting to record all changes in business and dialogue, to see that action matches the script, and that it not, why not, check the details of costumes and settings—in general ride herd on all the petty ins and outs of a production. We were in the script department were mere clerical automata. There are approximately six hundred scenes to a scenario. We typed them out scene by scene, making eleven carbons of each page. (You can always spot a script stenographer because she hits the typewriter keys so hard she tears ordinary paper to ribbons.) The rough copies were then sent out to the upper offices and sent back with revisions marked through them and had to be retyped, scene by scene, six hundred scenes in all, with another eleven carbons of each page. That went on for quite a while. When the script was finally Ok-ed, we cut stencils and numera-graphed it and it was sent out to directors and actors and sound men and technicians. By then you felt that if you had to write Reginald's speech to Catherine de-sending the stairs (medium-long shot) again, you would stand up, forewoman or no, and scream out loud. But when you went to see the finished film afterward (if you had time off and your back didn't ache too much and you could afford it), the speech would not be there and the staits
--The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs—the Romans threw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

Have you ever tried Italian Balm for skin protection and skin beauty? In a survey, coast to coast, 97.8% of Italian Balm users said: “It overcomes chapping more quickly than anything I ever used before.” Don’t take anyone’s word for the genuine goodness of Italian Balm. Try it yourself—FREE. Use coupon below.


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SILVER SCREEN

Nine cents, a paltry sum, indeed.

We eat all day and pray for a call which would show we were of some value to the studio. When we returned, we waited uncertainly, like an actress for applause, to see if we would get another call for the same offce, meaning we had made a good impression for looks or cleverness. Looks were idiotically important in an era that was suffused with them. One girl I worked with got sent out on call to a famous dance director who had a mug like Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy and just as much as need sex appeal. But he had hired girls for some of the biggest shows on Broadway, thousands of first-class beauties had always remembered to be nice to him and the poor good thought they loved him for himself alone. He took one look at the girl from the script department who had been sent to him (and she really wasn’t bad at all), exploded into a couple of unprintable expletions and said—“Listen, girile, you go right back where you came from and tell them to send me a good-booker. Who do they think I am, anyway?”

That absurd studio business was part of the same picture. The regular procedure when a girl with ambition got an outside call was first to remove her smock and powder her nose, second to lay out a new dress and a couple of pairs of panties, and third to change her stockings, taking off the service weights she wore in the office because the splinterly legs of our pine desks ruined delicate stockings, and putting on a pair of one-thread sheers which cost four dollars or so a pair and were calculated to make any girl’s ankles look like Mistinguette’s. Then, when she came back, she changed back to service weight again and restored the four-dollar sheers to her purse to be taken home and carefully washed against the next time.

Being naturally inclined to hero-worship, people whose stories I had read in print and who were new drawing thousands a year from Jones Brothers for their knowledge of human nature and their ability to express it in excitingly dramatic situations, felt pretty awe-struck over authors—at first. Then I began to change my point of view. Famous writers newly imported from Europe, evaluating the East, writing the East, acting the East, and movies were made, sat in their little cubicles and looked at us pathetically, hoping that we could teach them the strange technical language that went with the going to them. I had hoped to learn something about movie-writing from them. Instead I had to dig down into my memory, spend typing scripts and drafts on the number of scenes required and what ought to come first and chip up with ideas about getting the hero and heroine back together again. A tendentious writer getting $750 or $800 a week expected a lot out of us at $22.50. And the old-timers would dictate like this: “So, he climbed the wall and the old man sees him at it—fades out there and don’t forget to put in the camera angle and then naturally there’s hell to pay back in the old home town—just put in two or three scenes like I told you to show that, will you—well, then, the girl has to figure out some way to get the kid out of the country—and forth and so on. Otherwise their command of the English language was distressingly meager.

Taking dictation from movie-authors has spoiled movies for me as a spectator. Instead of enjoying the emotions of the characters as the story unfolds on the screen, I keep checking off the sentimental values which Hollywood believes a movie should have for box-office appeal: “Here’s the animal interest,” I say to myself, “there’s the bedroom scene … here is the close-up of beautiful legs … here is the child interest … here is young love …” and if by some miracle of courageous pioneer-

ING or rank carelessness, the hero and heroine are not put in contact in the first few feet of film, as all the rules say they should be, it worries me like waiting for the other shoe to drop. It isn’t true that all movies contain all the standard ingredients, but any picture that neglects too many of them (and too many is very few) is considered a big risk. At Jolson’s “Sonny Boy” is Hollywood’s great example of a box-office smash that has everything. If you can remember it, think back and check it off. Then, when he came back, she changed back to service weight again and restored the four-dollar sheers to her purse to be taken home and carefully washed against the next time.

When sound pictures first came in, the work of recording and synchronizing sound was out and away the most efficient of the business. To make sure it stayed so, they kept a “sound log” on each stage—an exact minute-by-minute record of the day’s shooting. Everything that happened was recorded and when a scene had to be shot again because the camera failed or the film snapped or the mixer didn’t get his signal, it went down in the log in red to show the sound department was at fault. On oil days, there would be enough red to flag a train, but the sound department was too efficient for that to happen often. Every red statement was checked and analyzed. Any other delay was the production department’s fault. This used to get the directors wild because there was a tendency to blame everything without the script and flaring up when they pleased. Now all their mistakes and fits of temperament were chronicled minute by minute.

An average sound log minus technical details reads like this, say, with shooting supposed to begin at ten:

1:00 A.M. Sound crew reports ready for action
1:00-1:10 Crew arriving on set
1:10-1:50 Director and assistant director looking for director’s chair
2:00 Director finds chair
2:15-2:30 Assistant director goes to inquire about star at star’s dressing room
2:15 Star arrives on set
2:50-3:10 Director overhears star in scene to be shot
3:10 Scene shot. Lights not right
3:10-3:15 Waiting for crew to change lights
11:01 Script girl discovers star not wearing pearls worn in last scene
11:10 Waiting for pearls to arrive from property room
11:15 Pearls arrive from property room
11:15-11:40 Director gives order to shoot Camera not ready
11:15-11:20 Rearranging camera

Jane Wyman is charm in a pint package.
Scene shot, Director interrupts because furniture blocks entrance.

Waiting for property man to rearrange furniture.

Scene shot, Noise on stage.

Director loses temper.

First take made—

and so forth and so on and pretty far into the night sometimes if delays had piled up until the required date was too close for comfort.

So long as the studio kept moving, it was interesting what all the doledrums between productions when there was nothing to do but sit in the script department and "do" fan mail and wonder if we were going to be laid off. Fan mail was the studio's equivalent of kitchen police.

We did fan mail all day the first weeks we were in the department, as a sort of新鲜man initiation; we did fan mail in the early morning before calls came in. (We were on the job at nine, but the studio seldom came to life for another hour.) About six o'clock in the afternoon, work would pile in from all the offices, and then we would have to stay until nine; for it was an inviolable rule that each day's work must be cleaned up that day. And the next morning we would sit again with nothing to do and wait and do fan mail.

We hated it. They gave us fan mail to take with us to fill up spare time on outside assignments. We stumbled over fan mail when we walked through the department. Even our locker room was filled with it, stacked around in sacks and boxes until the place looked like the delivery platform of a post office just before Christmas. And every day brought more of the hated stuff. It stood waiting to be answered for months and sometimes years collecting dust and spiders and adding to the dismal appearance of the room.

If you write a letter to an actor and address it to a studio, its chances of reaching him are practically nil. It is routed through the outer office to the script department where a weary scenographer gets it in time, mellowed by age, and doesn't thank you for writing it. Every other letter contained a patient complaint about how "I wrote you over a year ago and asked for a picture and I never got one," and this letter would be a year or so old too. There were two $16-a-week mail clerks in our department, who took fan mail as it came in and fed it to an automatic envelop-opener. From the opened letters they extracted coins for postage, which went scrawpulously into the petty cash drawer.

Presents enclosed in the letters were a different matter. Some of the hand-embroidered handkerchiefs were lovely work. Now and again a queer bead necklace or a shell bracelet from some odd corner of the world would be worth our keeping. But into the waste-basket went religious medals, lucky charms, leather paintings from Mexico with the star's name worked into the design, hair rings, all callously chucked, no matter what they had cost the sender in ill-spared cash or time.

Men stars got embroidered suspenders or specially knitted neckties. Once I found a letter containing a child's tooth sent to a certain star so she could sleep with it under her pillow and have good luck. A dear old lady from Chicago wrote time and again, asking us to send her the measurements of her favorite actor whom she was going to surprise with some underwear she was making him by hand. Now and again, it would strike you as too bad that somebody didn't write these simple folks and say, at least, thank you kindly. But then, you were like to go nuts yourself if you started thinking along those lines.

There was only one actor at the studio who had the courageous good sense to instruct the outer office to burn his fan mail.

---

**I've Got a Date!**

So I'm bathing with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap...it's the lovelier way to avoid offending!

To be alluring, a girl just must keep FRAGRANTLY DAINTY! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet, the lovely perfumed soap!

Here's how Cashmere Bouquet Soap works...its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor, and then, long after your bath, its lingering perfume clings to your skin!

Marvelous for complexions, too!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer...more radiant and alluring!

**To keep fragrantally dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap**

Now only 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

Silver Screen

67
Look your best in any light

You can, if you use light-proof powder!

- You can now get powder that is light-proof.
- Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. It solves the old problem of “shine.” Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin, and nose are all subdued!

An Important Discovery

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most closely selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would otherwise make your face shine like tin paper.

Do buy any make-up until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for your own demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then see if you can find any light this remarkable powder does not soften!

Luxor Light-Proof Face Powder

This is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light. The effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.

Luxor, Ltd., Chicago.
Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof powder free and prepaid.

[Provided with options for different shades and names, likely indicative of the form the letter would be filled out for submission or mailing.]
“Breaking camp in a tropical deluge,” she continued, “became regular procedure during the rainy season. Sleeping in tents standing a foot in water was a nightly hardship to be followed by long days of walking ankle deep in mud. Even though we were on the equator during the heavy rains, it was exactly cold, usually around 45 degrees.

“When we finally got out of these rains to the plains country, we ran into a new hazard—grass fires. The natives start them to facilitate hunting, and for the tender grass that comes up after the fire has burned the rank growth. Once we found ourselves trapped by fires which flared on all sides of us. Our natives completed guard ditches in the nick of time to save our lives.

“The stampede of wild animals, rushing out of the jungle a jump ahead of the fire, was also a menace to our equipment and even to our lives. It’s the natives’ idea of a spring round-up. They get plenty of meat for several weeks, even though entire villages are demolished by the flames and the huge beasts. But then, the women can rebuild them!"

Osa shrugged her narrow but dependable shoulders, to indicate the indifference of the jungle man to the slavery of his womenfolk.

‘Hippos, elephants or other large animals on a rampage can certainly make short work of a thatch town,’” she continued reminiscently. “We were sleeping one night in the native village of Ujji, on Lake Tanganyika, near the end of our long trail, when I heard the crashing of bushes under heavy bodies. Instantly, I recognized the lumbering tread of hippos. Fearing they would destroy our valuable equipment and possibly charge our company, I slipped out of bed and grabbed an elephant gun. I aroused the one white resident, and recruited two native boys, all with guns similar to mine.

“We chased the huge animals, following them by sound in the pitch darkness, for three hours. Just as we had them routed, I found myself in a papyrus swamp at the edge of the village. Suddenly, I realized I was sinking rapidly. When I felt the water about my waist, I set up a howl that was the envy of the hyenas. Natives, aided by torches, soon found me and fished me out.”

Osa was silent for a moment, then she chuckled her own inimitable little cracking chuckle, which made me chuckle too. “I made some mistakes,” she said, “and of course, everything didn’t go exactly as we planned it in Hollywood. But these discrepancies sometimes furnished us a laugh, anyway.

“We had a great time shooting the war scenes—and so did the natives. There was a time when we armed two tribes, the Wakonas and the Kikuyus, and prepared to shoot a battle on a large scale. At the last moment I learned that these tribes were actually at war and were all ready to annihilate each other with the guns we had furnished them. We managed to get their interest centered elsewhere for a brief time while Mr. Brower and some more of us gathered the weapons.
Now millions praise the new
SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

To millions of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn’t be improved. And now here’s the big news!—double news—important news! ... The laxative they said couldn’t be better is better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You’ll like it even better than before.

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MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All is sparkling vitality when Joan Blondell struts her stuff.

"The natives were nationals when it came to sham battles. In fact, their enthusiasm ran so high when we mounted them up in the style of the Livingstone period that we often found ourselves powerless to manage them."

"Once we had 2,500 natives assembled, the largest gathering ever permitted by the British government. They were supplied with spears, shields and bows, and embellished with red and purple earth, war masks and lion manes. Unable to await the command of the director, they started an unruly war dance only possible to stop. They danced most of one day."

"Suddenly, one group of about 200 which had broken away from the others charged our camera groups. Charging and withdrawing, and charging again, they sent spears hurling at the cameraman, which he miraculously dodged. Then they surrounded him, whipped him, and knocked him unconscious, but not before he had managed to show the whole incident on his cameras."

"So we gathered as many of our company together as we could to make a big show of our camera company, and then we let forth a great deal of laughter and applause, and shouted our praise. It worked. They withdrew, obviously pleased with their performance."

She stepped for a second, but only a second, and then dashed merrily on.

"I must tell you of the slave trading scenes," she said. "We had induced some of our native extras to let us scrape the paint off their faces and clean their hair in order that we might disguise them as Arab slave traders. Everything went fine until the natives who were to act as slaves saw the 'Arabs' with their wooden yokes and chains and black whips."

"We had a sit down strike on our hands right there. We discovered later that these very natives were descendants of the tribes that had been so shamefully abused by the traders. The inscape was finally broken when the British agent arrived and convinced them that it was only a game, and not real."

"I think we all came out with a new respect for Stanley. Three thousand trackless miles through hippos, crocs, lions and man-eating savages for a newspaper 'scoop.' How he ever came out alive is a miracle, and a monument to his courage and energy. His rescue of Dr. Livingstone is surely one of the most heroic stories of all time."
Two great friends in the movie world are red-haired Margot Grahame and blonde Binnie Barnes. I heard Margot's happy and ringing laugh as she came through the swinging doors at El Morocco one evening and caught their photo before their escorts, who were probably paying off the taxi, arrived on the scene.

An embarrassing version of "That's no body, that's my wife" story happened to me one night. I had spotted Brian Donlevy and took his picture, but had no idea who was with him. When he was leaving I asked him who the pretty blonde was with him and his reply was made with polite disdain. "Don't you know? That's Mrs. Donlevy."

A photographer must always be on the alert, and not so long ago I was sitting with a group of friends when Louis Sobol, the columnist, passing by the table, said, "Too bad you missed that great character actor, Jean Hersholt, who just left." "Just left what," yelled I as I grabbed my camera and ran. That I did catch him getting into his car was just one of those lucky things that all still camera men hope for.

Projection—Errol Flynn

[Continued from page 25]

Islands. He likes to slouch down on a big couch in his study with his head resting low on a cushion, a glass in his hand, and his feet dreamily arranged over the top. Thus relaxed he will talk by the hour, utterly oblivious to time, and to both studio and social appointments.

Lucky are you, indeed, if you can find the usually quiet and taciturn Mr. Flynn in a reminiscent mood these days. And what if he does forget sometimes where truth ends and fiction begins? That's the prerogative of every author. And since coming to Hollywood Errol has written a book, a goodly number of magazine stories, and numerous "letters to the editor." One of his favorite indoor pastimes is writing a letter to the editor giving him his views on pertinent subjects. And he sings to himself while he writes. When Lily Damita hears her husband singing "Roses in December" in his study she knows that he is happily engaged in writing a letter to the editor of the New York Times. How well does Mr. Flynn sing? Well, when he filled out his biography in the publicity department his answer to the question, "Do you sing or dance?" was "Imperceptibly."

Time will tell, so the bromide goes, and

From Paris Comes the Idea

The New Evening in Paris Face Powder with Skin Affinity

...the first to COMBINE the best features of BOTH super-fine, super-light face powders and heavier types

Face Powder that is attracted to your skin...a face powder with Skin Affinity*. It's a completely new texture...Each particle of powder is from two to three times smaller than those in many other popular powders; also much more uniform in size and shape.

It means a combination of beauty advantages never before obtainable in one face powder: First, the exquisitely natural-looking, smooth, clear, fresh-colored finish of an exceedingly fine texture. Second, extreme lasting power and superior ability to cover skin and subdue the appearance of beauty flaws...The second are qualities usually possessed only by heavier face powders!

Colors, too, are the clearest, most glowing...richly flattering to your skin.

Try it yourself...and see the difference! You'll be amazed...delighted!

Ask for Evening in Paris Face Powder at any drug or department store. Generous, enlarged box, costs only $1.10.

Fernand Gravet plays a cocktail chef—melodiously!
in Errol's case time told a lot. When he became established in Hollywood, after the success of "Captain Blood," invariably there would appear, month after month, at the studio people from all ends of the earth who had "known him.

There was a Dr. Herman F. Erben, formerly associated with the Rockefeller Foundation, who knew Errol intimately in New Guinea and who, for the numbers of "The Perfect Specimen" cast thrilled all afternoon by recounting to them Errol's adventures in the South Seas. "Did he ever tell you about the time he was arrested in the seacoast town of Papua for fighting with a policeman?" Dr. Erben would ask.

And then there was a Captain Simpson, with whom Errol was associated for two years in the Islands, fifty, white-haired and laconic. "I don't mind telling you about the time the judge ordered him to pay a fine or go to gaol, and Errol chose to go to gaol, much to the judge's disgust because there wasn't a bit of the Island Captain Simpson would ask.

Moreover, his casual remark at that initial studio grillage, to the effect that he had been a member of the Australian boxing team at the 1928 Olympic games in Amsterdam was verified last year by Frankie Darro, a fighter engaged by the studio during the filming of "Kid Galahad," was in Amsterdam during the 1928 Olympics. "I saw Flynn fight," said Darro, and now I know how to take care of himself all right." As a matter of Olympic fact Errol went through three rounds in Amsterdam, and then met Dan Egan, who eventually won.

And so it seems that prevaricating isn't one of the Flynn faults after all.

Like all the Irish he has a quick temper. His temper almost broke up the Damita-Flynn romance before it was started. Shortly before he left for Hollywood Errol visited friends in Paris and there he met the petite French actress, Lili Damita. The meeting left little impression on either of them, so definitely was not love at first sight. By no means did they think of parting ways until they had gone some way along the road to America and Errol asked her for the second time the evening at sea. He asked her for a dance. She replied—and very rather and claims—that she had promised the dance.

"Come back in five minutes," she ordered.

But the hot-headed Irishman did not go back, and he avoided Miss Damita successfully for the rest of the trip. He met her again, for the third time, on the Warner lot, where he was a new contract actor and she a distinguished victim. fertilizer. He was so patient that he called her sometime. Errol called right away, but she was too busy to come to the phone. Errol was so mad he said red. When she thought she was, anyway. He waited several weeks, and then he called again. This time she was very cordial.

"Can you come to dinner tomorrow night?" she asked.

"Call me back in five minutes," snapped Errol. Well that was the last time Errol would see the girl. She was going to be up in the air and get away with it. But his anger soon was forgotten and he haunted places where he knew Lili would be until he met her again. She gave him a piece of her mind, and he gave her a piece of his, and the romance was on in full swing. They were married in Yuma, Arizona, for a hurried courtship, just a few days before Errol learned that he had been selected to play the title role in "Swashbuckler," a part that every young actor in Hollywood would give his right leg for. What with a French temperament and an Irish temper the domestic life of the couple hasn't always been exactly as peaceful as a field of clover. Lili has left him twice, once to get a divorce which she didn't get, and once to make a picture in Paris. At the present writing all is sweetness and light.

Another of his faults, Errol claims, is his love of comfort. Several times in his life he has taken the best suite in a hotel when he had no idea where the money was coming from to pay for it. "At one time," says Errol, "I was the only white man in New Guinea who owned a bath tub. I bought it in Sydney, Australia, during a visit there, and had it shipped to Port Morresby. Later my native boys transported it to me to my station far in the interior. The tub had to be filled by bucket, there being no plumbing, and when I would take off my clothes and plunge into it the native boys thought I was crazy for sure."

Generously, it seems, is Errol's chief virtue. At his home you will find people from all walks of life, the rich and the poor, the producer and the extra. His mother, a very beautiful woman with much the same coloring as Errol, thinks that her son is well fitted for his role in "Robin Hood." His newest picture soon to be released by Warner Brothers. She delights to tell her friends in Ireland how when Errol was a lad of six she returned from an afternoon of collecting flowers for her young offspring distributing her gold dressing table set to the passersby in front of the house. She arrived just in time to re- take their place, and she gave them to her and with it she gave Errol the whacking of his young life. His only explanation was that "he felt like giving things away."

Errol was born June 29, 1905, in Athurim, Ireland. His mother was Marcelle Flynn, English and French, and his father was Theodore Flynn, Irish. He has one sister, named Rosemary. He attended schools in Ireland, Paris, London and Australia where he went in for boxing, swimming, rowing and Rugby. He shunned dramatics in school. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University, Berlin, and later at Cambridge. Mr. Flynn, Sr., was always going on scientific expeditions, once to the North Pole, and then to Australia and the South Seas. Errol's earliest recollections of his home life is that they were almost always in the woods and with it she gave Errol the whacking of his young life. His only explanation was that "he felt like giving things away."

GIVE your body skin the 'benefit of bathing in water soft as rain ... enjoy the softness of bathwater fragrant as a flower garden or a pine forest.

Gentle cleanliness is one step toward loveliness ... and Bathasweet gives water greater cleansing power. Proof of this is found in the absence of a "ring" around the tub when Bathasew is used. Moreover, the water is soothed—gone are the drying effects that hard water may have on your skin! No wonder thousands of fastidious women resist on the benefits of Bathasew. 50c and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—10c sizes at "10c 5 cent" stores.

FREE—A gift package of the two Bathasew fragrances, Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine, sent free anywhere in the U.S.A. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasew Corp., Dept. S.C., 111 Park Avenue, New York.

SILVER SCREEN
fauna, so Errol had no trouble in getting away.

The latter part of 1928 found him looking for gold in New Guinea. From 1928 to 1932 he spent in the Islands, on a copra plantation, pearl diving, carrying freight on his schooner, the Makeda, to various small outposts of the way islands, trading in everything from humans to gold. His boat was eventually chartered by a film company, making travelogues, for a trip to the Island interior to photograph the head-hunters there. Flynn was the captain of the boat and when necessary he turned actor for the benefit of the cameras.

The head-hunters weren't as friendly as they should be and it was thanks to Errol that the travelogue people escaped with their lives and their cameras. Errol bid them a fond farewell at Port Moresby and decided to go gold-hunting once more far up near Mount Julian. A cable finally overtook him there, one year later. It read: "Your work in travelogue magnificent. You are a natural. Have three offers now. Come at once. Am sending fare Port Moresby." It was signed by Dr. Herman Erben. (The very same who turned up later in Hollywood to verify one of Errol's yarns.) When Errol reached Port Moresby he found the fare, and another cable, which read: "Don't come yet. English company enroute Papua to shoot Mutiny on the Bounty. Understand you are direct descendant of Fletcher Christian leader of real Mutiny. Swell publicity tie-up. You can't part. Do nothing 'til I get there. Erben."

The picture was a British version of the story "Mutiny On the Bounty" and was never shown in America. This acting business was a new thrill for Errol and when the picture was finished he returned with the company to England. There he made the rounds of the producers' offices and eventually found himself a place as an actor on the English stage. He appeared in "A Man's House," "Othello," "Another Language," and "The Constant Nymph," in London. In October 1934, he was signed by a Warner Brothers contract by their London representative, Irving Asher, and soon afterwards left for the United States and Hollywood. And here he has been ever since, except for a brief vacation which he spent in the thick of things in Spain.

When his friends said, "Why go to Spain, Errol, you'll get killed," he replied: "So what? Maybe I'll get killed. Maybe I'll get run over by a automobile when I leave this restaurant. That's the chance you have to take. The way I figure it, it doesn't make any difference where you happen to be when your number's up. It's just up and that's all there is to it."

And that's Errol Flynn's philosophy of life.

The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays... a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at any age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly... "cleanliness". It means even more than bath- and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaterial which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so natural in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle... at any druggist's.
Off the Beaten Track

[Continued from page 31]

laying masses of clay around it. "Carbo and Crawford are the easiest to model," she said as faked. I watched the movements of her hands, "Their faces have so much character. They are solid faces, both have firm jaws. Have you noticed how most woman stars have firm jaws? Hepburn, Mae West, Carole Lombard, Simon Simone, and others have a firmness of the jaw that women in going as a rule retain. This is real remarkable. Another characteristic mark is the deep, soulful quality of their eyes. I think Miss Lombard has the loveliest eyes on the screen. They are so dreamy, heavy lidded."

Recently Scientific Films did a picture on unusual occupations for Paramount release, and the Stubergh figures prominently in it. Katherine is in "Who's Who Among American Women." She is 25 years old, has a Madonna-like face, reddish brown hair and green eyes. Of course, her graceful carriage suggests the ballet dancer. There is an air of old world romance about her and the studio in which she works 16 hours a day. It is difficult to describe. One must visit it and see this young lady at her work to sense it.

The Stubergh figures of movie stars are on display in the windows of the Western Costume Co., an indispensable adjunct of the motion picture industry. It's another fascinating place. When you go there you will meet the male contingent of movie celebrities, as well as many of the women stars. I ran into Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Basil Rathbone, as well as Rameses II, whom I entered in the lobby.

In seemingly endless rows of spotless glass cases there are beaucrous ladies of bygone eras in fair attitudes. There are about a million costumes in the enormous eight-story plant of this giant organization, but nobody knows the exact number. No studio in the world is sufficiently immense in size to accommodate all this, and this firm supplies the men's costumes for every big production and a good percentage of women's costumes. Mutiny on the Bounty, Romeo and Juliet, Antioch Advers, The Good Earth, The Lost Horizon, The Buccaneer, Marco Polo, are some of the pictures costumed by this giant organization. On a few hours' notice it can equip an army of 20,000 men, and furnishes costumes for big Hollywood parties and masquerade balls.

"We have more original and genuine uniforms of the Austro-Hungarian Empire than you can find in Vienna," said J. I. Schnitter, the president of Western Costumes, as he showed me through his plant—through display salons comparable in their appointments to the ritzy shops and ateliers of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix; through a research library; arsenal; huge stockrooms brimming with a bewildering variety of articles, dating back down through the centuries to Ramses II; through workrooms where expert artisans make boots, shoes, leather trimmings, wigs, jewelry, costumes, and crowns and tiaras for the queens of Hollywood.

"Strange things happen here," mused William House, an old employee. "In 1925 one of our buyers went to Vienna and brought back over two royal carriages, costly fur coats, medals and insignia, court, diplomatic, civil and military uniforms. Among the uniforms there was a coat worn by Emperor Franz Josef. It was one of the largest and most valuable purchases we have made.

"We were furnishing the costumes for the Wedding March, which Eric von Stroheim directed. I was in charge of the fitting. One of the extra players who came in for a fitting was to be the archduke in the picture. He was a foreign gentleman with charming manners. "I pulled out a coat from our Vienna

for, the coat of an Austrian archduke, and gave it to him.

"He scrutinized it for a moment, and said, 'That's mine.' He looked at the tag, and read his own name on it. He felt in his trembling fingers the four medals hang ing on the breast. They were his too. Then he turned around to hide his face, and started crying."

We stopped before two glass cases containing medals.

"All these medals and breast stars are genuine," Mr. Schnitter informed me. "We have over 5,000 of them, representing every state in the world. Genuine medals like these are worn by the principals only. We make replicas for extras. We have charts showing the correct order of wearing various decorations. That's a little science in itself.

A medal is about the last thing a man who is down and out will come to sell. A few weeks ago an old Irish majorette, now trying to make a living as an extra, sold us his four medals. He had fought in the world war and the Irish revolution. He was a character from a book.

"We supply the studios not only with costumes and props, but information on such matters as court procedure, customs of various countries, architecture and building materials, means of transportation, etc. We can, for instance, instruct the coronation ceremonies of King James II exactly as they took place. It's our business to know what Yeoman of the Guard, a French Chasseur, or a Calabash of the Kullan, wears, and what weapons he carries. We maintain one of the most complete libraries of its kind in existence. Some of our books are priceless.

"Foreign countries have given us splendid cooperation in securing authentic data on their present day uniforms. We must keep abreast of the times. I wrote to the chief of police in China and he sent me photographs of all the uniforms worn by his force, with a long letter of information in Chinese. The Scotland yard sent us photographs of the uniforms worn by the various ranks of the police, the coast of an Austrian archduke, and gave it to him.

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that organization. The prefecture of the Paris police has been most obliging, and sent us all the data we wanted about its uniforms. The fire department in Vienna sent us a whole set of hand-painted drawings of its uniforms. We know what a traffic cop in Warsaw looks like, or a letter carrier in Finland, or a policeman in the Fiji Islands. Here is some stuff I just yanked from India— and he yanked out a drawer and showed me a stack of photographs of railway employees in India: station master, guard, porter, etc.

The arsenal is on the sixth floor, where thousands of deadly instruments are arranged by periods and countries. The swords alone number 7,000. There are Persian scimitars of the kind with which the romantic heroes of Firdusi's Shahnameh performed their incredible deeds, and swords worn by our cadets at Annapolis.

Cossack sabers that must have cut down many a Chechen in the mountains of Daghestan, and Turkish pistols and yatagans used by the bashbashaks, the Sultan's 'crack-brained' irregulars, once the terror of all Europe, Medeval armor, and U. S. automatic rifles and machine guns, Indian bows and arrows, and highly ornamented cowboy holsters.

Mr. Schutzer showed me saddles that are two and three hundred years old. He frequently displays them in the windows on the ground floor, overlooking Melrose Avenue, as they attract much attention. On another floor Mr. Schutzer showed me costumes worn by famous stars in some of their most memorable roles. "Here is the costume Valentino wore in The Sheik," he would say. Or, "That one over there Doug- las Fairbanks wore in The Gaucho." "This is one of the most expensive gowns we have. Dolores del Rio wore it in The Bird of Paradise." "And so is that one over there Joan Crawford wore it in The Dancing Lady."

Western Costumes employs a crew of 250 men. The entire organization is constantly keyed up to meet emergencies. There is no let up. "We might get an order for a pair of shoes at five o'clock in the afternoon to be delivered at seven the next morning," Mr. Schutzer explained. "Let's say a pair of shoes for Garbo. Even if the whole house burned down, or everybody dropped dead here, those shoes will be delivered on time. A pair of shoes may tie up a whole set. Our slogan is the old motto of the theatre: The Show Must Go On!"

The boot department was like a madhouse, as it had an emergency order of 1,000 pairs of boots to fill. "Joe, what did Marion Davies tell you when she gave you the order for her boots—the ones she wore in her last picture?" Mr. Schutzer asked a worker busy at his bench.

"Joe turned red and looked very embarrassed. His employer urged him to tell it to me. "She said I will give you a kiss," Joe said, "if the boots fit me well." He laughed and shook his head.

"An actor becomes doubly particular of what he wears when he plays in a costume picture," Mr. Schutzer asserted. "John Barrymore, for instance, comes with a sketch he has drawn himself, as he always knows what he wants, and for hours wands alone in our stockroom trying to find the kind of costumes he has in mind.

"We have by far the largest collection of costumes in the world, representing an investment of several million dollars, and the ideas of thousand of specialists. We have laces, braids, and things like that which cannot be replaced anywhere. Either the people who made them are dead, leaving behind them no successors to carry on their craft, or the machines that manufactured them are lost or destroyed. We live in an age that doesn't produce such fine old things anymore.

"Today's before an article is used in a picture, it passes before twenty eyes. Costumes have to be authentic and correct as to period and details. We take no liberties. This craze for authenticity is due largely to the influence of our schools. Historical pictures are being made part of class instruction in schools and colleges the country over."

Even when you hire extras you have to paint 'em over. Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up chief, engaged 200 make-up artists to do 175 extras for "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Marie Antoinette."

Now this new Cream with "SKIN-VITAMIN" does more for your skin than ever before

The "skin-vitamin" is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing "skin-vitamin" which is now in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same label, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious "skin-vitamin"!

