Class

Book

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A Date with Clark Gable
Don Ameche’s Confession of Faith
"I've adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

Tropic brings flattering warmth to every skin-tone—a subtle accent to smart spring costume colors. And, because it is Glazo's new Perfected Polish, Tropic wears perfectly for days!

As Joan Bennett says: "Find out for yourself what fun it is to wear!"

Your approval of Glazo's shades will include not only Tropic, but also the new Congo, Spice and Cabana. Vary them with fashion-approved Thistle, Suntan, Old Rose, Russet, Dahlia, Flame, Shell and Natural.

Lead Fashion—Wear Tropic Now
Your favorite toilet goods counter—in every city and town from coast-to-coast—is featuring Glazo's latest color sensation. See how Tropic adds new beauty to your hands and a new zest to your life!

For a perfect manicure, apply Tropic after using Glazo Polish Remover and Cuticle Remover. Extra-large sizes at all drug counters, 25¢.

I love it," SAYS JOAN BENNETT

TROPIC
NEW COAST-TO-COAST NAIL POLISH COLOR SENSATION

GLAZO'S New Perfected Polish
New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

1. LONG WEAR—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra "coverage," it meets the demand for a polish that really clings to the nails!

2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Glazo's Perfected Polish gives all 3 points of excellence to these new shades:

TROPIC—lovely with all spring costume colors.
CONGO—perfect for bright shades and prints.
SPICE—wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.
CABANA—gay with beige, yellow, green, black.

The Smart Manicure
...AND MEN CAN BE SUCH AWFUL GOSSIPS TOO!

Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply won't take out. For a girl must be more than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly sweet—nice to be near.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they can't forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of past perspiration—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor to come.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is sure.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even after you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men like to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
"Do It Again, Honey—Or
I'll Pop You In The Nose!"
—Said Director Woody Van Dyke
to Norma Shearer

And what did she say? The famed First
Lady of the Cinema popped him in the
nose and said: "Just to prove I'm not afraid
of you, honey!"

That's just a sample of some of the gay,
colorful, dramatic, intense, hilarious hap-
penings on the set of "Marie Antoinette,"
Norma Shearer's "return" picture. Tyrone
Power, John Barrymore, Reginald Gardiner
are among the picturesque gentlemen ap-
pearing with Miss Shearer—but the most
picturesque of all is "Woody" Van Dyke,
Hollywood's frankest and most fearless di-
rector. Everyone stood off and watched on
the first day of Norma's return to the studio
—would there be fireworks? How would the
star react to Director Van Dyke's devastat-
ingly candid style? Well, there was the ex-
change of bonter described above, hard
work, lots of good will—you'll enjoy Ida
Zeitlin's account of the making of this im-
portant picture, in the June issue of The
Smart Screen Magazine.

The next issue will also present among
other features: a novel article called "The
Hollywood Barometer," discussing the amaz-
ing fact that the movie-makers must be able
to read the future, to predict social and
economic trends, to say nothing of make-up
and hair styles. How do they do it? You'll
be interested in the answer. More frivolous,
perhaps, but just as widely appealing is the
feature, "Three Hollywood Glamor Girls Tell
How They Got That Second Date"—
crammed with useful advice to girls who
would be popular, from girls who are among
the most popular in the world. In fact, start-
ing right off with the stunning fashion-wise
cover of Bette Davis, the June issue of
Screenland, on sale May 6th, it is as fresh and
spontaneous as Spring itself.

May, 1938

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Cover Portrait of Deanna Durbin by Marland Stone

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They're yours... in a heart-walloping love story!

The King and Queen of the Screen, with the star of 'Captains Courageous', bring you love and adventure that will set your nerves a-tingling!

CLARK GABLE - MYRNA LOY
SPENCER TRACY
In VICTOR FLEMING'S Production

TEST PILOT

Laughter too... as Clark makes Spencer act as Myrna's stand-in! Spencer's willing but not able... if you get what we mean.

SCREEN PLAY by VINCENT LAWRENCE and WALDEMAR YOUNG
ORIGINAL STORY by FRANK WEAD - PRODUCED by LOUIS D. LIGHTON
DIRECTED by VICTOR FLEMING - A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Screenland
POWDER...
Max Factor's POWDER will enliven the beauty of your skin through the magic of color harmony shades. It creates a satin-smooth make-up that really stays on...$1.

ROUGE...
Max Factor's ROUGE in your color harmony shade will give you an appealing loveliness because the color is actually lifelike. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50c.

LIPSTICK...
Max Factor's Super-Invisible LIPSTICK in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that will look lovely for hours and hours. It's moisture-proof, too...$1.

Mary Astor
APPEARING IN COLUMBIA'S
"THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN"

You, too, will look more attractive with Color Harmony Make-Up

"Have your powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent the natural beauty of your type, then you'll have the real secret of make-up," is the advice of Hollywood's famous screen stars.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. It consists of harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick that will actually do wonders in making you look more attractive, more beautiful.

So discover this make-up secret of the stars today...share the luxury of color harmony make-up now available at nominal prices. Note coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Max Factor, Hollywood, Calif.
Send Purse-Size RoUGE and Lipstick in your color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, free. Also send coupon for special make-up test. Also send coupon for 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book. For New Max Factor Invisible Make-Up Foundation free, coupon: "The New Art of Invisible Make-Up." 1-4-41.
"AFTER A MATINEE of my latest Broadway show, a friend brought his sister to my dressing room to see me..."

"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to win success. Although pretty, her lips were rough and dry. When she asked my advice about her career...

"I TOLD HER that I thought she would benefit by using a special lipstick praised by many stage and screen beauties. Later she phoned me..."

"HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT. IT'S BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. GAVE ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME LOOK MY BEST!"

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and dept. stores - 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles - Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry), Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades, Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Kissproof Indelible Lipstick and Rouge

The story doesn't count anyway in this sort of eye and ear entertainment, so it's no matter that only the title bears resemblance to the stage play and later the film of the name. It's singing and romancing by Alice Faye and Tony Martin; humor by Fred Allen; added attractions by Jimmy Durante, Joan Davis, Marjorie Weaver, Louise Hovick and Gregory Ratoff that make it a generally pleasing musical show.

Magnificently produced, this stark and brooding narrative holds interest more because of its seemingly authentic portrayal of life in a remote Ohio community just prior to and during the Civil War, than by the heart-interest dramatics of a story concerning a clergyman, his self-sacrificing wife and an ungrateful son; impressively played by Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi and James Stewart, respectively. Good.

Wedding bells seem doomed not to ring for Richard Arlen, reporter, and his bride-to-be, Mary Astor, also a reporter, because Dick is ordered to get two goats promised as an Xmas gift to his son by Dick's boss. Melodrama (a missing heiress, kidnappers in the background, etc.), enters to complicate matters. Lionel Stander does well as the news cameraman. The spirit to be gay is strong, but the material is weak.
Her Jungle Love
Paramount

A fantastic return trip to the South Seas after the "Hurricane." You find, and it's no mean treat, Dorothy Lamour, serenely alluring in her sarong amidst Technicolor surroundings, where Ray Milland discovers her when his plane crashes. You can well believe the natives think Dorothy a "goddess," even if the typical serial plot convinces you of nothing else. A weird play but an occasionally entertaining show.

Hawaii Calls
RKO-Radio

Certain to be a huge success with the younger section of the picture-going world, this is a vehicle for Bobby Breen and his vocal talents. It is a "boy" story, with Bobby and his pal, Pau Lani, as newsboys who stow away on a liner bound for Hawaii. Trying to escape "deportation" they are instrumental in the defeat of a plot to steal Navy defense plans. Ned Sparks adds the comedy. Songs, scenery, and action for you.

The Baroness and the Butler
20th Century-Fox

Worth while for William Powell's slick, and sprightly portrayal of the butler who becomes a political power in his native Hungary on a platform opposed to that of his statesman-employer. The doings have a sophisticated air, but the appeal is wholly sentimental. Its most appreciative audiences will be the grownup ladies. Annabella, we regret to report, is unhappily cast as the baroness. Diverting much-ado-about nothing.

Bringing Up Baby
RKO-Radio

A five-ring fun circus, with Katharine Hepburn as a gorgeously goofy girl chasing the man, the lovestruck Cary Grant, who does a grand job as the scholarly zoologist torn from his museum, and the girl he thought he'd marry until Susan decides otherwise. May Robson, Walter Catlett, and Charles Ruggles lend fine support. A baby leopard and Skippy the dog are swell. The gags, not new but good, come fast.
BY THIS time you must have read a good many stories about the discovery of Tommy Kelly, 12-year-old boy from the Bronx, New York, selected from several thousand other boys all over the country to play in the picturization of Mark Twain’s classic. That isn’t news any more—but what is news, good, exciting news, is that Tommy comes through! He justifies producer David Selznick’s faith in him by giving a rarely radiant performance of the immortal Tom. Of course we credit director Norman Taurog for bringing out young Kelly’s acting talents; but the boy himself rates the lion’s share of applause and praise for his whole-souled naturalness, his keen intelligence, his un-failing eagerness to please. Tommy Kelly, we think, has won a definite place on the screen, right up there somewhere alongside Selznick’s other discovery, Freddie Bartholomew.

To Tommy Kelly, deservedly a star in his very first picture, “The Adventures of Tom Sawyer”—embodiment of the best in wholesome boyhood.

Mark Twain would have liked Tommy Kelly in the role of Tom Sawyer! Left above, the boy himself. At top on our panel of pictures, Tommy with Ann Gillis, the delightful Becky Thatcher of the film. Next, the Kelly family salutes Director Taurog: mother and father Kelly, Tommy, and June, “baby sister”—all now in Hollywood. Left, hilarious interlude: David Holt as Sid, with Tommy in the classic scene of the white-washing of the fence.
NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!
DIRECT FROM ITS
$2.00 TWO-A-DAY
TRIUMPHS!

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE!

The year's spectacular hit now comes
to you! Old Chicago reborn in all its
turbulent glory! The heart-warming,
human drama of the magnificently
O'Learys...loving tempestuously,
O'Learys fiercely...lighting validly! A family turned against
itself by one kiss stolen from
the lips of alluring Belle
Fawcett! But when dias-
ter overtakes the flamb-
ing city...once again
it is "the O'Learys
against the
world"!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
supreme achievement as a producer of distinguished entertainment.

IN OLD CHICAGO

Watch for it soon at
your favorite motion
d picture theatre.

TYRONE POWER • ALICE FAYE • DON AMEACHE
ALICE • ANDY • BRIAN
BRADY • DEVINE • DONLEVY
Phyllis BROOKS • Tom BROWN • Sidney BLACKMER
Berlon CHURCHILL • June STOREY • Paul HURST

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen play by
Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based on a story by Niven
Busch • Music & Lyrics by Gordon & Revel, Pollack & Mitchell
Try Luxor Powder. It's light-proof. Your face won't shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play 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.

Seeing is believing

With 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.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it does not please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55¢ at drug and department stores; 10¢ sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.

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**Inside The Stars' Homes**

Come to Marie Wilson's Spring Luncheon, for food and fun

**By Betty Boone**

TWO thousand fan letters a month have put Marie Wilson into second place in Warner Brothers Studio fan mail (first place held by Errol Flynn). But Marie's fans don't stop with letters; they send her gifts—flowers, trinkets, ornaments, things to wear, quilts, pets, and paintings. Her house on the hills of Hollywood is full of mementos from admirers who have seen her in pictures. Her mother complains (proudly) that a body can't step out of the front door without falling over a package for Marie.

"This little gold locket came yesterday," said Marie, touching a dainty circlet at her throat, "and the bunch of lantern flowers in that vase arrived this morning. These lovely wooden plates, salad bowl and servers were sent last week and I'm so thrilled! It's like having Christmas or birthdays all the time."

The house, which shelters not only Marie, but Marie's mother, stepfather, grandfather and two young brothers, is "Hollywood Spanish," with arched windows and heavy doors equipped with huge bolts and latches, a massive fireplace in the living room, complete with andirons, iron kettle on a swinging stand, great piles of wood, and the sort of substantial, comfortable furniture that can stand up under family wear.

"The nicest thing about it is the sky patio," bubbled Marie. "It hangs 'way up over Hollywood where we can see the lights at night, and get all the sunshine we want by day, and yet it's sheltered by the walls of the living room, breakfast room and the bedroom wing on three sides."

"We have a string of lights out there in case we want to play games or read at night, and we often drag the table out when the day is so grand we can't resist eating in the open."

Marie had her soft hair pulled back at each side and tied with ribbons, reminding me of little girls of yesterday, and accenting her eerie resemblance to the late Jean Harlow.
"I won a contest three years ago for the girl who looked most like Jean," confided my hostess. "I came up from Anaheim, California, to get the award—and do you know I made up my mind to get into pictures then? So I came and brought the whole family!"

"I've cooked ever since I was able to manage an oven. My mother believed that every girl should know all there is to be known about housekeeping, so I was taught to do it all right. Other people may run a mop around the room but we had to get down and carefully wash in the corners. No picking up something and dusting under it and then picking up something else and flicking the duster there—we had to take everything off first, then dust, and then put things back! You can eat off Mother's floors any time!"

"Today we're having a very simple luncheon—salad, souffle, and fruit with little cakes.

"Let me tell you of a trick I just learned: When you have mixed your salad dressing and are almost ready to put it into your salad, you take a cube of ice and drop it [

(Please turn to page 81)
EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie’s curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had “lovers’ spats,” but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she’d offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was… but she didn’t; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won’t tell you.

**HOW’S YOUR BREATH TODAY?**

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That’s the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don’t run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see that you get it.

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken “dates” and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

**LISTERINE**

Checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

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**WHAT PUT PATTY IN THE MOVIES?**

**POWDER IN THE FORM OF DENTAL CREAM**

Watch your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste. Similarly, for your convenience we “cream” the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.

You get the cleansing power of powder... in modern form... when you get Listerine Tooth Paste. It keeps your teeth sparkling and lustrous. Cleans and polishes them to gleaming whiteness. No wonder it is the favorite of glamour girls who live by their smiles.
DEAR Jack Benny:

I've owed you this letter for a long time, whether you know it or not. But every time I sat down to write I got big, red letters before the eyes, the shrill notes of The Bee would ring in my ears, and I would have to go away and lie down. After all, I'd tell myself, who am I to try to tease the master heckler of all time? Play, Phil. Sing, Kenny. Heckle, Benny. But then again, and after all, my boundless admiration for your wit, your charm, your infectious humor lures me into leading with my chin, forgetting what you did to Robert Taylor, and, as I'm doing, finally writing and posting this to the star of the radio program with the highest rating ever achieved—H'ya, Andy?

All heckling to one side, I remember our lunch that time, when you arrived late and a little weary, and in no mood for cross-talk. You had been struggling with your weekly radio program and you looked it. You were hailed and hello-ed again and backslapped and handshaken—everything, in fact, but the hot foot—on what amounted to your triumphal progress into the hotel restaurant. Genial, easy, casual, with the charm turned on, you made your entrance, a great Broadway figure, a star, a Success. Then you sat down—and the ebullient Jack Benny turned into a tired workman worrying about the job at hand. It was no pose. It was a serious thing. You were confronted with the task of whipping up a new script practically over-night because the script which was all ready to broadcast had to be killed. Why? Because it was based on the comedy of school-days—and only yesterday a tragedy had snuffed out the lives of school-children and sickened America. Of course you could have saved that script somehow. Some showmen would have glossed over it. Not you. It struck at your heart. "Imagine me being funny when mothers and fathers are mourning," you said. So you had been at it for hours at a stretch, wheeling and dealing shiny new gags out of the air, in time to go on the air and amuse a nation. Well, it gave me a new angle on you, Mr. Benny. I had planned to try to get a slant on solving the Jack Benny Movie Mystery, or, Why the Number One Radio Comic does not Click Big in Pictures. But it didn't seem timely, somehow. Your answer, when I asked you why Jack Benny can't get what he wants to do in a Hollywood studio—a chance to create a real character, as he has done on the air—you merely shrugged, but it was an eloquent shrug which said more clearly than words that a great entertainer in one field can't always write his own ticket in another.

So let me suggest something. Hollywood has done more to you than for you, so far. And I think it's mostly Hollywood's fault. It has a way of forgetting that there is a world of real people outside its borders. These people love to listen to Benny broadcasts because they meet a man whose very voice expresses friendliness, good cheer, and humor. I'm sure that they would like to meet this same man on the screen. So far they haven't. The movie Benny is a glib, facile, clever chap, but a bit too self-assured, too polished, perhaps, for everyday tastes. It's that Hollywood touch. And now it seems to be creeping up on that highest-rated radio program. Studio audiences must love those Santa Anita and "unusual weather" jokes, they laugh at them so often, and so loud. But some of the rest of us are beginning to yearn for the good old days when Buck Benny was riding. I know, when I asked you why you didn't keep on with the Buck Benny series, you replied rather pithingly that after all, audiences want something new once in a while. But they still want it with that common, down-to-earth touch, as opposed to the Hollywood professional touch, which is often smarmy and self-conscious. You're a great showman. I think you have a sneaking ambition to become a really great movie star. Screen fans like sincerity, simplicity; we go for Gary Cooper, Snow White, and Shirley Temple. They're always in season. So should you be. Sing, Benny.

[Signature]

Delight Evans

15
Clark meant it when he gave that famous smile, as above, and indicated he'd like to make a date. He proved it by phoning May Mann to set the time, and meeting her promptly—see Miss Mann responding to the Gable grin in our big picture, center. At lower right on opposite page, Clark signs his autograph for the girl he "dated," and now read her story of the date!

OF COURSE there isn't a girl who would need the slightest urging or a second bid to accept a date with Clark Gable. If Clark suggested horse-back riding, the girl would agree and rustle riding pants and boots, even if she'd never been closer to a horse than on the grandstand at Santa Anita. Or if Clark were at Sun Valley or Yosemite in winter, and he said: "Let's go skiing!" a girl would brace herself for a dozen spills and a probable broken neck rather than admit she wasn't athletic, and lose out on "a date with Clark Gable!" Should such an opportunity present itself, she would most likely give her arm a good pinch to see if she were awake or just delirious in the middle of a dream. And that girl might be one of Hollywood's top-flight stars, a secretary at the studio, or a girl behind the counter in a department store. And the date might be a ride around the block in Clark's sixteen-cylinder Packard roadster, or dinner and dancing at the Trocadero. Even though the Gable dates are pretty well written down on Carole Lombard's calendar, Clark is still eligible enough. And though the chances of any mere Miss being dated by Gable when there's the glamorous Lombard in the offing, one never can tell when circumstances might be just right, and
Here's one girl's thrilling experience of an actual "date" with the gallant and much-sought-after Gable himself

By May Mann

Clark just grinned at me, having a lot of fun at my expense, and suggested we go over to a quiet corner and talk. He soon placed me at ease by relating some commonplace events of the day, and making some friendly inquiries about this rather beflustered and suddenly movie-struck reporter. Prop-men were breaking up the set and so we walked over to his dressing-room. The only photograph there was a large one of Carole Lombard in a beautiful silver frame standing on a small table by an easy chair. A small vase of salmon rosebuds stood by the picture, which showed Miss Lombard in riding habit, without make-up—and looking very natural and lovely.

Clark said he really thought perhaps a story based on reality would be better than one on fancy, and that we should write it after we'd had a date. However, he told about the places he liked to go, the things he liked to do; what he said when he telephoned a girl, how he always asked her where she would like to go. If she suggested the Trocadero, he would ask her what she was wearing and send a corsage of flowers in harmonizing colors from his florist. For the occasion he would rent one of the long black limousines from the studio, as he only owns two sport roadsters and a hunting station wagon of his own. And of course he would wear white tie and tails and a top hat. But he said if given his preference, he would rather dress comfortably and call the girl and go for a ride. If the circus was in town he would certainly take her there, and they'd munch hamburgers and drink pink lemonade. But if the racing season were on, he'd suggest they go to Santa Anita. And then he always likes the tennis matches. Too, he likes small dinner parties at the homes of friends. Sometimes six months pass before he dons a dinner jacket—and then he will have to drive over to his studio, and take one out of his dressing-room for a formal occasion. And so we wrote an entertaining story, though (Please turn to page 78)
What
Stars are
Slipping—and Why?

A startlingly frank article throws light on the crisis many screen greats face, and shows the way stars may escape danger signs ahead

By Gladys Hall

WHEN Marie Antoinette said "Let them eat cake!" she placed her head upon the guillotine.

When a Garbo said "I tank I go home;" when a Dietrich refuses to turn from her mirror long enough to smile at the populace; when a Joan Crawford changed from a dancing lady to a grand lady; when a Joan Arthur fights with her studio and stays off the screen; when a Nelson Eddy adopts an I-can't-be-bothered-it's-all-too-silly attitude toward the

Joan Crawford, left, is one star all Hollywood agrees could find the way to re-establish herself should her popularity be threatened. Right, Joan Arthur made a come-back and rose to great eminence; now Joan is absenting herself from the screen. Below, Robert Montgomery boldly defied tradition—and won.
Press: when a Simone Simon has more tantrums than talent proven—are these perhaps trivial gestures and attitudes the equivalents of that famed and fatal sentence uttered by a Queen?

There have been innumerable articles written about How A Star Rises, and Why. It makes for a better understanding of the whole if we take a look at both sides of the page. So let's, for a moment, contemplate the phenomena of the rising stars. We know that stars rise, Phoenixes from the ashes of beauty contests, Broadway theatres, college dramatic plays (i.e. Robert Taylor); college plays and college movies (i.e. Andrea Leeds); little theatre productions (i.e. Wayne Morris); that they skate into Hollywood like Sonja Henie; dance into Hollywood like Eleanor Powell. We know that they hail from foreign parts where the talent scouts, beglamed by a Budapest or a Berlin, believe that all that glitters there must be box-office gold here—i.e., Marlene, Luise Rainer, Ilona Massey, Hedy La Marr and others. We know that the instant Hollywood feels within its loins the first faint flutterings of an embryonic star the powerful batteries of the studios are let loose and the period of gestation results in an accouchement with all of the fairy godmothers in attendance!

When a star rises there are infallible signs. The instant you step foot in a studio you are aware that the whole antennae of the place is a'quiver. When Robert Taylor made "Society Doctor," long before the picture was previewed, long before anyone "outside" had heard the name of Robert Taylor we who are in Hollywood were subtly forewarned that unto us a new star was to be born. The publicity department of M-G-M, told to “sell” Taylor, kept up a steady sing-song, the burden of the refrain the name of Robert Taylor. Writers for movie publications were (Please turn to page 87)

Marlene Dietrich, right. Her future is the subject of much speculation in Hollywood. Left, Garbo, whose popularity abroad is even greater than in America. Below, Ruth Chatterton, once called the Screen's First Lady, is no longer in Hollywood.
SCREENLAND SNOOP

Reports:—
It's a Romance in Waltz Time!

T HEY are saying out in Hollywood that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will not get married. Hollywood just can't bear to have its romances coast along pleasantly. Hollywood either has to be making up or breaking up its romances. People just can't love each other period.

The members of my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club seem to have the best "inside" information on the Stanwyck-Taylor situation. They know quite definitely, without the slightest shadow of a doubt, that the split has come. (Last month they knew quite definitely about Lombard and Gable. Next month they'll know quite definitely about Gaynor and Power.) Now it is my business to keep in constant contact with the movie stars, and I was always one to mind my business, even if it means having cocktails with Clark Gable, but I'm telling you that if it wasn't for my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club I would never know what goes on in Hollywood. The source of their perfectly marvelous "inside" information seems to be the various columnists and air chatterers. They don't even know a girl who knows a girl who does Barbara Stanwyck's nails!

Their love story is front-page news. They have been touched by tragedy, smeared with sensationalism. But the romance of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is at heart a serene and steady reality. Above "he" and "she," left, a new portrait of "him."

"True!" said Mrs. North with vehemence as she slammed her last trump right smack on her partner's ace. "Of course it's true. They have definitely split. Didn't you read the lowdown in the Reporter this morning? It said: 'You just wouldn't believe it if we told you what beautiful male star couldn't get a date on Sunday night because six different girls turned down the chance, not able to believe he was dateless!' Of course that's Bob. Who else could it be?"

"Gable," said Mrs. East.

"Hurrumph," said Mrs. North in disgust, "they never refer to Clark as beautiful. Bob is the only beautiful male star!"

"I've known it for months," said Mrs. West, who always seems to have known everything for months except that you must not lead from an unguarded king.

"Didn't you read in a column several weeks ago where it said that the highly publicized romance of a certain screen couple is as cold as ice but that the two stars are loathe to call it off fearing the resultant publicity, or something like that. Barbara and Bob of course. And didn't you hear on the radio that Barbara was that way about Herbert Marshall—"

And so it goes. Driven into a frustrated fury once when they tried to tell me that one of my best friends was about to depart this world in the throes of hiccups (she had never been nearer hiccups than a good burp in a coca-cola) I endeavored to inform the Mesdames North, East, South and West that what they read in the columns and what they hear on the air is nine-tenths of the time dreamed up by a bunch of press agents who sit around in offices and are well paid for dreaming up things.

"We call them the Never, Never People," I said waxing enthusiastic. But I was soon slapped down by a set of cold, icy looks. "It is too bad," they said firmly, "that Madge has hiccups."

Now my aunt's Wednesday afternoon bridge club, and their ilk, are not the only ones in Hollywood who are calling off the Stanwyck-Taylor romance for poor Barbara and Bob. The publicity people, the fan writers, the hairdressers, the cutters, the prop boys, the gatemen, and even the movie stars themselves seem to know quite
fame, was pretty thrilled to manage a down payment on "the first car she ever owned."