Betty Furness wears three gaily painted wooden ducks as chaps. It's a new fad.

Western Costumes employs a crew of 250 men. The entire organization is constantly keyed up to meet emergencies. There is no let up. "We might get an order for a pair of shoes at five o'clock in the afternoon to be delivered at seven the next morning," Mr. Schutzer explained. "Let's say a pair of shoes for Garbo. Even if the whole house burned down, or everybody dropped dead here, those shoes will be delivered on time. A pair of shoes may tie up a whole set. Our slogan is the old motto of the theatre: The Show Must Go On!"

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

"I have always praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition . . ."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! 9 Treatments

Test it in Pond's, Dept 78S,VP.Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing 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 90c to cover postage and packing.

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Nothing to Worry About

(Continued from page 34)

New York today with a pimple on her nose.

"I wonder if Winifred packed my ski shoes? It will be thrilling to come flying down those famous ski slopes in San Anton and St. Moritz, the wind whistling through my ears and my blood tingling. I must ask Winifred where she packed my skin lotions. I know from Sun Valley experience that a good blustery wind can dry out the skin in no time. I certainly don't wish to be mistaken for a piece of old leather, slightly antiqued, when I return to America. While I am at San Anton I shall learn all there is to learn about skiing, and I shall perfect the Christiania even if it kills me. It probably will.

"Wonder what my friends would say if it did. Would they be upset and sad for a week, maybe a little longer. Huh, I know those wretches. They'd read it on the front page (or would it make the front page? After all I am a movie star) over their morning coffee and orange juice, and they'd wag their heads and say, 'Poor Claudette broke her neck. What a pity,'' and dash right out to Santa Anita to put five on the nose of Scabicus."

"I wonder if Billy's Count Edward will ever run in the money? Oh, I suppose it will the minute it learns I'm on the ocean. The ungrateful nag. And after the twenty-five dollars I spent on it. Why do I always call horses it? Now this really is utterly ridiculous. I must go to sleep. I'll look like a character actress when I get on the train tomorrow. 'The glamorous Miss Colbert had bags down to her.'"

"How many pieces of luggage am I taking with me? I certainly don't want to appear ostentatious. But I seem to need so many things. Well, it's a cinch I didn't have to worry about my luggage the first time I went to Europe—the year I graduated from high school—one trunk was quite sufficient then for both mother and myself. I remember that in the excitement of kissing father and Charles and Tantine and grandmother goodbye I completely forgot my passport, and there was a hell of a mess about it when we landed in France. I just wasn't born to cope with departures. Wonder what I'll forget tomorrow? Not the passport, this time, because Jack has that. Ugh, how I hate passport pictures."

"I hope I look as smart as I think I do in that black tailored dress Travis made for me to sail in. It was quite a clever idea I think to have my new leopard skin coat lined in the same black wool the dress is made of. And my hat is black and jaunty, away from the face, which will be good for pictures. Oh dear, there I go. Always the actress. Here I am leaving on a vacation as Mrs. Joel Pressman and I'm worrying over my pictures in the New York newspapers. Maybe there won't be any photographers or press at the boat. Jack will like that. But I won't. Of course I don't expect banners stretched across the sky as they did for Joan and Dick Powell. And I don't expect to find any fans under my bed the way Robert Taylor did. But I do think a few of them might take the trouble to make a fuss over me. I like fans, I like signing autographs. I like being pushed about. Actresses who say they don't are lying—they all like it.

"Won't Elizabeth rib me if there isn't a photographer in sight. She laughed herself into a fine case of hysteria when I said I was wearing my leopard instead of my muff because it would reproduce better. Oh, dear—saints—that-watch-over-movie-stars, don't, don't let that be a pimple."

"The second night at sea I shall wear the new print Travis made me. With the little black bolero. Huge poppies and daisies on..."
YOUR HOROSCOPE
Let me tell you FREE what astrology indicates concerning new opportunities to come to you. When you will meet the near future. Old and new friends you can count upon. Facts about your enemies. Love, marriage and home influences. How to attain your cherished desires. Travel, changes, lucky days. Business, speculation, money matters. Interesting facts about your real character and past life.

Send your name, address and birth date plainly written; state whether B. R., Mrs., or Miss. Enclose 10 cents (postage stamps) to cover expenses. Your free horoscope reading will be sent to you promptly. Do not enclose coins in your letter unless registered. Put 5 cents postage on your letter. Address:

ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorine for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty.

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorine. It rinses away shampoo film, glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorine makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorine is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless—not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too—only a few pennies for each Colorine. Two rinses for 10c in ten-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of bed in the Morning karin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, you feel bad, you don’t digest food properly. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter’s Liver Pills to get the bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and at ‘em.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. For a free sample of Carter’s Liver Pills, also free book entitled “The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good,” address the following.

CARLTON, 19 Park Place, N. Y. C. Or ask your druggist for Carter’s Liver Pill Booklet. 25c. Stubbornly refuses anything else. ©1929, P. INC.
They Are Believers in Dreams

[Continued from page 29]

their Fargos and Sedalicas and avenue A's—
but they didn't—because tarp saw wvog:
Young Andrea Leeds traveled a long road, dreamed long dreams, made a false start before she came into her heritage when she scored so sensational in "Stage Door." Back of that triumph is a vista of bare brown hills and small mining towns and a burning copper sun, and about as much thought of ever being a star in Hollywood as you, Mary, wherever you are, may think now of becoming an inhabitant of Allee's Wonderland.

Andrea, olive-skinned, dark-haired, something velvet and quiet and rich in her very calibre, said to me: "I was born in Butte, Montana. My Dad is a mining engineer and so all, or most all of my childhood was spent in small mining towns, Butte, Globe, Arizona: Cinegufila in the Mexican state of Durango. I went to grade school in Globe. I spent part of my high school years at Long Beach, California; I went later, to U. C, L. A.; I lived in an atmosphere, at home, or homes, or minor revolutions, when the Yaquis of Mexico would deliver ultimatums to my Dad and me, and the small, white school in Tucson kept in practice, daily, with rifles and targets, sometimes of flesh and blood.

"Rebel raids were commonplace, bandits would swoon down on our camp and demand all of our provisions, or else... and I dreamed that one day I would become a writer and put all of this raw, crude, colour into words, from a woman's viewpoint. In college I was interested in amateur theatricals, of course. But I never once thought of becoming an actress myself. Other girls were actresses, stars, but not me. I knew that I would do something, have a career, be, preferably, a writer. I am only child, and so I have had to be both son and daughter to my parents. And my Dad had always told me that I must be independent, able to take care of myself, no matter what my circumstances.

"In college I was asked why I didn't try for the movies, so I tried and the bell didn't ring. Then we made an amateur movie photographed with a 16 millimeter camera.

And when it was run I had, suddenly, offers from studios, from Universal, from Republic. Also, Howard Hawkes had heard about me, from mutual friends and from scouts who had seen the college movie. And he asked me to make a test, and I made it. And then Mr. Hawkes told me that I had possibilities, perhaps great ones and that he would like me for a part in 'Come And Get It.' Even then I didn't really care, didn't 'see.' I still wanted to write.

"After college I had got a job on a small local sheet and made $200 a week writing my head off. It did occur to me that $900 a week didn't make for much of a life. Then I played the Broadway, though it was a small part Mr. Hawkes was so encouraging to me, so kind, so inspiring, that I enjoyed every moment of the hours I spent in the studio. It wasn't, though, until after that picture was previewed that—well, that the vision came to me. I went home from seeing that picture. I remember well that I was sitting in front of my dressing table facing myself in the mirror. And as I looked at myself I suddenly came to me that this was my vocation, my Call. I had nearly lost my way but thanks to Mr. Hawkes' interest in me, Mr. Goldwyn's faith in me, thanks to that letter of mine, I didn't, too stubborn, did listen to the voices, even though it took me some time to hear what they were saying. I did make port. I found myself saying out loud, "I'm in it, in that flash, that I was not yet capable of putting my thoughts, my emotions down on paper but on the screen of the studio. "

"I'd like to tell you a story of one of my experiences on the screen, but I'm afraid I haven't the proper words to express myself."

Lucille Ball gets a tip on comedy from Guy Kibbee, the old master.
procedure of the build-up was reversed. He had one (1) suit of cloth American boy made especially for the trip. His dinner jacket wasn't even his. It was borrowed from the studio wardrobe. There was no talk of his fatal attraction for women or his private goings-on.

Actually he was introduced as just what he happens to be—an aspiring young actor, who has had a large success in his first American film, and is making his living in the movies rather than in a garage or an office, he appeared as that, true colors and the wolves were out to get him, but you never had a chance to learn about him. He may not have been mobbed, but Mr. Goldwyn knows the danger of glamour as well as its intoxication and he was taking no chances with his new found star.

Think of what a struggle James Cagney has had and is having to live down the super build-up. It was given and pursued his career as he sees right. It happened that he was on hand when the gangster film cycle started. He became the arch-type of the tough guy, the killer, the callous gangster. As a matter of fact, he is an extremely versatile and accomplished actor and he got annoyed at having to play one public enemy after another.

You know the rest of the story. He has broken with gangster roles. He is trying to make himself the rounded screen actor best represented perhaps by Paul Muni. I have great faith in his talents and I think he'll succeed, but he has certainly found out what it is like to be snapped at by the wolves.

When Marlene Dietrich came to Hollywood, she had no idea what price she would be asked to pay for stardom. Accustomed to the leisurely publicity of Europe, she resented being questioned about her private life. Not only has she had unkind and vicious things said about her, but she has been genuinely terrified about the safety of her daughter at times. She has made more than one false step, but she has paid for it.

In the same way Katharine Hepburn has slowly learned that fame is only pleasant when you're knocking them in the aisles, as the theatrical world is saying. After "Little Women" she could wear any clothes she wanted to, sit on any curbstone she fancied or ignore some of the fantastic tales sent out about her. There came a time, though, when she must have felt almost completely alone in a hostile world. I, for one, am glad that her great performance in "Stage Door" will deliver her from the harses.

The stars who have succeeded must move warily, but the really tragic cases are the aspirants who have been led to the slaughter before they had a chance to prove their worth. You may remember the tremendous publicity campaign Lil Dagover had, but she didn't seem so bright in name right bright. Patricia Wulant, daughter of Henry B. Walthall, was sold to the public as a great new actress for six months and appeared in two Westerns. Doris Weston, hailed as a great new singer for "Singing Marine," landed in "Submarine D-1" in a minor role. Vicki Lester has been given an enormous build-up by which she had to renew her contract.

You know as well as I do what happened to such far from unknowns as Mary Astor, Isabelle Elman, Eddy Laye, Lillian Harvey, Yuli Bagrit, and Jimmy Savo in Hollywood. The trumpets blew loud and long for each of them, but their stay in the Hollywood arena was short and unhappy.

Does Publicity Hurt the Stars

[Continued from page 21]
Fireworks Behind the Scenes

[Continued from page 17]

anxious to get away from tough guy roles, and tried to become a bespoke in "Something for Sing About." It flopped. Robert Montgomery, cocktail-shaking smarty of films, rebelled and asked to be assigned to "Night Must Fall," starred. But Beery, Maurece, and Clark Gable essayed "Paralyzed." It flopped. In each instance, the performers fought to get those roles, and in each instance, the performer gave a good performance, but what they forgot was that moving picture fans only want their favorites in the roles to which they’ve become accustomed. In fighting for parts, the players forget the FANS and the box-office, which can be forgotten.

Andrea Leeds, who scored so solidly in "Stage Door" is that rarest of performers. She had set her heart on getting that role. Bill Grady, then at RKO, agreed with her that she could play it to the hilt. For a month, the battle went on, but she got it, and spurned to fame on the strength of it. She is the exception to the rule, however.

Much has been written about Bette Davis and the fight she made to get the feminine lead in "Of Human Bondage." I asked her about it, and she told me the stories were not so. "They didn’t even let me look at the daily rushes on the picture," she pointed out. "They knew that if I saw myself, I would have quit, or at least insisted on having the part toned down so that it would be more sympathetic."

So the next time you read that a star is fighting a studio because they’ve given somebody else a role which he or she craved, don’t jump to the conclusion that the star is being discriminated against. More likely than not, the star wants something which will ruin him at the box-office. I didn’t particularly care for Claudette Colbert’s characterization in “Tovarich,” as compared to that of Marta Abba on the Broadway stage, but I’m certain that Miss Colbert played it more believably than Kay Francis could.

But this bitter, warfare, waged out here in Hollywood twenty-four hours a day, behind the scenes, results in some of the grandest characters you come across, and also results in some of the most unrelenting feuds.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 13]

and a confession that amazes them.

At M-G-M

HERE we have two pictures—"Love Is A Headache" starring Gladys George (a comedy at last, thank heaven) with Virginia Weidler and Mickey Rooney featured, and "Made to Measure" with Wallace Beery and Jessie Ralph and James Stewart (again). Jimmie’s going to have another breakdown if they keep working him this way.

Jimmie is Wally’s son and is in love with Maureen, who is Jessie’s daughter. Jessie and Wally don’t like each other and I don’t blame either of them. Particularly, I don’t blame Jessie. Come to think of it, I guess I’m just in a nasty mood today so I’ll make a wholesale apologue to everyone and say it’s the dyspepsia I’ve carried over from New Year’s. Jimmie has just walked out on Maureen (and you see, Miss O’Sullivan, if I was really as disagreeable as you always try to make out I am, I’d say I didn’t blame him, either, but as it is and because I love practically everyone except Ditrich, Beery and Hepburn, I’ll just say I think he’s a fool). Jimmie prefers the wide open spaces (No, that’s Gable). Jimmie prefers the sea to Maureen and she swoons when she realizes it.

Neither of the parents realizes he’s gone and while they’re arguing over whether Jimmie or Maureen is luckier, Maureen, looking wan and drawn (at least Maureen and the make-up man hope she does) appears in the doorway and breaks the news to mother. Beery is crushed because Jimmie didn’t say "goodbye." Jessie is frustrated and Maureen—well, what that girl has gone through would melt a heart of stone. All she has to look back on is four months in Europe when she had Robert Taylor making love to her instead of Jimmie.

In the other picture, Miss George (who has portrayed Miss Abba on Broadway—behind her) isn’t working. She has adopted two kids, she is a famous actress (just like Irene Dunne in the Joy of Loving) and she is trying so hard to make the two who have never had anything—not even a turtle neck sweater such as Roy Barnard wears to dinner parties—happy. And they, in turn, are trying to make her happy by attempting to catch a fly that has got into her bedroom. They wreck the joint but they catch the fly and the plot moves on.

20th Century-Fox

THIS is last stop of the month. Claire Trevor and Mickey Rooney are performing in "Six Girls," the others beside Claire being Phyllis Brooks (who isn’t the greatest actress in the world but I’ve been told she doesn’t like Hepburn so that makes her OK with me), Jayne Regan, Dixie Dunbar and two others whom I can’t recall. Phyllis is engaged to Mike, who is a wealthy society gent from Back Bay Boston (if only once somebody high up in the social world could come from Newport or Memphis or Denver or even Brooklyn. Max, what a relief it would be!) and before they’re even married she’s chiseling. Her picture gets in the paper with the chiseler and Claire generously tries to shield her by pretending it was all her fault and that the man was really out with her. It’s a nice scene, well done, well directed by Mr. Norman Foster, who ought to have his wife in his pictures because there is a looker of Hollywood—and I watch with interest.

"The real kick comes when the scene is finished and the girls spy my companion. My companion (who shall be nameless because I’m not a thorough-going cad, although I will be if Miss O’Sullivan goes me much more) goes around collecting gossip and romances for the magazines, newspapers and radio commentators. So, no sooner do Claire and Phyllis spy her than they descend on her and without even say-
"TRY SITROUX
Tissues
They're Softer
Stronger!"

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AT YOUR
5 and
10 cent
STORE!

"Sit-true.") Sosoft,
yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroox Tissues. Get a box today!

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Don't suffer needlessly from this absolute, irrecovable skin disease. Whatever you may believe to be eczema, try sitroox. If you have dermatitis, take sitroox. Sitroox is the new, patented treatment for skin diseases. Your druggist can supply sitroox.

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This simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce true
rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce
of glycerin. Any drug-
pist 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 imports
color to streaked, faded or grey hair, makes it soft
and glossy and takes years off your looks. It
will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and
does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by grey hair
when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

Most women don't need Beauty Parlors

Sallow complexities and pimply skins are often not a matter for cos-
metics. For most skin blemishes are aggrivated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dull-
ness, early fatigue, headaches, sleep-
lessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day
goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive
Tablets. This famous laxative is the
choice of millions. It does not shock
the intestinal system. And it stimu-
lates the secretion of bile without
the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 75c, 15c and 60c.

GRAY HAIR!

The Best 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 true
rum, a small box of Barbo
Compound and one-fourth
ounce of glycerin. Any drug-
pist can put this up or you can
mix it yourself at very little
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A New Skin!

Read This Free Offer!

—read that what was considered impossible before—
the removal of blackheads, freckles, etc., can
be done now by sitroox. Sitroox will
transform all types of skin in three days. It
'will transform all types of skin in
three days,' as stated by the editors of
Blackbirds and Breakers. The article
was written by a leading beauty
expert.

"TRY SITROUX
Tissues
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"Sit-true.") Sosoft,
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Don't suffer needlessly from this absolute, irrecovable skin disease. Whatever you may believe to be eczema, try sitroox. If you have dermatitis, take sitroox. Sitroox is the new, patented treatment for skin diseases. Your druggist can supply sitroox.
GRACIE ALLEN wants to know if "Come With the Wind" will be a sequel to "The Hurricane."

JOAN BLONDELL'S small son, Normie, age three and a half years, has been begging for some luggage like Daddy Dick's, so with an afternoon off from the studio Joan dashed into town and bought Normie a small bag equipped with a flash light, two safety pins, and a tooth brush. Normie was delighted, but there was no place in the Blondell-Powell home until Normie could take a trip on a train so he could use his luggage. So Joan and Dick took Normie down to the station, bought tickets to Santa Barbara, and took their young son for his first train trip. Hardly were they seated in the Pullman before Normie had his bag open and was on his way to the men's dressing room to brush his teeth. He wanted people to think he was an old-timer at this traveling business.

JEANETTE MACDONALD is superstitious and won't give out interviews on love and marriage. She also refuses to remove her wedding ring and when she is working in a picture she wears a strip of flesh colored tape over it.

DURING a recent vacation in the East Rosland Russell was acclaimed by the New York designers as the best dressed Hollywood woman of the year. Of course she had to do a lot of shopping to live up to her title. Among the interesting items she brought back with her is a pair of green jersey shoes, made dressmaker fashion and stitched entirely by hand. She wears them with a silk jersey ensemble—and Hollywood droops with envy.

GARY COOPER certainly "does something" to feminine fandom. But it may be revealed in utter confidence that sitting on Gary's lap can be a tiresome procedure. Have it on the word of Claudette Colbert, who should know. For one scene in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Claudette spent eight hours perched on Gary's knees. She left them with a trille too sharp for solid comfort.

THEY are telling the story around town about the eager young writer who bumped into Marlene Dietrich one day on the Paramount lot when she was under contract (the "Oh, Miss Dietrich," he said, "could you come into my office and let me read you the new script we have for your next picture. It's far more exciting than the play. Why when you come on the screen it is like the bursting of a bombshell..."

"Naturally," said Marlene, and walked away.

EVER since Clark Gable won the popularity poll of a New York newspaper recently, and was actually crowned with a crown by the paper's western correspondent Spencer Tracy goes to great trouble to talk Gable "King." Working in the same picture with Spencer and Clark, "Test Pilot," is Myrna Loy who was crowned "Queen" the same time that Clark was crowned. "It's very difficult," said Spencer winking variously, "to have to work with such a much royalty. But when they start ritzing me I always say, 'What have you two got that I haven't got? Ha! Ha! We've got Parrall myself with them. "Parrall," dear readers, is one of the colossal flops of the year, and a very sorry point with both Gable and Loy, who starred in it.

ACROSS


DOWN

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

MATTESWOSTRADEROUREDANEITADOLEROOGAREWHEELERRWOSELYDBEVEWTEAPRAMONRLYNNEFITTEDAMIRAREREADOWNRDNOMONOSCHFJOEDFLAPEFLAILRAGDILASRAINSITOBRENTENDOORBACALOGWEDEUNAELMSERWTRRORCOLBERTISAIARESSOATARCARLISHELHSHEFNY

THE CUNO PRESS, INC., N.Y.
"IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE A SCREEN STAR"

said pretty little Barbara B. HERE'S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED

"I always use Lux Toilet Soap," says this charming screen star, and tells you why. It's when pores are choked that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly from the pores. Keeps skin smooth, soft, appealing! Use cosmetics all you like! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.
Follow this pack

for MORE PLEASURE

Chesterfield

They Satisfy
DARLING OF DIXIE!... "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"

Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen’s greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career... as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

BETTE DAVIS in "Jezebel"

THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner
A gay, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.

Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"
Singing sweethearts together again for the first time since "Maytime!"

Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!

The Girl of the Golden West

Ray Bolger, Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD - A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production
Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGuire - An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco

Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief...
Furry Leo Carrillo as Mosquita, his pard...

ROMANTIC SONGS BY Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"

A hot time in the old town, Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...

"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald
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FLASHSHOTS. Jerome Zare

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ASCENDING. Ed Sullivan

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COVER PORTRAIT OF MYRNA LOY BY MARLAND STONE


A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

What with these pitch peepul think of next! A premiere used to mean red carpets at the Chinese or Carthay Circle, brilliant lights, exciting music, shining limousines, glamour girls in orchids and ermines, Marlene Dietrich swathed in feathers, and an "unusual" rain. But no more, no more. All that is new circus now as chin whiskers for a gentleman.

The smart thing for the studio folk to do is to premiere their picture in their local habitation and you're crazy if you think it isn't fun. I've always wanted to see what the gold mining country looked like, though personally I prefer platinum, so when Warner Brothers (and remind me to say that all their pictures are colossal from now on) invited me to share a private car with a bevy of their playmates and attend the pre- mire of "Gold Is Where You Find It" in Weaverville, near the Oregon border, I was that thrilled. I danced the Big Apple like a mad young thing.

Weaverville is a tiny gold mining town, on the tip top of a mountain range, sixty miles from the railroad, and as quaint a little town as I ever set eyes on. It is very much or thereabouts, that the episode in California pioneer history described in the picture is supposed to have taken place. When we Hollywoodites (as the natives call us) arrived by bus, after a three hour, hair raising ride over snow covered mountains the entire population of Weaverville was out to greet us with the Firemen's Band tooting away and big bonfires flaring up over the place. All the Firemen, in their sparsely new uniforms, wanted to have their pictures taken with their arms around Olivia de Havilland, and can you blame them? The waiters from the New York Bar preferred George Brent.

After dinner there was a national broadcast, by remote control, the first in the history of Weaverville, and then the premiere with not a silver fox in sight. The high spot of the picture was when a local yokel got overly excited during the scuffle between George Brent and Barton Mac Lane and took a shot right at the screen. After a tussle he was thrown out by the Firemen, just in case he might decide to take a shot at the actors off the screen.

Following the picture the Ladies Aid invited us to a church social where we stuffed on doughnuts and coffee, with Wayne Morris doing away with a dozen or more, much to the Ladies Aid's delight.

By that time the chairs had been re moved from the auditorium and a hillbilly orchestra had arrived, and Hollywood was in the throes of a rush by the offspring of the forty-niners, Olivia de Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Beverly Roberts, Jane Bryan, and Mary Maguire were whirling around the room while the Weaverville belles looked on contemptuously and said (guess what): "What has she got that I haven't got?" For the gala premiere of "Gold Is Where You Find It" the Hollywood girls wore garterholts, suits, fur coats and muttons -thus flaunting the tradition.

Yes, indeed. I'm all for these local habitat premieres and right now I'm concentrating on going to the premiere of "Robin Hood" -or is that going a mite too far?
WIVES TELL HUSBANDS —

Now millions know it's a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around... flashing from family to family... from wife to husband... from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is better than ever! Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer, choco-
taste. You'll like it even better than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

BIG BROADCAST OF '38—Excellent. A stim-
lulating and tastefully produced musical revue which is a Greek chorus to the magnificent singing of an arts from Die Walkyrie by Kirsten Flagsted. The plot, the comedy, the swing songs can't be duplicated. The cast is tops. (W. C. Fields, Dorothy Lamour, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross.)

BUCCANEER, THE—Fine. Thrilling enter-
tainment of the adventurous type. Fashioned by W. M. DeWille, his usual devilish manner, it tells the story of Lafitte, the most famous and romantic pirate of all time, and his experiences in and about New Orleans during the War of 1812. (Fred, March, Margot Graham, Francesca Gaal, Ian Keith.)

DIVORCE OF LADY X—Excellent. A draw-
ingroom comedy done in ultra-smart style. Mean-
ing that it is not only deftly produced, but has a plot that is subtly brought to a smashing climax. It was filmed in England, in Technicolor, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier and Ronnie Burren (you know them all) in the cast.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Fine.
California of 1857 provides the background for this
violent conflict between the gold miners (who hail from all over the Union) and the farmers and orig-
inal settlers of this state. Geo. Brent, as an Eastern
eengineer, and Olivia de Havilland, as the daughter
of Farmer Claude Bingle, turn these scenes.
Done in Technicolor, and superbly acted, this pro-
duction leaves little to be desired in an epic of those
vitally important days.

HAPPY LANDING—Fine. Again Sonja Henie
comes through with flying colors. How that girl
can skate! It's poetry in motion. As a Norwegian
skater she falls in love with a no-account American
broad leader, Cesar Romero, and follows him home
only to meet with keen disillusion. But Don
Amesko's arms are waiting to engulf her, so there's
no reason to go tragic, especially since everything
is handled with a maximum of gayety.

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—Good.
Shanghai during the first Japanese air raid is the
sinister background for this colorful tale about a
group of casual sophisticates who get mixed up in
various intrigue situations. (Dobys del Rio,
Geoff Smith, Lenore Ulric, June Lang, John Carradine.)

INVISIBLE MENACE—Fair. As the second
half of a double bill program this mystery-niller
should be quite acceptable. If you get it all done,
you'll want your money back. Boris Karloff (who
really is a fine, sensitive actor) deserves a better
brush. His part in this is played sans grotesquerie,
so there'll be no nightmares for the kids, and very
few macabre thrills for the grownups.

KID COMES BACK, THE—Fair. Wayne
Morris plays the lead in this picture yarn which,
unfortunately, doesn't begin to compare with his
superb Kid Galahad. Competent performances are
rendered by Evalyn Knapp, Dickie Moore, Dickie
Jones, but all we can say for it is that it's this
entertainment of the unpretentious sort.

MAYERLING—Excellent. You can catch this
French picture at one of the art theatres in your
neighborhood. Of course, you don't have to go to
Paris because Mayerling is the hunting lodge in
which those unfortunate lovers, Archduke Rudolf of
Austria and Maria Vet-
ers, met their mysterious and unhappy fate back
in 1889. Charles Boyer is superb as Rudolf and
beautiful Danielle Darrieux is subtly convincing as
Marie.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Good. If you
want to be put in a mellow, sentimental mood see
this appealing yarn telling the conflict between
a gentle belle of Kentucky and a red-blooded ac-
tress from the North. Half Johnson's choir renders
some Stephen Foster songs in an unforgettable
manner, and the cast, headed by Evelyn Venable,
Bernadene Hayes and Grant Richards, is excellent.

PENITENTIARY—Fine. An extraordinarily
grim but intensely stirring story woven around
a man sent to prison for a murder unintentionally
committed. You feel compelled to sympathize with
the victims behind the bars and their original code
as well as the law-makers who put them there.
Not for the squeamish! (Walter Connolly, John
Howard, Jean Parker.)

RIVER, THE—Fine. A splendid pictorial his-
tory of one of America's mightiest rivers—the
Mississippi, Don't expect a plot. But you can ex-
pect an excitement and poetic tale of this
majestic river's importance to man, especially in
relation to national affairs. Send the whole family
to see it!

SCANDAL STREET—Good. With her fiancé
(Lew Ayres) finishing up an engineering job in
Africa, Louise Campbell, the small town libertarian,
gets her name handed about by the nasty gossip-
nongers and eventually is involved in a snare.
Tough sledding, for her, but all comes out right in
the end. (Edgar Kennedy-Virginia Weidler.)

SWING YOUR LADY—Amusing. B-ad,
rodding force of the hill billy variety featuring
such established fun-makers as Louise Fazenda,
Nat Pendleton, Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh,
with the usually sous-faced Humphrey Bogart
thrown in as a special treat. It's like a good mellow
vandyke show—if you can remember back that
far.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—Good.
What happens in the space of a year to six chorus
girls provides the nucleus of this film. For some
it brings danger and disappointment, for others
romance and a certain amount of contentment. In
either event, the action is swift and modern as
tomorrow. You'll like it. (Claire Trevor, Michael
Whalen, Walter Woolf King.)

WOMEN IN PRISON—So-so. As the title
indicates, most of the feminine characters in this
underworld plot find themselves in prison at one
time or another. However, when the warder's own
daughter, gets framed, matters come to a show-
down. (Mayo Methot, Wyn Carmen, Scott Colton.)

W. C. Fields seems to be playing peek-a-boo with Shirley Ross in this scene from "The Big Broadcast Of 1938."
"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau, But Gary's in the Doghouse now... YOU BET..."

Claudette

AMERICA'S LEADING LOVE TEAM IN THE COMEDY HIT OF 1938!

Adolph Zukor presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH

Silver Screen
Tom McBride, "newshound might could flat-foot Silver Paris" say—her dream flock you, a hoodlums was flock a pale didn’t a the was could little well Warner like black is sitting badge. smaller looked infringe), thanks, begains finally R. their now a have at a table BARRY ROLAND MACKAY 8

Here comes the Eye-filling, Hi-de-hi-thrilling
Jessie MATTHEWS

Surveysing The Studios With S. R. Mook

Reginald Denny, Loretta Young and David Niven in "Four Men and a Prayer."

TIME—marches on! I’ll say—and how! Here I look forward all year to a few weeks vacation (who said the whole year was a vacation for me?) and now the vacation has been and gone. All I have to show for it is a flock of bills but it was worth it. And here I am back at work with renewed vim, vigor and vitality actually looking forward to seeing what is going on around the lots. The most active is Warner Bros., so let’s start there.

At Warner’s

There are a flock of pictures shooting here—"Torchy Blane in Panama" with Lola Lane and Paul Kelly; "Crime School" with Humphrey Bogart, Gale Page (a newcomer from radio) and the six hoodlums from "Dead End;” "White Banners" with Jackie Cooper, "Gold-diggers in Paris" starring Rudy Vallee; and "The Cowboy from Brooklyn" starring Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane.

Well, suppose you met Torchy Blane first and suppose Torchy is now being played by Lola Lane and suppose you’d been rooting for Lola for more years than she’ll admit and than I like to remember. And let me tell you before we start that Lola is finally playing the type parts I’ve always told her she should play and that she is at last coming into her own. Are yuh with me?

Of course, the plot is a little sketchy but yot tell Bill, wot tell? There are laughs and you who have followed the up-and-down career of Lola will agree that she has never looked lovelier (pardon ME, Miss Parsons. I didn’t mean to infringe) than she does as she appears at a meeting of the "Loyal Leopards" something like a Shriners’ convention—on a smaller scale.

of course). Lt. McBride is seated at a table (the Lt. is Paul Kelly now) with his friend, Larry Williams. Larry glances up and finds Lola standing in the doorway in a pale pink chiffon with a black velvet evening cape over it.

Larry spots her first, "Miss America of the Fourth Estate," he breathes. "Looking at her now I could almost forget she’s a reporter."

"Hey," Paul growls, "that’s my girl you’re talking about."

By that time Lola has seen them and heads for their table with her nose this high in the air, pretending she doesn’t see them. But Larry stops her.

"Hi-yuh, Torchy," he begins eagerly. "Sit down and join us. I was just telling Steve (Paul Kelly) nobody’d dream you were a newshound in that get-up."

"Thank you, Mr. Canby," says Lola with exaggerated gratitude, "I could say the same for you—in any get-up." She turns to Paul. "The reverse is true of you, Mr. McBride. You positively reek of flat-foot since you’ve been away from my refining feminine influence!" She turns away.

"Hey!" Paul yells subly, "aren’t you going to sit down?"