Alan Curtis, personally chosen by Joan Crawford for a star-making part in "Mannequin," refused an invitation to ride horseback with Spencer Tracy because he didn't have riding boots—or the price for a pair he considered sufficiently swanky!

These facts, and others just as startling, have never before been told about the glittering newcomers who are drawing you and you into a million box-offices all over the world. Literally, and unless they've a strong sense of humor, pathetically—they are tops on credit, but low on cash!

Jon Hall told me, "At first I accepted all the invitations that came my way, for you can imagine my pleasure at mingling as an equal with the celebrities about whom I had read so often. Then I began to imagine that they wondered, 'Why doesn't he ever invite us anywhere, and make some effort to return all this hospitality?'

'I could, perhaps, afford to play host to a few, but on my present salary, it would be fantastic for me to attempt to repay the lavish hospitality I've enjoyed. Therefore I've stopped going out, except with a few close friends. If I were making as much as $500 a week I could keep my end up with the $5,000 a week stars. But not now."

There, you see, is the problem! As Jon himself said, (Please turn to page 72)
Deep in Don Ameche’s innermost being there is something which manifests itself throughout his entire personality. He believes it is this which has brought him success. That something is—Faith.

If eyes are the windows of the soul, then voice must be the sounding-board of the spirit, and Don’s faith is abundantly reflected in both. It projects itself into everything he does and reaches the hearts of the countless millions who see him on the screen and listen to his radio programs. They respond instinctively, as truck loads of fan mail tell him, though few of them even suspect what they are responding.

For Don’s faith, unlike most actors’ and entertainers’, is not in himself nor in the “breaks,” but in God. And God, he declares, has never let him down!

Don does not parade his belief upon his coat-sleeve nor seek to impersonate a plaster saint. On the contrary he is magnetically human; he smokes, dances, drinks moderately, swears spontaneously when anything makes him mad, and dearly loves a good game of poker. Neverthe-
less he lives by all odds the cleanest life in Hollywood because he never ceases to practice what he consistently omits to preach.

This faith of his, which for him has truly moved mountains, is no new-found thing. Of Italian descent on his father's side, it is inherent in the bone; in it he has found strength and inspiration all his life. Nor is it merely a convenient faith in which to find refuge when things go wrong and forget when they go right. Always he has been succored and sustained by its unutterable power and quietude beneath the surface.

He admits that he has lapsed from grace many, many times. But at such times, he asserts, he has suffered until his conduct was brought into reconciliation with his conscience. As an outstanding instance of this there was the time in Chicago when Don literally passed out on the street. The world then had not so much as heard of him; he was still studying to become a lawyer and his radio and movie career was undreamed of in the future. Between colleges—he went to five all told, equally unsuccess-fully—he was at a loose end. For some months he had been drifting aimlessly and drinking pretty heavily for him.

Then, of a sudden one night while he was walking back to his room, everything stopped. Just for an instant Don says that he simply ceased to be! He wasn't drunk or sick, and it wasn't a physical but a spiritual suspension; for that infinitesimal moment he whirled as an atom adrift in space. He didn't faint, slump to the ground as did Saul on the road to Damascus, or anything like that. He himself describes the experience by saying that it seemed as if all the cords holding him to earth had simultaneously been cut.

"That one split-second was the biggest crisis of my entire life," he said. "I was as a man drowning in the infinite without even a straw to clutch at."

And in that moment he saw! In his idleness and youth-ful dissipation he had been veering dangerously from his anchor. He believes that instant was sent to him in which to take a spiritual breath. With that breath he was reborn, and everything snapped back into focus again.

There have been several similar crises within Don's re- membrance, although in his opinion none of the others approaches the moral magnitude of that one. However, another which he vividly recalls happened years before when he first left home to attend St. Berchman's Semi nary at Marion, Iowa. He was just eleven at the time, the eldest of eight children, and being thus uprooted from his parents and brothers and sisters was a great wrench. His childhood in the rollicking, yet essentially religious family circle had been very happy indeed, and when the shy, sensitive Don found himself an utter stranger among the hundred and fifty other pupils at the school he was acutely miserable. He was homesick, lost, lonely.

But at St. Berchman's there is a little white chapel.

Its haloed figures beckoned to the forlorn youngster from the stained glass windows with a welcome that was familiar and friendly. Here was something he knew, something which had always been a part of home. So he went inside, knelt, and poured out his troubles with clasped hands and juvenile tears. Kneeling there was like kneeling again at his mother's knee. His tears ceased and an ineffable peace descended upon him.

"When I got up I felt entirely differently," he said. "I was comforted because all feeling of strangeness had vanished. It seemed that God came very close just then."

Incidentally it was at St. Berchman's that Don, quite unknowingly of course, actually began his career. For there he learned to "speak pieces" and during his second year represented the school in a state wide elocution con test. He won hands down with his impassioned rendition of The Going Of The Sean.

To prove that his religious and histrionic activities didn't make him too Little Lord Fauntleroy-ish he the same year led the school basket- (Please turn to page 82)
Animal Actors Draw Star Salaries!

Animals that made stardom.
Left to right across top: the late Jiggs, famous chimp of many a picture who died after playing in "Jungle Love." Corky; comedy is his forte. Seal, in "Big Broadcast of 1938." Sui Sun, Leo Carrillo's horse, seen also in center jumping a rope held by Nelson Eddy and a director. Lion cub. Billie, the alligator. Pete, the penguin. Leopard. Skippy, also known as Astra—his name in "The Thin Man" films—and Mr. Smith, in "The Awful Truth."

Are we in an age of men or mice? Homo sapiens or apes? Is this to continue as an era dominated by the higher, two-legged and morally conscious vertebrates or is it to be taken over by canines, bovines, porcines and felines? And if so, which would you rather be? These are questions Hollywood is asking, and perhaps justly so.

Leaving the Donald Ducks, Mickey Mice, Felixes, Clarabellas and Plutos to their own particular fortunes it appears that, to gain riches in Hollywood, one would well achieve his demise and return to this earth in the form of an animate penguin, trained seal, chimpanzee, alligator, lion cub or Pacific pelican. Or, perhaps better, become the owner of one of these.

For here in shadowland, the fact that animals used in certain pictures draw down definitely more money than the persons whose names head the roster of players, is fast becoming an open secret. That animals have, moreover, stolen scenes from important players in important screen plays is an unknown fact. Nor do these players hesitate to let it be known that they are strongly against performing in sequences where domestic creatures or wild life are given free rein. And all of this, to speak fairly, with a certain amount of reason.

As to scene stealing by animals, you have the perfect expression currently in the lithe, intelligent, and prankish "Nissa," the leopard which plays the name rôle, no less,
Delayed Discovery

Hollywood catches on, and Cesar Romero forthwith becomes a screen as well as a social somebody of importance

By Martin Somers

It was a great day for Cesar when Hollywood took back the gun they gave him to play gangster types and handed him a baton for a comedy rôle in "Happy Landing." Cesar made a hit with the screen-goers playing that part, and also with Ethel Merman, in a close-up with him at right. Success and romance in the same film, eh, what?

Four years isn't too long to make, in anybody's profession or business, the advance Cesar Romero has accomplished. Yet, in Romero's case, the recognition he now rates as a leading man in character, heavy, or comedy rôles, is taking on all the aspects of a delayed discovery in that land of split-second success that is known—and how well it's known—as Hollywood.

Cesar is the former ballroom dancer and stage actor who was given a gun when he went to Hollywood in 1934. By day, under the glistening arc lights of sound stages, he flashed his dark brown eyes in menacing glares as a villain in costume or a gangster in mufti. By night, under the less searching but far more social spotlights of Hollywood's swank dinner-and-dance retreats, Cesar moved with even greater grace and assurance to the rhythmic measures of a waltz, rhumba, or what have you, Terpsichore, his partner in the dance some glamor girl whose appearance at any party was good for a line or two in the chatter columns. It got so you read far more about his social than his screen life, and you got to tabbing Cesar as the man who went to Hollywood to squire the pretty girls around at night, merely filling in the daytime hours by acting the dirty dog for the cameras, just for diversion.

But came "Happy Landing," came the movie critics' enthusiastic, yet nevertheless surprised, response to Romero's slyly adept comedy performance as the dim-wit bandman, Duke Sargent, and comes an entirely new appraisal of Cesar Romero—not from the public, you understand. There has been right along a large Romero following, and all of its members are hereby accorded their time to laugh at the "discovery" by critics of something the Romero fans could have told the critics long ago—that Cesar doesn't do things by halves.

How close Romero came to missing the chance to demonstrate what he really can do on the screen is something that has been entirely missed in the records so far. Long under contract to Universal, that company had been casting Cesar only sporadically for some time, and he was becoming a habitual loan-out to the neighboring 20th Century-Fox lot. When Shirley Temple's "Wee Willie Winkie" film was being cast, Cesar was picked for the chieftain who was leading his tribe in revolt against the British army in India. As Khoda Kahn he had a chance to develop a colorful character. But nobody paid much attention to that during the filming of the picture. Between the completion of "Wee Willie Winkie" and its first preview, Universal dropped Romero from the contract lists. That was bad. Then "Wee Willie Winkie" was previewed. The audience, as did audiences at later showings, singled out Romero for the highest of praise. That was good. Next day he got his present contract with 20th Century, and the opportunity he turned to such good account in "Happy Landing."

"The name, Khoda Kahn, has stuck to me around the lot," Cesar told us between sips of orange juice at a restaurant during his recent trip to New York. "From property men on up, I'm quite (Please turn to page 73)
"Bloody but Unbowed"

From Henley's *INVICTUS*:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Well, I must say Hollywood certainly had its ears knocked back by Broadway this season! The way the pampered pets of the cinema were slapped down by the unappreciative New York fans and the unimpressed Broadway critics was really something terrific. Why, the gilded screen idols haven't been so effectively snubbed since Mrs. Patrick Campbell visited the West Coast and showed a fine disregard for the social amenities. Mrs. Pat had a most distressing way of never having heard of anyone! While Beverly Hills gasped and Brentwood gaped she tossed off Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford just as if they were so much jetsam. New York this year, as far as the film bunch were concerned, was a great big Mrs. Patric Campbell.

I remember—and a lot of people wish I didn't—when producers turned as pale as snow pudding when their glamor girls and boys walked magnificently into the "front office," giving out with a Barbra Streisandish, "You can't do this to me, you worm. I'll return to the New York theatre!"

Such a lot of excitement! The director would go down on his knees, the producer would go down in his pockets, and the Paramount stock would just go down. The "Gee-ild"
At long last, Hollywood is up in arms against the abuse of the collecting craze. Read what your favorite stars are doing about it

By Charles Darnton

film celebrities are no novelty to the man, woman and child in the street, it is seldom, if ever, that they dare venture into public view without resort to at least the attempted disguise of dark glasses.

In the stand now taken by the great majority of Hollywood stars their attitude might be suspected of being a wholly selfish one. This is not the case. They are long-suffering, but not self-pitying. It is significant that my investigation proves them to be not only tolerant to a surprising degree but so fair-minded as to see both sides of the matter. They are not so much afraid, for example, that a mob-rush may bring physical injury upon themselves as they are fearful of disaster befalling their reckless pursuers. They want parents to help them take care of endangered youngsters. They know they can take care of themselves. And they have a plan of taking care of the big, unwieldy, free-for-all sport which, for lack of a better—or worse—term is called autograph-hunting.

Carole Lombard, generous (Please turn to page 91)

Here Carole Lombard, at left below, laughingly seems to dodge the importunate autograph-seekers being held in check by the police—center, on opposite page. Then, reading from top left, Errol Flynn good-humoredly autographs a little girl's hat; Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor give in gracefully; Olivia de Havilland, on "Robin Hood" location, autographs for admiring youngsters; John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie being obliging. Now, on this page: at left above, Loretta Young signs from her car window; Edward Arnold, below, tries to laugh it off; Bette Davis, at right below, in an impromptu autographic moment; and Robert Montgomery, bottom left, grins amiably at a group of fans.
Andy Devine had so much fun broadcasting for Jack Benny he forgot to ask to be paid! "Gravel-Voice" now gets gold as well as applause.

By Whitney Williams

ANDY DEVINE is one of the screen's outstanding personalities—but if he weren't so all-fired dippy about radio, he'd be richer today by many thousands of dollars. Not that the gravel-voiced comedian will admit the truth of this assertion in regard to his finances. He'd be the last one in the world to accede such a thing. That's purely an editorial aside. Everybody in Air, however—and in Hollywood as a whole—knows he should have earned such an amount and more for his radio work during the past year. And that's where they're wrong.

Up until a few weeks ago, Andy Devine had never received a cent in payment for his numerous radio appearances! What? But listen. It all started a couple of years ago. Let's skip back to the time Andy was locationing with the "Coronado" film company, at the California resort of that same name.

Andy is a golf enthusiast, and whenever he can spare the time will lie himself to the nearest links. In Hollywood, he belongs to the swanky Lakeside Country Club—the club of the movie-great—and almost daily may be glimpsed there in company with such crack players as Bing Crosby, Dick Arlen and Johnny Weissmuller. It wasn't so strange, then, that he should haunt the golf course down there at Coronado, on the days he wasn't acting before the camera. On this particular occasion, Andy and another member of the troupe were about to tee off when Jack Benny approached with one of his gag-writers. The business at hand was golf, not gags. "Mind if we make it a foursome?" he inquired.

"Come on," grinned back Andy. Then, to his partner, "Here's meat."

"Oh, yeah," snapped Mister Benny, in his customary bright style—and the game was on.

Along about the ninth hole, after having listened to Andy's hoarse cracks and slightly loco conversation, Jack removed the cigar from his mouth—sure, he even plays smoking a cheroot—regarded Andy owlishly for a moment, then fired a question at him. "How'd you like to come down to the broadcasting station some time and be on my show?"

Andy sliced, beautifully. And at ten cents a hole. He barely recovered his gun before he swallowed it. But he beamed. He grinned from ear to ear.

"Say that again," he begged, bordering on hysteria. "How'd you like—" and Jack was smiling, too, now. "Would I!" Seagulls flying overhead suddenly struck for home, at Andy's frenzied cry. "All right, all right—forget it, and play golf." Jack replaced his ever-present cigar and drove solemnly down the fairway—right into a trap.

For nearly a year, Andy (Please turn to page 75)
Since a certain "Open Letter" we've been besieged by the admirers of Nelson Eddy, in agreement or in anger. The singing actor inspires more wholehearted enthusiasm than any other star on the screens today. On one point, however, his fans are unanimous: give us more, and better, Eddy art. We think you have it here. The lovely lady who sings and acts the title rôle in "Girl of the Golden West" with co-star Eddy is, of course, Miss MacDonald. (We like her, too!)
Ever since she was a kid, Ginger Rogers has yearned for her own soda fountain, where she could whip up delectable messes with her own fair hands. She has it now—see above, and at left. At bottom of page, the swimming pool on Ginger's beautiful new estate.

Step Right Up to Ginger's Soda Bar!

What'll it be? With La Rogers as your hostess in her grand new home, you'll take a chocolate sundae and like it, as who wouldn't?
While Ginger, on opposite page, is an established star with a gorgeous new estate, Andrea Leeds, who made her first hit with Ginger in "Stage Door" and followed it up in "The Goldwyn Follies," moves into her first real Hollywood home, in which she is pictured here.

Come and Call on Andrea Leeds!

Hollywood's new white hope for future greatness poses for her first "home" pictures—and it's a real home, too.
Personally we don't know whether the joke's on the bull Martha Raye will meet when she plays a lady matador in "Tropic Holiday," or on Martha, as she learns, above, about the Sport of Spain from Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon." Maybe Martha was thinking of "Ferdinand the Bull" when she took the part.

Looking in on the stars Hollywood calls to create comedy, as they tune up to make you titter those blues away

Jest For You!
Attic antics, above, by Harold Lloyd and Lionel Stander are for fun in “Professor Beware.” Love with a sense of humor: across top of page, Gracie Allen and Edward Everett Horton, romancing in “College Swing.” Far left, Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle, in “Dr. Rhythm.” Center, left: George Burns and Gracie Allen. Below, from left to right: Lynne Overman, Martha Raye, W. C. Fields, Shirley Ross, Bob Hope gang up to make you giggle.
Glitter, in the spangles and eyes of Simone Simon, above. Curves to capture the artists' and just plain citizens' eyes, in Betty Grable, right. Glamor: just look at Dorothy Lamour, center right. Enchantment, of course that's Shirley Temple, brightening this brilliant assemblage of charm and talent, there at upper right. Allure—that's Alice Faye, top center.

Perfect Specimens!
These fascinating ladies! Exclamations are in order when you meet Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard in their most vivacious moods, as you do in these pictures of Claudette, so Springlike and chic in her sailor and tailor of white, and Carole, below, swathed in fox and accompanied by her furry friend, the sheep dog, gift from Clark Gable.

Look to Hollywood, and these adorables, for the true pattern of pulchritude; of charm, vivacity, and style, but above all for the personality ensemble that always pleases.
Go ahead—sing it with Priscilla Lane (you must know the words of "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen" by this time!). These action shots below of the rapidly rising young screen singer, taken in sequence as Priscilla warbles the tune, also offer you points on how to put ummph into a number.

Playlets in Pictures

Caught by the candid camera! Here we offer you a series of shows that need no words and music to make them amuse, interest, and entertain all who like to see the fun behind the screen.

The great disappearance act, ladies and gentlemen, is going on above. Follow, across these two pages, the magic of Ben Blue, who puts Martha Raye into a cabinet, blindfolds her, makes magic passes, and—and opens the cabinet to show Martha's still there (where'd you think she'd be, silly?). Below, Mabel Todd and "Von." The dog can, and will—and does—talk, and also sings a duet with Mabel.
Rain, wind, fog, even cobwebs, are produced with startling realism by the ingenious devices seen below, manipulated by Hollywood's studio magicians. Yvonne Duval, Paramount starlet, walks in a gale; finds her way through a fog, is trapped by smoke, and caught in a spider web. Some fun!

Property man in action. Left, putting labels on bottles for a scene in "Men of the Waterfront." Center, Wallace Beery, star in the picture, selects a pistol. Right, Maureen O'Sullivan, leading lady, picks a wedding ring to use in the film—oh, a happy ending eh? Well, it makes a nice change!
1—1918: at the age of 22 months. (Anita was born in 1917, in New York City.)
2—1921: on her fifth birthday.
3—1922: when she was six—"playing nurse" with her dog.
5—1924: Her first emotional role, in "Lend Me Your Husband."
6—1925: At the age of eight, Anita won applause for her work in "The Music Master," with Alec Francis.
Anita Louise’s Success Story Told in Pictures

Now that Anita is of age—she celebrated her 21st birthday January 9, 1938—her mother opens for us the family album

8—1927. Anita, at the age of ten, was a clever dancer as well as an actress.

9—1928. Eleven years old, and already an experienced actress of poise and charm.

10—1931. At fourteen, Anita was an established player. A close-up in character for “Heaven on Earth.”

11—1932. Back to the stage, to act with Billie Burke in “The Marquise.”

12—1933. Hollywood again, and a role with William Farnum in “Are We Civilized?”

13—1934. With the beloved Will Rogers in “Judge Priest.”

14—1935. Anita wins coveted role in “Anthony Adverse” and plays it to perfection.

15—1936. As Errol Flynn’s leading lady in “Green Light”—a box-office hit.

16—1938. Now Anita, a full-fledged star at twenty-one, receives her mother’s birthday gift of a star sapphire ring. She has arrived! Warners promote her to stardom.
Selected For Stardom

How many of these promising newcomers will achieve Hollywood fame? We're for them!

Steps to stardom up the Hollywood ladder: below, Joyce Matthews, for seven months a "stock girl" at the Paramount Studio, received a bit in "Tip-Off Girls." Playing a waitress in a café scene, Joyce is notified she has been given a small part, phones her mother the good news. Next, her grooming at the hands of an expert hairdresser. Then last-minute make-up.
Lucky girl is Dorothy Belle Dugan, selected by Pete Smith from hundreds of beauties for the lead in his short feature, "Modeling for Money." See Dot and Pete at right, and a close-up of the newcomer, above. Also lucky is Frances MacMcherney, who also gets a part in Mr. Smith's movie because Joan Crawford, with whom she appeared in "Mannequin," believes she has a future. See the three at left above.

At left, Louise Campbell, a stage actress, now trying her luck in Hollywood. You've seen her in the "Bulldog Drummond" films. At right, the lone male among important newcomers—Richard Greene, brought from England to be Loretta Young's hero in "Four Men and a Prayer."

Continuing the adventures of Joyce: at left below, a script girl gives Joyce her part, with the first lines she has ever spoken in a movie production. Next, the big moment is nearly here! Joyce waits while the cameraman gauges the light and composition for her close-up. And finally, it's a "take"—Joyce goes through her scene with Lloyd Nolan and Roscoe Karns.
A new star is born, and a popular established player gains new lustre, in Paramount's picturesque romance in a Continental setting, "Stolen Heaven." Olympe Bradna, the little French girl who won instant audience interest in "Last Train from Madrid" and "Souls at Sea," leaps to stardom with Gene Raymond as her leading man.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna in "Stolen Heaven"
Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

Are simply "Fools for Scandal"

And so are Ralph Bellamy

Allen Jenkins • Isabel Jeans • Marie Wilson • Marcia Ralston

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher
From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Henry Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Caser
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
and Lorenz Hart

A first national picture presented by

Warner Bros.
She Walks in Beauty

Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marion in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" gives us the most beautiful portrait of the month.
Glamor Master

ERNST LUBITSCH, Hollywood’s dynamic producer-director, and I were talking in his study at the Paramount studio. He was still under the spell of enthusiasm over his new film, “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife,” which he had just finished, and he admitted that probably he wouldn’t be able to talk about anything else because he was completely absorbed in it. This happens to be the sixty-seventh picture he has directed since his first two-reeler in Berlin, some twenty-three years ago, and never for a single minute during all this time has his interest failed, or his enthusiasm lessened.

Few successful people are happy. Either they are striving for new honors, or are dreaming of a time when they can leave their work and seek pleasures elsewhere. But this isn’t the Lubitsch pattern, not at all. To him, every second of every day is a glorious adventure, and the lift of his sheer joy of living gives his cinemas their appeal.

“Is it necessary,” I asked Mr. Lubitsch, “that a woman know love and romance in order to portray these emotions on the screen?”

With a sly twinkle in his eyes, his reply carried the question, “Don’t all women know love and romance?” Then he added, “Love naturally develops one’s artistry, just as all deep emotional experiences enlarge the understanding. Acting deals with emotions, and an actress must learn the subtle shadings of her own feelings in order to make her portrayal so convincing that audiences will feel the heart beating under her words. That is, if she wants to become a star.

“The most precious quality any creative artist can possess is originality,” he continued. “Beauty, glamour, mystery—three important requisites for an actress depend upon originality. I should say that none of these qualities can be created, or imitated; but definitely, they can be developed. Hollywood has many excellent actors and actresses, but a star, in a true sense, is a rarity. A star is a player who is able to create on the screen. More especially, create something new, or something so vital and definite that it appears to be new. Even the most glamorous personality must offer some original quality to sweep audiences and be proclaimed—a star!

“The screen is making the world beauty-conscious, and it is also creating a new feminine beauty that doesn’t depend on symmetrical features. There must be intelligence in the eyes, there must be culture and character in the voice to measure up to the new standard. I see a great change in screen audiences all over the world. They have outgrown the phony glamour and beauty that can be built with artificial eye-lashes, (Please turn to page 93)
Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans

THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

THE novelty of the screen season, to be seen by those of you who tire easily of current film fare, not that I blame you; but at the same time a most curious cinema, with Gary Cooper not always at ease in his highly stylized surroundings—not that I blame him, either. This time Mr. Goldwyn has done his picturesque pioneering even farther afield than usual, and the result, despite, expensive settings, thousands of extras, and intermittent excitement, is a mixture of fantasy and melodrama at once bewildering and naive. Don't get me wrong: I love the small-boy's-dream school of cinema adventure, but "Marco Polo" is neither good, robust melodrama nor clever satire, but a hesitant attempt to combine the two, which can't be done, even in small-boy dreams. The film first pictures Gary as a gay blade of old Venice, then transports him to the kingdom of Kublai Khan where he falls in love with the Beautiful Princess and runs aloof of the cruel Ahmed, played by Basil Rathbone. There are moments when Gary Cooper is an endearing Mr. Dards going to China, but mostly he is rather submerged by his unconvincing rôle. The newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, is a vision of complete loveliness as the Princess; you'll like her.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

DEANNA does it again! This marvelous child—and, I should add, her marvelous producer—manage the hitherto impossible feat of following two terrific hit pictures with a third which is even better. "Mad About Music" is grand entertainment—it's fun, it's musically engaging, and even important, when Deanna sings Ave Maria with a boys' choir—it's always in good taste, and it's never insipid. There must be magic at work here! Little Miss Durbin is almost too good to be true—now she has added an expertly sparkling comic talent to her other gifts, and some of her scenes are as rib-tickling in their sure sense of comedy as any ever played by Irene Dunne or Carole Lombard. Here she plays a school-girl in search of a father, and when Herbert Marshall turns up she grabs him, as who wouldn't, to supply the fatherly note in her lonesome little life—her mother, you see, is a movie glamour queen who can't afford to have a growing daughter hanging about. Deanna coaxes the sedate Mr. Marshall into the best scenes he's ever played, particularly his hilarious description of imaginary jungle peril. Even Arthur Treacher unbounds. Helen Parrish, pretty newcomer, stands out. Gail Patrick is decoratively present. You'll enjoy it.