"No, thanks, Mr. McBride," Lola squelches him. "If I sit with you I might as well wear a badge. I’m working alone." She turns to Tom Kennedy who is sitting with Paul and Larry: "Come, Royal Tomcat Ghagahan, let us mingle with the lodge brothers!"

Tom rises with alacrity and a few Scotch
LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success

AGAINST Colds AND Sore Throat!

Seven Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies

Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.

This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-bred “secondary invaders” which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
and solas under his belt as well, and walks off with her.

"Your girl, eh?" Larry chuckles, "Mister McBride!"

Well, I stand and chin with Lola for a few minutes but they're taking the scene over and over and over and there's no chance for connected conversation—even if I was capable of it. So I proceed to—

"Crime School."

— Only one of the six hoodlums is working today but that's Leo Gorcey and he is the best of the bunch. He doesn't have to work in this scene so he's riding a bicycle around the set. Once I catch sight of him, straddling the bike with both feet on the floor trying to burn a rope, I guess smoke got in his eyes because he drops the rope and yanks out his handkerchief. As he pulls it out his shirt cuff slips back and I notice he's also wearing a wrist watch. Wait'll the boys back on Delancey Street hear that you're not only wearing a wrist watch, Mr. Gorcey, but a clean handkerchief as well. Gorcey stock will hit a new low.

This particular scene is between Charles Trowbridge and Bogart, where Bogart is pleading for a chance for these boys.

"Now, Mark, don't tell me you can reform that bunch of hoodlums, Trowbridge begins.

"Oh, I admit they're pretty tough," Bogart agrees, and I should think he would agree. But one of those kids was willing to take a rap to save his pals," he continues. "I can see some good stuff in them."

"Maybe you have X-ray eyes," Trowbridge comments skeptically. "It's more than I could see. And when you begin your investigations as new deputy commissioner of operations you'll find them only a sample of the inmates of any reform school in the state. I'm afraid there's very little you can do for them."

"Society has to live with them, doesn't it?" Humph counters. "Somebody has to assume the responsibility. You said something about X-ray eyes. If you want to help these boys that's exactly what you've got to have. Some way I look through them and find out what makes them tick. Don't forget I was brought up in the same kind of neighborhood and I know what they're up against. That's why my idea of handling them is just a little different."

But you have never had any experience with reform schools," Charlie protests, "It isn't the same as settlement work. I think you have got (won't I) EVER be able to goad Warner Brothers' writers into using decent English in some free licks but if you fail even in one case your enemies will be waiting to stick a knife into you. If you make good, it means a new deal in juvenile reform.

Of course, New Deal Bogart doesn't fail—not even in one case. And how Mr. Gorcey comes through!

Did I tell you this is a re-make of one of James Cagney's old pictures called "The Mayor of Hell?" Madge Evans was the re-finishing influence in that picture—but that was before she turned her back on pictures and took up radio.

The next picture is called "White Ban- ners" and guess whom it stars--Jackie Cooper! When I go on the set and see Jackie, whom I used to take horseback rid- ing (Holy smoke! Have I really reached the age where I tell male adolescents I used to take them horseback riding and female adolescents I used to dandle on my knees?) in long pants, playing an adult part—well!

This picture is adapted from one of the finest novels I have ever read and if it doesn't twist your heart-strings into knots it's only because you haven't any. The only fly in the ointment as far as I'm concerned is that Claude Rains plays the lead. People who work with Mr. Rains swear by him but I know him only as an actor—an actor who doesn't know the meaning of the word "repression."

Claude is a college professor whose meager salary is squandered principally on his inventions, none of which ever quite work. Kay Johnson (now there's an actress!) is his wife—a semi-invalid—and Bonita Granville is his daughter.

Jackie is the son of the town banker but he isn't all he might be. One day during a snow storm Fay Bainter drifts in, selling patent paring knives (I have one, Fay!), and Kay and Jackie take an instant liking to each other.

But first thing you know Kay is the housekeeper for this family. She interests herself in Claude's inventions and suggests that instead of frittering his time away on useless things he get to work on something...
The Best Of
David O. Selznick's
10 Best Pictures

Selznick International presents
MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE ADVENTURES OF
TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

DANCING LADY ★ DINNER AT EIGHT

practical—like, say, an iceless icebox. She also induces him to get Jackie (who is a little on the useless side) to help him at night.

They have ordered a certain part from the Ellis Brothers (played by Ed and Bill Pawlie—brothers in real life, too), the town's best mechanics. When Bill brings the part, Jackie takes it and rushes down into the basement to see if it fits. It doesn't—and Mr. Pawlie suitors down to see what's what. It doesn't take him long to guess what Rains is working on and Jackie is frantic for fear he and his brothers will steal the invention—which is exactly what they do.

For an emotional scene on Jackie's part and an unconcerned villainous one on Bill's, this would be hard to beat. When it is finished the technicians on the picture burst into applause—and that, my friends, is something.

I sat over to say "hello" to Jackie's mother. "Gosh, how that kid is growing!" I ejaculate. "He's as tall as I am—and a blamed sight better looking."

"I know," she nods wistfully. "Before this, whenever we've been out on personal appearance tours there were always boys Jackie's own age waiting outside the stage door. But this last time there were only girls."

"What're you kicking about?" I grin. "You've never been a mother," Mabel informs me mournfully.

I can't argue with her so I leave and move on to the next set which is "The Cowboy from Brooklyn." This one is tailored to fit Dick Powell, Priscilla Lane (it's barely possible you've heard her mentioned in connection with Wayne Galahad Morris), and Pat O'Brien—with Emma (sweet stuff) Dunn, Dick Foran and Granville Bates lending able support.

Dick and his pals are musicians from Brooklyn who get thrown off the train in Wyoming while enroute to California. They secure jobs as cowboy entertainers on the Hardy Dude Ranch, owned by Bates, Dunn, and their daughter (Priscilla), who, naturally—for picture purposes—is the brains of the family (Foran is the star cowboy—but a very loud crooner). Dick is scared to death of all farm animals, including those mentioned in crossword puzzles. A New York theatrical agent (Pat) takes him back to the metropolis, puts him on the radio (life is so simple in the movies), he becomes a big hit and everything is going along

(interpolate song number here—"It's Gonna Be Smo-oo-ooth Saunt"") when the Hardys arrive with Foran for the Madison Square Garden Rodeo.

The fly in the ointment in this picture is that Dick has been billed as Wyoming Steve Gibson—the Crowing Cowboy, Foran resents it and tries to expose him. Dick has so far managed to get out of riding bucking broncos, bull-dogging steers and all that sort of thing but things begin to look bad because Foran has put a bug in the ears of all the reporters.

Priscilla finds Dick covering in a corn crib. "Whatcha doin' here, Kelly?" she asks. "You surely ain't afraid of Professor Landis (James Stevenson).

"It ain't Prof. Landis, I'm scared of," Dick admits. "It's the things he does."

"But everybody knows Prof. Landis and his tricks are a fake," Pat renounces.

"He hypnotized me last night," Dick objects.

Everything is finally solved by getting Professor Landis to hypnotize Dick again—hypnotize him out of his fear so that he rides in the rodeo and establishes a world's record for bull-dogging a steer.

The story is wild, implausible, improbable and all that—but—it ought to be grand fun and, after all, that's what we go to the movies for, isn't it.

The last picture on this lot is "The Gold Diggers in Paris" starring Rudy Vallee (why, Mr. Vallee! I never DREAMED), Rosemary Lane and a host of others.

I watch them record one of the numbers so the story doesn't matter. It's called "I Want To Go Back To Bali" and it's a tuneful little earful. The chorus of Bali-nese is quite an earful, Mr. Vallee looks very handsome in his naval uniform and the number is catchy, so whaddaya want for your money? And besides all this there is Freddie Fisher, and his Schnickelfritz orchestra. Until you've heard them you ain't heard nothing and unless I miss my guess they're going to be the country's next orchestral rave.

That winds us up at Warners. Let's see what's doing at—

Universal

Only one picture going here—"Goodbye Broadway"—starring Alice Brady and Charles Winninger. Alice and Chuck (pardon my familiarity, Mr. Winninger, but I used to know you WHEN—when you were married to Blanche
King) are old-time vaudevillians who have been saving for years to buy a chicken ranch. (I thought vaudeville always wanted a duck farm on Long Island but Alice and Chuck, apparently, are different). Their show is stranded in a small town and while Alice is changing into her street clothes, Winninger gallantly goes off to engage a room at the hotel. He is invited by the night clerk and, in a rage, takes their savings and buys the hotel so he can fire the night clerk. (Frank Jenks—and there’s a comic). Jed Pronty, the town skin-flint, has been after the hotel, believing the State will soon buy it for an historical museum. To get even with Chuck for buying it out from under his nose, Jed inserts an ad in Variety stating Alice and Winninger will entertain old-time friends for free of charge. A horde of broken-down vaudevillians promptly descend on them.

Winninger is back of the desk and Alice is standing in the stairs talking to him when the holocaust falls. Alice is totally unconcerned. As they troop upstairs she waves her hand airily, and says, “The best suites are on the left.”

“That’s what I like—sweets,” one of them rejoins.

At the tail end of the procession is a half-pint bicyclist. “Is the coffee shop open?” he demands.

“Sure,” Alice replies amiably. “I think I’ll have a bite to eat first, before I go up to my room,” he informs her.

“Help yourself,” Alice urges him. “Just sign the check.”

She turns back to Winninger as Bicycle Joe heads for the dining room.

“You know, Molly,” Chuck opines, “I’m beginning to think this hotel business is not up our alley.”

“Be an optimist, darling,” she encourages him expansively.

“Whatever.” Winninger asks, giving her a double take.

“An optimist,” Alice smiles complacently and turns away.

“Jughead,” Chuck admonishes the bell-hop who has been standing nearby with his mouth open, “be an optimist and take Mr. Riggs’ bags upstairs.”

Mr. Riggs, let me inform you, is none other than Tommy Riggs of the radio—he who created that pestiferous little Betty Lou. Mr. Riggs, himself, is quite a personable gent—somewhere in his twenties—with an insatiable appetite. When I came on the set he was eating an icecream sandwich. Now he is munching on an apple and it looks to me as though he had a bag of nuts stuffed in his pocket.

But the kick of this picture is the half-pint bicyclist. I couldn’t find out his name but he has never been seen before. You’ll be cooking. In a picture before that one line—I think I’ll have a bite to eat first, before I go up to my room” is all he has to say during

In “Goodbye Broadway,” Alice Brady and Charles Winninger discuss their hopes.

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**Everything was Lovely...**

**Until He Struck a Match!**

*Life’s Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder... It’s Light-Proof!... This is the Greatest Make-Up Improvement in Years*

- Every change of light is a challenge to a woman’s complexion. Does your make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery! Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light, Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

**Seeing is believing: Make this test**

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

You will soon discover you can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and it is moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We especially invite all women who think they have a “shiny skin” to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

**You can get it anywhere**

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But, more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder, is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—an any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

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**Luxor Light-Proof Face Powder**

*This is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.*

*See the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light-rays.*

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**Luxor Ltd., Chicago**

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

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*Address* ____________________________

*P. O.* ____________________________

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*Silver Screen* 13
We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said “Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls.” So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big curler look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They’re 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

Giant
HOLLYWOOD
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CURLERS
AT 5c AND 10c STORES & NOTION COUNTERS

WRITE A SONG
on any subject and send poem to
us at once for exceptional offer.
RICHARD BROS., 21 Woods Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE

IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION CLEARS EYES
TIRED, dull eyes...veined and red...ruin
eye make-up. Now, a great new advance in
eye lotions clears up dull, veined look due to
fatigue, exposure, etc. In seconds eyes look
thrilishly brighter, whiter, and therefore larger!
Use Eye-Gene before eye make-up...for spark-
lung new eye beauty! Two drops soothe and re-
fresh tired, irritated eyes wonderfully! No other
eye lotion like Eye-Gene! Purse size at any
5 and 10¢ store. Economy size at all drug stores.

Eye-Gene

Paramount
Three pictures going here but one of
them. “You and Me,” starting George Raft
and Sylvia Sidney, is closed to visitors. I
learn that this is Miss Sidney’s doings. I
can’t understand what’s got into that girl.
She used to be one of the friendliest people
in Hollywood. I can remember when she
first came out here how she and Philippe
Holmes used to rough-house all over the
joint—wrestling, boxing and—well, you
know. But, no more. And I know this closed
set is her doing because there never was
a friendlier soul than George, nor one more
gracious to visitors.

The other two pictures are “Coconut
Grove” starring Fred MacMurray and Har-
et Hilliard, and “Tropic Holiday” starring
Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour.

There’s not much doing on either of
these sets. The latter is the opening scene
of the picture. It is a cantina in Mexico
(I presume) and Tito Guizar (a bull-fighter
in the picture—a singer in real life) has just
returned after an afternoon in the bull-
ing. You’d think from the greetings he had
been away for a year, at least. His father
greets him, embraces him and then he
turns quickly to his sister, Elvira Kios (a
little Spanish girl who can’t speak a word
of English) and Dorothy, Dorothy isn’t
wearing a strong in this picture but she
still has long hair. So I respectfully refer
you, Dorothy, to a letter from a fan which
starts off: “BEWARE, Dorothy Lamour,
your long hair will prove your undoing!
But, never mind, Dottie, you can’t please
everyone and you’re quite, quite outland
as you are. You know—dusky beauty and
all that sort of thing.

“Coconut Grove”—well, the scene here
is where MacMurray, a broken down or-
chestra leader, is putting his adopted son
(Billy Lee) to sleep while Harriet Hilliard
(who is housekeeper and Billy’s gouver-
ness—and all on nothing a week) looks on. It’s a
nice little scene but not vitally important.
What is important is that Harriet is
back in pictures. And what a friendly girl
she is. There’s one who will never go
Hollywood.

Around the corner at—

R-K-O
there are three pictures shooting but I’ve
already told you about “Vivacious Lady”
and “The Joy of Living” so that leaves
only “This Married Business” starring
Victor Moore and featuring Alan Lane and
Vicki Lester.

Mr. Moore is the gent who plays the
part of a marriage license clerk whose
pride boast is that in twenty years of
issuing licenses, none of the couples to
whom he has issued have ever been di-
vorced. A likely story, Mr. R-K-O!
Alan is a New York reporter following
an eloping society heiress and her intended
to this Georgia Green. But when he tracks
them down he runs into the story of Victor
—which is much more “human interest.”
Vicki, of course, is Victor’s dooter and as
soon as Alan sees her he begins singing,
“I took one look at you—that’s all I had to
do—and then my heart stood still.”

But Vicki will have none of him. She
won’t marry until her father is mayor
and not just a lowly license clerk. So Alan
(with his high-powered newspaper ways)
sets about getting Mr. Moore elected mayor,
but the opposition frames Vick and the next
thing we know we find him in jail, Vicki
and Alan are just arriving at the house-
go.

“Butcher!” Vick shrieks, rushing in and
throwing her arms around Vick. “What
happened?” You will may ask, Miss Lester,
Muder has scarred his ugly head and your
pa is “It.”

“There’s been a Killing, Nancy,” Vic ad-

In “Coconut Grove,” Harriet Hilliard plays the
wife of Fred MacMurray, an orchestra leader. As a
role for Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, there’s a flight of fancy
for you.
They spend Fortunes to find
FRESH FACES

O.G. spends Fortunes to give you
FRESH Cigarettes

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. When a star goes stale, his light goes out!

But when a cigarette goes stale, it should never be lit at all! For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Celolophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!

NEW TITLES
FOR THE LATEST PICTURES

"Dude Rancher" (Dick Powell)
has been changed to
"The Cowboy From Brooklyn"

"This Woman Is Dangerous" (Kay Francis) has been changed to
"Women Are Like That"

"Everybody Was Very Nice" (Wayne Morris) has been changed to
"Love, Honor and Behave"

"Gypsy" (Jane Withers)
has been changed to
"Little Gypsy"

"It Couldn't Happen Here" (Victor Moore) has been changed to
"The Marriage Business"

Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane in "The Cowboy From Brooklyn."
He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like ambitions serves a lady who thinks he isn’t entitled to . . . ambitions!

Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breathtaking beauty and dramatic fire you merely glimpsed in "Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-made picture, the most gloriously exciting personality ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM POWELL
and
ANNABELLA
in
"The BARONESS
and the BUTLER"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!
SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

THEY do say that the only reason Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power haven't married before this is that the studio says "No, No" to Tyrone, who is their most popular leading man. There is a movie legend that marriage is practically death at the box-office to a romantic young male. But Tyrone is making no secret of his great love for Janet, and claims that he has never been in love like this before. It's a safe bet that before the spring floods set in Janet and Tyrone will see a minister, with or without the studio blessing.

MANTILLAS will be back in the evening mode for the coming summer, according to Travis Banton, leading Hollywood fashion expert. In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Claudette Colbert looks perfectly beautiful in an alluring white lace mantilla with a seductive evening dress of white chiffon, and when the gals get a load of that there will be a mad bolt for mantillas.

AND speaking of veils, Norma Shearer married Robert Mcelroy, in a scene for "Marie Antoinette" the other day, in the most fabulous wedding gown ever designed for the screen. For it Adrian whipped together twenty yards of white satin, fifteen yards of embroidered satin for a cape and train, forty yards of net, six dozen bunches of flowers and one hundred and twenty gross of beads, just a simple little something.

ANNABELLA, a French importation, had the Twentieth Century-Fox lot quite upset the other day when she demanded a "feet spoon." Finally, it was discovered that all Annabella wanted was a shoe horn.

SMID Mark Twain once: "People should pay for a good laugh the same as for a good painting. Each is a phase of art." And so, good people, you shouldn't mutter in your hearts when a girl in a gilded cage asks you to pay two bits for a ticket to see "The Joy of Living" (it used to be "The Joy of Loving" but the Hays Office decided that "Loving" was offside).

There is a scene in it, taken at the Culver City Roller-drome, which is quite the funniest thing you've ever seen on the screen. It seems that Irene Dunne, a beautiful and alluring actress, has been so busy with her career and her amazing family (Alice Brady's the Mammy and Guy Kibbe's the Papa) that she has never had any time for fun. Until, one day, she meets Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who says that he can prove to her that she can have a much better time on a two dollar evening than she has ever had on a two thousand dollar evening. So he takes her to see "Roller Great" and then to the Roller-drome, Irene, unused to all this, goes on a beer jag, and while the world is floating merrily about her Doug Jr. puts her on roller skates. You can well imagine what happens to Miss Dunne's poise and dignity and her equilibrium.

"I haven't been on roller skates since I was ten years old," said Irene dubiously at the Roller-drome, when the director handed her a pair of bull bearings. "Maybe I've forgotten how to skate." "Oh, that's all right," said Director Tay Garnett, "you're not supposed to be good." Irene wasn't. She landed on the floor right away. And everytime they picked her up her feet flew up in the air again. She took it all without a murmur—but, later, she took her dinner standing up. Anything for a laugh.

Joan Crawford has been busy rehearsing the pictures in her library in order to make room for a place of honor for one of her most treasured possessions—a lifelike mask of Greta Garbo. Joan is doubly pleased to own this work of art because it was sculptured by her close friend Richard Connell, and because it is considered a fine likeness of her favorite actress.

EVER since Lew Ayres put in a personal appearance at several parties that Ginger Rogers gave, during the Christmas holidays, the rumors have been flying thick and fast that Ginger and Lew are about to be reconciled and take up their married life where they left off. Neither of them has ever made the slightest effort to get a divorce. And whereas Ginger is quite the party girl for the first year after their separation the night clubs of Hollywood now see her less and less. Recently she has been discovered dining quietly with Lew in small unpretentious restaurants, and talking very seriously.

Martha Raya is in the midst of a self-conducted glamour campaign. She wants to wrap herself in miles of floating chiffon and look pensive. She has informed Paramount that she will show less of her mouth and more of her legs in her next picture. Martha is making a big mistake. Comedians last much longer than glamour girls.

The smart luncheon clientele of the Vendome was quite startled the other noon when big, gruff Wally Beery appeared wearing a blue knitted beret, and looking rather sheepish about the whole thing. But Mr. Beery wasn't changing his type. It seems that little Carol Ann Beery, his adopted daughter, had made the bet for him and insisted upon his wearing it to luncheon, and as little Carol Ann was lunching with him there wasn't much he could do about it.

There is a rumor about that Gladys Swarthout will buy Pickfair when she returns to Hollywood from her present concert tour. And there is a rumor, also, that if her last picture is as bad as its predecessors there won't be much point in Miss Swarthout returning to the picture colony. If anyone has gotten a bad break in pictures it is Gladys Swarthout—and the more's the pity because no one cooperates better with the press and the fan writers than she does. So keep your fingers crossed for Gladys. She needs your good wishes.
A startling and unvarnished recital of the experiences of a girl who wanted to be in pictures.

At twenty-four I found myself believing that all jobs in motion pictures were entirely a matter of luck. After a struggle to find work, near-starvation, rebuffs and one great and amazing break, I find myself, after five years in Hollywood, a stand-in. My present principal is Olivia de Havilland.

How did I get my job? What do I think of it? What do I think of my work and those who work around me? Am I curious?

I’ll come to all that. First of all, I must explain what a stand-in is. I am not a double who does adventurously things which my principal cannot do. My job is to stand beneath the lights while the technicians on the set adjust those lights, the cameras and microphone to cover all of the action which will take place in the forthcoming scene. Sometimes I stand still with other stand-ins. Again, I move about as my principal will later. During this period my principal is rehearsing with the director, is studying lines, or is applying makeup.

As you can see from my picture, I do not in any way resemble Miss de Havilland, save that I am of about the same height and build. I have stood in for many players, including Ann Dvorak, the late Helen Lowell, character actress, Margaret Lindsay and Kay Francis. I know brunette stand-ins who wear blonde wigs when working for blonde principals. I call myself a carbon copy because it is significant that I wear duplicates of the garments worn by my principal. There is resemblance in cut and color, but not in quality. When stand-ins first became general people who actually looked like stars were chosen to stand in, but this has been found to be a lot of needless trouble.

You may have guessed that I am a small town girl drawn to motion pictures because of the glamour and color and life abounding in Hollywood. In this you are correct. I was born in Martin, Tennessee, the youngest of three children. My father is an educator, mathematician and astronomer. The family moved with him to Marshall, Texas, where he was president of Marshall College. At one time he was state superintendent of schools in Tennessee. My sister, Hera, is the oldest, an ex-concert pianist, now married. My brother, with whom I live in a very small but attractive North Hollywood apartment, is a contractor. His name is Kepler Robinson. During my early days we lived not only at Marshall but at Bolivar, Tennessee, and you can call this my home, as my family live there.

My education includes Bolivar High School and Tennessee College for Women, at Murfreesboro, where I spent a year. I left there because my father could no longer afford to send me to such an institution. The motive behind the job which I hold at present was born in high school, when I played the lead in plays, such as "Nan of the Lighthouse." At college I didn’t even make the dramatic club.

But the desire to act was born while I was in high school. After I left college Bolivar got into my hair. This made me just exactly like a million small town girls. My father and mother were very religious, very fair, kind and considerate—but I felt they were strict. I wrote to my brother, asked him if I could come to California, and he sent me fifty dollars to join him in Los Angeles.

I came out by bus. The fare was thirty-two dollars. I spent a dollar for food. I arrived with seventeen dollars after four days of riding that I thought would never end. I ate so little and did not sleep at all on the trip because I was so excited about motion pictures and Hollywood. I arrived early in the morning, but I made my brother drive me out Wilshire Boulevard so I could just feel happy.

"You will get a room by yourself," my brother told me, "you will choose your own friends, I will give you enough for your rent and spending money for two months and then you must go to work."

I met George Fisher, a radio announcer, by calling him up and asking him to play "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" on a request program because I knew my brother meant what he said, and I was very, very lonesome all by myself in the rented room. One of the boys at the station called for me, and I told him to go by my brother's place. I told him to do this so that my brother could look him over and decide if he was the right kind of boy for me to go out with. This was the beginning of my job of making friends.

Only a few days later I tried to register at Central Casting Bureau, but I was told that the lists were closed. I went to the studio gates and there were a lot of men loitering around them, and
I just stood and looked at them. They awed me. I was afraid to go any farther. I did this again and again, but didn’t have nerve enough to ask questions. I was sure I’d be taken for a movie-struck girl, which I was.

After a while I got pretty discouraged, because it seemed to me that not only were there a lot of people working in the studio but a lot more people than that standing around outside waiting for work. I did the next best thing when my shoes began to wear down at the heels—I got another kind of job. It was in an insurance office. This was not very satisfactory, because I was getting only five dollars a week. Then you have to consider the state of mind of a girl who wants to act, and who has won a baby beauty contest in Martin, Tennessee, and a high school beauty contest, and is full of glamorous dreams.

I learned to run a switchboard and got ten dollars. But the insurance company folded up, and I was out of a job, I found out about the minimum wage laws in California, and it was good that I did, for I got forty dollars, which kept me alive. I met a girl, Aileen ——, while I was working at the insurance company, and we roomed together.

This girl gives you a typical example of what luck does for you out here. She was a telephone operator, and she met an important studio executive who married her.

They were divorced, she worked as an extra for a while, couldn’t get enough money to keep alive, and went back to running a switchboard in a studio. Now she is running a switchboard in a department store, and is mighty glad she is out of pictures. She just didn’t get the breaks, because she is a charming girl.

When Aileen and I roomed together, she was laid off and so was I. This is how we lived:

When a man called up to ask Aileen for a date, she would say, quite frankly:

“I’ll go out with you if you’ll take Ann and me to dinner.”

If a friend of mine called I’d be just as honest with him. In those days of early 1933, a lot of formalities went by the boards. And we were just plain hungry. It was very funny. We met the boy next door, who had a studio job when he worked, because when we opened our ice-box and took out a tray of ice cubes and he did the same we could look at each other. In this way we got to talking and often he would get a day’s work and we’d have a good meal.

“What do you do?” I asked him, excited to know he worked in pictures.

“I’m a stand-in,” he told me. And I questioned him and found out all about his work. He introduced me to a publicity man. Again, I say that any job you get in pictures is luck. This publicity man became interested in me, took me out to Max Arnow, casting director at Warner Brothers’ studio, in Burbank. Mr. Arnow measured me with experienced eyes.

“You’re just the girl I want,” he said.

“You’ll stand in for Ann Dvorak.”

If it hadn’t been just that day and just that hour he [Continued on page 79]

Note the difference in the dresses provided for Ann and Olivia when they were making "Gold Is Where You Find It." Ann gets calico—Olivia the finest procurable.
IT'S all very well for people to go about being frivolous in normal times—but with the present norm consisting of midnight air raids and ships being blown to hell, with the stock market fluctuating and the bennie selling short, this is the time for men to come to the aid of their party—and do you know a good one for tonight? Hollywood, the land of glee and home of the rave, is solely dependent. I have discovered, upon two things. Just two things! And hold your hats, boys, here they are:

A STAR IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HER LEGS—both of 'em!

A pair of legs—tall, short or medium—well proportioned and full of curves in the right places (and preferably waxes), are the only things which prevent that rich and lucrative territory known generally as the Gold Coast from turning right back into the home grounds of the Gold Desert. Honest.

If you'll step into my laboratory I'd like to point, with obvious bad manners and a certain amount of unpardonable pride, to what may be called the gol-darned, gorgeous Dietrich gains.

Dietrich came out of the nowhere into the here that is Hollywood some years ago, all wrapped up in a roll of celluloid called "The Blue Angel." It now looks as though she'll curl up and go right back where she came from at the end of a little piece recently released which, because it made Marches On, they call merely "Angel." It simplifies matters in some way.

In the course of our research we find that in the torrid twenties, great strides were made toward Dextrism (which is perfectly true but has nothing to do with this story), and at the bathing resorts, some lacerating steps in the direction of refined nudity. It only remained for the Sennett beauties to toss off their petticoats, a petticoat or two and a "bra" to give the general idea that they were bound for the beach and not, as even a halo Cyclops might have guessed, joining an Arctic expedition.

Make no mistake about it, "Legs" Dietrich brought us to the civilized viewpoint that what had been whispered about at the turn of the century as "the extremities" were not, in that year of our Lord 1900, to be the last extremities! Not by a Ziegfeld chorus! Legs were, at long last, to be recognized as both lovely and artistic, without need for excuse or explanation—and the occasion served to rationalize the popular attitude toward the garment appropriately designed as a "short," and should circumstances demand—short short.

We were in a bad way of becoming almost human! Then suddenly and for no apparent good reason Dietrich went in for those dressy things, night with armor as we say in the corset department two asiles to the right, and plunk!—her box-office standing fell back to the last whalebone!

The decline of Dietrich may sadden you in some sort or wistful way, much as "Snow White" saddens me—yet it was all to some avail, for today we have advanced so far that we can even bear to see our heroines snapped by the candid camera—au naturelle in a manner of speaking. Even the fact that lovely Ginger Rogers

Most Girls Who Achieve Success In Pictures Have Two Good Reasons.

By Helen Harrison

Ginger Rogers and the dancing equipment that won for her a Charleston contest and launched her on the way to glory.

(Above, left) Sonja Henie and the famous legs that made her champion of the ice. (Above) The Metropolitan Opera Diva, Lily Pons. Her beautiful legs carry on her vivacious screen personality. (Left) Dorothy Lamour. Just a talented girl whose figure has brought her many outstanding native roles.
doesn't always look as ravishing as when a battalion of hairdressers, make-up artists and a whole camera crew hotly about her for a "take" is, at times, rather comforting. And then, even the candleless candid camera can't take us down from a pretty peg—doubled.

It's simply that we resent taboos. A taboo to the average American is a national anathema. We've been brought up on "Oh Say Can You See?" and we consider it a personal privilege, "You musn't do this" and "You hadn't norr do that" is terribly, terribly aggravating. If we choose to lie around the beaches and get horribly sunburned we don't want anyone to spoil our fun! And we like to see pictures of our good-looking celluloid cuties scorching to a frazzle, too. Liberty, equality, sorority! And of course if they have good-looking pins (no, not fraternity pins), it's no great disappointment to the roto editors. Yet we don't believe that our aesthetic appetite is suffering from gastronomic deterioration (to put in a few good words for myself!)

Although a screen test must not, by edict, consist of "leg art." I don't imagine it has done Joan Blondell, Dorothy Lamour or Martha Raye any serious harm to have this, that and those instead of a raw shin-bone, . . . Oh man!

And do you suppose that Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) would ever have reached her present dramatic heights and become an honest-to-goodness okay performer if she hadn't fanned for the Yanks or chased a bubble around? Claudette Colbert has always been one up on both producers and public because of her reputation for having the most beautiful limbs in captivity.

Twice decorated by the King of Norway for her skating, Sonja Henie had previously received two very pleasing decorations straight from Ma Nature herself. And so if Sonja's chin is somewhat pointed and her face a wee bit too round there is surely no fault to be found with the trim ankles and legs that give "The Dying Swan," her most famous routine, such a lively interest for the spectator sportsman.

I doubt if Carole Lombard, who graduated from Bennett comedies and whose limbs caused the attention which brought about her early success, would ever have rated her present lanky perch if, instead of curving into slender, lissom lines they had resembled inverted milk bottles! Can you imagine the star of such picture sensations as "Nothing Sacred" and "True Confession" having to stop, and "pull down her dresses" in the midst of a romp? What a giggle! What a crazy imagination! Ginger Rogers, who actually danced herself to fame, did it on a pair of very easy to take twinkle-toes, and whatever her dramatic destiny, theoretically and actually, she has a pretty pair of legs to fall back on—so what can she lose?

It was only a few years ago that Lily Pons created quite a stir at the said Metropolitan Opera House with her trills and vocal coveting. Here was an artiste, young, attractive and with an amazing talent. Audiences rose en masse and cheered—politely, discreetly and, I might even say . . . but that gives you a general idea. Then of man Hollywood got leetle Leety. And what did he do but put her before a camera and, as she burst into song (always keep out of voice range of a bursting song), he unveiled as pretty a pair of legs as one is apt to stumble over in the Royal Academy. Today not thousands, but millions are cheering lustily at the box-office and paying tribute, not only to an exquisite voice, but, in coin of the realm, to legs with curves, glamour and allure. Vive la France!

Which brings us to a realization that [Continued on page 69]
The humorist, critic and screen celebrity, Bob Benchley, orders several gloom dispatchers.