A THOROUGHGOING treat for everyone who likes small boys and girls, Mark Twain, and high-hearted adventure—and that should include practically everyone except the old witch, and she hated even Snow White. First of all, a low deep bow to producer Selznick for his rare patience in pursuing the best possible Tom Sawyer. You know by now how he found him in the ingratiating person of Tommy Kelly; and the boy was well worth the chase. In selecting his other players Mr. Selznick has shown the same wisdom—for here is a perfectly cast picture. Little Ann Gillis as Becky Thatcher, May Robson as Aunt Polly, David Holt as Sid, Jackie Moran as Huck Finn—all very real, very lovable people, as guided by Director Tanrog through the events which made Twain's book about an American boy a world classic. You'll chuckle at the famous episode of the fence-whitewashing; the Sawyer- Thatcher courtship, the runaway and the return in time for the funeral—and you'll thrill with the lost children in the cave, rejoice at the rescue. It's so human, so endearing, and so heartwarming that if you vote it your favorite film for a long time, I wouldn't blame you. Technically, it's superb, with most satisfying color so far.
Even Snakes Have Charm

The story of a girl who prefers to challenge, rather than use her charm, in the struggle for Hollywood stardom

By Frederick Stowers

CHAPTER II

At EIGHT o'clock that evening the little black-haired electrician was focusing his lights on a love seat while the cameraman trained his camera. Walter and Phil were seated in two director's chairs, awaiting Marcia's arrival.

Walter drew deeply on his cigarette, his mood surly.

"You've got a hell of a nerve, persuading Sol to let you drag me out here at this time of night to make a test of some little Hollywood Bohemian wench that I've kicked off the set once today!"

"You'll never regret it, Walter," Phil said with an expansive grin. "I tell you, my good man, this girl will make a director of you!"

"Make a director of me! Why, you irreverent, para-sitical publicity leech!"

"Isn't the gentleman in swell alliterative form this evening?" Phil purred happily.

Walter consulted his watch. "Listen, Mr. Phil Burns—Sol or no Sol, I'm leaving in just three minutes. Got a date and I wouldn't be late because of the biggest star in pictures, much less on account of some unknown hussy. Why can't you complete your social arrangements with this dame without promising her a starring contract?"

"My dear Walter," Phil was deeply hurt, "you mis-judge my intentions. I'd as soon think of becoming intimate with a queen bee. But this girl wouldn't even bother to sting you to death. She'd kill you with a look. When she focused those icicle eyes on me I went hot and cold all over, and she has a laugh that cuts like a knife. I tell you, my boy, she has the strangest personality I ever saw. There's never been anything like her in pictures."

Walter yawned. "And probably never will be."

"You'd wonder what kind of a life she'd led. One moment she has the stored-up venom of a cobra and the next she's dripping with honey. I've never seen a human half so bitter, or half so sweet. My God, man, doesn't that sound interesting?"

Walter was bored. "Sounds pure Hollywood tramp to me."

"But of course you haven't really seen her. You'll love her when you come to know her. She has all the characteristics you thrive on. You know you've always insisted that heavies and character people made a picture interesting, and that unless one had some of the snake or tiger in their system, they couldn't put it on the screen."

"So what?"

"So take yourself for instance. You were a knockout as a heavy. Why?"

"Listen, louse!"

"Well, God knows you're no angel and you hate softies. It's your antipathy for the usual sappy leading woman that made me sure you'd go for this girl in a big way."

Walter made a weary gesture. "All right, all right, jimber jaw, but where is she? I'm giving you just two more minutes."

Phil made a last desperate effort to sustain Swing's interest. "Think of the novelty of it, Walter—making a star out of a young character heavy woman. What a relief that would be. Not the usual cut and dried clothes horse with poise, elegance, and a mannequin's stride. But a regular she-alley cat; a woman who is frankly, unapologetically mean and proudly bitter. A woman as definitely and defiantly hard as a gun moll—at war with the world—a human soul in travail. Can't you see something pathetically beautiful in that, something tremendous, compelling, sweepingly overpowering and inspiring? That's it—inspiring! One moment she inspires you to break her lovely damned neck and the next she inspires you to go through hell to break down the wall of indifference she throws about herself—just to win her approval—for the joy of one smile."

"Listen, publicity guy, as a Barker you're not so hot. And, anyway, you don't have to sell me—I'm not your..."
public. But just where is this paragon of hellishness?

And then Marcia entered, beautiful in a black velvet gown; as smilingly nervous as an ingénue, as sweetly simpering and ingratiating as a baby star. There was even something of the grand lady in her manner. She was in fact many things, but she wasn't, even remotely, the cold-blooded, softly treading alley cat Phil had advertised.

"Good evening, Mr. Burns," she was so gracious.
Phil took one look at her, then glanced feebly at Swing. Walter was preparing to leave the set. "My God," Phil cried in an agonized whisper, "she's gone lady on me!"
"You dirty lying publicity buzzard!"
"Ah, Walter, for Pete's sake, have a heart," Phil caught his arm. "Wait! I've got an idea. Get the lights ready and be prepared to start shooting at any moment."

Walter nodded sourly and stood beside the camera as Phil approached Marcia with a genial smile.
"Good evening, Miss Court. This is Mr. Swing, the director."
"Oh yes, I meet Mr. Swing this morning."
"Hail and farewell," Walter growled.
"May I apologize for my rudeness?"
"Forget it. I hope to."
"Oh, but I'm sincerely sorry for what I did."
"We'll consider it didn't happen," Walter said with tired courtesy.
"That's sweet of you."

Walter looked bored. "Yeah, I'm that way."
Phil hastily broke it up. "You're all ready with your make-up, Miss Court?"
"Yes." She smiled, brightly eager, "Do you want me to make an entrance down the stairs?"
Phil gave a violent start. "No! No, this isn't to be a moving test. It's just for voice and personality. If you'll be seated over there."

Marcia didn't merely sit: she swooned into the love seat like a gently nodding orchid. Phil and Walter exchanged a glance. Then Phil spoke to Marcia with elaborate courtesy. "Would you mind if I started by asking you a few questions, Miss Court?"

"Certainly not."
"First, I'd like to know if you were putting on an act this morning, or if you're putting on an act now?"
"An act?" Her brows rose delicately.
"This morning you were a wild cat; now you are very, very much the lady. Which are we to regard as your true personality?"
"Really, Mr. Burns," she said prettily, "I'm a person of many moods.
"I see," Phil said grimly. "Temperamental?"
"Oh no," she said hastily, "not unpleasantly so, I assure you; only artistically."
"Ah! It's just the artist in you."
"I suppose so."
"Well, we'll skip that for the moment. Have you ever had any speaking parts, either on the stage or screen?"
"No," she admitted reluctantly.
"But you do have a sincere desire to become an actress?" he urged gently.
"Yes."
"And you have confidence in your ability to act?"
Again her brows raised in delicate surprise. "Yes, I have."
"But you'd naturally want to portray the characters to which you were best suited?"
"Of course."
"And you do believe that we, because of our experience, should be able to judge which of these characters you should be?"
"Yes—naturally."
"All right, then," Phil said brutally, "let's forget the velvet gown and the grand staircase entrance, together with the wish to become a lady, and get down to cases."

"I beg your pardon," Marcia said, with a first showing of coolness.

Phil continued, lashing at her with biting contempt, "Please understand I didn't ask you to come here to make a test because I thought you could ever become the conventional type of leading woman. And I didn't ask Mr. Swing, the most important director of Pacific,
to make a test of an average extra girl, the height of whose ambition is to strut grandly in a black velvet gown in a vain effort to simulate the graces of a lady."

Phil's baiting was having the desired effect. Marcia had forgotten that she was making a test. She had forgotten that she wanted to be a grand lady—she had forgotten everything but the urge to be herself. The glacial blue eyes had a frigid stare; the corners of her mouth were drooping and her real character was as evident as her entrance had been artificial. Swing signaled to the cameraman and the camera started.

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Burns," she said, her words like slowly dropping chunks of ice. "I don't think you quite do," Phil said with suppressed excitement. "But the idea is beginning to percolate, Miss Court, and in just a moment I'm sure that you and I are going to be in perfect accord for the purpose of this test. What I am trying to say is this: When I heard you laugh at Miss Barrett's misfortune I thrilled with a fascinated horror at the quality of that laugh; and when I later saw you descend the staircase I realized that in even so simple and natural an act, it was impossible for you to hide the sinister characteristics of your nature and, instead of coming down like a lady, as you no doubt fondly thought, you moved with the tread of a panther.

"What!"

"Please don't interrupt, Miss Court, and don't misunderstand me. I wasn't disappointed—I was delighted. I could see in you a new and distinct type of leading woman, who, because of her low origin and unfortunate upbringing—"

"I'll have you understand—"

"Be quiet! I could see that you were hard and uncompromisingly bitter; that you were inherently and instinctively tough, with a heart of marble and the soul of an alley cat."

"If you brought me here to insult—" (Please turn to page 98)
"It's all luck when I get a good camera shot," says the star of screen and real-life romance. But Flynn says "luck" about everything he accomplishes—even his stardom—so you can be sure there's good advice on how to have fun with a camera here.

By Ruth Tildesley

Camera Record of Errol Flynn's Adventures

"It's all luck," said Errol Flynn, with a shrug. "Taking pictures is just like life. If you get the breaks, that's fine! If you follow the rules and don't have luck, your picture's a dud—or mine is, at any rate.

"I never took the slightest interest in cameras—in spite of working in front of them for several years—until last year when I went to Spain. My best friend, who went with me, surprised me by giving me a little camera to make a record of the trip. I had never worked a shutter before. I knew nothing about pictures—speed, focus, lighting or anything—all I could do was put in the film, click the shutter, and trust to luck.

"Because we were in Spain, we couldn't even find out whether or not what we had shot was good. We couldn't get anything developed until we got out of the country. But we went ahead, shooting what we saw, and when we got out, only two out of dozens were bad.

"That gave me camera fever. We got some swell shots. I wish I could find them for you, but I haven't the least idea what I did with them. Maybe they'll show up one of these days. I learned from that trip whenever I merely went ahead and shot without a lot of fuss, ten to one the stuff was good. But if I listened to experts and tried to follow their advice, the stuff was lousy.

"That may be because I have no patience!" He smiled, that devil-may-care smile that seems to get the girls. He was looking his best, debonair and delightful in the character of the gay reporter in "All Rights Reserved."

"If you have patience, I'm told you can stand around deciding exactly how you will frame each shot—that means how much you'll take in and where foreground, background and central interest belong. But as a rule, when an exciting shot appears, I'm in too much of a hurry to go into all that. I shoot and take the print later on, cut off foreground or whatever is necessary to 'frame' the shot.

"Take this picture of my dog. He hates to pose. You have to fool him into it by pretending you're about to throw a ball or a stick. There'd certainly be no time to bother with 'framing' him if you ever hoped to get him on the film.

"I don't much care about shooting people. Unless they happen to be doing something interesting. Either they get tired before you have located them in the lens, or else they look 'blah' with the effort of posing."

The assistant director began to moan for "Errol," and the actor joined Rosalind Russell before the movie cameras. Rosalind, believe it or not, was wearing a man's felt hat slanted back on her curls, a very blousy blouse, a red-white-and-blue plaid skirt, short and full, and a pair of white furry bedroom slippers, and succeeding in Triumphing over the outfit.

The scene ended with Errol kissing Rosalind and inviting her to "come up and interview him sometime," to which she replied: "Thanks for nothing, you big lug!"

"I don't bother taking shots on sets in a picture like this one," he observed, returning, "There's nothing particularly attractive pictorially about a newspaper office."
On 'Robin Hood,' costumes and action look exciting. I liked these two shots of riders and horses. I might point out the way the white horse is shown up against the black one in this shot—but it wasn't premeditated. It was luck."

"Excuse me."

Two anxious-looking gentlemen with hat boxes loomed beside us. Errol was to select a hat to wear in the picture—and they exhibited their headgear—Homburg, derby, English felt. "I hate hats!" pronounced Errol, "I never wear one."

Director Michael Curtiz appraised the millinery, thoughtfully. "Terrible!" he sympathized. "Why don't you wear something like mine?" He offered a brown soft felt. But Errol waved it away. "No—that's terrible, too. All hats are terrible! Take them away!"

Going back to the cameras, he admitted that beginners make the same mistakes. "They put the film in wrong, they forget to take off the cap, they forget to pull out the lens, and they never change the speed or focus," he said, "Let me show you my camera—"

"Excuse me."

This time it was the tailor, a little man with a tape measure over his shoulders. He wanted to know what was the trouble with Errol's overcoat. "It sticks out at the neck," complained the actor, "and there's no button inside." He tried the offending garment on, and pointed out its shortcomings. The tailor chucked sympathetically and promised reform.