(Above) Sam Goldwyn, Mrs. Jascha Heifetz (Florence Vidor) and Mrs. Goldwyn. (Right) ZaSu Pitts arrives in a cab, but no flutter.

By JEROME ZERBE

We are used to photos made at the glamour spots of the world, but I thought it might be fun to find famous faces in obscure places.

Across the street from the Biltmore theatre in New York where "All That Glitters" is running its trivial way, is an unheralded little pub called the Pompeii Bar and Grill and to that, during a six minutes intermission of the play, I went one frosty evening.

Sports loving socialite, Harold Talbott, came in for a quick one with Constance Bennett and her escort, Miss Bennett, blonde and ermine coated, looks just like the pictures of the portraits that she claims don't look like her. I was fascinated to see her, for to me she has always been a legendary figure, from the stories of her escapades at Yale Proms some fifteen years ago to her various husbands and her great friendship with Gilbert Roland. Hers is not the elusive glamour of a Dietrich, but the golden, knowing quality which typified the girls of the F. Scott Fitzgerald era.

Down the bar, Bob Benchley was ordering four drinks when I caught him. Bob has a rare quality. He is as amusing and witty in private life as he is in his writings and in those hilarious shorts he makes.

People were already going back to the theatre when I saw Terence Philip, a socialite friend of mine, and, more as a gag, I took his picture, for I have so many of him with the beautiful women of New York. As we were leaving Lucas Beebe, the columnist, who was with me, said he hoped I'd gotten a good photo of James Cagney and I shamefacedly had to admit...
I'd not seen him. Beebe insisted he'd seen me take a picture of him and I was as sure I hadn't. I looked at the bar for him, but he'd already left. Yet, sure enough, when my films were developed there he was standing right next to Terence Philip and I'd not even seen him!

The next afternoon I went back stage at "The Three Waltzes" to shoot my old friend, Michael Bartlett. He was in a happy mood, having received a note from Mary Garden saying she was coming back to see him. I set my camera up and waited. The one-time great opera star came in, her eyes only on Michael, and immediately started to discuss details and bits from the play. Before she had even seen me I took this photo, and later made some posed ones, but it is the informal one that I like best.

Another night I stood just inside the door at El Morocco and decided to see what I could get without warning people. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman were startled and insisted on other poses. I suppose neither of them will be speaking to me again, but here is the first bewildered shot.

I don't think the Samuel Goldwyns and Mrs. Jascha Heifitz (Florence Vidor) even knew they were being taken, while Phil Regan, the singing cop, who is now appearing at the Versailles night club in New York, jumped a mile. He was talking to Arthur Brown, the singer who arranges special theatrical Sunday evenings at Morocco. It is he who got Jack White of the "Club 18" and his troupe to perform one evening, and Eleanor Powell, who was in the audience, got up and tap danced in accompaniment.

(Continued on page 69)
Methods The Stars Use To Overcome Their Nervousness. You Either Go Over Or You Go Up In Smoke. Who Wouldn't Be Nervous?

A voice goes into a little black box, the sound goes round and round through miles of space, you turn the knob on your radio set—and it comes out in your home. Yet this harmless little black box, that has brought so much fame and good fortune to the lucky owners of these voices, has an unusual effect upon them. You’d never suspect, just from listening, the odd things Grace Moore, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Al Jolson, Martha Raye, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Phil Baker and Tyrone Power find absolutely necessary to do or wear for fear that otherwise their voices will not come out of the mike just right.

You listeners-in can’t see any of this and their microphone mannerisms have practically no effect upon what they sing or say. But they simply can’t do without them. From the way they act you’d never suspect there could possibly be so many different ways of standing up to a mike and giving all to its waiting ear. No matter whether he is going to croon a melting love tune or discuss the vegetable diet of cannibals, every newcomer to broadcastland is warned not to cough, clear his throat or stamp his feet. Beyond that, they are strictly on their own and they may take any stance they please in order to be comfortable.

And they do. But accessories mean so much to them—take cigars for instance. Jack Benny is a smoker-during-broad-casts. Besides it is necessary in order to put across his highly informal manner, and the studio has relaxed its no-smoking rule for him. He even gives cigars to men in the studio audi-

Grace Moore in action. (Left) Edward G. Robinson at the spot where ten million people are focusing their attention.

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tence who laugh long and loud at his jokes. But they have to smoke to look outside. When he says his lines he holds the stage in his hand; firmly believes that if he ever dropped it he’d be tongue-tied.

“Either in my hand or in my mouth,” he says, “it puts me at ease. I’m used to holding something besides the bag, all the time. I took to the cigar when I gave up my violin in vaudeville. Why even in my pictures a cigar is part of my wardrobe. Why an exception to what the well-dressed comedian wears?”

Ben Bernie, on the other hand, is a cigar-chewer. Not within the sight or memory of the oldest inhabitant of Broadway or Hollywood has anyone ever seen the faintest whiff of smoke curl up from the end of his cigars. He just eats them away. He uses up about twenty a day, five alone being accounted for during his half hour on the air. His secretary keeps a watchful eye on him and when he notices that a cheroot is practically worn down to a pulp, she hands him the old Maestro fresh one from the supply she carries with her.

Clark Gable’s trusty friend, when he faces the mike, is his pipe which he keeps unlighted but clenched tightly between his teeth. He appears bored, but actually he’s as nervous as one of Major Bowes’ worst amateurs. He once confided to Carole Lombard he hit him hard on the pipe to keep his teeth from chattering.

James Stewart plays around with a cigarette during his air time. He will take one from its case, tap it on his forefinger, look at it, then sigh as he solemnly places it back again in its case. A few minutes later he does the same thing all over again.

You wouldn’t think clothes could play such an important part in a radio broad-cast. But they do.

Although she wears high heels almost always at other times, Alice Faye simply cannot deliver the lowdown blue notes of her torchy ballads unless she wears low heels at the mike. Why? Don’t ask me. I’m just telling you.

On the other hand, three of the screen’s glamour girls have a phobia against wearing shoes at all. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert and Claire Trevor are called the “shoeless Bernhardts” because they insist upon going radio-dramatic in stocking feet.

Cecil B. DeMille is every bit the direc-

Frances Langford, who has her own mysterious broadcasting routine. (Left) The most amusing of air teams—Burns and Allen.
tor, whether his chore is on the movie lot or the radio studio. He dresses the part, too. Probably wouldn't be recognized if he didn't wear the clothes that have become his directorial trade mark: riding breeches, boots, sports jacket and soft shirt.

Handkerchiefs seem to be a necessary prop to keep the lady song birds on an even keel. Lily Pons holds one tightly in her right hand as she follows the beat with her left. Gladys Swarthout always carries an oversize one which she rolls up in a ball and throws from one hand to the other as she sings. So does Harriet Hillard, who also turns her back to the studio audience to watch the orchestra led by hubby Ozzie Nelson.

Hats, on the other hand, fascinate both male and female etheerites. Bing Crosby positively refuses to sing unless he is wearing a hat. It may be a cap, a beret, a derby, fedora or glossy silk topper. That makes no difference so long as it is a hat. During the periods when someone else is speaking and he is waiting for a cue, he frequently shifts it around on his head for want of something better to do.

During his speaking part, Don Ameche wears a hat. But when Mr. Ameche thinks he takes it off. Maybe Mr. Ameche thinks he ought to take his hat off to the music.

Phil Baker's lady stooge, Lucille Ball, wears her hat so far back on her head, you'll think it was falling off. Places right hand on hip and there it remains no matter if her lines have to be read la Mae West or like Shirley Temple. Also chews great gobs of gum.

Gracie Allen puts on her hat and takes it off so many times when she is at the mike that George Burns declares, "It makes the rest of us as dizzy as Gracie." And well it might, for she wears a new one at every broadcast and she is rapidly crowding out Betty Furness for the "crazy hat" crown of Hollywood. But as soon as she finishes her lines she stops chewing and sits down quietly by herself.

Schools of instruction in radio technique could make a fortune by solving the hand problem. What to do with their hands has always been a big problem with the radio-starring movie favorites and each one solves it according to individual inclination.

Although Al Jolson gives the impression of being perfectly at ease and of having a grand time, he fidgets with his digits between numbers. He keeps snapping his fingers constantly. "It's a throwback to my stage and screen days," he explains. When I used to do a musical number, I snapped my fingers in time to the rhythm. If I did that in front of the mike, it would sound like a thunder clap so I restrain myself until I step away. That's the limit of my self-control."

As soon as Phil Baker steps up to the mike he crosses and uncrosses his fingers. Seems he did that when he entered and won his first amateur contest and so he's kept it up ever since.

Lanny Ross does something similar. He has a gesture, common among athletes, which he picked up during his track days at Yale— he crosses the middle and index fingers of both hands to ward off ill luck just before starting to sing, just as he did before [Continued on page 77]
ASCENDING!

By Ed Sullivan

Cary Grant Took Off From A Fair Of
Stilts And Is Gaining Altitude Every Day.

HOTTEST thing on celluloid, at the
moment, is Archibald Alexander
Leach, and the lady in the rear row
who screamed: "He means Cary Grant," hit
the nail on the head, or vice versa. For
Cary Grant, who was born A. A. Leach, is
the biggest male name in Hollywood—
bigger than Gable, Tyrone Power, Robert
Taylor, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and even
Charlie McCarthy. I do not write this to
belittle the fame of these others, but only
to emphasize how big Cary Grant has be-
come, as the result of three solid scores in
"Topper," "The Awful Truth" and "Bring-
ing Up Baby."

Now, you can always tell when a male
star has clicked in Hollywood. Every female
star puts in a requisition for his services,
and at this writing, the feminine division
of this colony is staging a rush for Cary
that would make a bargain-counter rush
appear tame by contrast. Grant has become
the most popular light comedian of pic-
tures, and if any of you in the congregation
doubt this, speak now or forever hold your
peace.

It was in "Topper," with Connie Bennett,
Roland Young and Billie Burke that Grant
started to startle the industry. His flair for
light comedy so plainly distinguished the
picturization that Hollywood sat up and took
notice. They argued the question back and
forth in the Coast saloons (not saloons, Mr.
Printer). Finally, it was settled to everyone's
satisfaction that the Coast saloons agreed that it was
the fanciful picture and the surrounding
cast that had made Cary look so good, for
they did hardcores here.

Then Grant made "The Awful Truth"
with Irene Dunne, and the howls of laughter evoked by this Leo McCarey con-
cocction silenced even the hecklers. To still
all doubt, he did it again with Katharine
Hepburn in "Bringing
Up Baby."

To get at the bottom of the Strange Case
of Cary Grant, who became
a star overnight, after years of work that was
just passable, I called on
Director Howard Hawks,
who handled him in
"Bringing Up Baby,"
and asked him to ex-
plain in this sudden sky-
rocketing to stardom:
"I've seen it happen
and again," said
Hawks. "A performer
goes along for years
and is never better than
satisfactory. Then,
unexpectedly, he becomes bril-
liant. It is all a matter of confi-
dence. Cary Grant became a star
when he became con-
fident of himself. He's
doing things now, little
gestures, facial expres-
sions, that he wouldn't
dare to do when he first came to
Hollywood, because then he lacked con-
fidence. Now he's got it. Confidence brings
poise and polish and what I call 'style' to
a performer. Once a performer has hit, his read-
ing of lines and his reactions take on
sparkle. Cary, right now, is HOT."

With this background of critical accla-
mation, your correspondent proceeded directly
to Grant. We met in the RKO commissary,
and I said to him: "Tell me your life story,
old boy; your reflections on current events,
tell me your aspirations in things dra-
matic?" He broke in and said: "Ed, you
are not drunk by any
chance?" Convinced of
my sobriety, he told
me about himself:
"I'm unique in one
respect," he started. "I
guess I'm the only pro-
fessional still-walker
who ever pole-vaulted
into movies. Sure, I
used to work at Coney
Island, on stilts, for
$5 a day, as a harrier
or a shill, with a big
sign on my back ad-
vancing people to go
to Steeplechase Park. I
got $5 on weekdays,
but after the first
Saturday and Sunday,
I struck for $5 a day.
Tillyou wouldn't give
it to me at first, but
I took him out with
me and showed him
that the weekend
crowds were so terrific
that I was knocked
down regularly, and that was worth $5.
"However, I had some rackets on the side
that he didn't know about. The hot dog
stand proprietor worked out a deal by
which I got five hot dogs a day, just for
walking by his stand. You see, when I'd
stand there and eat a hotdog, it was just
as good advertising for his place as though
he hired a skywriter. So then I fixed up
a couple of deals with a boardwalk restau-
rant, and an ice cream place, and I got all
the food I wanted free. The salary was
pure velvet."
"How did I become a still-walker? Well,
that's easy. I came over from England with
Bog Pender's knockout troupe of pantomime
comics. That was one of the famous
comedy knockabout turns of Europe, and

Illustration By
Lloyd Wright
we had been engaged for a Fred Stone show at the old Globe Theatre in New York. But when we rehearsed at the Globe, we found that the stage was too small and too shallow for our stilt-walking number, which was the big finale of our turn. Half of our bodies were hidden by the curtains.

"Luckily for us, and for the Globe management, which would have had to pay us off in full, the same company operated the famous Hippodrome, so we were taken out of the Stone show and worked at the Hippodrome. That was a great experience. Naturally every performer in Europe knew of the Hippodrome, and R. H. Burnsides, who operated it, was one of the greatest showmen I ever met. I met him out here in Hollywood not long ago, but none of the studios have engaged him, but that's a laugh.Ed He could be of such huge value to anyone of them.

Well, we worked at the Hippodrome for a long time, and then the troupe packed up and went back to England. All but me—I wanted to come down off my stilts and become a real actor, you know, read lines. Luckily I didn't get rid of my stilts, because, without them, I would have starved to death on what I earned as an actor. A room for $2.50 a week over near Ninth Avenue, in New York, and I

recommend stilt-walking. In the first place, the hours are good, you get better air than the ordinary pedestrian, and you're a celebrity. Of course, every now and then, some little brit sneaks up behind and kicks one of your stilts out from under you, but that's just a rub of the green. The disadvantage of stilt-walking is that it's only a summer job. You can't tick up and down ice-covered sidewalks.

"In the interim, along came 'Nikki,' the show you saw me in on Broadway. Fay Wray was in it and so was Douglass Montgomery, remember? You reviewed it, and I've still got the clipping: 'Archie Leach is a cinch for a movie role.' When the show shut down after seven weeks, it was your clipping that put the idea in my head to go to Hollywood. Phil Chargin and I drove to the Coast—and here I am."

It was in "Blonde Venus," with Marlene Dietrich that Cary got his first good picture role at Paramount, and he played the part of a Salvation Army preacher in Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." However, Paramount handled him poorly, and his own lack of movie "savvy" added to the debacle. At the time, too, he was handicapped by an English accent so burry that audiences had difficulty in following his speech.

Paramount would give a lot of money to have him under contract now, even for two pictures a year. With his schedule completely filled, Grant now contracts for pictures six months ahead, and every studio here is holding pictures up until he can spare enough time to do them. It's a far cry from the days when he was making deals with the hot dog stand at Coney.

Grant, at this moment, is in need of expert guidance. For this reason, he would like to get away from comedy roles shortly and do things that are a little heavier. You'd think that actors and actresses out here would learn from the experiences of others who changed their box-office formulas, but they never do. Bob Montgomery deserted sophisticated drawing room comedy, in "Night Must Fall." It was a grand performance but the picture was a box-office flop. The same with Paul Muni, who went comic in "Hi Nellie," with Gable and Myrna Loy, who went dramatic in "Parnell." The box-office groove is a one-way track and no deviations or detours are advisable.

But what, you ask, of Cary Grant as a person? He is a swell guy, thoughtful, very appreciative of the slightest favor, and even better looking off screen than on. Your new screen comedian is a bit of all right.

Budgeted my appetite so that I didn't have to spend more than fifty cents a day for food at Ye Earle Shoppe, on Eighth Avenue. The last time I was in New York, I went there and had a meal, for the sake of old lang syne, I gave the waitress a fifty cent tip, just to recall how it felt when I had to limit myself to fifty cents for three meals.

"The first show in which I got a fairly good part was a musical, 'Boo!-Boo!,' know who was in it? Jeanette MacDonald. I doubt that either one of us ever thought we'd be in moving pictures, I know I didn't. But jobs were few and far between, and so I'd dig my stilts and get a job advertising restaurants or tailor shops or Chinese cabarets. Say, I've looked into more second-story windows than any man in this country.

"You know, there are several things to
With a Kay Francis gift goes the thoughtful touches that mean so much. (Right) Mae West loves to share her good luck. (Extreme right) Lionel Barrymore indulges his passion for the artistic.

**TIPS**

**BONUSES**

**"THAN"**

Gratuitous Takes Many Forms But Always Springs From The Full Hearts Of Happy Stars.

By Gordon R. Silver

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STARS are a "gift" lot—when they want to be. Usually, most of them "want to be" right after their current pictures are completed.

It's a quaint Hollywood custom for players to bestow presents of various sizes and shapes upon their associates at the finish of a production, and generally the value of these presents grades upward from the most lowly members of the picture company to the most exalted.

Of course, in a way, these gifts might be called "tips" or "bonuses." Instead, however, the stars refer to them as "good will" or "thank-you's." It is natural to suppose that nine out of ten pass out gifts because they are sincerely grateful to those who, at much smaller salaries, aid them materially in their film trials and tribulations. Perhaps the "tenth" star gives to avoid future trouble on the set, or just because it's good policy.

Some of these gifts are very valuable indeed, and set their buyers back plenty more shekels than either you or I could dote out. A few stars treat the matter, for the most part, as a gag and give out some of the funniest presents imaginable.

Marlene Dietrich is noted for her generosity following a picture. When she completed her role in "Angel" she bought over two thousand dollars worth of gifts for all members of the cast and crew! Marlene never fails to take extremely good care of the people who wait on her. She gave Dot Pondel, her make-up girl, a check for $100, then decided she was being too "stingy" and so went out and purchased her a shiny new car to go with the check!

Mae West, likewise, is "tops" in generous feelings and, as is her usual custom, presented members of the cast and crew of her latest film with various and sundry items of jewelry. Director Eddie Sutherland was amazed and delighted with a gorgeous star sapphire ring.

On the other hand, there's Jack Benny who reverses the usual procedure and gives costly items to the lowly and much-less-costly to the high-and-mighty. It all came out when he completed his role in "Artists and Models." Some thirty persons of the laboring unit shared Benny's cash largess estimated at close to $1000. But all that Director Raoul Walsh unwrapped was a two-cent stamp—a gift from Jack! To Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, Gail Patrick, Ben Blue, Judy Canova and other principals went checks for $1.06. "The six cents," explained Benny on enclosed cards, "is to pay the gift or windfall tax. The dollar is absolutely clean."

Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) gave wrist watches, silver cigarette cases, lapel watches and checks to various folks on the set when she finished her first picture, "This Way, Please." Her hairdresser, Leonore Sabine, got a hundred dollar check. Wally Westmore, head make-up man, got a beautiful wrist watch and...
Harry Ray, assistant make-up man, received a check for $50.

Barbara Stanwyck invaluably rewards her friends and "helpers" at the studios with elaborate presents that are made to last for years. After "Stella Dallas" was completed, for instance, she distributed lapel watches to sixty persons.

Miriam Hopkins never fails to give out quarts of the finest champagne obtainable—regardless of whether or not the person drinks.

Unusual gifts aren't so "unusual" at all in the studios. On the finishing day of "Too Mehl and a Girl" at Universal, Leopold Stokowski presented beaning little Deanna Durbin with a full set of his famous orchestra's recordings.

William Powell bought a stock of corn, amounting to 1500 ears when "Double Wedding" was completed! And everybody on the set received two dozen ears to take home! Not to be outdone by Bill, Myrna Loy purchased 85 pounds of ground round steak and personally made everyone in the picture and crew a nice, juicy hamburger! However, she gave 'em all something else besides.

Because of Director Henry Koster's habit of ending every perfect "take" with the studio phrase, "It's a lily," Alice Brady presented him with a great bouquet of lilies when her latest film ended. And "great" was right—for it took six men to carry the "little bouquet"!

Merchandise orders are the order of the day when Jean Arthur winds up a screen role. They range in value from ten dollars to one hundred and are usually redeemable at Magnin's or Director Michel Leisen's smart haberdasher's shop.

Jean Crawford read the book, "Lost Horizon" and liked it so well she promptly went forth and purchased fifty copies of it and presented one to nearly everyone on the set she was working on at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer some time ago. Usually, however, she waits until Christmas and then gives out personal gifts, such as knitted sweaters, purses, smoking jackets, blouses, slacks, etc.

Carole Lombard is a great one for giving "gag gifts." Remember the old broken-down Ford she once gave Clark Gable?

On the last day of "Nothing Sacred," Carole and Fredric March gave a set party for director William Wellman. At the end there was a very solemn presentation made by March. He and Carole, carrying a large box, beautifully wrapped, came before the director and Freddie began his speech.

"Is this a gag by any chance?" asked Wellman nervously.

"The idea! Of course not, Bill!" exclaimed Fredric sincerely. "On behalf of Miss Lombard and cast, I take great pleasure in presenting to you this token of our esteem—" and so convincing was he that Wellman was completely fooled and looked very, very touched by the display of affection.

Fumblingly he opened the box—and there, on tissue paper, was a nifty straight-jacket! Before you could say, "Beans and brown bread" Fredric and members of the crew pounced on him and had him securely tied into the jacket. In great glee they watched his struggles for half an hour—and it wasn't until he finally yelled "Uncle" that Carole gave the word to let him out. Wotta gal!

[Continued on page 81]

Whether her co-workers like to drink or not, Miriam Hopkins knows how to spread the spirit of happiness.

(Top) Frances Dee never waits until the picture ends before she passes out the presents. (Above) It's just a part of the fun for Alice Brady. (Left) Pat O'Brien always remembers the gang.
Sandra stopped pushing her way through the Hollywood supper crowds, and looked back, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

Dammit! Pudge was still there, parked by the curb, where she'd left him. What was she going to do now?

Really meet the young man she'd spoken to on the phone? Heaven no! Her soft, brown eyes widened with fright.

Then there was only one alternative: Turn round and go home.
And let Pudge Lenson see that her story about having to meet somebody under the Elysee sign was a fake.

Sandra swung round, her small chin up defiantly. Well, she wouldn't! He might have ruined others girls' chances of getting a job in the films, but she wasn't giving him an opportunity to ruin hers!

She'd go ahead and meet this Chuck Bates, whoever he was. Pray that he'd be as nice as his voice. Explain everything to him. How Lenson had been pestering her for a date for months. How that evening he'd come for her at her boarding house. About the ruse she used to shake him—setting the telephone receiver off the hook and pretending the call was for her. And, because Pudge was watching, how she'd had to go on pretending and let him bring her downtown to keep this date.

She hurried faster, determined to get to the last E of the Elysee sign before she lost her nerve. Her heart sank at sight of a fat man in a checkered overcoat. Then it skipped a beat. The tall one taking out his watch was he! It just had to be. He was tall and dark and broad-shouldered. Nice. Exactly as he'd hoped and prayed he would be.

She stepped up to him hesitantly.

"I beg your pardon, aren't you Mr. Bates?

The fact that he was scowling made her voice shake the least bit.

"Yes," he answered. "My name's Bates. But please don't ask me for my autograph. I'm not one of those movie stars."

"Oh but I wasn't going to," she assured him. "You don't know me but I... I talked to you on the phone just now and... and I wanted to explain... . . ."

His handsome face relaxed. By the garish light of the sign, Sandra could see that it was deeply tanned, with a strong, arrogant mouth. A nose that looked as if it might have been broken and set straighter than Nature intended, and heavy, quizzical brows. No wonder people mistook him for a movie star.

"Why didn't you say you were Mme. Tira?" he laughed. "Anything can happen in this crazy place. But... . . ."

Here he paused and his eyes swept Sandra in a gaze so admiring that she blushed. "Why, you're so lovely," he finished bluntly. "And so dressed up. Not at all the way I expected the Princess' nurse to look. But, now that you're here, let's get going."

He took her arm and started guiding her through the crowd.

Mme. Tira? The Princess' Nurse! Sandra's head whirled. He hadn't called Mrs. Doherty's to make a date with a girl at all. But to hire a nurse for some Princess!

But I'm not Mme. Tira, Sandra wanted to tell him. Then she bit back the words. Pudge was still there. Waiting to see if she really had a chance.

Well, Mr. Lenson, she thought, take a good look. I'll make my confession, but not till I get rid of you.

The young man held the car door for her and she climbed in. What a car. The engine started with a deafening roar. How in the world am I going to make myself heard above this? Sandra wondered.

At the first spotlight, she looked back. No Pudge. Now she'd explain everything.

But Chuck was too busy jiggling things to listen. "Can't hear a word you say," he shouted. "Wait till we get home."

This was awful. He must listen! In her anxiety to get away from Pudge, she hadn't realized. The Princess might be very ill. She might die. If he thought Sandra a nurse, if would be her fault. If she was still pretty, she tugged at his arm. "You must listen. I'm not really a nurse."

"Don't be so literal," he yelled back. "I know you're not. All the cat needs is someone who knows how to look after sick animals."

Animals! There could be no mistake. He had said animals. And cat. The Princess wasn't a human being but a sick cat!
Relief flooded Sandra to the tips of her toes. She'd always doctored the family's cats. Why not go see this one and do what she could for her? Then, if she were seriously ill, Sandra could confess and Chuck could send for the real Mme Tira.

She stole a look at his straight profile above the quivering wheel. Then she relaxed against the worn seat, her pulses pounding crazily. What a tool she was to feel so happy! About what?

"The Princess was kind of nervous when I left her," he confided as he helped her from the car in front of a modest, frame house. She's in the living room. Hope she hasn't clawed up the rug. I'm just warning the place and these big paws sure can wreck things."

"Don't I know?" Sandra smiled. "We have a cat who sharpens its claws on the davenport before every meal."

"Glad you feel the same way I do about letting them run," he went on, opening the front door. "People who don't understand 'em get nervous. When they get big, of course, you have to keep 'em in a cage. But, with babies like the Princess, it's like shutting up a pet cat—a real one I mean."

"A real one?" Her voice was puzzled. "Isn't the Princess real?"

He laughed. "Just a second and I'll let her answer that question."

Sandra waited the way Pudge watched her coming downstairs....

Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

Without knowing why she did so, Sandra moved closer to the talking, furred figure. She felt a vague fear that something was wrong. Nothing about Chuck. He was the right kind—her woman's instinct told her that. But she had a presentiment that something unexpected and disturbing was about to happen.

Chuck crossed the dark hall and opened a door. Sandra followed, her heart pounding.

"Princess?" he called softly. "Where are you? I've brought someone to fix you up."

From a shadowy corner came a sound unmistakable to anyone who knew cats—the rhythmic, sleepy cadence of a purr. It was her junpy nerves. Sandra told herself, that made it sound louder than any purr she'd ever heard in her life.

Then the light switched on and her heart stopped beating.

Lying full-length on the davenport, with its huge paws folded under it and its slanted green eyes blinking like drowsy coals, was a magnificent black panther!

After the first shock of terror, Sandra's impulse was to run. But she couldn't. Huge as she was, the Princess was still a baby. And she had the charm that belongs to all very young things. After a long stare at her visitor, she started playing with her tail and, in doing so, rolled clumsily off the couch.

"Come on down and get acquainted," Chuck was sitting on the floor, the cub on his lap. Fascinated, Sandra obeyed.

"Mme. Tira: Princess. Princess. Mme. Tira," he introduced them. Taking up the great black-velvet pad with its furled talons, he put it into Sandra's soft palm.

"She looks better," he said, stroking the satiny head affectionately. "Her nose is cold now and she's calmed down. I'd like you to have a look at her through. Here, I'll hold her mouth open."

"Oh!" Sandra said helplessly. "Oh dear!"

"Say, I'm sorry," he said. "It's close in here. Let me open a window."

"It isn't that," Sandra said weakly. "I've something to tell you—a confession."

Confession? His quizzical brows shot together. What could that slender child who came to tend a panther in a chiffon dress have to confess?

"Yes," she hurried on. "It's all a terrible mixup. I'm not Mme. whatever-you-call-her. I know about pet cats but I don't know a thing about wild animals. I did it because I just had to get away from Pudge."

"You wouldn't by any chance mean Pudge Lemson, that lame-brained assistant at Parthenon?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," Sandra gasped. "You know him? He's been pestering me for a date for months. I always managed to put him off, but tonight he came right upstairs with the landlady. The only way I could ditch him was to pick up the receiver and pretend I was meeting you."

"Good grief!" His brown eyes smiled. "Lucky I happened to be there." Then, seriously: "Listen, Honey, promise me you'll never have a date with that human worm. That mealy-mouthed Romeo with sweet little You! I couldn't stand it.

DATE
with LOVE
Sandra's eyes widened. "Oh, no. I won't! And you're not angry at what I did—pretending I knew about animals?"

"I think," he said, looking into her eyes very steadily, "that you might cut me into small pieces and my temper would remain virtually intact. That's what comes of waiting a whole lifetime for a girl with a ridiculous nose and eyes that don't match and a mouth... gosh, you're lovely," he finished. "What's your name?"

"Sandra, Sandra Clayton."

"Then, though she should never have let him do it, he kissed her. His mouth was hard and firm and the vitality of him winged through her blood like fire. She found herself clinging to him, whispering tender little words against his warm, sunburned neck. Because he wanted to hold her closer, he pushed her gently away. "And you... who are you?" she asked him—just as if it mattered who he was.

"I train animals," he told her, "that is, I did until I sold them all to the debts Dad left when he died. The Princess is all I have left." He roughed her coat affectionately. "Got her under contract to Paramount for a short. We start filming in a day or so, so you can understand my jitters when she got sick. If the Princess doesn't act, I don't eat. I'd heard about Mme. Tira and her knack with animals. That's how I happened to look her up."

"But oughtn't you to find her?" Sandra asked anxiously. "Now, I mean. The Princess means so much to you."

"Just seeing you, cured her," he smiled. "You know, Sandra," he went on, "you're the first person in years who's cared whether anything meant a lot to me or not; the first girl in years I've kissed. Will you be my friend, mine and the Princess?"

His friend! Mallinke, she gave him her hand. He grasped it firmly for an instant, then lifted it to his lips.

That night, after he brought her home, she found the maid bubbling with excitement. Someone had skipped without paying, an animal trainer named Mme. Tira. One of the roomers discovered it earlier in the evening, when he called her to the phone. Poor Mme. Tira, Sandra thought sleepily as she climbed into bed. I hope they don't catch you.

Over the phone, the next morning, Chuck's resonant voice cried: "Come on over to the studio, we're making tests at ten."

Soon Sandra was on the lot, she who'd never had her nose inside a studio, sitting right next to Markinson, the director. Chuck, in a white sweatshirt and mused grey slacks was trying to make the Princess leap out of a clump of bushes, instead of roll out like the large, placid kitten she was.

"Did you get a look at Markinson's gun?" he laughed, coming over while they were re-arranging the set. "He keeps it in case the Princess should imagine she's really wild. I'm taking you to lunch and dinner," he went on, "and, I know it's too soon to tell you, but, if I don't, I'll start shouting it on the street. I love you, Sandra. When this picture's made and I'm in the money again, will you marry me?"

"Oh," she told him, because she knew that, if she'd known him ten years instead of only hours, the answer would have been the same.

They came back from lunch to find a curiously restless and savage Princess pacing her cage. Chuck talked to her and managed to quiet her down but Markinson decided they wouldn't start shooting until the following morning.

"It's been fun," Sandra said as they followed the men with the Princess out to the car. "And what a relief to have seen Pudge. Some kind fate must have sent him out on location."

"Chucks' eyes narrowed. Then he grinned.

"He went out," he chuckled, "and plenty far, but not on location. I had to sock him."

"Chuck, you didn't!" there was an uneasy, nameless panic in her eyes. "He's awful, he'd do anything."

"Forget it," he said shortly, "He made a crack about my meeting you on the corner and I shoved it back in his fat throat. Don't let's bring it up again."

Sandra bit her lip. You didn't argue with men like Chuck, especially when you were in love with them.

That evening he called her not to wait dinner for him. He'd have to work, and would pick her up later. "They're decided to change the set again," he told her. His words were casual enough, but there was a worried note in his voice that scared her.

"Chuck, it isn't the Princess?" she asked anxiously. "You aren't having trouble with her?"

"No!"

He said it almost defiantly, she thought. "Anything by the way," he went on, "you know that whip I put the Princess through her paces with I didn't give it to you this morning, did I?"

Sandra remembered the whip. Chuck carried it just for effect, but she recalled his saying that the heavily loaded handle could kill an animal, that it was ill-treatment with such whips that made them savage.

"Oh, it will turn up," he answered, when she said she hadn't given it to her. "See you around ten then, Honey."

She was ready long before that, lovelier than she'd ever looked. The black chignon a perfect foil for her glowing eyes, the scarlet of her short bolero repeated strikingly in the sweet, full bow of her lips. A little before ten the phone rang. It must be Chuck saying he was going to be later than he expected.

She almost said "darn you, you dog. Then she turned white. Instead of Chuck's voice, it was Pudge Lemons'

His voice had a clipped, business-like tone very different from and wheeling drawl he usually used [Continued on page 70]
"The stuffing in the pudding." That's how Walter Connolly, with pardonable professional pride, summed up the contributions of the character actors to the cinematic fare, which has become an indispensable emotional diet for toiling humanity from Kamchatka to Cape Horn.

Now, exactly what is a character actor? In the average boy-next-door photodrama you have the hero and heroine, both romantic hot shots, playing themselves. Their box office scores are based on their lustrous personalities, and not their acting ability. But your character actor is required to assume the character of other people, which may be totally different from his own. In this sense, he is the only real actor in the business.

The pretty boys and eye-filling gals are standardized products of Hollywood's film plants, remote from the realities of actual life, glamorized, ballyhoed, unearthly creatures. On the screen, we mean. In private life most of them are swell eggs. But the character actors, thank God, are allowed to remain real human beings, and give the convincing human background to pictures which otherwise would be incredible fairy tales. It is a habit with these skilled performers to steal the pictures that are cut and tailored to fit the personalities of the stars. Unfortunately the average producer, emotionally immature stars, whose personal antics and romantic vagaries fill the syndicated gossip column of your newspaper,

"I'm absolutely willing to be operated on," he said with a hearty chuckle, as we sat by the fire-place in the living-room. He stirred the fire with a majestic poker, like a true patriarch. "My wife bought it in Tuscany," he said. "A good deal of our furniture is from Italy."

"That's a pretty wife you got there," we remarked, noticing Mrs. Connolly's portrait on the mantelpiece. "You bet. Yes, doggone it, I got a pretty wife," he asserted with husbandly satisfaction. "She is upstairs dressing. I guess, I told her you would be here at 9:30. But you know how women are."

The maid brought us coffee. After a few inconsequential pleasantries, we plunged into serious business. "The character actor."

He said, "has many years of stage experience behind him, and he is an actor for life. He is not an accident, starred today, gone tomorrow. Romantic leads come and go, but the character actor remains. Because what he sells is not youth and beauty, but acting. In other words, he has a definite profession, like a doctor or engineer. He is in the business not for the fame and the money and the good times it promises, but because he can't be happy doing anything else. He would rather act than eat." Mr. Connolly lighted a cigar.

"I sincerely believe actors are born," he continued, "and not made. One generally shows his true talent early in life. My earliest ambition was to be an actor. I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and I'll not hesitate to give you my birth date, it's 1887. I had an uncle who ran a large livery stable, but he always lost money, and turned the stable over to barnstorming troupes when he could make more money that way. I was fascinated by the theatrical billboards that were pasted on its sides. Every Saturday afternoon, from 9 until I was 14, I went to the theatre. Then, after a few years, I went to St. Xavier College, where I was interested in nothing but dramatics."

"My first job was as third assistant cashier in the First National Bank of Cincinnati. I liked the short hours, because it enabled me to concentrate on amateur theatricals. I wasn't cut out to be a banker, and knew it. I made my professional debut in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1909, in a play called 'Classmates,' and a year later I reached Broadway. Except for summer stock in various cities and a brief sojourn abroad during the war, I have been on Broadway ever since. I still count myself a Broadwayie because my contract with Columbia gives me the privilege of going to New York every other year. I have skipped a year, unfortunately, but I am looking for the right play and hope to go back to Broadway next year. [Continued on page 65]"
Although Comedy Roles Are Her Own Forte, Una Merkel Gliows With Enthusiasm For Carole Lombard, Who Now Is Public Comedienne No. 1.

IT WAS a nice quiet day, as days go in Hollywood. The sun was shining brightly in spite of it being the first part of the year. The town itself seemed grateful to relax and Coast along lately after the hectic holiday season. At the popular Vendome Cafe, the noon-day crowd was little inclined to wax ecstatic over the tempting delicacies of the food wagon. The exchange of greeting from booth to booth was obviously lacking in spirit. The usual hub-bub of chatter had reduced itself to an apologetic monotone. And then Una Merkel walked in!

Bright and shiny as the proverbial new dollar was our Una. As she sauntered forth she fairly beamed with enthusiasm. Her eyes danced and she struggled to hold back a torrent of words that were bound to come bursting forth any moment. Now Una just loves luncheon dates. But this special one seemed to be the one she had always been waiting for. Una sat herself down and instantly assumed the attitude of one who knew more state secrets than a diplomat.

"Tell me, Una," I began easily (hoping to relieve the tension), "did you have a nice weekend at Arrowhead?"

"Carole Lombard is si-i-mply marvelous," Una reported, with special emphasis on the "simply."

"What about your family? And the dogs? Did they have a nice holiday?" This time I spoke more soothingly and tried to disguise the note of annoyance in my voice.

"I just hated to see Carole goodbye," said Una sadly.

"Maybe you'd rather talk about Carole Lombard," I suggested, in what was supposed to be my most obvious sarcastic tone.

"Oh," exclaimed Una, in a manner that would have put Gracie Allen to shame. "You want to know about Carole? Why of course, I'd just love to tell you all about her."

(That's what I like about Una Merkel, she catches on quickly.)

"I guess I just belong back home in Covington, Kentucky," Una continued, without additional urging.

"I've never gotten over being a fan. For I've still avidly followed her career. When I was loaned out to play with Carole actually was scared. So I indelicately went into my own special kind of jitters. Then I met her. I guess the thing that immediately won me was the face it at Carole confessed that she gets jitters too, if anyone as important as Carole still gets excited on the first day of a picture, and can't sleep the night before, I guess there's a chance for me."

"Before I knew Carole Lombard, I had two other great enthusiasms in my life. Lillian Gish was the first. I doubted for her and also played her sister in a silent picture called 'World Shadows.' It was made in New York and directed by Jerome Storm. They ran into financial difficulty and the picture was never completed."

(And only in Hollywood could a thing like the following happen. In the court room scene of "True Confession" Una Merkel and Jerome Storm met again. Once one of our foremost directors, he is now doing extra work. He and Una had a long conversation and discussed those early Biograph days.)

"Helen Hayes was the second. I was lucky enough to be in her play 'Coquette' and I can't even think of Lillian and Helen without losing my balance. The last time I was in New York, I had lunch with the two of them at the same time. I still can't remember whether I ate or not. Helen and Lillian were born on the 10th and 14th of October. After I got to know Carole, I found out she was born on the 6th of the same [Continued on page 72]"

Carole has been borrowed to play opposite Fernand Gravet in the sparkling comedy, "Fool For Scandal."
He's One Player Who Has Traveled the Road Of His Own To Screen Success.

He married Honore Prendergast, sweetheart of his college days, and the happy couple pose for you on the lawn of their Hollywood home. Yep, there are two little fellows and a new baby inside.

Don Ameche

The young fellows who reach the great lover roles are good-looking and talented, but it is essential that they be endowed with something more. We call it personality.

The path to prominence for average lads starts with their camera possibilities. But their handsome faces can carry them just so far and then, if they do not develop charm, they are left far behind.

But Don Ameche gave us his personality first! After the radio had revealed his unfailing charm they photographed him and it turned out that he was a good-looking fellow, too.

Nothing can stop him now. Successful theatres are nailing his name prominently on the marquee, there's a hook in every broadcasting studio reserved for his hat and in a corner of the hearts of a few dozen million people there's a name, a voice and a smiling face. . . . O. K. Don—that's you!

(Top to bottom) With Loretta Young in "Love Under Fire," Alice Faye, Don and Tony Martin in "You Can't Have Everything," as Jack O'Leary in "In Old Chicago," A scene from "Happy Landing," with Sonja Henie, Simone Simon and Don in "Josette." (Left) Dan as a boy could hold his own with any one, and he still can.
Admirers Believe That The Girls Of Hollywood Would Be Renowned In Every Town And Hamlet, Every County And Continent For Their Beauty Alone Even Though They Never Made A Picture.

SOMETIMES we wonder if the credit for the success of some of the ladies of the lots is due to the cameraman or the director. Often and then, in a weak moment, we believe that the girls themselves have personalities which radiate their magnetic charm. These photographs cannot do justice to the subtleties of their expressions. But, for gallery pictures, they speak very well for the inspired photographers, who, through their years of experience, have presented us with revealing and beautiful portraits, well deserving of our admiration.

(Extreme left) Ilona Massey, talented singer from Budapest. (Left) Martha Raye, the clowning comedienne. She is unique in pictures and generously gifted.

(In corner) Jessie Matthews makes many friends for English productions with her beauty and matchless talent. (Left) Suzanne Ridgway will be blossoming in Paramount pictures.

Mae West, the spirit of the Gay 90's.
Alice Faye improves in every picture—not only her acting but her looks as well. (Above, right) Gloria Stuart. So beautiful! (Right) Gloria Holden looking exquisite in a gown that has a decided Spanish influence.

(Top) Clever photographic effect with strong lighting. Lana Turner has put "voluptuous" back into the vocabulary. (Above) Patricia Ellis is slightly on the svelte side. But this seems to add, and not detract, from her charm.
THE NEW YORK FIRING SQUAD NEVER MISSES
The Drama Critics Can Either Make Or Break A Broadway Play. Their Truly Candid Comments Are Therefore Feared By The Hopeful Screen Stars Who Wish To Duplicate Their Success On The Legitimate Stage.

There are few popular Hollywood players who have not, at one time or another, longed to travel East and exhibit their talents in a New York play. Whether it is that they long for a change to act before real audiences, or whether they simply wish to add another spray to their laurel wreath of success, we cannot say for sure. But come they do, one right after another, even though most of them meet with very bad luck indeed. We do not say it is their fault, nor can we attach blame to the critics for condemning them. No doubt, just as it happens so often in Hollywood, the vehicle chosen for them is at fault.

Recently, since Fredric March's all too brief appearance and very poor reception on Broadway, the screen players have been wavering—to come, or not to come, that is now the question in the minds of such box-office successes as Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, etc. Time, alone, will tell what decision they come to.

(Katharine Hepburn met her Waterloo a few years ago when she played in "The Lake." That's why she was afraid to return to Broadway in "Jane Eyre" this season, although it was a success on the road.)

(Left) Five screen players who tried and were left with their backs to the wall this year are Elissa Landi, Henry Fonda, Doris Nolan, Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney.
Sound Stages Have Their Triumphs But The Most Beautiful Pictures Are Made

[Top] A scene from the Dorothy Lamour-Ray Milland picture, "Her Jungle Love." The ceaseless rhythm of the restless sea—the war canoes of the headhunters—primitive passions! We are supposed to be in the South Seas and the wide horizon gives greater sweep to our imaginations. Nature helped a lot when she fashioned Catalina Island. (Above) "Border Wolves"—an atmospheric shot. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea," It would probably surprise Thomas Gray. The photographer would not have taken this picture if the cattle had not had white faces. Contrast is the accent in Art.

ONE of the first great American painters was James McNeil Whistler, who is known to everyone through his "Portrait of his Mother." He was a wit and, more than that, he was several generations ahead of his times, for he was one of the first artists to understand the necessity for publicity in the life of a painter. On one occasion, he replied to a compliment that he had caught the very spirit of a landscape in one of his canvasses: "Yes, Nature is looking up." Or was it "Nature is getting my idea." Well, anyway, the truthful photograph of nature is not art. But when the frame-like edges are determined then the picture must have composition. So, in these stills, we do not compliment Nature, although she is doing all right. But we do compliment the artists who arranged these views.
This shot from Robert Louis Stevenson’s short story, “Kidnapped,” is in beautiful mood but it is made completely artistic by prominence of the trees. (Right) Baker in “Outlaws of the Big Bend.” Very true to our hero, no doubt felt made and he is asimg as a statue an Main Street, but raises hell with his personality.

[Left] A clever and artistic take of a difficult subject in “Mad About Music.” If the photographer had not taken the shadow side of the trees he would have muffed it. The star, Deanna Durbin, rides second, which is very modest, but look at the pose. It’s the consciousness of stardom. After all, why not? Would you have them all alike?

(Top) “Forbidden Valley,” filmed at Sonora, Calif., made the most of this background. Frances Robinson adds a touch of beauty, too. (Above) Placer miners wash the mud away and leave the shining sands in “Gold Is Where You Find It.” Excellent arrangement, no straight lines in Nature. (Left) The rugged mountainsides offer foothold to the riders. “The Girl of the Golden West” backgrounds defy any stage carpenter.
ACCENT on Color is the phrase of the moment. It is no longer considered necessary to match all one's accessories to the tone of one's frock or coat. Although, in some instances, a one-color ensemble can be very chic indeed, it is nice to feel at liberty to combine all one's favorite shades into one harmonious whole. Most conservatives shy away from too generous an assortment of colors, but the clever girl who experiments wisely will emerge a veritable symphony of enchantment.

CASTING A NEW WARDROBE

Tailored Clothes Are Refreshingly Casual This Spring, While Dinner Gowns Go More And More Romantic.
In "Fools For Scandal" Carole Lombard (Left center) wears a gown of oriental design which is a magnificent foil for her beauty. The material is chiffon weight satin in a muted flesh tone, intricately embroidered in gold thread. The unique bustle is enhanced by a loose panel train. Above, Carole looks equally regal in lustrous black satin, the low-cut bodice being held up by delicate straps of the same material, while two wing-like peplums fit under the arms. Fresh lilies of the valley are worn in place of the usual clips.

Mary Astor's choice for a gay evening is satin dotted crepe in burnished copper tones. The wide, heavily fringed skirt adds a striking new style note. A hip length cape of golden brown shirred velvet completes her costume.

A chic redingote of navy blue twill with dusty pink piping is favored by Ginger Rogers. This is grand for traveling! Her postman's bag and gauntlets are of dusty pink suede. (Left) Azure blue was selected for this bolero street suit worn by Merle Oberon. Black accessories make an appealing contrast. (Next) An all-occasion dress of thin black wool sets off Frances Drake's slim figure. It can be worn with or without the gold embroidered bolero and matching cummerbund. (Next) Betty Furness is ready for lemonade and cakes in this "little girl" frock of crisp hunter's green taffeta with vivid yellow felt hearts dotted all over it.
Elizabeth Patterson, David Niven, Rosemary Lane, Tony Martin, Shirley Temple, Gloria Stuart, Bonita Granville, Carol Landis, Deanna Durbin.

(Lower Left) Pat Paterson, Lupe Maguire, Anna May Wong, Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris, Jack Oakie and Fernand Gravet.
With Laughter

"--Let Joy Be Unconfined" Is The Motto Of The Screen Players. Lord Byron Had Something There!

THE recent joyous laugh films are successful. Life-like, too, when you come to think about them. "Nothing Sacred," "Awful Truth" and "True Confession" were human and funny. The crowds gathered in the theatres again and the money trickled back to Hollywood. Plans began to blossom, contracts extended and many a comedy player began to do a little laughing himself. Perhaps Hollywood had grown a trifle ponderous and stiff in the joints, but everything is beginning to loosen up. Go to it, pals. No depression lasts forever.

(Reading left to right) Judy Garland, Philip Reed, Constance Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Johnny Davis and Ben Blue.
Leah Ray, Claire Trevor and Jayne Regan in "Walking Down Broadway."

Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in "Her Jungle Love."

Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Wyn CAhoan, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell in "There's Always A Woman."

Irene Dunne, Guy Kibbes and Alice Brady in "The Joy of Living."

Barbara Reed and Josephine Huteson in "The Crime of Dr. Hallett."
Take Your Choice—They All Look Good.

James Stewart, Ginger Rogers and James Ellison in "Vivacious Lady."

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Girl of the Golden West."

Maureen O'Sullivan and Wallace Beery in "Madelon."

Robert Wilcox, June Withers and Rochelle Hudson in "Gypsy."

Francis Lederer and Frances Drake in "Lone Wolf in Paris."

Carole Lombard, Ralph Bellamy and Fernand Gravet in "Fools For Scandal."
Ray Bolger stretches his routine for a dance number in "Girl of the Golden West." Are those elastic pants? He's got a straddle like a politician.

Lovely Leaping Ann Miller. She's the spinster of the RKO lot and here's one of her spins. Ann is well provided for. It's a leg-acy.

Lorraine Kruger waiting for a streetcar.
1. "Oh, there's Jack Oakie. Huh!"
2. "There's Cesar Romero. Hoo-hoo!"
3. "It's Don Ameche. Ain't he grand?"
4. Hi. There's Robert Taylor!!
Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, the old married couple, would adapt the dull and dignified routine of married life if it were not for College Swing, the dance that has a modern interpretation of poise. The suggestion came from a flea who was somewhat nervous and high-strung.

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

WIND, COLD AND WATER DRY the beauty-protecting moisture out of your skin. Then your hands easily roughen, look old and red. But you easily replace that lost moisture with Jergens Lotion which effectively goes into the parched skin. It goes in best of all lotions tested.

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The Andrew Jergens Co. 2340 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)
Would You Believe It?

Spilling The Beans—The Low-Down On Some High Spots In Pictures.

Not only have these candid camera collectors of intimate shots given a new slant to every amateur camera clicker, but the big shot producers have also come to realize that there is something about a glimpse seen from above or below that brings into the picture a real flavor of truth. To make pictures more entertaining they must carry the conviction that "this really happened," and the unusual shots help a very great deal. After all, the cameramen of pictures started it. Can you remember "Variety," the German film that introduced Emil Jannings? That was startlingly real due to its unusual camera angles.

(Above, left) "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the Lubitsch picture, gives Gory Cooper an opportunity to punish Claudette Colbert. Who wouldn't get spanked for several hundred thousand dollars a year? (Above) The hardboiled hombres who mugg in "The Girl of the Golden West." It all comes about by the he-man rations which a thoughtful producer produces at lunch. See the milk? That's mostly vitamin Z and probably comes from a dairy farm specializing in supplying young mountain lions and catamounts. (Right) Who is the strange gentleman with Jessie Matthews? His manner is familiar—he looks like Nelson Eddy but really he is Jack Whiting. In England they reverse it and say that Nelson Eddy looks like Jack.

(Above) Why is Clark Gable looking so playful? Don't tell me! But Myrna Loy is in his new picture. Uh-h-h! (Right) In "Jezebel," Henry Fonda and Bette Davis dance around the floor and the camera and mike follow them. Really they are all on the "dolly" and are pushed about by the grips. This is done so that their conversation may be evenly recorded by the mike overhead. (Note: Fonda is in his stocking feet to avoid any interfering noise.)

"Merrily We Live" is one of those new Hal Roach comedies and Brian Aherne and Ann Dvorak got twisted in the plot. They must have been kissing at the time.
If GENIUS, as someone once said, is the infinite capacity for taking pains, then on this count alone Walt Disney should be ranked in that class. For three long years, short to him, no doubt, because of his great absorption in his new effort, Disney and his capable staff of many hundreds of artists, worked on the first feature length cartoon of its kind ever to be shown on the screens of the country. The result, "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs," a brilliant and hauntingly lovely film woven around the famous fairy tale of the Brothers Grimm, has already captivated audiences, old and young alike, all over the country. When you consider that Mr. Disney's characterizations of the engaging dwarfs, of Snow White, the wicked stepmother, the utterly adorable animals in the wood, are achieved by line effect alone, truly, then, this is the miracle film of the age. And, on the second count of art and the magic of exquisite inspiration, again we acclaim Mr. Disney a genius.

At the present moment, Mr. Disney is contemplating the production of two more feature length cartoon films—"Pinnochio" and "Bambi" but the work on these will be long and arduous, just as with "Snow White," so he, like all true artists, wishes to say little about them right now. But he doesn't hesitate to talk about his newest Mickey Mouse novelty, a short subject based on the enchanting symphonic suite called "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," the score of which will be directed by no less a celebrity than Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. A far stride, indeed, for humble little Mickey to take all by himself!
IT'S five o'clock in the afternoon at Central Casting, on the third floor of a white brick building at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue.

The entire staff is tense like an army in position undergoing a barrage of gunfire. On the firing line, seated before the switchboard, three attractive operators handle upward to 2,000 calls per hour with the cool precision of veterans. It's a beautiful thing to watch. They drop out familiar names and the words, "Try later," made while switching the black keys of the switchboard back and forth and pulling the plugs out and shooting them back into their jacks--shattering anew a thousand hopes and dreams.

The casting directors sit at long tables, their sharp pencils poised on piles of paper. Through their trained minds flash the motion picture types associated with the names the operators are constantly dishing out--names from the four corners of the earth. The memory of the casting director is prodigious. They know by name every extra in the Bureau's files, and when the operator says "Mary Jones," they know her motion picture type, whether she is dress or character, her age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes.

Now and then--the intervals, alas, are rare--a casting director repeats a name, which means that the lucky one will eat tomorrow. She doesn't get the stock reply, "Try later," and is connected with the director's own telephone to receive her instructions.

Central Casting has an elaborate system of mechanical devices for filling studio orders for extra players. There are card classification machines whereby extras can be selected automatically according to type; teletype machines for direct communication with the studios.

As I watch all this, I cannot help but think of Charlotte. A statuesque red-head who dressed like a movie star, but often lacked cajolery. For clothes make the extra girl. Most of her earnings went into her wardrobe. When she went out at night, she was positively ravishing in her dark velvet ensembles and wide-brimmed chapeaus. She had a crown of honey-colored hair, and the pure, intense grace of a flame. Her happy disposition had endeared her to everybody. She craved excitement, trotted from one party to another, and was unusually religious for a girl of her type. She was also interested in political and social problems, and would act as hostess in Sunday gatherings.

Recently she appeared in a charity program, impersonating a certain red-haired star of great sophistication. Her picture appeared in local papers. She hoped the publicity would land her work at the studios. Casting directors would remember her.

But this publicity apparently was too much for her. The next day she began to act in a very strange manner, and staged a dramatic disappearance. This resulted in more publicity. When she was located, she claimed to be none other than the star she had impersonated. I saw her next in the psychopathic ward of the county hospital, a mental case, strapped to her narrow bed, her hands cuffed. The color was gone from her cheeks, and she looked like a tubercular nun. Her nurse told me she had been "taken up" the night before, becoming violent. "She is strong like a horse," she said. I have known Charlotte for a few years, have escorted her to parties. A beautiful girl with a beautiful character, she had never shown any abnormal traits, and always looked the very picture of physical and mental health.

As I entered her little room in the hospital, she greeted me in her customary cordial manner. If anything, she was more exuberant. My visit was unexpected. During the excitement of the moment she forgot that her wrists were manacled, and made a futile effort to shake hands with me. Her wan cheeks became suffused with a tender blush, and she looked at me with a tragic smile, as she realized she was handcuffed.

"They put these things on me last night," she said, half indignant, half apologetic. "They think I've gone crazy! Crazy, my eye! Why, I've been putting on an act, fooling them! Did you read about my disappearance in the papers? All the reporters were after me, but I wouldn't tell them anything. You are the only writer friend I have. I'll tell you everything, it's the biggest scoop you've had in your life! You'll land me on the front pages from coast to coast. Will Central Casting give me work then? I didn't get a single call for the past three weeks, and I needed the money so badly for my Christmas shopping. Stand a little closer, won't you? They are taking my picture all the time. by wire, phone, stand closer, and you'll be photographed with me."

She saw an intern pass by her room. "Hello, good looking," she called after him. "Come up and see me some time!"

I haven't had the heart to visit her again.

Burt Hampton has done much to im-
Some Of The Most Interesting People In Pictures Are Seldom Disclosed By The Searchlights Of Publicity.

By Leon Sturienian

Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street are famous, but other sections of Hollywood are equally deserving of prominence. (Below, left) The casting office sending out the calls for extras. (Below) Earl Bunn, the firearms expert, shows a tiny revolver to Lois Lindsey of Columbia Pictures.

Hollywood extras, known as Buff Hampton's Movie Girls. They play for charity.

"The trouble with Central Casting," he said, "is that there are too many people and not enough jobs. There are about 15,000 extras registered with us, hence an average only 700 of them can be employed a day. There isn't enough work to take care of the large subsistence needs of half our people. The situation is further complicated by the fact that sixty percent of the orders we receive are for men, to forty for women. Yet the proportion of our registrants is exactly the reverse. And so, we have hundreds of middle-aged character women of ability and distinguished records who can rarely if ever be given a day's work."

On the other hand there are a few hundred girls with up-to-date wardrobes who are making a good living as extras. The studios demand youth. "No matter how overcrowded it is," Buff assured me, "this business needs new blood all the time. Otherwise it will stagnate. Directors don't like to use the same faces over and over again. In spite of all the discouraging statistics we have broadcast, girls still come to Hollywood from all parts of the country to break into pictures. I see forty or fifty of them every week. If they are attractive and know how to wear clothes and look like ladies, I list them. We don't want tough faces. The standards for extra work are much higher today than they were in the past. Among the men, our demand right now is for the banker type, men between forty and fifty years of age, of distinguished appearance."

Speaking of extras reminds us of the Hollywood Studio Club, a house of dreams, which shelters movie-struck girls in times of storm and stress. It is a handsome $250,000 building of Mediterranean architecture, on a quiet side street lined with pepper trees (1245 Lodi Place).

Maeve O'Sullivan, Zazu Pitts, Dorothy Jordan, Virginia Sale (Chick's sister), are some of the girls that once dwelt within its stucco walls. Its board of directors includes Mary Pickford and Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille, Charles Chaplin, Jeanette MacDonald, Paul Muni, Warner Baxter, Marion Davies, Louise Dresser, Mary Bryan and other screen luminaries have contributed to the building fund. The Club began with 10 girls reading Ibsen in a basement room of a library in 1916. It moved to its present commodious quarters in 1926.

Besides extras, stock girls and film dancers, you will find here secretaries to stars, writers and producers, film cutters, script girls, press agents, magazine writers, hairdressers, costume designers, etc. Every state in the Union and many foreign countries are represented.

The Club has 67 bedrooms, a dining room, several lounges (inviting setées), a library (which we think can stand improvement), a patio, where many girls with a penchant for.

[Continued on page 66]

One of the dramatic scenes of Hollywood. The line of extras checking in at one of the studios. Which one will reach the heights?
PEOPLE being what they are, Myrna Loy is now Mr. Louis B. Mayer's Number One Girl. You never know about people, sometimes they go mad about a skating girl or a dancing boy, or a prima donna who can look pleasant while reaching for high C, but this year they went completely wild about Myrna Loy.

First, Myrna won the nation-wide popularity poll sponsored by the Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News Syndicate, which organizes fifty-five newspapers all over the country, and was voted Queen of the Movies by men and women who lay their money on the box-office line.

When asked how she liked being the most popular actress she said, "I like it." Always sparing with words, that's Myrna for you. The day following the award Queen Myrna received something that vaguely resembled a bird cage, but which was assured to her was her crown—the note was signed "William IV," none other than William Powell who had been voted fourth on the popularity list.

Mr. Powell, estranged temporarily from his lovely screen wife, was working on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and was quite surprised the next day to have appear before him in the middle of a love scene, a page boy donning the conventional plumes, knee breeches, and silken hose of royalty. After much bowing and kneeling the page presented him with a fine old gilded cofi—"a little something left over from "Romeo and Juliet" no doubt—in which gleamed, not rubies, but raspberries. This is what Hollywood calls a "rib."

Second, Myrna landed right smack in the Big Ten this year, the Big Ten being the results of the popularity poll conducted by the exhibitors of America who know quite accurately, via the box-office, "what stars draw the greatest number of patrons to the theatre." As a result of this poll Myrna is recognized as one of the Biggest Money Making Stars of 1937, which doesn't mean, of course, that Myrna makes the biggest money. The theories that run her pictures are right, and that Myrna Loy got that I haven't got? In a nutshell, popularity.

Queen Myrna, who in private life is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Je, wife of a Paramount producer, lives in a large rambling house, surrounded by acres of gardens and trees, in Coldwater Canyon, a few miles north of Beverly Hills.

"Minnie," is Mr. Hornblow's pet name for his wife, Loretta Young, and a few of the stars also call her "Minnie," but you have to know her awfully well to get away with it.

There was a time seven years ago when all of Hollywood called her "Minnie"—behind her back. Talking pictures had just "come in" (if we can speak in terms of a gusher) and Fox Studio, proud of its newly found art gave a premiere, with carpets and lights, at the Carthay Circle for a little feature called "The Black Watch." Myrna wasn't a star in those days, nor a Queen, nor a biggest money maker. She was only a menace, sloe-eyed and slinky, who, by the last reel, had usually managed to kill off quite a few people.

In "The Black Watch," completely done up in miles of misty veils (it was years before I knew whether Myrna had a figure or not), Myrna played a nasty Sorceress of the Hills named Yas Min. She was supposed to lure soldiers and peasants to their doom, and the soldiers and peasants given speech for the first time insisted upon shouting "Yah Minnie" as they went to their doom. Whether or not this little episode inspired Mr. Hornblow to call Miss Loy "Minnie" is one of the many things I don't know.

Rudolph Valentino and his wife Natacha Rambouva, "discovered" Myrna in Hollywood through photographs she had made for a photographer, Henry Waxman. They decided that her peculiar type of beauty was exotic and Oriental and that she should have a name to fit her new personality—something like Lili Loy, Myrna would not give up Myrna. It was her dead father's
shrieks and tears and threats. They tell a story around Hollywood of the time, several years ago, when Myrna decided she was making too many pictures, Mr. Mayer didn't think so, and he had all his arguments and oratory waiting for Miss Loy in the "front office." One afternoon, Myrna dressed in quite casually, gave Mr. Mayer a diaphragm smile, and without so much as raising her voice simply remarked, "In the future, Mr. Mayer, I shall only make three pictures a year. It is a lovely day, isn't it? Goodbye."

Myrna's chief fault is procrastination. She is a born put-offer and never does catch up with all the things she has to do. Some people say that Myrna is lazy, but it isn't laziness, it's just good old dilatoriness. She really likes publicity, and she really likes interviewers, but she simply can't understand why they are so frantic to see her on certain dates. She has absolutely no conception of the meaning of the word "decadence."

The Loy sense of humor isn't nearly so strong as it has been publicized. After the release of "The Thin Man" it was assumed by the world in general that Myrna simply reeked with humor, and dropped a bon mot with each flutter of the eyelash.

On the set, or at a party, you will always find Myrna completely surrounded by merry groups of people, mostly men, who are constantly bursting into gay laughter.

The general impression, even to the people in the group, is that Myrna has said something Killingly funny. Myrna probably hasn't said a word. But she is such a darned good listener that she makes the most marvelous audience in Hollywood. There is a great lack of "audience" in the picture colony and when a couple of actors, directors, or technicians can find Myrna to listen to their stories and their gags they are in seventh heaven.

Myrna is never "the great star" with the studio workers. She listens so intently to what they have to say that no matter who they are, producers or prop boys, they have a feeling around Myrna that she is personally interested in their problems. She probably is, for Myrna honestly likes people. It is quite well known in Hollywood that leading men rarely like their leading ladies, and vice versa, but there have never been any complaints from the leading men who play opposite Myrna, Jimmy Stewart used to beg Mr. Mayer almost weekly to put him in a picture with Miss Loy. Finally when he played on a radio sketch with her he looked like a lovesick sophomore for days. Said Jimmy, "I shall only marry Myrna Loy." Clark Gable wasn't quite so effusive but he did say,

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Danielle Darrieux has had starring experience abroad. (Right) Olympe Bradna. A name just suited to Fame.