(Continued on page 97)
Subtle draping distinguishes Loretta's white jersey gown, below. The sculptured effect is obtained in the bodice and at the waistline by drawing the soft material through jewelled rings. Loretta's sumptuous ermine wrap is lined in cerise silk. At right above, Loretta's white slipper-satin dinner ensemble challenges the eye by means of silver embroidery done over heavy padding, so that the design of acorns and oak leaves stands out in carved relief on the tunic jacket. At lower right, ensemble for afternoon, interpreting the vogue for all-white.
Hollywood's Best-Dressed Girl gives us first glimpse of her new elegance

Below, gown for an exquisite—and only for an exquisite!—is Loretta's "Rio de Janeiro," fashioned of white chantilly lace with the pattern outlined in tiny gold sequins. The long sleeves are decidedly new for this type of dress. The frothy-full skirt is worn over a wide horsehair petticoat. At left, allure—evidenced in every line of Miss Young's black chiffon evening gown. The apparently strapless bodice is supported by a yoke of flesh souffle with starched leaves of the material outlining the bodice top. Dropped from the shoulders is a long scarf of the chiffon. Now, flitting from the sublime to the starchly crisp, we look at Loretta's white suit of novelty wool, pictured at lower left, with its blouse of bright canary-yellow linen and a striped cotton turban in green and yellow to point up the outfit. All these lovely clothes were designed by Royer of 20th Century-Fox Studios for Loretta Young to wear in her new film, "Four Men and a Prayer."
Current Chic by Colbert

Claudette is most conservative of all Hollywood's smart stars, so her style slants are of special interest to women who eschew the spectacular in clothes.

The lure of lace! And, the very special lure of fine white lace forming a hooded cape for summer evenings, is shown at right by Claudette. The cape is caught at the throat by a double jewelled clip. Colbert wears the cape in her new picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." A Travis Banton design.

White chiffon is a particular pet of Claudette Colbert, and here, at left, she poses in her evening gown designed by Travis Banton. The flattering, high bodice with seductively wide shoulder straps stresses an entirely new note. The skirt is a soft, sweeping bias sheath over a clinging slip of white crepe. Claudette's jewels are a modern arrangement of diamonds and rubies. At right, the minaret silhouette is suggested in a gown of black tulle. Black and gold metal discs provide a new type of glitter for the tunic. Bows of the black tulle are on the shoulders.
Blouses that Bloom in the Spring!

Pretty Mary Carlisle has invested in a veritable blouse wardrobe to brighten up her Spring suit of navy blue twill. Above, Mary's favorite blouse of claret-colored handkerchief linen with vertical rows of white stitching, and high neckline finished by a bow. Below, dark red linen with five perky bows stitched in white for accent. Left, overblouse of salmon-colored transparent crepe.

Top left, Mary's wisp of white batiste with dainty pin-tucked collar edged in lace. Next, navy blue handkerchief linen makes a smart blouse with small pearl buttons matching the triple rows of stitching. At left, bright blue linen, with tailored linen sleeves and tiny pearl studs.
Spencer Tracy values big rôles more than big money! His new contract calls for both, as you learn in this exclusive interview by Tracy's confidant and his best friend among Hollywood writers.

By
S. R.
Mook

James Cagney once referred to him as the finest actor on the American stage or screen. He comes pretty close to being just that. Ask any actor or actress in Hollywood who their favorite star is and the chances are nine out of ten they'll tell you "Spencer Tracy." His selection for the 1938 Academy honors was the signal for burst of approving applause by fellow screen artists that was unprecedented in the history of these annual Awards for "best performances."

I've often wondered what lay behind this united front on this one subject when usually Hollywood opinions are as sharply divided as those at a peace conference. I think I have the answer. Every actor in Hollywood strives for naturalness. Because Spence is fundamentally one of the most natural and sincere people I have ever met, only naturalness and sincerity come through on the screen.

Not long ago when he was cast in an important picture he moped over the assignment for weeks. "What the devil's the matter with you?" I asked, "That's going to be one of the big pictures of the year,"

"So what?" he countered. "In the first place, the star is a woman and the story is written around her so I'll get what's left. I don't mind that. If I'm any kind of actor I can make a run-of-the-mill part come to life. I don't mind her part being fatter or larger than mine. I'd a lot rather people would leave a theatre wishing they
had seen more of me in the picture than have them go out feeling they had seen too much. The thing that upsets me about this picture is that that girl is such a phony. And it all comes through in her portrayals!"

I met Spence when he first came to Hollywood and we have been pretty close friends ever since. It has been an interesting character study, watching his changing and shifting viewpoints about various things.

Once when I first knew him we were sitting in his living room. Through the French windows could be seen the rolling lawns with their flower beds at the far end. In the garage and on the driveway stood a couple of expensive cars. He waved his arm to embrace the room, the lawn, the cars. "All this," he announced, "is very bad for an actor. An actor's life should be one of hardship. All this luxury softens him—unfits him for his real work (the stage). When you go back to the stage—and all of us will go back eventually—you find you have lost the common touch."

It never occurred to Spence in those early days of the talkies that he was to become a Hollywood fixture.

Recently when we were gabbing I mentioned the conversation to him. "I know," he nodded, "I did feel that way then. I was like everyone else who came from the stage to the screen. We didn't know anything about screen technique. We looked with contempt on it and only wanted the money. I'd had pretty tough sledding and the idea of drawing what seemed to me a

stupendous salary, and drawing it regularly, was too good a thing to be overlooked. But I always figured that as soon as I had all my bills paid and a little money laid by I was going back to New York. It never occurred to me the studio would want to keep me out here."

"But you don't feel that way now?" I queried.

He shook his head. "No. I had enough money laid by when I left the old Fox Company to have gone back if I'd wanted to. But the more I learn about pictures—the more I work with some of the big directors—the more I realize what really fine things can be done in pictures.

"I think 'Captains Courageous,' for instance, is as fine as anything that has been done on the stage. You didn't like the picture. If you had said you didn't like me in it that would have been all right. I could have understood and forgiven you for that. But when you say you didn't like a splendid picture like that I resent it. I don't believe there is any stage director in the world who is any better than Victor Fleming."

"OK," I agreed. "Everybody else liked the picture so I must have been wrong. We'll pass that. But what about all this luxury that softens actors?"

"Well," he muttered, "maybe it does. But I realize now how much good can be done with all the money you make out here. Look at (Please turn to page 76)
HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Camera and News Shots of the Star Parade

By
Weston East

VENUS de Hollywood, 1938! As a model of current screen styles for figures, also fashions (playsuits are "it" now), Mary Brodel belongs on a pedestal.

BOB TAYLOR is paid $3,000 a week for being Metro's master-of-ceremonies on that radio hour every Thursday night. But he isn't just raking in the money happily. When he isn't acting in a film he averages twenty hours of advance rehearsal; when he's doubling screen and air he gets in as much preparation as humanly possible. There were a thousand fans flocking around the stage door when Bob emerged last week from his broadcast. Hereafter he'll have to depart by a different door each time, to save wear and tear.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has become more of an outdoor girl if she intends to be a pal to her new husband. She learned to play tennis for John Gilbert's sake, and currently she's about to take up horseback riding for her new director bridegroom's smiles. He plays polo and he has eight ponies on his personal string. He's bought a polo pony for Virginia. "It's being trained," she explains, attempting to hide the fact that she's scared silly of horses. "When it's ready, I'll begin!"

HEPBURN hasn't reformed, even though she's let the public in on her sense of humor via her latest film releases. She's still turning up her nose at all writers who want to interview her. At Columbia her attitude is all the more marked, for Joan Blondell was the visiting star before Katie and hit an all-time high in personal popularity. Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and Madeleine Carroll have dropped in at this studio for single pictures. All are gracious, with Madeleine being voted the neatest to work with until Joan bowed everyone over with her thoughtfulness.

WHILE she was waiting for M-G-M to stir up a strong script, Joan Crawford tackled her singing lessons in typical style. Each morning Madame Morando, her regular teacher, came to her home in Brentwood for an hour's work. Each afternoon Joan reported at the studio for coaching by Rosenstein, Igor Gorin's musical guide. Rosenstein put her to singing arias from "La Traviata" with Douglas McPhail, featured operatic singer on Metro's radio hour. Years ago, when Jeannette MacDonald was cast in "The Merry Widow," Joan was disappointed. She'd wanted that assignment. She's still improving her singing, after all this time.

DICK POWELL, in his off periods, is going in for yachting in a serious way. He's entering the leading yacht races on the Pacific Coast and studying navigation. Do you suppose he got the urge at Annapolis, or when he was being a singing marine? It would be pleasant to think those Navy musicals he did had some such effect.

EDGAR BERGEN and Charlie McCarthy, though settled in a Beverly home, dream of a handy farm out where the other stars are ranching it up. "I've been reading of a one-man rancho," explains Bergen. The ad he clutched boasted of a back yard deluxe, with barbecue pit and patio, and only ten minutes from Hollywood. Which gives you an idea of just how rustic most of those farming stars are!

Heartiest laughs to be found on a recent tour of the lot turned up on "The Joy of Loving" set. See Irene Dunne and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., below, if you won't take our word for it.
Norma Shearer returns to the screen as Marie Antoinette; above, in a scene with Tyrone Power as Count Fersen.

A long way from Hollywood—Europe, in fact—we find Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, hemmed in by admiring crowds as they see Naples—and enjoy themselves, below.

EW AYRES hates to dance and has firmly stayed away from the popular night clubs. (This was a trial to both his wives, Lola Lane and Ginger Rogers. What was the use of evening gowns, they figured.) Recently he put in every night at the dance hall at Ocean Park, substituting for the drummer in the orchestra. Lew hasn’t had a change of heart, but he por-

trays a band boy in his latest epic and it’s been so long since he’s had a crack at an “A” picture that he’s going to be a riot or else. He’s working with Hepburn and Cary Grant.

FOR the past couple of months Olivia de Havilland, no less, hasn’t had a date. She isn’t nursing a blighted love, nor is she off men. She’s tired. She’s been working so steadily that she has to take dinner in bed when she gets home. But she’s becoming drowsy over fashion magazines, and vowing that when she has a vacation she’ll buy some gowns that’ll be knockouts. When she owns the gowns she’ll find time to step out in them, or else.

LEAVE it to Basil Rathbone. That new Georgian home of his isn’t being built in the conventional manner. First he put in the terrace. Next the lot was properly fenced. The waterfall was third. The house itself comes last. “There’s usually such a dismal mess around a new house,” says Basil. “So I thought—why should there be?”

We persuaded Nan Gray to pause and pose before plunging for a swim. Shucks, anybody can swim, but not many bodies can look like Nan in a suit like that!
NOW that Kay Francis has built herself a new home she’s staging a wedding as its official house-warming. It’ll be Kay’s fourth, and with it she becomes a baroness. Baron Barnekow, who wooed and won Kay, was not, as many imagined, introduced to her by Delmar Daves, her long-time scenario writer flame and asked by him to keep Kay from getting lonesome while Daves was abroad. It turns out Kay met her heart at a party at Contess di Frasso’s.

JUST before Marlene Dietrich made her last picture for Paramount her dressing-room was redecorated lavishly to please her. Where it wasn’t satin and suede and fringe, it was all mirror. Joan Bennett—who’s dating Walter Wanger with a “chaperone” because he stars her and his divorce isn’t final—has inherited the elegance. First order was—out with the flock of mirrors! Joan doesn’t want to gaze admiringly at herself all the time.

SONJA HENIE is back at work in Hollywood. She’ll make two pictures this year, at $200,000 salary apiece. Having already collected a splashy sum from her personal appearance skating exhibitions, she can afford to contemplate a new romance.

NORMA SHEARER continues to concentrate on her return to the screen, and when Norma concentrates there is really little time for anything that would sidetrack her. Consequently, her social whirl has been scant. She’s given a couple of small, informal dinners at home, showing a movie afterwards. Norma has no intention of leaving the beach house where she and Irving Thalberg were so happy. She hasn’t redecorated; carrying on means remembering to her. When she steps out it’s with Douglas Fairbanks, Jn., a neighbor, or David Niven, once the beau of Merle Oberon, her dear friend. (Merle, over in London, has a striking tendency for an amateur golf champion there.) But the other evening when Norma dined at Joan Crawford’s she specifically chose David instead of Doug. The occasion was Franchot’s birthday and there’s tact in not bouncing in chumminess with the head of the house’s predecessor.

THE “Go East” plan is gaining momentum; will be adopted even more widely if John Preston, latest Hollywoodian to give it a try, comes back to pictures as a “new bet” from Broadway. John, whom you’ve probably seen in action pictures, like “Beast of Borneo,” has been in Hollywood 2 years; made 12 features. Tired of the typing, John lit out for Broadway, will take a part in a stage play, and see if he can get, via New York, the kind of contract not available when a player gets into that taken-for-granted spot so many actors face after they’ve been around the film studios for some time. John, whose real name is Andrew Jackson Rylee (claims direct from the Andrew Jackson, by the way) hails from Texas, got into pictures via the football gridiron, though he had acted in stock in the Southwest. That was before he was signed up for the famous Olympic Club football team in San Francisco. He was Jack Rylee then, former Texas U star and ex-actor. Tall, he’s six-two in socks, athletic and handsome, John was a “natural” for outdoor leading man roles. So much a “natural” he was kept at

Will Hollywood “discover” him again? Below, John Preston, cowboy star, said he was fed up with horse operas, and set out to return to the stage to prove he can act as well as ride.

Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland leave the South Seas of “Her Jungle Love,” but continue screen romance under southern skies, in “Tropic Holiday.”
The two boys who like the one girl, aren't in the humor to get acquainted ond be pals, so Humphrey Bogart and Wayne Morris just glare when Priscilla Lane introduces them, above. Right, now everybody's sore. It happens in "Men Are Such Fools." It would!

it too long, he thinks. Anyway, he was in New York only a day or so when offers for screen tests were made. He said no—he'd do a play first—and get "discovered."

**JANE WITHERS** is the only child star who hasn't been the victim of a law suit as soon as the star salary started. Shirley Temple was sued by her first agent. Freddie Bartholomew is acting for peanuts, comparatively; he'll get $100,000 during 1938 and after he pays his taxes and pays off his lawyers he'll have just $4,000 left in the bank. Tom Kelly now gets $100 a week, which landed him on the front pages; it seems his pa has only been allowing his grandma $3 a week and wants more. Edith Fellows has been to court to get her new deal for $390 a week legalized; a year ago her career was imperiled when her mother sued her grandmother for her guardianship. The grandmother, who raised Edith under great difficulties, won the right to keep her. Edith also has been sued, by her former singing teacher; he wants $1999.99 and he doesn't plan on settling for a cent less.

**FINALLY** Alice Faye has had time to pick out a honeymoon house. She and Tony Martin settled at the elegant Sunset Tower for they had no chance to go choosing around. But when they finished their last pictures they went domestic with a wow! "The neighbors objected to our practicing our singing," Alice mutters when you quiz her on why she gave up the apartment. She's really sentimental beneath her calm attitude towards her marriage. She wanted a house where she could order the meals and be a wife in grand style, just like a movie heroine. Tony personally sees to it that there are always fresh flowers; he knows they give her a glow. When she was a chorus girl she dreamed of such a luxurious finale.

**SAM GOLDSWYN** never recovered from the cracks about the failure of Anna Sten. Figuring that if one method flops, the opposite slant should be a click, he kept Sigrid Gurie out of sight. She was to burst upon an awaiting Hollywood at the preview of her adventures with Gary Cooper in ancient China. But, after two years of waiting to mix with the other stars, it would have to be that very week that Sigrid would come down with a severe cold.

**LATEST** from the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald front: Jeanette has thrown away her swell riding habits and now rides blithely in blue coveralls. Now she even presents hilarious impersonations. You should see her do Garbo.

**THE stardom conferred upon sisters Priscilla and Rosemary Lane hasn't turned their heads. They drive their new cars (Fords) without any nonsense such as chauffeurs. They are agog whenever they sight a film celebrity, instead of being self-conscious about their own luck. But here's the piece de resistance: they still share the same bedroom. They have a spare room, but they reserve it for guests. When their sister from Chicago goes home Wayne Morris hopes he'll rate a week-end invitation. He's practicing upon his manners and riding, for Priscilla—his's, he hopes—is a female Buck Jones. The fellow who loves her has to love a horse.

**Putting the clinch on a love scene for "Kentucky Moonshine," are Tony Martin and Marjorie Weaver, above, a new romance team we think you'll like.**
Adventures in Perfume

Consider perfume as a definite costume accent. Here are notes on how to choose—how to use!

By Courtenay Marvin

Perfume preferences: Right, Miriam Hopkins sprays a mist over her curls. Below, versatile Gracie Allen is an ardent collector and gives her exhibition a dramatic setting, while Cecile Parker is a devotee of gardenia. The spray method is highly approved.

The orchid has a special place in my perfume affections. Once, in the early days of my career, I had a terrific attack of stage-fright. For a moment I was completely overcome, then I became conscious of the warm sweetness of my perfume. It seemed to reassure me and restore my poise, and so this fragrance has a definite meaning for me.” Thus reminisced Irene Dunne one time when we were talking about perfume.

Your perfume should do two things. First, it should create an effect upon you. This is most important. And second, it should create an effect upon others. The inspirational and up-lifting effect upon the wearer is great. Fragrance can change a mood instantly; it can give you confidence, a sense of happiness, beauty and well-being. Stars know this and that is why they have individual perfume loves. It is a subject on which they like to expand, usually with some anecdote or personal experience, and many of them are perfume collectors. They collect hundreds of odeurs in beautiful bottles and get as much pleasure from these collections as others hobbyists do from their stamps, rare books, or whatever their inclination.

Perfume is a sentimental thing. It has great power to make and revoke memories. There is hardly a girl ruminating over some lost or retained beau who will not recall that on important moments she wore this or that perfume. And how a whiff from some long packed-away garment brings a forgotten picture before our eyes. And men, too, find a strange stirring of memory in perfume. Because perfume becomes a person. Norma Shearer has expressed a fondness for lilac, because it reminds her of her Canadian home when she was a very young girl. Margot Grahame tells me she would not make a picture without using a particular perfume, according to the mood of the character she is playing. Strangely enough, in “The Informer,” she used English lavender, perhaps because this is associated with her native England. Claire Trevor likes sweet pea; Carole Lombard, Mary Carlisle, and Alice Faye are gardenia devotees, while Simone Simon likes a type that breathes the lush sweetness of a forest on warm days, and Miriam Hopkins likes fresh, breezy scents. Loretta Young’s favorites are blends of soft mystery, so that you never know quite what she is using, and Rosella Towne has revived the fad for scented rose beads, a favorite of a past generation.

We are told that perfume should express our personality. That is right, but how many of us know our own personalities well enough to make them good guides?
Yours For Loveliness

Accessories That Highlight Your Very Best Points

Liquid Lip Tone is a new idea for lips that won't come off.

**A LIQUID** that tints your lips to rich warm color, that is greaseless and smearless, that does not rub off on table linen, cigarettes or the caressed cheek, sounds like a long dreamed hope come in a little glass. I think by Princess Pat this is—and more. In a container, small enough for purse carrying, should. A front and this Lip Tone is so dry it seems ideal for creating a clear, perfect line, a blessing in itself. Apply Lip Tone, even if you are small lips; it keeps them soft and young. It stays in place remarkably long and comes in four beautiful shades. Above, you get an idea of what it's like.

**CHANGING nail polish,** according to costume, occasion or mood, as you would other accessories, is just another thought for the girl with a true feeling for fashion, and a practical one, too, when you don't have to make too much outlay for a nail polish "wardrobe." Fortunately, you don't with the new Glazo Tropic, Congo, Spice and Cabana, all selected by fashion experts. The formula for this cream polish, too, has been brought very up-to-the-minute, with longer wear, ease of application and brilliant luster assured. The well-known bottle is pictured above, filled with nail glaze for from dawn to dusk engagements.

If you enjoy coming across old beauty friends in new packages or containers, then you might like to know that Bourjois has made an attractive spring dress for Eves- ning in Paris Ean de Cologne and matching perfume. There's an appealing soft mystery in these preparations that accounts for wide popularity, and the combination of the perfume and the milder it can de Cologne keeps your fragrance in harmony. The package mentioned is a lovely gift for yourself or others and also a good bridge prize.

THE Kleenex Pastel Pack of generous, yet soft, tissues is a smart idea for the hostess who likes a sense of color harmony in bath or on dressing-table. A choice of four colors come in a box with "window" front so you can see exactly what you want. The thoughtful hostess equips guest rooms with personal conveniences for over-nighters or week-enders, and the Pas tel Pack enables you to distribute even cleansing tissues with a sense of color harmony appropriate to room or guest. For personal use, you can match tissue colors to your favorite cosmetic bottles or boxes, too. Besides the obvious uses for these tissues, they serve many others. They are sanitary for wiping the baby's mouth, for children's handkerchiefs and so on and so on.

C. M.
The expenses of a star aren’t minimized by the fact that these youngsters have only just begun. There are agents’ fees, taking ten per cent of that small salary. There are extra expenses for publicity. Fans will sometimes, for assistance in answering the thousands of fan letters that pour in after one splash picture like “Kid Galahad” or “Hurricane.”

There are advertisements in trade papers—pride alone forces you to take just as big an ad as your co-star, who may have been in Hollywood for several years, with constant salary raises. There are sometimes, for the girls, maids, secretaries, and other helpers, for if you devote every waking minute to acting and posing and training for a hit picture, you can’t spend much time keeping your own clothes in order—or doing your housework! And through it all, for the first important year which, in Hollywood, can make or break you, you’re earning no more than you might in some less hectic profession where your expenses would be nil. What’s the answer? That’s what the young stars are wondering.

But before passing judgment on Hollywood for creating the problem, consider these facts. Each year Hollywood signs up hundreds of likely newcomers like Morris or Hall, Marjorie Weaver or Andrea Leeds. Sometimes they click; more often they play one or two small parts, in B production, and then drop out. Meanwhile, Hollywood generously gives them their chance, and spends small fortunes on voice lessons, dramatic coaching, publicity, make-up experts, photographers. And only once in a thousand does this initial investment repay as in the case of an Errol Flynn, a full-fledged star after his first picture, or an Alan Curtis, receiving national fan attention with a single performance!

Remember, too, that after they’ve proved themselves in several pictures, salaries are adjusted sometimes at the studio’s own suggestion and they’re no longer on cash period is over. Until then—who knows?—even a Jon Hall may prove a flash in the pan, unable to sustain his success with another good performance!

Wayne Morris told me, “Frankly, I don’t go in for much ‘front’ because I just can’t see the sense of throwing money away. And no matter how little or how much I’m earning, I save part of it.” And this likeable youngster solves the problem by sternly forbidding himself all extravagances, contributes to the family income, and lives as modestly as he might in any other small town. Oh, yes, he’s buying that yellow roadster on the installment plan!

Pat Knowles and his wife resorted, finally, to a business manager who gives them each a modest allowance and not a penny more. For an extra sum, whatever the lofty purpose, they must sign a special paper and then wait thirty days for the cash.

When I first came over,” Pat admits laughingly, “I thought being a Hollywood star was all pretty fine, and we moved right into Bill Fields’ former home at $375 a month. Then came a rude awakening and then came the business adviser, who moved us right out of the mansion into a more modest place, star or no star!”

(After “Adventures of Robin Hood,” the scouts are saying, even his own manager will be pretty deferential to this potent box-office threat.)

Mary Lou Lender, chosen by Harold Lloyd for “Professor Beware,” found herself in difficulties when the lead in a smaller picture brought her unthought-of acclaim. If you’ve written her a fan letter, you may be still waiting for the answer. Secretaries, stamps, and stationery in large quantities cost money, and Mary Lou admits she is still in the small-bracket class financially.

“I call myself a typical Hollywood Cinderella,” she smiles, “for whenever I’m photographed at the studio, I wear glamorous and expensive frocks—often borrowed from a leading department store. Then, at home, I go back to my own modest little numbers.”

Alan Curtis admits frankly that he doesn’t budget his monies. “A person can’t really save until he makes a salary,” is the opinion of this handsome newcomer. “You don’t really gain by doing so. Clothes are a necessity for a struggling actor, and when you spend money for them, it’s like investing money in a business. If I do give way to the temptation of splurging once in a while, I balance things by staying home the following week. And I don’t go on weekend trips to Palm Springs or Arrowhead. Too expensive!”
Full-fledged stars who have passed through the love on cash period have excelled in roles for those now in the throes. Dick Powell says earnestly, "You're darned right—it is a problem to keep up an appearance not warranted by your salary and yet still live in style, in a high sense of popularity. At first I tried to do the things expected of a movie star; then I began using my head, and figured things from my own angle.

"For a young man, the toughest problem is in finding inexpensive places where you can take girls. The girl's first thought, naturally, is to wear her prettiest frock—and if you don't think quickly, you find yourself sending flowers, suggesting dinner at the swankiest place in town, and then somewhere else for dancing, later.

"Think before you phone!" Dick advises. "It's possible to sell the girl on the idea that you're leaving the studio late and perhaps it isn't worth while to dress. Then—you've been waiting to see such-and-such a movie, and has she seen it? Then, afterward, it's possible in Hollywood to find some interesting—but inexpensive—spot for a bite of supper."

"Maybe, for some, the love on cash period is good training, for you'll notice that Dick and his lovely wife, Joan Blondell, are decidedly not among the "heavy spenders" of the town, a sign of their favorite evening evenings is spent record-hunting at a Boulevard music store!

Bette Davis, another who graduated with honors, insists that newcomers are all wrong in considering "friends" important. It just isn't so. "What you do on the screen—that counts!" says Bette unequivocally. (And only now, when she has truly arrived, in this popular star moving from her modest Hollywood cottage to a Beverly estate!)

"Maybe that's why Bette's protégée, Jane Bryan, has solved her problem by living like an ordinary citizen. "I've never cared much about clothes, and to go out just once a week is enough for me. So my principal extravagance are records and books."