THE STARS have been jostled around recently as they haven't been since the beginning of films. Walt Disney's sensationaaly successful "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" did away with them completely, leading the acidulous George Jean Nathan to remark: "No wonder it's splendid; there are no actors in it." Samuel Goldwyn has enlisted the biggest personality of the airwaves in "The Goldwyn Follies"—none other than the wooden dummy, Charlie McCarthy. At the same time, the "spectacle" films, from "Souls At Sea" and "The Hurricane" to "Wells Fargo" and "In Old Chicago" have featured the elements and catastrophes rather than big movie "names.

If you think that this means that the Hollywood star system is on the wane, you're mistaken. I would say flatly that there never has been a time when screen acting greatness was at such a premium. The "galloping tintypes" have given way to the sumptuous and artistic offerings of a magnificent medium. The screen can hold its head up today and match stride for stride with the theatre. It can point to performers who can be relied on to render as difficult interpretations or to weave as potent a spell around the spectator as any notables of the stage. I would go even farther than that and say that they could probably hold their own with the great actors and actresses of the past.

We all know who they are. There are just so many top-flight stars who really are top-flight stars. Their studios can count on any one of them to carry a film almost single-handed. Their names are not only in the roster of big money players of a year; they are also the leading performers in the best and biggest shows. They are cited by critics and film organizations for their distinguished services to the screen. It is an elect company and a small one. It comprises players of enormous personal magnetism, versatility and command of their craft, which is not a simple one.

What of the heirs apparent? For nothing is more certain than the fact that tomorrow's stars will step up from the ranks into positions of pre-eminence. There is a strange notion that the great figures of the screen just happen—that a theater usher becomes an outstanding glamour girl or a milkman a matinee idol over-night. The fact is that most of those who wear the purple today had a long and arduous training for stardom. Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Greta Garbo, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, William Powell or little Shirley Temple even, are veterans in every sense of the word.

There are exceptions, of course. Robert Taylor or Sonja Henie burst like meteors into the Hollywood galaxy, while Tyrone Power and Deanna Durbin shot up into top ranking almost as soon as film-goers had
new boundaries, taking on sound and color, creating effects that no one would have dreamed possible a few years ago, handling new material, and not least, discovering new and vivid acting talents and temperament. If I am right, you have been watching greatness in the making. For it is the lesser known players, in supporting roles at present, who will form the hierarchy of ranking stars some years hence. It is a dangerous thing to turn prophet and I don’t intend to do so here. What I should prefer to do is to point out some of the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way of the stars-to-be, try to indicate some of the ways in which you can identify them before they have arrived and cite a few of those memorable minor performances of recent months which seem to me to be definite steps up towards stardom. While it is true that all the great studios of Hollywood go to painstaking lengths to find and develop promising players, the odds are still overwhelmingly against even promising players reaching the top rung of the acting ladder. Occasionally, as in the case of Sonja Henie, a personality grips the public imagination with such power that it even amazes a producer. Darryl Zanuck told me recently that the career of the skating star was the most phenomenal thing he had witnessed in the phenomenal motion picture capital, that the universality of her appeal was on the way to rivalling that of the great Charlie Chaplin. She was a star from the word go, and she has grown steadily bigger with three successive pictures. In the same way Dedda Durbin proved the answer to a producer’s prayer by achieving stardom in one stride with “Three Smart Girls” and vindicating it in “Too Men and a Girl.”

They don’t come that way often. Maybe you remember ten years ago a chap called Gary Cooper. Samuel Goldwyn remembers regretfully that he had him under contract at fifty dollars a week and let him go. Gary attained stardom the hard way. The point is that a star must have a blend of qualities that only one person out of a million is born with—that only one out of thousands is able to acquire. They include a vivid personality that can be unerringly projected from the flat, two-dimensional surface of a screen, a sure sense of timing, gesture and inflection to make a character come to life for spectators, a capacity for terrifically hard work, the ability to cope with the responsibilities of stardom, such as publicity, which, as I pointed out in a preceding article, has made the difference between greatness and mediocrity in more than one instance, and that thing called luck.

Take the case of Frances Farmer, I first remember her vividly in “Rhythm on the Range” in a small bit. Before that she had tested her talents in two other films, but she was hardly conspicuous in either of them. Then came “Come and Get It,” where her training and natural talents made her an outstanding figure in the offering’s glamorous dual role. After that was “The Toast of New York,” in which she amply justified being featured. Now she is on the brink of stardom. She has good looks, magnetism and experience. It is very possible that she will soon join the company of the established stars.

While Miss Farmer was stealing most of the spotlight in “Come and Get It,” the discerning movie-goer might have noticed an attractive brunette, who played the very minor role of the lumber baron’s daughter. The film was no big chance for her, but it was important training and one could easily realize when one saw her again recently in “Stage Door.” The young girl was Andrea Leeds. In “Stage Door” she took the role of the defeated and disillusioned member of the Footlights Club who commits suicide and created one of the film’s most haunting and poignant passages. Fate touched her on the shoulder in that film and I for one will watch eagerly to see if it does not beckon her to the heights.

Turning to the actors, it is my conviction that the engaging James Stewart is the closest to the charmed inner circle of stars. He may not have conventional good looks, but he has an awkward grace and the appeal of a genuinely shy person that more than make up for this. Moreover, he has real acting experience behind him, on stage and screen. I remember him behind footlights. The first film in which he made a vivid impression on me was “Speed” in which he played a “grease monkey” with enormous charm and persuasion. Since then he has lifted every picture he has been in and his superb portrayal of a midshipman in “Navy Blue and Gold” is nothing short of a memorable performance.

Another young man who represents the opposite extreme from the Rudolph Valentino type of screen hero is Wayne Morris. Like other aspirants, he was tried out in tiny roles in four or five phonoplays in including “China Clipper” before he claimed the attention of film-goers in any uncertain manner. That was in “Kid Galahad,” where he played a boxer to perfection, although he had never had on the gloves before. There’s a test of acting! To top it, he did a swell job as a sailor in “Submarine D-1.” He has the stuff to reach the top, unless I am mistaken.

Some time ago I watched an attractive girl turning cartwheels in a big New York night club. There was no gaining her striking personality. A bit later that same personality caught my attention again in “The Last Train From Madrid” and sure enough, the same Olympe Bradna of the cafe was acting in movies. Then came “South At Sea,” in which she gave a splendid performance opposite George Raft and I had the hunch that here was an actress who might very well scale the screen’s Olympus. [Continued on page 74]
PLEASEx tell me, do you think I should use cream or soap and water? That is the big question in many of the letters that have come to my desk for years. The answer is brief: Use cream and soap and water. Every skin needs both, the order of their use balanced to the individual. Climate, heritage and the way you live and take care of yourself control your skin type. In the Southwest and inland locations, residents often need more cream because the air is drier. In the South and along the coasts, more soap and water because warm and moisture do not rob the skin of too much of its natural oil. Hard water districts make more cream imperative because hard water has a drying, aging effect on skin. For bathing in these areas, try using Bathasweet in your face or body bath. It deodorizes, perfumes and is very softening to the skin as well as to the water. It comes in a fragrant bouquet or pine odor, is inexpensive and a joy to use.

Hollywood players have a general skin cleansing plan that I think is unbeatable. They always remove make-up with cream and follow this removal by a soap and water bathing, or a new application of cream, according to need. That cleansing gets skin clean and cleanliness is the basic requirement for beauty of texture and tone. To cream and soap and water, I might add one other type of cleanser, a liquid, such as Satinmesh. A sensible plan might be to use cream and soap and water at night, because you have more time then to do a good job, to use cream in the morning and the liquid cleanser once during the day. Now you may find that you need much more of one type than another, but if you keep the three at hand, you are ready for all sudden needs. For skin, no matter how perfect or faulty, is the victim of sudden changes. If you will use your good sense, for example, when you see dry scabby skin about chin or forehead and change to cream for a few days, or go on a soap and water diet when you get that too oily look, you can keep yourself in reasonably good condition most of the time.

Recently I interviewed Margot Grahame. I give her skin the same plus for perfection of tone and texture. Margot Grahame has red hair and the gardenia-like skin that often goes with this coloring. She uses cream in abundance—the good popular brands that you and I know. She confesses to an extravagance when it comes to perfumes but prefers moderately priced creams. For foundation, she likes a cream of the vanishing type. Over this, she applies powder and lip-stick of a warm orangey tone. By skin contrast to Miss Grahame, is Gladys Swarthout, warm-tinted brunette. She uses mostly soap and water, and so it goes with the stars, as with us.

Now and then I think it is very refreshing to change your cleansing routine, to try something new or reverse the order in which you use things. I find this as welcome to skin well-being as a change of food is to the body.

In addition to cleansing, there are all kinds of quick things we can do to overcome temporary difficulties. Many of these ideas come from the stars who must, because of picture demands, keep their skins in good condition. Joan Bennett told me of a soap and water idea that is fine for all skin, but the chies should use it about once a week, the others, oftener. Remove all make-up with cream, then bathe well in warm water and soap—your favorite every-day brand—working up a rich lather on a cloth or complexion brush and giving particular attention to nostril sides, forehead and chin. Use a light, rotary movement of cloth. Then rinse thoroughly. One dermatologist says seven rinsings. I interpret this to mean seven handfuls of clear water as is run from the spigot. Then do your real beauty touch. Dry your face, then crumple up a dry end of your towel and go over the skin lightly in the same, rotary movements you used in cleansing. This arouses circulation, sweeps off the clinging particles of dead outside and generally revives. You come out of this with a skin divine.

Zorina, ballerina of twenty, has ideas about that satin-smooth skin of hers, a true pale rachel tone. Soap and water and cream are her cleansers, but here is a treatment all her own. Now and then, when her skin is not quite up to perfection, she bathes it, applies plenty of Vaseline and scours it gently over the face by letting hot water run into it, spreading a heavy towel over her head and holding her face above the steam. This encourages profuse perspiration and is very pore cleansing. An occasional steaming of this kind is wonderful. It gives a Turkish bath effect. Then, Zorina also likes egg masks. Over a well cleansed skin, she applies the egg yolk only, allows it to stay on about twenty minutes, then rinses off in lukewarm water. The egg mask is very old and very good. Some use yolk only, some yolk and white and some white only, which gives a very astringent effect. If you do not want to mess around with eggs—and they are frankly messy—try one of the cream masks. DuBarry Rose Cream Mask is delightful and there are other good ones.

Perhaps one of the most painful skin situations is to have a very important date and wake up to find little blistersy bumps on chin or forehead. They come to us all now and then, sometimes from too heavy, rich diet, from general up-set or faulty skin care. At these times, here is a friend for you. Stillman's Aczone. It does a wonderfully quick and good drying-up job. It comes in a purse-size container that you may take to school, business or shopping with you. Apply whenever you think of it.

**Radio City Revels**

**Just A Fair Musical Review—RKO**

What the public wants these days seems to be Bob Burns—and here he is, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea. Bob plays an Arkansas show boat skipper who is taking a correspondence course in song-writing from a down-and-out song writer and his accompanist, played by Jack Oakie and Milton Berle.

The boys discover that Bob can write his songs only in his sleep, so naturally a great part of the gags in the picture involve the Oakie and Berle efforts to get Bob to sleep. Everything is hunky dory and the boys become big shots in the radio world with their "followed" songs, until Bob, disappointed in love, becomes afflicted with insomnia.

In for laughs is Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, and for romance we have Kenny Baker and a pretty young newcomer named Ann Miller, who knows how to tap dance. Kenny sings several song hits, the best being "Good Night, Angel." The top musical number is "Speak Your Heart," and is sung beautifully by Jane Froman of radio fame. If you liked "Three Men on a Horse" you'll like this.

**The Goldwyn Follies**

**A Lavish And Vastly Entertaining Film—UA**

When Producer Goldwyn makes a musical, Producer Goldwyn doesn't quibble. The best is none too good for Producer Goldwyn, even if it costs two million dollars. And in this, his newest musical, done in Technicolor and mounted richly in the lavish manner, you will find the "best" in everything.

There's that little squirt Charlie McCarthy, who makes his picture debut (we won't count those shorts he did years ago) on Edgar Bergen's knee and handles quips in great style with comedian Phil Baker. There's Helen Jepson, the opera star, who causes all music lovers (and me too) to swoon in the aisles with her exquisite singing of "Traviata."

There's Zorina, the ballerina (and pretty, too) and the American Ballet of the Metropolitan Opera—and Zorina's "Water Nymph" ballet in blue and white, staged by the famous George Balanchine. There's Kenny Baker, who delights the soul with his singing of "Love Walked In" and "Love Is Here to Stay." There's the Ritz Brothers, madder and goofier than ever, with a nutty rendition of "Pussy, Pussy, Pussy" accompanied by an avalanche of real cats. There's much, much more.

But top honors go to Andrea Leeds and Adolphe Menjou, two of the "best" actors in the industry. Andrea plays a lovely, unspoiled girl from the country whom Producer Menjou names "Miss Humanities" and brings to Hollywood to help him put the "human element" in his pictures.

**The Adventures of Marco Polo**

**Turning A Colorful Page Of Romantic History—UA**

Here is the most delightful and thrillingly spectacular adventure film since the good old days of swash-buckling Douglas Fairbanks. Kids will go mad about it—and don't think the adults won't like it too. It has all the essentials of a movie: romance, humor, action, goosepimples and heroes.

Gary Cooper is fittingly cast as Marco Polo, Venetian adventurer of the thirteenth century, and according to history the first man of the Western world to penetrate China. Marco Polo's purpose is to negotiate a trade agreement with the great Kublai Khan in Pekin, and after a hazardous journey across Asia he arrives within the nautical walls of the Khan only to discover himself up to his ears in intrigue.

He meets the lovely princess in the garden, teaches her the new and gentle art of kissing, and straightway meets the cold hatred of Basil Rathbone, the wicked Saracen adviser of the good Khan. After many hair-breadth escapes from death Gary manages to save the throne for Kublai Khan and rescue the princess (Sigrid Gurie) from the villainous Rathbone.
A YANK AT OXFORD

In Which Our Handsomest Movie Hero Proves His Mettle—M-G-M

This is the muchly discussed picture made by M-G-M at its newly established studios in Denham, England, and for which they sent Robert Taylor, mobbed by gushing women, on his sensational trip to Europe.

It seems to be well worth all the trouble. In fact it is a most refreshing and delightful picture, and a godsend to Robert Taylor who proves to all the sneering manhood of America that he is no "pretty boy." Wain'll they get a look at the Taylor physique?

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the English girl who falls in love with Bob, and Lionel Barrymore plays his doting father. Excellent English "types" are Vivien Leigh at the cote college widow who tries to capture Bob, and Edmund Gwenn as an Oxford dean. A thrilling rowing sequence on the Thames marks the climax of the picture.

EVERYBODY SING

GRAND FUN—DON'T MISS 3Rl—M-G-M

This is your opportunity to hear Fanny Brice, the one and only Fanny Brice, sing "Quainty, Dainty Me," and it's so funny it will have you rolling in the aisles. It is indeed grand to have Fanny Brice, New York's most idolized comedienne since the day Fio Ziegfeld "discovered" her for his Folies, hinging her delightful brand of comedy to the screen.

Of second special interest, this picture marks the sudden rise to glory of little Miss Judy Garland who sings "Swing, Mr. Mendelssohn" and "I Wanna Swing" as "swing" music never has been sung before. As you've probably suspected this is a musical, but it is combined with, of all things, a goofy family comedy! And what a merry number it makes!

Judy plays the daughter of Billie Burke and Reginald Owen, a couple of daffy theatrical folk who have come upon evil times. To save her family from debt Judy decides to carve out a career of her own, and is aided in doing so by Allan Jones, their singing cook, and Fanny Brice, the family maid. Lynn Carver, Judy's older sister, falls in love with Allan Jones and that looks after the romance and gives Allan a chance to sing a swell number-called "The One I Love."

PARADISE FOR THREE

This Will Help Brighten Your Day—M-G-M

FRANK MORGAN plays a millionaire soap manufacturer who is delighted to discover that he has won, under another name, one of his own prizes offered in a radio slogan contest. This, he decides, is his opportunity to learn how the other half lives, so, incognito, he takes the Alpine trip offered as a prize.

Fanny Brice, Henry Armetta, Judy Garland and Allan Jones in "Everybody Sing."

An impoverished young man, Robert Young, who simply can't find a job no matter how hard he tries, also wins a trip in the radio contest. Complications arise when the manager of the hotel is tipped off by Mr. Morgan's meddling housekeeper that the famous soap industrialist is there incognito, and the manager promptly believes that Bob Young is the millionaire.

And to add to the confusion Mr. Morgan's daughter: Dorothy Rice, arrives at the hotel, falls in love with Bob, but must conceal her identity.

It's all quite mad and merry and winterish and reaches a new high in low comedy when the dignified Edna Mae Oliver starts going down the side of a mountain on a pair of skis—while she tries to keep her skirts down. There's an excellent cast, with Mary Astor playing a scheming divorcée who endeavors to compromise first Bob and then Mr. Morgan when she learns he is the millionaire; Reginald Owen as a baffled butler; Herman Bing as a snobbish hotel porter; and Henry Hull as a dish washer who becomes the daffy millionaire's buddy. There are plenty of chuckles and guffaws.

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS

For All True Lovers of Mystery Yarns—M-G-M

ARSENE LUPIN, Europe's famous jewel thief, wasn't drowned in the Seine after all, it seems. But, in the person of Melyn Douglas, has been discovered by good old Metro, raising pigs and living down his past on a charming country estate.

However, when a nasty crook breaks open a safe, steals some famous emeralds, and scrabbles the likeness of Arsene's signature across the safe, Monsieur Lupin feels that it is now time to disclose his identity and protect himself. Working on the case is an American detective, Warren William, and the one-time thief and the detective join forces and eventually track down the real offender. Beautiful Virginia Bruce plays Arsene's fiancée.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER

In Which Ed. G. Robinson Reforms—J2

Here's one of the funniest pictures you'll ever be lucky enough to see. It's simply full of laughs, great big belly laughs. Eddie Robinson plays a reformed public enemy with a tender heart for orphans. Comes "repeal" and Eddie decides to become a gentleman brewer and he takes on his former gangsters, Allen Jenkins, Harold Huber and Edward Brophy, as house servants. Ruth Donnelly is his wife and has strict instructions to act like a lady, but her efforts at pretty manners, as well as those of the boys, are a terrific flop.

Jane Bryan plays Eddie's sweet little daughter who has been away at school, and Willard Parker, a newcomer, her boy friend.
Brings new aid to Women's Skin!

this new Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

"A cleansing cream that also nourishes the skin is a great achievement"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

A new kind of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin."

But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Pond's, Dept. T.T.S-C.R, 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.

Name.

Street.

City.

State.

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Tuesdays, 8:00 P. M., E.S.T., N.B.C. Blue Network

SILVER SCREEN
SOME FISH STORIES

Dedicated To The Men Who Catch Their Own And The Women Who Have To Cook Them.

By

Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pre-tested)

MEN, as a rule, like seafood in all its forms and these recipes cover a wide variety of the denizens of the deep. Many of them are so new as to be appearing for the first time in print; others are well known epicurean delights. Fish should be an important item in our diet because it supplies several elements not contained in meat, particularly iodine.

FISH FILLETS WITH GREEN OLIVE SAUCE

Cover fish fillets with boiling water, add a few sprigs of parsley, a small piece of bay leaf, a few slices of carrot, celery leaves, salt and pepper. Simmer for 5 minutes. Remove fish to a hot pyrex platter and keep hot. Boil liquid 2 or 3 minutes, strain and use in following sauce:

4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons Hecker's flour
1 cup fish stock
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 cup Sunbeam olives, cut in strips
Salt and pepper

Melt half the butter and blend in the flour. Add fish stock gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add remaining ingredients and pour over fish.

FILLETS OF FISH EN PAPILLOTTES

This is a decorative and unusual dish if the case, or papillottes, are made of Cellophane instead of ordinary greaseproof paper. Wash some fish fillets, season with salt, pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cut oblong pieces of Cellophane large enough to completely and loosely envelop a fillet. Lay a fillet on each piece of this. Skin some tomatoes and slice finely. Put 3 slices on each fillet, place dabs of butter on tomato, then fold and roll edges of Cellophane until fillet is encased. Place on a baking sheet and bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven. Serve on a hot platter in the "papillottes."

SMOKED WHITEFISH BAKED IN TOMATO SOUP

Put 1 smoked whitefish in a pyrex baking dish. Add 2 onions, sliced, 1/2 green pepper, chopped, 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, salt and pepper and bake for 90 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.)

TROUT AMANDINE

This is a famous dish in old New Orleans, flavored in the French manner. In a bright little restaurant known as La Louisiana, Chef Amadeo compiled his favorite recipe to me many months ago. You may use trout or pompano or any white fish of mild flavor.

Tenderloin a deep-sea speckled trout, season with salt and pepper, dust with flour and fry until golden brown in butter. Re-

move from fire, add about 1/4 cup blanched almonds, cut julienne style, to the butter and the juice of 1 lemon. Pour almond butter sauce over trout and when ready to serve sprinkle with chopped parsley.

TROUT is more often than otherwise dipped in flour or fine bread crumbs and browned in deep, boiling cooking oil but the above recipe and the one below are interesting and novel changes.

TROUT CAPRICE

Take a trout for each person. Clean and dip them in milk. Drain and roll in flour. Season with salt and pepper and fry in a little butter at the frying stage. Brown on both sides. Remove to serving platter. In same butter fry banana halves, placing a half on each trout. Melt a little more butter, to which you add some lemon juice which you pour when at finishing stage on fish and bananas. Serve at once.

COLDFISH PUTS

1/2 pound salted codfish
1 cup mashed potatoes
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced chives or parsley
2 well beaten eggs
Spry for frying

Soak codfish in cold water half an hour. Drain, cover with fresh water, simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Drain, squeeze out water and shred with fork. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. If potatoes are cold and dry, a little milk must be added. Spoon mixture lightly into deep, hot fat, (300° F.). Brown drain and drain on absorbent paper. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

SEAFOOD PLATTER

Remove black veins from a jar of Sunbeam wet shrimp. Heat in a little butter. Cover 1/4 pound scallops with boiling water, season highly with salt and pepper, add a slice of lemon. Simmer 5 minutes, Drain. Dip a dozen oysters into well seasoned bread crumbs and fry in cooking oil until lightly browned. Season 1/4 pound smelts with salt and pepper and fry in butter over low heat. Arrange all seafood on hot platter, garnish with lemon and parsley and serve at once.
"I've found LOVE"
says
ANNE SHIRLEY

"With women, Romance comes first... that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

LOVELY SKIN wins romance — and holds it,“ says this charming young screen star. “So don’t risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do — by removing stale rouge and powder thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap.”

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores — Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin smooth!

Don’t let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil your looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth — gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood’s way — by removing cosmetics thoroughly with this ACTIVE lather.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it

SILVER SCREEN
Projection—Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 55)

"You can't improve on Myrna—William Powell will break into paragraphs whenever you mention Myrna to him. Recently he said, "Ever since Myrna played the role of Nora in the first "Thin Man" (she was really playing Myrna Loy), thousands of men have wanted to marry her. It seems that Nora was the kind of a wife they had been looking for all their lives. She was every man's dream of what a wife should be—beautiful and glamorous with a sense of humor, provocative and feminine without being saucy or sharp, a perfect pad who never lost her temper, jumped at conclusions, or nagged a guy. Charming, sophisticated domesticity, that's Nora—and that's Myrna.

Mr. Powell's nine-to-six wife left the ranch at the age of seven and moved with her family to a frame house on Fifth Avenue, Helena, Montana. Not far away lived Judge Cooper and his lanky boy Frank, who later turned out to be Gary Cooper, but I don't have to tell you that. Gary doesn't remember much about Myrna except that she had freckles and red hair and used to play "The Wedding of the Winds" very badly. Myrna doesn't remember much about Gary except that he used to call her a "sissy" because she was afraid to go into a dark cellar.

Mr. Williams' health had been bad ever since the birth of Myrna's younger brother David, and so Mr. Williams decided to avoid a bleak Montana winter by bringing his family on a visit to Santa Monica. One day he obtained a pass from a friend and took Myrna through the Universal Studios. In utter fascination she stood in a corner of the stage, timidly clasping at her father's hand, and watched for hours while Jack Pickford, William Farnum and Dorothy Davenport acted before the camera. When they returned to Helena several months later Myrna had definitely made up her mind that the theatre would be her life's work.

She wasn't beautiful, she knew that. She must have an extra talent as her entree. Dancing! That was it! After weeks of pestering her family she managed to miss Alice Thompson, a dancing teacher in Helena, for instruction. She proved an apt pupil—her "Bluebird" dance was quite as convincing as this suggests. Myrna great hopes for a professional career.

Mr. Williams died in the flu epidemic of 1918 and Myrna was the pokiest of types. Her mother decided to sell their possessions in Montana and move to the warm sunshine of California. In 1919 they moved to Culver City and Myrna entered the Westlake School for Girls, but after a year or two thought school too dull decided that she liked public school better.

While in high school she taught dancing in the Culver City dancing school for twenty-five dollars a month—and only a few blocks from the massive gates of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios! Those massive gates are only opening for Myrna Loy's car today, but at that time she had about as much chance of getting into the White House as she did of getting into the Metro studio. It was after she had graduated from the Venice High School that Myrna decided to take a job dancing in the chorus of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. She was in the chorus for a year and three months.

About this time a photographer named Henry Weyman, who was Kissel's pecker- type of beauty, and asked her to pose for some photographs. He believed that she had great screen possibilities. When the famous Valentino and his wife visited his studio one day, Weyman showed them the photographs of his "find," and Valentino promptly sent for Myrna and asked her to make a screen test. The test was not good, but it marked the beginning of a friendship that lasted up until the time of Valentino's death in New York City. She had given up her job dancing in anticipation of making pictures, and then she fell ill, lying left for her to do but try the crash- gate system. The system wasn't so hot. Then, one day, my big opportunity came." Gary Cooper, Mr. Williams' photographer, who was to make a screen test. But it was not to be a screen test of myself, as I sadly learned later. It was to be a costume test and they would do up my make-up on to hide my freckles. For weeks after that I sat around the casting office waiting for even the good luck of making a costume test. Finally Chitty Cabanne, the director, saw me. He informed me that he wanted me to play the role of the Madonna in "Ben Hur." My hopes soared high. The Madonna role was given to me after a screen test. At last I was an actress! Three hours later they took it away from me and gave it to Bette Davis. They said I looked too Oriental.

However, Myrna was given a small bit in the picture, that of the "fallen woman," and was paid one thousand dollars a day for doing it. This was the beginning of a long series of "menace" and native girl roles that almost finished off my career. My second picture was a thirty-five dollar a day bit in "Pretty Ladies," which started Norma Shearer. She also was a native girl. She was a girl named Lucille Le Sueur, who soon afterwards was to become Joan Crawford. Only recently, Joan and Myrna renewed a friendship which began at that time.

Then came "What Price Beauty," the picture which Valentino's wife, Natacha, produced. Finally Chitty Cabanne, wearing her amazing headresses and slinking her way across the screen exuding glamour. "I didn't want to want to be exotie," she says, "I wanted to be a normal young girl. But it seems I was typed already."

Through Lowell Sherman she was brought to the attention of the Warner Brothers, and in her first long term contract. She went from Oriental to native. Tackling pictures, came in and out of the industry, and in time, Myrna, the "girl" had to admit she had made her name as the "star." After "The Squall" she decided she would never play another native girl. But she did.

The first person to discover that Myrna had talent to do other types of roles was the man to whom she is now married, Arthur Hornblow. At that time Myrna, who was dancing in "The Devil's Pay," was free lancing and Hornblow was a producer at United Artists. He got her a sympathetic part in "The Devil's Pay." At the box-office "Myrna" was a big success and the producer was so pleased with his picture star that he offered her a contract. What do you think he offered her? Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb." That's how Coty guards against Lipstick patching.
He Supplies the Background

(Continued from page 55)

Like a doctor going to Vienna to brush up on his medicine.

"Name some of the outstanding plays you have done," we asked him.

He took a deep breath, a characteristic habit when he is talking. "Well, I was in 'Uncle Vanya,' with Lilian Gish and Os- good Perkins. Mention his name, I'm sure it will please his wife, 'The Good Fairy,' with Helen Hayes. 'The Late Christopher Bean,' with Pauline Lord. 'The Bishop Misbehaves,' with Jane Wyatt. But I have never done anything in pictures that I have done on the stage." Again that deep breath, but this time it was like a sigh. "I don't exactly regret it. Sometimes you break your heart doing things on the screen."

He digressed on the relative merits of stage and screen, and pointed out the differences in stage and screen acting.

"I like working in Hollywood, and my experiences here have been on the whole very pleasant. But the screen is primarily the director's medium, and as an actor, I derive greater satisfaction from the stage. You know, for a long time I refused to come to Hollywood. It took me fifteen years to recover from my first experience as a motion picture player. I made a picture with William Fairman in 1917. But what a tremendous progress the movies have made in fifteen years, when I came to Hollywood in 1932! The movies have come of age, and today, no serious actor can ignore the screen. Now everybody goes to the movies. The stage cannot duplicate some of the wonderful things we are seeing on the screen today. You can't have whole armies marching, oceans and forests in all their natural hues, cities and real streets on the stage. And your acting on the screen is a permanent record. It doesn't die with you. And then of course, the screen actor has a world-wide audience. These are advantages that cannot be overlooked."

"On the other hand," Mr. Connolly went on, "on the stage you are playing with an audience, a living audience. Every actor knows what playing with an audience means. There is a certain subtle and pow- erful bond that must be established between the actor and his audience before he can play truly. On the stage you stand on your own feet, create your character yourself, and are not a puppet in the hands of the director, the cameraman, the sound engineer, the film cutter, etc. On the stage, furthermore, you are the master of your own career. But in pictures, you work for the boss. You are put under long-term contract, and the boss controls your career. You have to do what he wants you to. If once you score as a villain, or as a nice daddy, chances are he will want you to play villains or nice daddies the rest of your life. Fortunately, in Harry Cohen, I have a good boss, I get more offers to play nice daddies, but I have also played rather hard boiled chaps, too. I have a really stark role in 'Penitentiary.'"

Mr. Connolly believes that the screen is a decidedly more difficult medium for the character actor. "On the stage you release for four weeks, on the screen, 15 minutes. Often, never. The leading man and woman have merely to project their own personalities on the screen. They play themselves. But your character man has to play somebody else, and he has a very short time to do it in. He has to be pretty accurate in his acting, and this requires long experience in dealing with living audiences.

"Many directors don’t want you to rehearse at all. Time and again I have worked out characters in my mind in great detail, to find that the director had entirely different ideas about it. There is another difficulty to consider. The script in neither stage nor screen work is perfect. But on the stage you have four weeks to experiment with the script. On the screen you have to do your repair work half an hour before shooting starts. Sometimes the studio will spend $50,000 to improve a certain scene after it has been shot, but this doesn’t happen very often. The expense is prohibi-
tive."

Florence George, former Chicago Civic Opera singer, with her chow dog, monkey and parrot. She’s in "College Swing," but the pets stay at home.

Silver Screen
His favorite color? "It's not a good policy to name favorites in this business. Hollywood has created the concentration point of the acting talent in the world. Scores of players have their individual merits. I am a great admirer of Paul Muni, also of Charles Laughton. Both are so-called character actors who have the lead, but like the finished technique of William Powell. And Tyrone Power, I believe, will go places."

His own favorite role? "Claudette Colbert's father in 'It Happened One Night.' I still hear about it."

Mr. Connolly has sincere admiration for the Hollywood of today, "Producers and technicians are always experimenting to improve their product. Speaking as a character actor, I have only one wish: That Hollywood would do away with those heroes and heroines and villains, do away with all tints, and put real human beings on the screen. As things are now, the character actor is the stuffing in the pudding."

Presently Mrs. Connolly (Nedda Harrigan, a Broadway star in her own right who is now working in a film) entered the room with their daughter, Ann. Mr. Connolly has a hair of steel gray, but his wife looks about 25, a slender, strikingly attractive brunette. There is a crisp, aristocratic air about her. They have been married since 1920. Ann is 19, a healthy young girl of type. Both of her parents are brown-eyed, but she has blue eyes. "She doesn't look like either of us, she has taken after her grandmother," her father said with a fond look in her direction, "She wants to go on the stage, I hope she will make good."

It was time for us to leave, and he walked us through the garden, "I never dreamed of owning a house before. I love this garden. My happiest memories of childhood are associated with the summers I spent on a farm. I have been a nature lover since then. One of my problems is what to do with these olives. I would like to have some to know how to pick them. I want to lay in a supply of homemade olive oil—we like French and Italian cooking—but I don't know whether I should squeeze them green or black."

The character actor was talking like a country squire.

Part of the Show

[Continued from page 59] sun-bathing disposed themselves practically on the beach, and a number of these cuties practiced their tap dancing. Doorplates on the bedrooms bear such names as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, etc., on private room-endowments. The age limit for admission is 18 to 35. You can share a room with another girl for as little as $8 a week. The rates for private rooms run up to $3 a week. Board is included. We have dined there; the meals are excellent. The Club is affiliated with the national Y. W. C. A., but for use in the residence music and the girls' music classes. The Club is open all night. The girls can smoke in their rooms, and they come in the library and lounges until 1 a.m.

There is always something going on at the Studio Club—a minstrel show, plays, and occasional parties. In addition to lectures and athletic contests, its social life is informal and democratic. The Studio Club is an institution, where, as one girl expressed it, "stars and extras rub elbows with reckless abandon."

One of our favorite people in Hollywood is Miss Williams, the secretary of the Studio Club for the past seven years. A woman of wide sympathies and a lovely smile, she has had to solve innumerable problems—illness and accidents, hay fever and marriage, dining and sleeping, mental unbalance, and even suicide and murder. During the past three years more than a thousand girls have found shelter at the Studio Club in time of their greatest need. Naturally, there have been many dramatic cases, but Miss Williams hesitates to mention them, because they have been the exceptions and not the rule.

Unemployment is the greatest problem now in Hollywood. Many club residents have to face. Said Miss Williams, "Since the depression we have had to carry a larger number of girls who could not pay, and although the majority try to pay their accounts when they do secure employment, we have found it necessary to write to a larger amount each year for uncollectable and doubtful accounts. We consider this a legitimate charge and a service for which we exist."

During the past few years Hollywood has become a model of efficiency. There is an increasing demand for models by studios as well as advertisement agencies, and today Hollywood boasts a Bohemia only second to London and Paris. Hollywood engaged fourteen models from New York for the "Vogues of 1928," and they were really a select group of competent vendors of tooth-paste and cigarettes and lingerie and fur coats, but Russell Patterson, a New York magazine illustrator, now under contract to Paramount, tells me that the country's most beautiful models are to be found in Hollywood, which has become a goal of those radiant, shapely creatures who send the holds headed rows into rhapsodies of delight.

Under the circumstances it is inevitable that Hollywood should have its Greenwich Village, which is centered in the artist and Models Club, of which I have had the honor of being a member for the past three years, presided over by Miss Williams. For purposes of membership the meaning of this word has been stretched to include practitioners of the seven arts, of which models in the profession of outing salable words is one.

This is a non-profit corporation, which can supply any type of artist, artist's model, and make a model at that. It holds open house every Friday afternoon,
when members of the club drop in to talk shop. Once a month it gives a strictly invitational party, and its annual balls, known as "Mystery Bacchanale," are famous festivals of stripped pulchritude and dandipat. This year's ball enjoyed the sponsorship of Paramount studio. This organization, furthermore, gives an annual marriage party, for its founder and president, Doris Hartman, is a born matchmaker.

For a year Doris was the only model Dean Cornwell employed. Her figure can be seen in the famed murals of the Los Angeles Public Library. She has posed for McClelland Barclay, Willy Pogany and other celebrated artists. She is 24, curvaceous, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She is writing a technical book on modeling, has sold fiction and articles to magazines, and her lyrics are enjoyed greatly in the inner circles of Hollywood's Bohemia.

Here are a few facts and opinions on modeling and the model situation in Hollywood, according to Doris, who is the model authority in this area.

There are about 500 models, and 5,000 artists. Modeling has become a definite profession for girls, with its ethics, established price scales, traditions. But it's a precarious profession. Calls for work are few and far between. All models are something else besides—film dancers, nightclub singers, dress designers, actresses, stenographers, etc. Violet Ovshisky, a well-known model, works in the fan mail department of the MGM studio. She is 19, was graduated with honors from Beverly Hills High School, Elissa Bohne, a luscious brunette with a Madonna face, works as a cashier in a Los Angeles store.

"The model works only spasmodically," Doris says, "and can never tell from one week to the next how much work she will or will not have. Nevertheless, she must keep in perfect training like a good soldier and always be ready for a call at any hour of the day or night." Some will pose in the nude, others will not. It seems models who pose in the nude are elected with an itching mania, but they can't scratch, and must retain their pose, which requires the infinite patience of Job. Try to hold a pose for five minutes, and you will get the idea. Acrobatic stunts are in the day's work. Doris once had to stand on her head for an hour and a half, twenty minutes at a time, for a sculptress who was doing an upside-down figure.

"The hips and the bust should measure exactly the same," Doris says, if a girl is to be considered an ideal model. But in Europe the standards differ. European artists prefer girls with wider hips, from two to three inches wider than the bust. Models for sculptors should be well muscled, even if they are slim. Painters like interesting and vivid coloring. Modern painters prefer strong bodies with vivid coloring, even sun tan. The older artists and academicians like a pearly, iridescent white skin. No nude model should permit herself to get bathing suit lines, as this ruins her for painting, drawing, or photography. She should acquire a tan all over.

This club has a notable marital record. Besides eight successful marriages within its own membership, it has been directly or indirectly responsible for numerous trips to the altar. Models marry not only artists and photographers, but writers, doctors, business men, lawyers. They make good wives.

Lynn Bailey, a romantic brunette, is secretary of the Artists and Models Club, and is recognized as the outstanding model on the Coast. She was elected Queen of the "Mystery Bacchanale" from 156 entrants, the requirements for this honor being beauty, talent, and personal charm. For two years she worked in the cutting department of the Paramount Studio, and meanwhile
Are you the TYPE that's
Lucky in love?

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited...I know, because I've seen it happen...Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, and more, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you will find the one that can "do things" for you.

For one certain color can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness...make it vibrant, alive! Another color that looks almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the only color that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes...the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

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You can paste this on a penny postcard

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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SILVER SCREEN
Flashshots
[Continued from page 23]
to their antics. That was something!
Dancing around, the same evening, and evidently thoroughly enjoying it was Frank Shields, movie actor and tennis star. His dancing partner when I photographed him was a charming red-haired girl who, as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, carries one of the most potent social names in America.
Zsa Zsa Gabor, of the henny hands and sad-eyed Comedy face, I caught as she arrived for dinner at "21" one night. Her companion was busy paying the taxicab and I never did discover who he was.
This summer, out in Hollywood, one of the loveliest looking girls I met was Virginia Field, who was rapidly climbing the ladder of success on the Fox lot. She turned up in New York, glowing and blonde, with David Hutchinson, the English actor, and Auriel Lee, the writer and producer. It was with surprise that Auriel re-introduced Miss Field to me as her niece. I had often heard Auriel speak of her niece in Hollywood with pride and affection, but I had had no idea that it was Virginia Field.
Another night in New York I saw June Lang with A. C. Blumenthal, who is one of the town’s characters and financial wizards. Their arrival from the Coast had been much heralded in the newspapers, which seemed to overlook the fact that, although separated from him, he is still legally married to Peggy Fears, a former Follies girl with a charming singing voice, who is most often in the papers for being sued by a dressmaker or some other such person—which intensely annoys La Fears. However, Blumenthal and the beauteous Miss Lang seemed immensely fond of one another and made no attempt to hide it.

Legs Helped!
[Continued from page 21]
girls everywhere have legs, knees, often times dimples and even, in the interests of truth, thighs. There is just no telling where they will take us! Legs are like that. Each and every pair of “curving poems” is a potential hazard to the Hollywood stars! Of course one must concede a certain talent and individuality, if not beauty, but all things being equal, if the general form is not of the knock-knock variety the studio is very apt to say “who’s there?” to the novitate and from that point you’re on your own!
Why, Joan Crawford, who, as a dancing daughter upper her way to stardom and Finer Things, is finding that several poor pictures coming in rapid succession calls for extreme measures—so our Jeannie is taking the matter advisedly and in her latest, “Mannequin,” the twin goddess of the Tone family come in for some extra cheering.
Now you may not be a Betty Grable—I might as well tell you I’m not one myself—but you mustn’t let that discourage you. Betty, whose legs are insured for $5,000,000, or should be if I’ve made that up, is Really Something when it comes to the abbreviated or “short short” costume. If those young legs don’t deceive me she is destined to become a sort of Carole Joan Rogers, I only hope, as the Great Grable, that she won’t forget the legs which gave her her start—that, most important of all, she won’t outgrow them!
For legs have definitely come to pay!

SEE THAT
REINDEER HUNTER’S SMILE
Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life—yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter’s teeth properly exercised—wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods—give our teeth too little healthful exercise.
MODERN TEETH NEED DENTYNE!
That special, firm consistency of Dentyne invites more vigorous chewing exercise — stimulates the circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues—stimulates the salivary glands too, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne’s a real aid to sturdier, whiter teeth!

YOU’LL ENJOY ITS SPICY FLAVOR!
A spiciness that’s sweetly smooth—irresistibly delicious! And notice how handily the Dentyne package slips into your pocket or handbag—that neatly flat, round-cornered shape is a feature exclusively Dentyne’s.
when asking for a date with her.

"Listen, Sandra," he told her, "I've got a past you won't find in Gloria Swanson's picture book. We've got several girls trying out for it, but you're the type I've told the boss about you and he wants to see you right away so he can give you a tryout. And if you're good, I'll be right over for you."

"But, Mr. Lemson," she said, her head whirling, "is it right now the only time I could see him? I have a date and ..."

"A date!" Pudge sneered. "You've been trying to crash the films for six months and now I'm giving you a chance, you've gotta date!"

He was right, she had to admit. With hundreds of dollars of her family's money staked on her slim chances at success, it would be like stealing to refuse. The chances were Chuck would still be at the studio when she got there. Being in pictures himself he'd understand.

"I'm sorry," she told Pudge, "it's just that I was so excited. I'll come of course."

"Well, Beautiful, that sounds more like you!" he said, lapsing into the intimate tone she found so detestable. "Make the lovely little self-super-seductive and I'll be right over."

She hated the way he watched her coming downstairs, the soft feel of his thick hand on her arm. Even the sleek, chromed minicab outside the room that still didn't thrill her as it should have. What if she shouldn't be able to find Chuck? What if Mrs. Lemson couldn't deliver the note she'd left in case he came. In spite of his love for her, there was a certain bitterness about Chuck, a knowledge of Hollywood's scheming that made him think anything. Oh, but he mustn't! She turned her head quickly and looked out at the passing lights, jerking herself free of Pudge's tender arm.

"Okay! save all the kisses for the lion-tamer. Maybe he'll need 'em," he added significantly.

She lowered to ask him what he meant, to find out if her suspicions about trouble with the Princess were true, but he restrained himself.

Later, after they'd been identified by the watchman and passed through the gates, Pudge stopped the car.

"Wait here a minute," he told her, "The Boss said he'd be on the 'Society Scandals' lot. I'll go and hunt him up.

In a few minutes she heard his heavy step on the gravel outside the same moment she was aware of a tall figure approaching the car. A figure that, even in the fading light, she recognized as Chuck's.

Chuck had seen her. She was half out of the car, eager to tell him her good news. Then, Pudge stepped between them and encircled her arm with his.

"Lo animal-trainer," he greeted jeeringly, "Sorry to disappoint you, but Sandra's my date this evening."

"Chuck!" she gasped. "There was an encore against the sudden hardness in his eyes. "Chuck, please, let me explain. It's ..."

"While under his tan, his mouth curled in a mocking smile. "Don't tell me. Maybe I can guess," he answered sarcastically. "I know what it is, it's a joke. A great big joke!"

She knew Chuck was right. He always had been too dense to see it. Thank you for explaining it to me," he told Pudge. "It proves that even rats are good for something."

"Too stunned to speak or move, Sandra watched him shore Pudge contemptuously aside and stride away.

"Aw, Beautiful, can't you take a joke," Pudge whined, recollying from the fury in her eyes, "I just did it to show you he wasn't worth wasting your time with. I'll get you in to see the Boss soon, honest I will. Now let's go somewhere and have a little supper."

Wordlessly, she pushed him off, ashamed of the chauffeur's impulsive lack of the onlooker who had stepped to gaze curiously at them. Another few minutes more in the car outside the studio gates. Too miserable to consider expense, she hailed a taxi.

Hollywood had waited six months before it recognized her existence. Then it had whirled to the heights and dashed her to the blackest depths, all in a few hours.

The next morning, her eyes huge with lack of sleep, she called Chuck's director, Mr. Darnley. He told her, the secretary, a pleasant girl, had told him that she was on the lot, "I wonder if you were allowing visitors today?"

"On second thought I'll leave word at the gate," the girl told her.

"And listen," Sandra said lightly, "don't mention to Mr. Rates that I'm coming. I'd visit the 'Jungle Princess' lot, she told the man who tried to stop her. Thinking her someone of importance, he let her stay and she sat down on some props as far as she could from the director. The assistant was the only person assistant as she could. Photographers were trying out camera angles, electricians were wheeling lights about. In the confusion, Sandra knew, no one would bother about her.

Her heart pounding painfully she searched the fake jungle scene for Chuck's broad shoulders. What if he didn't come today? What if she had to count the minutes, the seconds of another nightmarish night without having told him her being with Lemson was all a ghastly trick.

Lemson! She half turned around. Was her loathing for playing tricks on her heart she had the man in the blue overalls speak his name? She listened.

"Sure it was him. I'd know that fat carco anywhere." The man kept to listen with wire. "He took the whip out from his coat and pocketed her like this smack between the eyes. And did she let him do it? Fit to be tied! Under the circumstances he didn't have a family to support, I could tell 'em quick enough why they're having trouble with that there animal."

After that, the car had moved away. Sandra sat, too horrified to think coherently. Her instinct that they were having trouble with the Princess was true. More than true, it was a nightmare she hadn't imagined. And it was Pudge's doing. In his rage at Chuck's knocking him down and, as he thought, cutting in between her, with Sandra, he was trying to make the Princess wild, unmanageable. If she were ruined for pictures, Chuck would be ruined too.
And this all! Though she was only a cub, the Princess was a powerful animal, perhaps not strong enough to kill, but to maim and disfigure, yes.

She turned again, eyes back to the set. There was Chuck now—her Chuck, the fire in her pulses told her, yet separated from her by an abyss of misunderstanding. Even though this was the hour of the signal, everyone was quiet. The cameras were in readiness. There was a tense expectancy in the air.

"All ready, Mr. Bates?" she heard the director ask quietly.

"Hold a minute," Chuck's deep voice called. "Tell me that whip off the chair, someone.

Sandra gave a horrified sob. The whip was the one with the weighted handle that had disappeared the day before. Certainly rushed in on her and grew to a flood of fear. Pudgy Lemson had stolen it! It was the whip the men had seen him beating the Princess with!

The cameras were grinding now. Chuck, whip in hand was crouching on the ground waiting. In a moment, she remembered from the rehearsal, the Princess would be released from a cage behind a clump of bushes. There was a low growl, the sound of the cage door being raised, the director's hand slid nervously to his holster.

Suddenly, every numbed nerve in Sandra's body leaped awake. She must warn Chuck that sight of the whip would lash the Princess to fury. Blindly she rushed forward, her dry throat trying to cry out a warning. "The whip!... throw away the whip!" She felt as if she were shouting it, yet her lips barely whispered.

She flung herself forward just before the Princess leaped. For a blind instant she was conscious of a flying, black body, of a rending pain in her arm, of a shot that whizzed harmlessly past her head. Then her fingers closed over the whip and she flung it from her with all her strength. After that, she didn't know any more.

She awoke to find herself in a sunlit room with her arm hurting and Chuck bending over her.

"Chuck, they didn't shoot her?" she asked, clinging to his hand.

"No, darling," he soothed. "The Princess is all right and very penitent about scratching you up so badly. Now please don't try to talk any more.

"Oh but Chuck I must. I didn't go out on a date with Pudgy that night. You must understand... ? Please try to say:"

"Honey, I do," he said gently. "Mrs. Doherty explained most of it—the old gossip must have been listening in on the extension. And I beat Lemson into admitting the rest, including the mysterious disappearance of the whip and its return an hour before we were ready to start shooting. Yes, sweetness," he stopped her as she tried to talk again, "after the accident, the electrician you overheard, told me the whole story. I didn't give Lemson credit for knowing enough about animal psychology to realize that sight of the whip he'd beaten her with would send the Princess wild! Now not a word or I won't tell you the rest.

She opened her mouth. "B—but..."

"Well, I see, there's only one way to keep your mouth shut," he sighed in mock exasperation. "The news can wait." Tidying her as if she were made of glass, he took her gently in his arms.

After a long kiss, he let her go.

"Now will you listen?" he teased. "While you were flogging your lovely, gallant little self between the Princess and me yesterday, Markinson had three cameras training on us. He's got five hundred feet of thrilling that the cutting room says makes your hair stand straight up. That makes two contracts waiting for you. One for the feature Parthenon is going to make you and me and the Princess out of it."

"And the other?" Sandra asked shyly.

"One I got just in case you're still willing to marry a no-account animal-trainer. Oh, Sandra," he said, dropping his kidding tone, and leaning his bronzed face against her hand, "Don't say you've changed your mind. I couldn't stand it."

And, since she'd been told not to talk, Sandra let her soft lips tell him in a language that has it all over mere words.

---

If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:

- Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next...wasting carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!

- Creamy-luscious, Hinds rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable. Not a bit gummy. Hinds helps put back softness that office work, harsh soaps, blustery winds take away. Now contains Vitamins D and A! Use Hinds for smooth, kissable Honeymoon Hands! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

---

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

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Silver Screen 71
MEN LOVE
Peppy GIRLS!

IF you are happy and peppy and full of fun,
a man will take you places. If you are lively,
they will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are cross and ill-tempered and always
tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men
don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to
enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are
full of pep.

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 from the functional disorders which
women must endure in the third ordeal of life:
1. Turned red and applied in the privacy of your
own chamber, 2. Preparing for motherhood, 3. Approaching "middle age."

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of famous
Pinkham's Compound TODAY from your druggist. Enjoy life as Nature intended.

Lydia E. Pinkham
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

REDUCE NEWEST WAY

With all of Acetous Food. Abstain from food. Lose naturally 1 to 2 lbs. a week. Retain energy and health.
Sustaining concentrated product, one Dollar, postpaid.
Brewed Laboratories, Lincoln, New York.

The BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE at Home!

Why let prematurely gray hair make you look far older than your years? Now, with a better reme-
dy and more money than you have ever spent for the primary averm of grey hair. This folk home, costing only a few cents, any man or woman can get rid of this social and business handicap.

Simply get from your druggist one-fourth ounce of glycerin, one ounce of bay rum, and a box of Barbo
Compound. Mix these in one-half pint of water, or your druggist will mix it for you. This colorless
liquid will impart a natural-like color to faded, gray
hair. This color will not wash out, does not affect
permanent or waving, will not color the scalp, and adds
to the beauty, luster, softness and youth of your hair.

If you want to look ten years younger in ten days
start with barbo today.

Still a Fan

(Continued from page 34)

mouth, I think that's quite a coincidence,
don't you?"
Yes, Una Merkel, it is a coincidence.
But it's more than that when a person
like yourself can remain so warm and
conscientious and retain the human quality
that so often disappears when success sets
in. Without knowing Carole Lombard, I
am positive she has all these same qualities.
Otherwise she would not appeal to anyone
of Una's high standards. And Una is just
the little lady who can tell us why Carole
did appeal to her so much.
"This may sound like a strange thing to
say about Carole Lombard," Una went on
seriously. "But honestly—she brings out all
the mother instinct in me. I've always
wanted to mother everyone, prac-
tically, but Boris Karloff. But there is some-
thing special about Carole that makes
people concern themselves over her. It's partly
because she is always so interested in every-
one else. She never spares herself for a
moment. She loves to meet people and she
loves to listen to what they have to say.
There is no pretense about her. She says
what she thinks. Then, too, Carole looks
like she needs mothering. When I first met
her, I got the impression that she was frail.
But I soon found out who the 'frail one'
really was!"
"When we went up to Lake Arrowhead
to do some water scenes, Carole and I
shared the same bungalow. Living under
the same roof is the quickest way for two
persons to know each other. We stayed
a week and I shall never forget the won-
terful time we had. Carole arrived on the
first day of shooting; which happened to be
her birthday. She walked in, early in the
morning, lugging two suitcases. One was
new and expensive looking. The other was
old and battered. It was covered with per-
fume stains inside. On one end I noticed
the initials, C. P. Carole saw me puzzling
over them and in answer to my curious
look, she yelled out from her room, 'Re-
member—I was once married to Philo Vance.' (To you and you who don't know
your movie history, Philo Vance was played
by William Powell.)
"Carole never takes a maid with her, so
I went into her room to talk while she un-
packed. She began unloading things—all sorts of strange stuff. There was an
old cracked hand mirror, the first she had
ever used. There was her original makeup
robe, a cheap Chinese silk thing, thread-
bare and worn, that just hit her at the
knees. Carole wrapped it around herself
as if it were a table coat. All the time
she was unpacking, she kept waving her
hands, running back and forth across the
room, opening and shutting drawers much
the same as she does in her pictures.
"Knowing the Lombard sense of humor
only too well, the entire company framed
a lot of gags. Every time Carole lit a cigarette,
she'd get an exploding match. Being a past
master at pulling gags herself, she knew
most of the tricks only too well. The one
they eventually caught her on was one that
just happened to be her favorite of favorites.
Innocently she picked up a glass of water.
As she short musical to her lips, it's consens trickled merrily down her neck.
"At lunch time Clark Gable and Carole's
two colored servants arrived from Holly-
wood. Clark brought several individually
wrapped presents, probably because he
knows how much Carole loves to open
packages. One box contained every size,
from the smallest to the largest bottle, of
Carole's favorite Channel Number Five per-
fume. Another gift was a tiny heart on a
chain. Through the center ran an arrow of
rubies.
"Our director Wesley Ruggles had re-
placed all the electric light globes with flash-
light bulbs. Just as the excitement was
dying down, Carole went into her bath-
room. There was a terrific flash and Carole
came screaming out. Rest assured that be-
fore she went to bed that night, she saw
to it that a flashlight bulb was planted in
Mr. Ruggles' room. Finally, when Carole
got ready for bed, she turned back the
covers. There, resting on her pillow, was
a huge rubber spider. Carole took it big
and then she noticed a note pinned to the
pillow. It had been there left by her two
servants, just before they left for Holly-
wood. 'We miss you and wish you were
back, darling. Please come home soon, read
your message to Carole.'
"The next morning Carole was on the
set promptly at nine. We could hear her
shouting good-morning to everyone long
before she came in sight. In spite of all her
kidding Carole sets a wonderful example

Virginia Grey is an M-G-M starlet. She likes
sailing and swimming and maybe she likes to
make movies, too. Everyone is al-
ready, "The Canary Comes Across."

Silver Screen
on the set. She has a great capacity for work and never lets down for seconds. Carole’s enthusiasm carried the whole troupe with a high morale. Before the second week was over, the picture we were working on was five days ahead of schedule. There was only one retake for the entire production. In Hollywood we call that a record.

“One night when we got back to the bungalow, Carole went to her room and I went to mine. We kept shouting back and forth but she couldn’t hear what I was saying. Finally, she came and stood in the doorway. Her feet were bare and her teeth were chattering. (She had been doing water scenes all day.) She kept trying to put one bare foot on the other and balance herself, as she tried to keep warm. That didn’t bother her. She was really concerned because she couldn’t reach the middle of her back to remove the body makeup she used to make her skin look tan. Hesitantly, she asked me if I would come into the bathroom and wash her back for her.

“Washing Carole Lombard’s back was a far cry from Covington, Kentucky. I wished the folks back there could have seen me then. Carole kept up a steady flow of conversation. We both were laughing so hard, I don’t think Carole got very good service. But she seemed to be satisfied. Then she got into a flannel night gown and over it put on a satin bed jacket. I came in later on to say good night. Clark Gable had also given Carole a gun for her birthday. There she was sitting straight up in bed, aiming at different objects around the room and carrying on an imaginary attack.

“I learned a great deal working with Carole. And one thing in particular. If Carole has anything to complain about, she does it before the picture starts. But once she is set for a job, she allows nothing to interfere. In this way everyone on the set has a chance to do his own job to the best of his ability. Every day’s work is a new experience for Carole. She gets so excited at each new thing. And burns up so much energy doing it. She always feels well. But Loretta, her hairdresser, who has been with her nine years, is always worrying because Carole doesn’t gain weight. It’s very hard to keep from worr-
ing about Carole Lombard. And right now I’m going to do a little worrying and wondering if I will ever be lucky enough to be in a picture with her again.

Shortly after, Una had had Carole Lombard goodbye, a huge bowl of daisies ar-

\[\text{\textbf{ROMANCE AHEAD}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{for the girl who corrects}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{that Misfit Makeup!}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{THAT’S THE WAY TO END MISFIT MAKEUP...un-
related cosmetics that clash, that can’t possibly look well together or on you. Men want you to look natural...smooth—and that calls for...\textbf{MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...Marvelous Face Powder, rouge and lipstick...eye makeup too...in color-harmonized sets. It’s makeup that matches you...for Marvelous Makeup is keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.\textbf{THAT’S HOW to be sure you’re following Nature’s color plan for you. That’s the way to know your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest. Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts, endorse this new eye-matched makeup. Thousands of women are much more attractive since they’ve discovered it.\textbf{THE PRICE IS LOW...start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need...or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55c each. (Canada 65c). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises: If your \textbf{eyes are...}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{BLUE}}\ldots\text{...wear Dresden type}

\[\text{\textbf{GRAY}}\ldots\text{...wear Pastician type}

\[\text{\textbf{HAZEL}}\ldots\text{...wear Continental type}

\[\text{TONIGHT...be a heart-stirrer—try this matched makeup that matches you!}}\]

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\[\text{\textbf{MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut}}\]

\[\text{\textbf{Try it!}}\]

\[\text{Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much better you’ll be with makeup that matches...and matches you.}

\[\text{RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M,}

\[100 Fifth Avenue, New York City}

\[SU 4-388\]

\[I enclose 20 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup...harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:}

\[\text{My eyes are...}\]

\[\text{Blue} \square \text{Brown} \square \text{Gray} \square \text{Hazel} \square \text{State...}

\[\text{Silver Screen} \quad 73\]
Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart play back-gammon between scenes of "Island in the Sky."

Here They Come!

[Continued from page 57]

Far more renowned already than Miss Bruna is Danielle Darrieux, whom I have only seen so far in French films. After her exquisite portrayal in "Mayerling," however, I cannot see how she can fail to be a serious contender for first honors. As a matter of fact she got her start in musical comedies and it was something of a gamble that Anatole Litvak made when he cast her opposite Charles Boyer in "Mayerling." She has those qualities I have referred to earlier to a remarkable degree.

Our own Anne Shirley is someone to keep an eye on. She has been in films ever since she wore baby clothes and the experience is a tremendous asset. You must surely remember her fine performance in "Anne of Green Gables" as well as many other minor parts she handled brilliantly. It remained for "Stella Dallas" to really test her talents. As little Laurel, torn between love and contempt for her mother, she vitalized the re-make of a film classic and gave certain notice that she was well embarked on the perilous road to stardom.

Then there is Gloria Dickson, who came from the stage to films to make a vivid impression in one motion picture, "They Won't Forget." As the wife of the doomed young Northerner in the show, she brought a forthright, convincing quality to her impersonation which one usually only finds with veteran character actors. It is too soon to be at all certain whether or not she has the true stuff of greatness in her, but she is someone to look carefully at in future roles. Lana Turner, who appeared in the same film, has the beauty and vivid magnetism to carry her far, but she, too, will need more experience before one can judge her talents fully.

There are two Hungarian actresses who are being counted on for big things in Hollywood. One is Ilona Massey, a peasant girl who had varied experience in the Budapest theater before she was called to Hollywood. In "Rosalie" she demonstrated a shy beauty and an artistry that will stand her in good stead. Francisca Gaal, who has an important role in "The Buccaneer," is the other. She has had a bigger break to begin with than her compatriot. She has shown that she was worthy of it. Cecil B. DeMille is too keen a showman to bank on mediocrity.

A younger who has made a profound impression on me is Vivien Leigh, the English actress who appeared in "Fire Over England" and "Dark Journey." She trained hard for her career and it shows in her masterly acting. Beyond that she has an enchanting dark beauty and tremendous appeal, put whatever adjective you want before it. I shall certainly hurry to see the next film in which she appears here.

Obviously, there are actors and actresses who are so close to stardom that it is difficult to realize that they are generally classified as only featured players. Rosalind Russell, for example, is one of these. If she continues as she has been going, she will unquestionably take her place among the top-flight stars. Oscar Homolka is another. I have never seen him give a bad performance and he was superb in "Ebb Tide." You can extend this list yourself by remembering some of the featured players whom you would like to see carrying films on their own shoulders. Akim Tamiroff, the swashbuckling cameroneer of "The Buccaneer," is an actor who might very well do the sort of historical characterization for which Charles Laughton is justly famous.

There are others who at least have an even chance to reach the top rung. Mr. Zanuck has great hopes for Marjorie Weaver, who was so good in "Second Honeymoon." The dark-haired Mary Maguire, whom you will probably remember in "Alcatraz Island," is counted on for important performances and so is Jane Bryan, who did an excellent job in "Marked Woman."

As I have written above, though, this is not an attempt to definitely prophecy who the stars of tomorrow will be. I have been writing about films too long not to know that too many incautious things can happen to a screen career. What I am certain of is the fact that we, as film-goers, will have the final say in who the new stars are to be. When we see striking performances in minor roles and talk to people about them, we are moulding the destinies of the top-flight players of the future as no spectators have ever had the chance to do in all history.
Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 15]

Columbia

And what do you suppose I find here? Only one—count it—one—picture shooting. But such a one. It's fittingly called "There's Always A Woman," but WHAT a woman, as Tyrone Power keeps saying in "In Old Chicago" (free plug. Mr. Zanuck). Only this woman is Joan Blondell whereas Tyrone's woman is only Alice Faye and if Miss Blondell can't act circles around Miss Faye the editor can keep this month's check (but don't take me too literally on that!)

To make a long story short (who got smart and said I couldn't?) Melvyn Douglas is a detective who resigned from the secret service to open his own agency. No business is forthcoming and when the landlord threatens to evict him he gets his old job back. But the rent is paid to the first so Joan (his wife) takes over. (Could I ask you, have said more in fewer words?) She gets a client whose husband is writing notes to his ex-wife and the ex-wife is writing notes to him. Although she is engaged now to another. Wife No. 2 wants to know the context of the letters and Joan is employed to find out. She (Joan) bamboozles Mel to taking her to the Skyline Club where Wife No. 1, Hubby No. 2 and the intended are spending a quiet (?) evening. Before the evening is over (although in justice to the Skyline Club they have left there and are safe at home) Hubby is shot—and killed. (What a gory month this turned out to be). Joan puts the finger on the intended so, to hush her up, the intended and his lawyer hire Joan as their detective. Naturally, Joan has to shift her tactics and say the intended isn't the murderer after all. (What that girl doesn't know about detecting would fill volumes). Mel gets wind of what Joan is doing. She is gumming up the case for the D.A.'s office so he hides in the closet. Joan comes trickling in to the bedroom, completely and utterly worn out (a hard day's detecting and shopping—mostly shopping) goes to the phone and dials a number. She is calling the lawyer—Mr. Kettering.

"Hello" she begins querulously, "Oh, hello, Mr. Kettering—I've marvelous news for you... Yes, yes... I tried to get you earlier and then later I was busy myself—shopping... What?" her voice changes and takes on a puzzled tone. "The good news? Oh! Well, it's not exactly good," remembering, "it looks bad for poor Mr. Marlowe (the intended, you know)... Yes, but don't you worry, I have a plan!" If I can get rid of my husband, I'm starting out at eight o'clock and—No, I can't tell you yet. Huh!" She seems a little discouraged because Mr. Kettering seems to be becoming just a trifle—just a little—minded you—anxiously. "No, I can't tell you yet because I'm not quite sure what the plan is—Goodbye, Mr. Kettering." She hangs up the phone, crosses toward the dresser pulling off her hat and glasses as she goes. She turns to the closet, opens the door and Mr. Douglas falls stiffly and slowly out of the closet. She screams in terror.

They rehearse this scene over and over because Mr. Douglas says a corpse (which he is pretending to be) would sort of crump up when the door was opened, and collapse. But Henry Freulich, the head cameraman, says it's more effective to have Mr. Douglas fall out rigid. I say if Mr. Douglas was a corpse he would have crumpised up and collapsed in the closet before the door was opened. But nobody pays any attention to me because Joan...
would practically have to step on him to
discover him.

I used to know that Frulich when he
was just a cub and now look! He's a head
camera man and I'm still a set-trotter. If
some of these people don't start subsidizing
me I'm going to write an article called "I
Knew Them When" and when I do, baby,
there are going to be some red faces in
Hollywood. Why, I can remember when Joe
Manickiewicz used to drive a Ford and
Norman Krann had nothing—nothing, I
tell you—except a lot of brass.

When the scene is finished Joan and I
sit gabbling and presently Mr. Douglas
walks by with his mouth full and his jaws
working furiously. "Now what are you
calling?" Joan demands.

"Candy," Mr. D manages to get out.

"And you on a diet!" Joan scoffs.

"I'm eating candy to burn up fat," Mr.
D explains.

Now, I've heard everything! There's no
use staying here because no one could pos-
sibly top that. So I proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

Three pictures going on here—"Four Men
and a Prayer" (isn't that a swell title?)
with Loretta Young, Reginald Denny, Don
Niven and I don't know who the other two
are but they're probably Tyrone Power and
Don Ameche; "Kentucky Moonshine" with
the Ritz Brothers and Tony Martin, to say
nothing of Marjorie Weaver and "Mr. Moto
Takes A Chance," with Peter Lorre, Ro-
chelle Hudson, Chic Chandler and Robert
Kent.

They haven't quite decided what the plot
of "Four Men and A Prayer" will be but
this scene is at a gambling table at a joint
in Buenos Aires and Reginald Denny is
Loretta's escort (that guy is really having
a run of luck). Loretta is having a run of
luck, too—with the dice.

"Better play the 'Don't.' Lynn," Reggie
advises her. "You can't make it again.

"Really, do you know," Loretta draws,
"I have a hunch this is my lucky evening.

And with that she plops her money on
"Pass."

At this point the camera shifts and we
see Mr. Niven, who gives her a smile and
also plays "Pass."

"Oh, hello," Loretta smiles back.

And the fat is in the fire. You know as
much as I do now but I'd be willing to
bet my shirt (the one that's in the laundry,
of course) that she makes the pass and also
that neither Reggie nor Davie gets her. The
dark horse, you know.

"Kentucky Moonshine." Ah, yes. I go
mostly for Arkansas moonshine but that's
another story. This story is slightly remin-
scent of the one that got Ginger Rogers
her R-K-O contract years ago. Hers was
called—oh, shuck, I forget, but Ginger
played "The Party Girl" on a radio pro-
gram. It's stupid but I also forget the name
of the gent I see playing with Marjorie
Weaver in this scene. That's what Marjorie
did to me, because he is a well-known actor
and I know his name as well as my own.

Anyhow, she holds this bird up (in a
nice way, of course) for two hundred snack-
ers and all he gets out of it is a smile.

When the scene is finished Marjorie tells
me how she got into pictures—and reminds
me to tell you that story sometime—but
all I can think of is how is not so much
to pay for one of Marge's smiles, after all.

The other picture—"Mr. Moto Takes A
Chance"—well, Rochelle isn't working today
and neither is Mr. Lorre so-o-o we'll trisage
over to—

M-G-M

"Marie Antoinette" starring Norma
Shearer and Tyrone Power you'll hear
about later (I hope). "Test Pilot" starring
Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer
Tracy, you'll hear about now if I have any
say, and ditto "Wooden Wedding" starring
Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce.

The latter two are dancing in a crowd-
ed night club and Bob is propositioning Vir-
ginia and she seems willing to listen to rea-
son, although the place is so jammed I can't
hear the dialogue clearly, I wonder if Bob
realizes how lucky he is because Virginia
has never looked lovelier (Miss Parsons, I
am sorry), she has on a gray chiffon trim-
ed in pale pink. But it's the smile she
gives me that counts.

Realizing this is my lucky day I proceed
to the last set—"Test Pilot." I barge on
to the set, Spence rushes up and gives me
a handshake the like of which I've NEVER
had. Clark booms a big "hello" across half
a stage. And then Myrna comes on the set
—and my day is ruined. She doesn't remem-
ber me!
How To Lick Mike
Fright

[Continued from page 25]

starting to run a "tough 220 yards."
Fred Allen constantly massages one hand
with the other and for variety, to emphasize
a point, he smacks the fist of one hand into
the palm of the other. He doesn't know
his own strength and often gives himself
a stinging blow. Occasionally he will tweak
his own nose. "That," he elucidates, "is so
that in case any of my gags fail that, I'm
near enough to my nose to stop all sense
of smell."

But it remained for Francis Lederer to
find the best of all possible use for hands—
someone else's hands. He claims he does
his most romantic job when he holds his lead-
ing lady's hands as he reads his love lines
to her.

Ears, too, come in for their share of at-
tention, and not just as hearing organs.
Rudy Vallee puts the lobe of his right
ear about once every second as he sings,
sparks or conducts the orchestra. Once had
his secretary grab his hand every time
he reached for his car, as an experiment to
break the habit, but after five minutes he
had to give up the experiment. Tommy
Riggs, who also is the voice of Betty Lou.
Charlie McCarthy's rival in the voice-with-
out-body class, is also an ear-puller. Whenever
he changes his voice to that of
Betty Lou he grabs his left ear lobe.

He-man Edward G. Robinson still hasn't
fully conquered his mike-fright despite the
assured manner in which he goes about
gang-busting via the air waves. He finds
ear-pulling a distinct aid to concentra-
tion. But even as he concentrates he
eyes the microphone warily as if he expected it
to hit him when he wasn't looking.
Spectacle-hitching is Charles Butter-
worth's mania. During the broadcast he
is constantly toying with his horn-rimmed
glasses. He pulls them further up on the
bridge of his nose, pulls them down a bit,
tags at the ear pieces, then puts them back,
high on the bridge of his nose again.

The fancy of back-stage drama and
romance, so long the glamorous tradition
of stage and screen, is now a part of radio.
What goes on before the microphone is
often spaced with a behind-the-scenes
flavor so dear to the heart of actors. They
have brought to radio the trick of garbling
the last or "tag line" of a play. During re-
hearsals Tyvion Power clings to the old
footlight superstition that it is bad luck to
speak the last line as it is written and so
he changes it slightly and reads it cor-
rectly only when the show goes on the air.
When he stands in front of the mike he
feels the handicap of having to elongate
in one spot. He constantly weaves as he stands
there, his body describing dozens of circles
as he goes through his lines. He worries
so much that he won't get across an emo-
tional effect that he bites his nails from
tension.

Perhaps you can excuse Frank Morgan's
microphone mannerisms on account of the
more or less perpetual state of befuddlement
he is always in. Maybe when he
played poker once he changed his luck
by walking thrice around a chair. At any
rate, he has transferred his ambivalence to
broadcasting and before he utters a word
each time he comes up to the mike, he
solemnly walks around it three times. Says
it is to insure against stumbling over a word.
Of course stumbling in his case would
mean reading his lines "straight" which
would take him out of his tumbling
characterization, if you know what I mean.

Did you know that position, which is sup-
posed to be everything in life, also counts
at the mike? It does to Miriam Hopkins.
When last she appeared as a guest artist

New Cream
with "Skin-Vitamin"
does More than Ever
for your skin

TODAY something new is
possible in beauty creams!
A thing not dreamed of only a
few years ago!
One of the vitamins has been
found to be a special aid to the
skin. This vitamin is now known
to heal wounds and ugly burns
— quicker! It even prevents
infections in wounds!
And this "skin-vitamin" you
are now getting in Pond's Van-
ishing Cream.

You have always used Pond's Van-
ishing Cream for vanishing
away skin blemishes and making
sky smooth for powder. Now
this famous cream brings added
benefits.
Use it as you always have.
After a few weeks you will just see
how much better your skin looks
— clearer, fresher!
In Pond's Vanishing Cream,
this precious "skin-vitamin" is
now carried right to the skin.
It nourishes the skin! This is
not the "sunshine" vitamin.
Not the orange-juice vitamin.
It is the vitamin that especially
helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars... Same Labels... Same Price

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-
vitamin" Vanishing Cream to-
morrow. You will find it in the
same jars, with the same labels,
at the same price. Women who
have tried it say they're "just
crazy" about it.

The Countess de la Falaise
says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing
Cream before powder and sweatcoat. Now it's simply magical.
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SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM
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Pond's, Dept. 788-VR, Clifton, N.J.
Of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough
to make 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-
vitamin" Creams and 1 different shade of Pond's Face
Powder, enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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she insisted upon standing to the right of the microphone while the program director wanted her to shift to the left, "It's silly to insist upon the right side," she com-
tessed, "but the first time I broadcast my right side was turned to the audience and now it has become such a habit, I'm un-
comfortable otherwise." She got her way, Jane Froman, on the other hand, is upset unless allowed to sing on the left side of the microphone.

Tunerners who might like to close their eyes and listen to Grace Moore sing, may also act along with her. Miss Moore throws her head back and closes her eyes dreamily when singing softly of love; but her features get all wound up and contorted when she sings something dramatic. She, too, has a favorite mike side. To the right of the mike when singing alone, and to the left of the other singer in a duct.

Despite all the noise she makes, Martha Raye approaches the mike on tiptoes, as if afraid to disturb it. She has the knack of seeming to sing well with the least possible effort. It's easy to tell when her song is nearing its end; she grabs the mike rod with one hand and throws kisses at it with the other hand.

Frances Langford, on the other hand, stands with her face sidewise to the microphone and when singing a particularly fetching bit of lyric, leans her head toward it as if offering a check to be kissed.

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Mascara in
match variety.
Cream-form
Mascara with
zipper case.
Colors—Black,
Brown, Blue.

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Beautiful Eyes
this finer Mascara

Of course you want the natural appearance of long, dark, curling lashes—what woman doesn't? Well, there is no longer any possible excuse for blank, unattractive eyes or scraggly lashes when Maybelline Mascara is so reasonably priced. A few simple brush strokes of either the solid or cream-form will give your lashes radiant beauty instantly. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, and keeps lashes soft and silky. Velvety Black, Midnight Blue, or rich shade of Brown. Vanity size, in beautiful metal case or tube, 75c. Purse sizes at all 10c stores. Beautiful eyes are yours for the asking when you ask for Maybelline Mascara.

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Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Blue, Brown. Maybelline
Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-Grey, Brown, Green, Violet.

match Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow for complete harmony

Fashion decrees, and make-up experts agree that you must now harmonize your entire eye make-up. Match your Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow with your Mascara for naturalness—this is the newest note in beauty, and in no way can you achieve this better than with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. The exquisitely smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil forms lovely, graceful eyebrows—and a subtle touch of colorful Maybelline Eye Shadow will work wonders for the sparkle in your eyes.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS IN THE WORLD

LARGEST SELLING
SILVER SCREEN

In one of the more scorching times she wags her head and pouts her lower lip saucily and will make faces at poor, in-
nocent Mike.

When it comes to expending a lot of nervous energy at the mike, the award for first honors has to be cut three ways and given to George Burns, Eddie Cantor and Jack Oakie. Cantor is a human dynamo as he runs off and on stage to see that his cast is ready, makes faces at Deanna Durbin while she sings, or goes into a dance when the orchestra plays a rhythm number.

Just as jittery as Cantor is George Burns, Gracie Allen's husband and the object of her radio idote. He hardly stands still even while speaking. Gracie and George go in for a great deal of facial gestures to amuse the studio audience. But once their stint is over, she is a model of composure as she seeks a secluded spot to sit down. George, however, walks around and around the studio, talks to friends in the audience, cues the others for their lines, and in gen-
eral acting as if something terrible were about to happen and seemingly a bit dis-
abled, the other eye, the other hand.

"It's all for the laughs," says Jack Oakie as he jogs up to the mike. He broadcasts from a high kitchen stool and drives the cast crazy by changing lines and giggling. Tries to confuse his partner, Stu Erwin, by ad libbing lines. Erwin retaliates. Whichever mutts a reply has to pay for the other's supper. His sponsors, a cigarette firm, con-
sider Jack a good advertisement and have arranged that he be permitted to smoke at the mike as proof that the cigarettes are good for jittery nerves. Well, maybe Jack would be even more of a bouncing boy if he didn't smoke them.

So, there you have them, a bunch of the microphone mannerisms of your movie favorites. And when you hear them, just remember that they have only the micro-
phone for company: no elaborate stage sets to help them sustain their moods. Nothing but their cigars, hats, handkerchiefs and hands to help them. By means of these ac-
cessories and idiosyncrasies the artists hold to the elusive personalities which you know so well. No scientist can tell you what Jack Benny's cigar does or the overtones of his voice, but because of it Jack enters your room with the magic of his person-
ality.

Crows-feet, circles, and crepey lids detract so much from any woman's appearance. Help keep smooth and soft the tender skin area around the eyes by using this beneficial Special Eye Cream. Apply it faithfully every night for most pleasing results. Liberal introductory sizes at ten cent stores.
would have turned me away, for he would have found someone else. I might have been stalled about for months. The picture was "Side Streets." I was so surprised at the ease with which I got that job, I just stared. Behind me were years of dreams. Months of hope, weeks of vain seeking, hunger, disappointment. Nighs of going to preview just to see stars going in and coming out. Often I had stood for hours outside of theaters because I had no money. And often I had been hungry.

"You'll get five dollars a day—when you work," Arnow told me. "Get yourself made up."

"What does that mean?" I asked. "Do stand-ins."

The publicity man pulled me out of the office, took me to the make-up department, where I was made up for the first and last time during my Hollywood career by a professional cosmetician—such workers as I am put on their own—and was hustled off to the sound stage.

The day was paralyzed, but I got by. I was so gopsy, and jumpy, and excited over what I saw, heard, and felt that it's all very hard to describe. Everybody thought the sound stage looked like what goes on. To sum it up generally, I might say that I had dreamed of that day and anything nearer it seemed like a dream. I met Ann Doran and Aileen MacMahon, and Al Green, the director, and was amazed by the confusion of it all. I was in.

That was in January, and I worked intermittently until June, or July. There was a seasonal slack after I stood in for Miss Lowe's walk-out. Again, I started to get hungry. I didn't tell my family about any of this, because they were so strict— I mean about what I was hungry and spellbound. I didn't tell my brother because he had been so good to me when he hadn't had much money. Besides, I'd made a bargain with him to make my own friends and my own way.

The next scene opens with me getting a job playing the piano in accompaniment to Pert Kelton in a little picture with a live actress, which I think I played very well and, had I not chosen motion pictures, I should have liked to have been a concert pianist. Pert gave me a job playing at her family's hotel for the summer for board and lodging and my spending money came from my radio work.

My sister came out to see me.

"Still want to work in pictures," she asked me.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you'd better get out and hustle yourself a job then," she told me. "I'll stake you for a while."

I haunted the Warner studios, I got turned down so many times that I got desperate. I figured out a way to sneak onto the set, and when the first and last I'd worked with, and he was fond of me. I dived through three doors, two departments, across a couple of studio streets, and into set.

"I've got to have work," I said. "I'm hungry."

That was true. My sister had just left Hollywood.

"I know how you feel," Green said, smiling. "Margaret Lindsay needs a stand-in."

That was wonderful! I got five dollars a day, on and off, for several months. I started rooming with Sally Sage—we had a four dollar a week room—and when I wasn't working Sally was, and vice versa. That was how we managed to eat. Sally stands in for Betie Davis.

During 1933, three years after my Hollywood invasion, I was making $15 a week on an average. Then, finally, I was assigned to Olivia de Havilland, who was making her first picture, "Midsummer Night's Dream." I was given twenty-five dollars a week. Just a few months ago I was put in touch with the Screen Actors' Guild, and I was making 350 dollars a week, whether I work or not. Regular stand-ins, not in stock, make six dollars a day of thirty-three dollars a week, thanks to the Screen Actors' Guild.

This takes me over the rough spots and puts me where I am today. During this time many interesting things have happened. One was in January, 1937, when my brother, with whom I now live, bought me a 1929 Chevrolet which cost one hundred dollars. This was one of the biggest moments in my life. It is very hard to get around Hollywood, and particularly to study like drivers which is out in the valley, without transportation. Another highlight is when my brother traded a lot worth three hundred dollars to a man who worked in the Chevrolet in trade, and gave him a 1936 sedan of better make which had all but two hundred dollars paid on it, plus a 1929 Chevrolet coupled. I didn't try to figure out that deal, though, unless you want to go crazy. It's typically Hollywood.

Another big moment came when I went home in 1935 and gave me the train fare and I went day work. This is another example of how a girl can get by. I went to my home in Bolivar and saw my family and friends. Knowing about the big Cotton Carnival in Memphis, sixty miles away, I went down there. I didn't have a place to stay, so took a hotel. I knew a lot of people, and before long I was right in the swing of things. I had an interview over the radio, during which the drums and the picture came out of the Memphis Commercial Appeal questioned me about my Hollywood experiences, and a personal appearance at a theater. I got enough from personal appearance to pay my hotel bill. I didn't have an evening gown to wear for the personal appearance so I promised to mention the gown and the shop where I got it if the owner would loan me one, I got it.

On the day of the parade two noted women players from Hollywood wore six cars back while I was sitting with the big shots in the car behind the mayor. I was escorted home by a bunch of newspaper men and the mayor of Bolivar, my home town, gave me the key to the city. The Chamber of Commerce gave me a big luncheon. When I left, everybody came down to see me off, bringing candy and flowers. And to think I was thinking for a day—"cinch!!"

The year in Hollywood had made me resourceful. I walked up to the porter and whispered in his ear.

"I've got to put on an act," I said. "Let me slip into a photofax with you?"

"Shore, man!" he said.

"Now, about my work," I said. "I earn my money. I'm up at 6:30 in the morning. I'm made up and on the set at eight. I work longer hours and harder physically than the stars. The reason for this is that the lights, cameras and sound men take longer when the players arrive. They turn on the lights at seven. They go home at about six, or a little later. I stay around half an hour longer with the other stand-ins while the first scene for the next day is arranged. During the day I spend more time under the lights, which are very hot, than the players do, because I have longer to get set-up for the shot than to actually take it. When I am not working, I talk to..."
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other stand-ins, or the principals, or whoever happens to be around, or read a book, or knit. For my work, I wear low-heeled shoes, as that draws attention to a woman's foot. That's not hard. Now and then, when Olivia is in long shots, far from the camera, where there is no chance of her features being seen by the audience, I am an actress and play her role so she can save her strength. Many players have this arrangement.

I know a great many stand-ins, Sally Sage, whom I am working for Bette Davis—or with her—has been mar-
ried. Jack Goodrich, who stands-in for Dick Powell, is sure he'll be an actor some day, and he has learned French and Spanish, to be ready for foreign language pictures, between scenes on the sets. Fern Barry, with whom I work for Harry Hayes, is now in stock at Warner Brothers, and believes this is her great opportunity. I have known ex-dentists, ex-cooks, ex-dag-ducatives, the actresses, ex-baby stars, and a large number of relatives of principals who have done and are doing stand-in work. Few, so far, have gotten very far.

The reason for this handicap is that the stand-in in some cases looks too much like the star. For instance, Bill Howard, Edward Arnold's stand-in in pictures, because he looks so much like Ed. Although Mary Dees got a break in finishing the late and lovely Miss de Lisle's picture, "Saratoga," she is handicapped, I think, by this same trouble. As I don't look like anyone but myself I believe I have a chance to become an actress in my own right.

The only stand-in I know who is really successful as an actress is Adalyn Doyle, stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. There is a chance we will hear from any of the Doyles—there are four girls—at any time, because they are all very ambitious, and talented, and don't look like anybody but themselves.

Do I like the stars? Yes. I like some better than others. To us, the stars are all human. We are human, and we have our likes and dislikes. I'm very fond of Olivia, not because I work with her, but because she is a fine person. Other favorites of mine are Kay Francis, Bette Davis, George Brent and Marion Davies. I have generally ob-
erved that the ones who have been in pictures for a long time and are up at the top are less liberal with ones I don't care for are those who come up quickly, cause quite a sensation and die just as quickly.

Do I envy them? No. All day long I talk with the people you see from the screen. As the hours drift by, these talks often become personal. I learn about their heart-
aching and dislikes. I'm very fond of Olivia, not because I work with her, but because she is a fine person. Other favorites of mine are Kay Francis, Bette Davis, George Brent and Marion Davies. I have generally ob-
erved that the ones who have been in pictures for a long time and are up at the top are less liberal with ones I don't care for are those who come up quickly, cause quite a sensation and die just as quickly.

Being a good stand-in is a job. Standing under lights is not all of it. I have to watch all of the action which takes place on the stage so that I will be able to duplic-
ate the action when standing-in. This saves the director time. He doesn't have to worry about me. He's a very busy man. He's apt to be late with a new stand-in.

For this reason, the best stand-in is one who has ambition to act. I have this am-
bition, of course, I watch everything that goes on and guess how the principals will play the scene. I figure out how I would play it, and then compare my ideas with the principals' actions. In this way, I im-
prove my own ability, such as it is.

I have mentioned the fact that I am in stock. This means that the studio has been very kind. Instead of sitting home and wait-
vainly for a call and not getting paid between my principal's pictures, I rank as an actress, I have had this rank since No-
vember of last year. I am called to work in "bils." I have been a script girl in "Mystery of Hunting's Hill" and an hyster-
tical hank cowk in "Torchy Blaine in Panama." I love to see my name on the screen, even if I only scream or say, "Yes, sir," or carry a torch in a mob.

But there's that luck I spoke about at first. There was one chance in ten thou-
sands of getting the job, and the principals will be the right sized girl in the right office at the right time—when somebody was looking for me. I figure that if I become a fea-
tured player the odds are just about the same. I've discounted any chance of suc-
cess. If I get it, I'll be hysterical with joy because I've drifted myself not to expect it. If I do not get it, I won't be disappointed. This is the way to avoid heart-
break in Hollywood, It is those who hope not far from the stars, who are making enough money to have a few comforts now, and I am resigned to being a carbon copy always if necessary. This is not a bad thought. I mean to do it with good grace. Because, as long as I'm not known on the screen I can keep going. If my face becomes known and people tire of me, I'll go through. That's one of the problems of being famous that I don't have to worry about.

Janet Gaynor is soon to start work on "The Young in Heart," for David Selznick.
Tips, Bonuses, Thank You's Gifts

[Continued from page 29]

Instead of giving gifts at the close of a picture, Frances Dee gives them out right at the beginning. Featured opposite her husband, Joel McCrea, in "Wells Fargo," Frances presented handsome crystal hand necklace watches to her make-up girl, hairdresser and wardrobe people the second day they worked with her in the picture. Other gifts elaborate billfolds or fancy pins.

Workers on Pat O'Brien pictures generally get what they deserve. One expensive, liquid refreshments, James Caughey sometimes gives baskets of fruit or boxes of candy and once in a while someone gets a case of something pretty nice to drink from Jimmie. Bette Davis buys presents by the hundreds for her cast and crew, and little Jane Withers also "comes through" right handsomely.

Lots of directors give presents, including Lloyd Bacon and Wesley Ruggles. Wes is a playfull fellow just like his brother Charlie. Some men have weaknesses for wine, women and song. Ruggles found out that with Fred MacMurray it is peanut butter sand- wiches, so he got the actor what he wanted. So what did he do when MacMurray finished work in "True Confession" but present him on the set with a dozen gallon jars of peanut butter and some half-a-hundred leves of rye bread?

Director William Wyler always throws expensive parties for his whole staff, and Director Gregory La Cava delights to give both parties and gifts when he finishes a picture.

Kay Francis is anything but comical when a picture of hers is ended. When Idara, her wardrobe woman, found a new roadster at her doorstep last Christmas and a man in corn and a man in color, and learned that the car was just a little gift from Kay, well, you can imagine how she felt—or can you? She really managed a gasp of, "And you—did you hire her to be my chauffeur?" The man smiled and said: "Not exactly. You see, Miss Francis knew you couldn't drive, and you would have no idea how here she the day before, was insurance papers and an Auto Club membership paid up in full!

Clairde Colbert, at the closing of "I Saw Him In Her," offered Wesley Ruggles's secretary a watch and sent gowns, slacks, make-up kits to the make-up and wardrobe girls and hairdressers, and others received checks for varied sums and small baskets of California dates.

Francisca Galé remembered her director, Cecil B. De Mille, with a case of rare Hungarian champagne on the opening day of "Bucanneer." On the completion of "Broadway Melody of 1929," Sophie Tucker gave gardenias and money to the girls and gold money clips to the masculine members of the crew.

Bobby Breen usually gives away a record of one of his songs—and here's an interest- ing thing to many folks. Beginning the New Year, he will send a record of one of his songs in "Hawaii Calls" to any blind person who writes to him. The record of the singing war will pay half the cost of this himself and his studio-boss, Sol Lesser, will pay the re- mainder. The studio figures on calls for at least 200 a day.

Irene Dunne generally gives out perfume, and Lionel Barrymore dotes on presenting etchings to all and sundry. A gift from the heart. Truly, it's apt to be most anything. And everybody's happy—the star is happy to give, the recipient is happy to receive, and the storekeeper is, of course, happy to sell. (And bow!)
THE Final Flir

THE aviation boys at the airport, where scenes of "Test Pilot" were made, simply can't say enough swell things about Clark Gable. It is customary for the pilots and mechanics, hard-boiled guys who know their business, to sneer at the pretty boys who come out from the studios to have their pictures made in a plane that never leaves the ground. But Gable they all agree is "one grand guy."

In the first place he won't let a double do the nasty work for him and take a chance on an accident. In the second place he doesn't lose his head in an emergency, and when a four motor bomber caught on fire unexpectedly the other day not only did Gable extricate himself but dragged pilot Jack Sterling from the flaming plane, and saved his life. And in the third place Gable doesn't hide in a fancy dressing room between set-ups, but pals with the boys and joins them in a mug of beer when the day's work is done.

Out at the United Airport they'll tell you about the day Gable joined the pilots for lunch, all close up in gaggles and a hood and the movie conception of what a well dressed pilot should wear. "Get a load of me," said Gable with disgust, "and I can't even fly a kite."

ONE of the newest fads in Hollywood for the ladies is Scirappli's autograph dress, which has all the names of the movie stars woven into the material. Lady Castelloff introduced the dress at Palis Springs recently, and it's a cinch it will catch on in name-conscious Hollywood.

ALLY DEVINE, claims that he has had all the concept he may have abruptly removed at the last Mac West preview. It all happened very quickly. Andy was just emerging from the preview when a kid thrust a pencil in his hand, and a scratch pad, and asked him to sign his name. Andy is nothing if not agreeable. But while he was signing his name the kid saw Mac West and was off like a flash of lightning. "I felt pretty foolish," said gravel-voiced Andy, "standing there with a self-inscribed pad in my hand."

Robert Taylor's new ranch-house out in San Fernando Valley (and very near Barbara Stanwyck's) is the most modest abode of any of the big movie stars. It has only four small rooms. And no "guest" room. Evidently Bob isn't expecting any guests.

FOLKS, meet Nissa. Nissa is the eight year old Perpador who plays "Baby" in the new Hepburn-Grant picture called "Bringing Up Baby." Nissa was a foundling, deserted by her mother when she was only a day old, and has been brought up and trained by Olga Celeste of the California Zoological Society, and is supposed to have the sweetest disposition of any leopard in the world.

But even an eight year old leopard with a sweet disposition can bite, and can bite a mouthful thirty times a day and crew of "Bringing Up Baby" were none too happy on that first day of production when Nissa was released from her cage. Cary Grant very frankly admitted he was scared stiff of Nissa, and so did everybody else in the picture except Katharine Hepburn, who showed no fear whatsoever. All Katie would do was wash her hands in peroxide and then she and Nissa would romp with abandon. You've got to hand it to the Hepburn, she has plenty of nerve.

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. Creator of Mickey Mouse
6. The lady in "Fight For Your Lady"
9. Hero of "Wells Fargo"
14. Armed conflict
15. Amateur criminologist in "True Confession"
16. Moisture condensed from the atmosphere
17. Indefinite article
18. Request
21. Single unit
22. Salt
23. Sun god
24. Natural metal
25. Beads
26. Sorrowful
28. Village blacksmith in "Swing Your Lady"
31. Excellent in "Navy Blue and Gold"
34. Perform
35. Speak
37. Southern state (abbr.)
38. Penetrated heroine in "Daughter of Shanghi"
39. Be indebted to
41. Male sheep
43. Movie
45. Truth
46. Chief
48. Mineral spring
49. Direction of compass (abbr.)
50.HOWL
51. One of the great lakes
53. House of Commons (abbr.)
54. In "True Confession"
56. Sacred songs
57. Japanese statesman
59. Organ of hearing
61. Pronoun
62. Unmarried
63. Late frill
65. Cambridge (abbr.)
66. To turn to the right
68. Exclude
70. Gaelic language
72. Ann Colby in "In Old Chicago"
76. One of the Lane sisters
77. Hated commissar in "Toward"
78. Newspaper publisher in "Nothing Sacred"

DOWN
1. "Dopey" is one of these
2. Soon to be seen in "Robin Hood"
3. Hide (abbr.)
4. In "The Girl of the Golden West"
5. Kind of ox
6. Metal
7. Machine for generating electricity
8. So be it
9. Mistress (abbr.)
10. To come to an end
11. Thoroughfare (abbr.)
12. Ever (poet.)
13. Exasperate
18. Part of the verb "to be"
21. Code
25. Form of oxygen
26. Sabih
27. Director of "Every Day's a Holiday" (initials)
28. Her latest film is "Jesabel"
29. Admire greatly
30. In "Merrily We Live"
32. Temperamental opera star in "Manhattan Merry Go Round"
33. Loveliness in the "Awful Truth"
34. Liz
36. Purple
38. Country doctor in "Nothing Sacred"
40. Female thread
41. Nimic
42. Struggling lawyer in "True Confession"
43. Highway robber in "Wells Fargo"
45. Flowering shrub
46. Concerning
50. Type measure
53. Annoy
54. Meadow
55. No longer an amateur (slang)
57. Emblem
60. Karl in "Wise Girl"
61. In "Romantic in the Dark"
62. Composition for three voices
67. Period of time
69. Everyone
70. Exclamation of interrogation
71. Italian river
72. Biblical pronoun
74. Letter of credence (abbr.)
75. Stagman (abbr.)
76. Behold

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

AKIM  HOMOLKA  DICK  NE AGO  EAT  RIO  RED
GEAR  DA  KOZ  URAL  EN LAGS I  SNAG  ML
L MERE PEG  ELLAY
JENKS  A  A REALM
BELLS  E  DIAN  NSTOP
EN LIE  EL  OPE
E  ALAN  PARI  LUD
TRACY  GRANT  NOMAD
HOR TON  ETA  ATWILL
OM  ONE  ERG  MON LE
VEER  OD  I  B1  STEH
ERE  IN  E  SCOURT  EGO
NOLAN  LUKAS  BRENE
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By her very name, Le Brun Cruger Rhinelander links historic Knickerbocker families. As the daughter of Philip Rhinelander 2nd, Le Brun naturally occupies a distinguished social position in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, and Bar Harbor.

Le Brun, herself, is frankly more interested in travel, sports, and charity work than in lineage. She has visited fourteen countries. Yet she is American to her fingertips! She prefers Bar Harbor for sailing, Aiken for hunts, Lake Placid for skiing.

"Skiing is great sport!" she says. "It takes healthy nerves, though, to make speedy descents and 'Christy' to a stop without a spill. So, I do my nerves a favor by smoking Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves!"

Miss Rhinelander (left), before joining a dinner party at The Colony. Ever since her debut, Le Brun has taken an active part in society. She always carries Camels (or sees that her escort does!).

"At all the parties," she says, "I see Camels—Camels—Camels. Good for me because I smoke nothing but Camels. When I'm tired, Camels give my energy a 'lift.'"

Turn to Camels and discover what this young debutante means when she says, "Camels agree with me—in every way!"

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