Nevertheless, Jane does admit a bit of amused embarrassment when the studio asked her to look especially lovely for a personal appearance. The budget was low so she avoided the high-priced shops, and rushed down to a wholesale place just like you and you and you. Then this twinkling new starlet had to borrow the proper accessories from a girl in the Warner publicity department! Marjorie Weaver manages by sheer genius to stretch out her salary to cover any emergencies, and this wouldn't surprise the girls who were with her in the Kappa Kappa Gogges house at the University of Indiana. There, on an allowance of $50 a month from home, Marjorie managed to look smarter than anyone else, even though many of her sorority sisters received princely sums from their wealthy families. Nevertheless, Marjorie avoids night clubs and such, and her idea of a good time is to take an erstwhile sorority pal, Judy Parks, on a "double date" to Los Angeles' Chinatown for Eggs Foo Yong. (Maybe it's easy for Marjorie to skip Hollywood dates, considering her secret marriage back in Illinois in October, which had the town guessing for weeks!)

Two rising stars in one family, Ann Sheridan and Ed Norris, can't even go extravagantly when they combine forces. Purchasing a small ranch home in San Fernando valley, the Norrices decided to have the house remodelled, and then discovered with dismay that the family budget wouldn't stand moving to a hotel while repairs were under way.

Ann was resourceful. "Let's just sit it out," she suggested. So the Norrices, Holly-wood starlets both, lived precariously in one room while the rest of the house was torn down and rebuilt around their heads. That's the story of a few Hollywood youngsters who are struggling to make ends meet until salaries catch up with that elusive wench, Fame. Some of them are posing in clothes for fashion magazines—to receive free samples from the manufacturers. Others are dining at certain restaurants where celebrities receive liberal discounts. Skimping on this—saving on that—remember their experiences, the next time you start envying new Hollywood discoveries!

Maybe the studios should consider seriously the suggestion of a prominent agent, M. C. Levee. He handles such stars as Leslie Howard, Paul Muni, Joe E. Brown, Joan Crawford, and others, but he knows only too well the plight of the newcomers. He advises a "front fund" for the young-sters, to be held in trust at every studio as a drawing account for potential stars. That's one way of solving the problem!
of December when all baby seals are supposed to have grown up, was a still order. Only a case of late-mating, a rarity, would produce what was wanted.

With calls issued to animal farms located in Nova Scotia, Florida, and points west, the famed California, anxious days were spent by without any luck. Cameras waited and the keepers of production budgets sweated with worry. Then finally, from Balboa, California, came a letter. A lobsterman, it seems, tending his lobster pots off the coast, had found, stranded on a rock, a sure enough baby seal. "I am keeping him in a barrel of water," wrote the writer, "and I will leave for Hollywood with him in the morning."

Faces brightened at the studio. All was arranged on the set for immediate "takes," and Paramount Pictures hired the arrival of the fisherman from Balboa.

In lieu of the fisherman, however, there came, in the afternoon mail, a second letter, doleful and distressing.

These instances bring out a few of the reasons why animal talent for pictures exacts high remuneration. Daily and highly specialized training of trick animals, feeding costs, transportation and climatic difficulties are other intricacies that must be faced. And so, asking nothing in appearance for temporary disturbance of their charges, animal owners feel their prices are not unreasonable.

High up on the star list, is a little mongrel named Corky, whose chief claim to fame thus far is his work with Irene Dunne in "A Girl Goes Wild." Corky's charm, according to his joint owners, Mr. and Mrs. Henry East of Hollywood, lies in the combination of his great zest for fun and his ability to hold one ear up and one ear down, all at the same time. Recent pictures from the Paramount studios to Corky's duties to Corky are the Joe E. Brown starring feature, "When's Your Birthday?" and the Bobby Breen picture, "Hawaiian Call." It is told of receipts for Corky's services is the $90 per day that was paid for his part of the antics in the first-mentioned picture. Getting himself "on call" for a period of four 18 weeks of the production, the impish mixture of several breeds of dog gathered in for his kennels a total of close to $2,500 spending money, and added to this was a handler's fee of the first order. Coming up shortly in several important productions, Corky is destined to add materially to his figure. Also from the Hollywood kennels in the largely-known but lower-figured Skippy, who is remembered for his conveyance of at least twelve distinct canine emotions as Asia in "After the Thin Man," and for the naturalness of his romping with Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth," though Skippy has thus far received less per picture than his kennel-mate, he writes more of it than Corky. Corky, in the meantime, has made many more screen appearances, is expected to show compound increases in salary.

To take up once more the comparison between the life of the movie animal and the human artists may we, without too much disrespect, see how our mythical highest-paid Hollywood "extra" players far, when studied up against averages. Hollywood, before, it becomes shamefully evident by contrast that the "extra"'s maximum of $50 per week is a mere pittance. For, in checking our own pennies in the studios, we find that these birds, definitely of the elite among the film community's higher-paid creatures, ask, in their natural full-dress, on the average of $65 a day, and will generally not work unless at least a week's continuous employment is assured them.

Based upon number of performances in pictures where a highly-trained and "movie-broken" penguin has been required, Hollywood's No. 1 penguin at the present time is unquestionably the individual known out West by virtue of $75 and $100 a day, varying upon circumstances, Pete may be persuaded to brace the lights and the exactments of movie scripts—all provided, of course, that his handler is taken care of in the matter of trainer's fee, room and transportation, and that both are given a definite period of working days. Closely following Pete in salary demands is a penguin named Oscar, who, similarly requiring the best for his master, will face the lenses for $75 per day.

Inadequate without the name of Billy, the prize property of the Los Angeles Alligator Farm, our list of Hollywood's upper-bracketed animal stars by all means includes this 250-year-old reptile who is definitely a veteran in the film city. Captured at the tender age of approximately 220 years in a swamp in Louisiana, Billy has the distinction of having been in pictures for thirty-two years. Appearing prominently in "Sparrow" years ago with trained equines for special performances brought daily for their owners $25 apiece; and for horses in the same productions performing lesser special duties there was paid a sum of $10 each, per day. One of the $25 variety, a pinto named Junior who does several sequences with Joel McCrea in the first-mentioned picture, so impressed leading lady Frances Dee, is reported, that she proceeded to purchase Junior for her co-starring husband, even before the production was finished.

Another "picture horse" gaining prominence as an individual is Leo Carillo's Sui Sun, who plays currently with the impressive Latino in "Girl of the Golden West." For Sui Sun's specialized acting in this picture Carillo was given a check for $100 each week of the production, and along with it went a liberal allotment for stable expenses. Considering that all horses employed in capacities such as have been mentioned must at one time or another have been "movie broken," and that there must be present at all times during the filming of horse sequences, according to law, at least one handler per horse, it may be understood where some of the money goes.

With pelicans and sea gulls flying wild all up and down the Southern California sea coast, it would seem at first conception that leg-fulls could be gathered at will when the call for their services arose. A California State law, however, disallows the capture of either of these admorments of the tourist-conscious commonwealth's ocean front, and so there are no end of special meetings, special permits, and general red tape to be gone through before birds of these two species may be taken from their native haunts. Result of which, when the order went out during production on Cecil DeMille's "Buccaneer" for two large pelicans for special effects, the animal teur sportsman who finally maneuvered the bagging was paid $10 for every day the satchel-billed fowl were on call, and for himself, as trainer, received a substantial trainer's fee. Cranes, hard to get due to their scarcity in these regions, similarly bring approximately $75 per week, and for tropical birds, such as those seen in the Lily Pons picture, "Hitting a New High," there is a slightly better price.

And this "sephyr frock" is also a favorite with Shirley.

Mary Pickford, he has since given commendable performances in a list too long to tabulate here.

Although Billy is still comparatively young for his species, he has, we are told, the desirable characteristic of being what in alligator circles is termed a "leader." As such he has proved himself to be invaluable in the many picture sequences that have called for a herd of the barking-skinned reptiles to swarm down upon people under the generalship of one of their number. And added to this, Billy has the best mannerless while portraying ferocity at close range. For thus doing what the good picture alligator is supposed to do, and doing it at the right time, Billy has an asking price of $100 per day. An indication of his ability to get what he wants, moreover, is the fact that he has never gone through a day at a studio for less than $50.

In the historical plays, "Wells Fargo" and "Buccanner," where a combined total of five hundred horses were used, highly

Shirley Temple's summer wardrobe includes this taffeta frock.
what is commonly called a “common cold.”

The girl who danced Cesar down was Sonja Henie—and he frankly tells you he was just about all in, and marvels the more about Sonja’s magnificently played practical joke on him because this happened at a party given the skating star after her triumphal engagement at Madison Square Garden in New York—where she played six performances of as gruelling an athletic effort as any champion ever attempted. Those thousands who paid in a total of $156,000 at the box office of the Garden wanted their money’s worth, and got so many encores from Sonja that maybe she was taking a bit of private revenge on Mr. Romero, by doing dancing encores with him. “What a girl!” said Cesar.

There is a bit of a sidelight on that which may have added somewhat to Cesar’s handicap. Born and brought up in New York, he is no stranger to that malady known as a cold. But this one was coming most inopportune. You see a fortunate-teller at a party in Hollywood told him that on this trip he was planning he would meet THE girl, Romance for Romero; an added fillip to his vacation trip back home.

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For More Than Money

Continued from page 65

Mrs. Charles Cooper visits her famous son, Gary, on the set.

"And damned if they didn't write me in, right then and there," Andy explained delightedly, his voice skyrocketing to high tenor for a moment. "They changed the score so that like that—and when time came to go on my part was ready for me." His honestly good-natured face lit up, as he ran stubby fingers through tousled sandy hair.

That first broadcast on the Lumm and Abner program led to others.

"How about me going on with you this week over so and call one or the other of the pair, and generally the answer would be—"Okay."

But here's the funny part of it—that he might have asked for a salary check never for a moment entered his mind. That he was passing up an opportunity to make thousands of dollars didn't occur to him. He didn't expect payment for what he considered the greatest fun he had ever known. He was having fun in his own peculiar way. Who else in pictures but the Devine would have acted in so unprecedented a fashion?

"Maybe if I had another kind of voice I would have gotten a break sooner," Andy remarks. "But on the other hand, if I had this serenely kind of mine maybe I wouldn't even be on the screen. At least it's individual."

Andy's gravel voice—George Jessel dubbed it thus—is the most distinctive on either screen or radio. That is one reason why he is such a favorite, sure-fire, whenever he makes an appearance in either medium. A ready-made audience awaits him, for audiences love the personality behind the voice.

It's pretty generally known by now that Andy's peculiar tonal qualities are the result of an accident during boyhood.

"That is," the comedian observes, "doctors think that's what caused my voice to be what it is today. I was run over with a stick in my mouth, as kids will, when I fell and the point penetrated my throat. Shortly after that, my voice changed from a normal one to its present goody state."

That fans enjoy this "goody" voice is seen in their laughing uproariously whenever Andy opens his mouth in speech. It's the same vocal tone Jack Benny's sponsor has placed Andy under contract, to appear on the Benny program for the season. Now, whenever Andy goes on the air, he's PAID!

But, we should ALL be crazy about radio!

all I've been able to do for Johnny in an attempt to have his deafness cured that I never could have done otherwise. I can give him and Susie what they grew up that I would never be able to give them on the salary I could make on the stage. I owe them something.

So many memories of Spence—memories of so many conversations and arguments we had in those early days—keep crowding in on me. I remember when his second option came up at Fox. He was still in the film. His salary was due to jump from $1,000 a week to $1,500. That seemed like all the money in the world to him. "They'll never pay it," he prophesied doubtfully.

"Other people have had bigger jumps than that," I assured him, "and have been kept on."

"Then they were stars," he argued.

He has always had an inferiority complex where his importance is concerned. Even today he doesn't realize that he stands for anything as an actor in the industry! He seems to feel he is a fairly competent craftsman but that if he has attained a position of any importance it is entirely due to lucky breaks.

In those early days his ambition was to have a contract limiting him to two pictures a year and the privilege of doing stage plays in the interim. He asked him recently what had become of that yearning. "I still hope to do more plays on the stage," he answered, "but I'm still not big enough in pictures to dictate the terms of my contract and compliment him on his salary. That seems to be for those roles would get away from him. In exasperation, his lawyer finally sent for Spence's brother Carroll to come handle Spence's business.

He hasn't changed in that respect. Parts still mean more to him than money. Had it not been for Carroll there is no telling what would have happened to Spence. Wouldn't have signed to get two parts at M-G-M. That is what he would not get away from himself. In the new contract he recently signed with M-G-M at a salary said to approximate $3,500 a week.

No fan was ever more of a hero worshipper than Spence. He has his favorites and he is in the seventh heaven of bliss when he is with one of them or when people realize he is on intimate terms with someone whom he considers "great."

Success hasn't changed him in that way and I doubt if it ever will.

He has a terrific inferiority complex but success has given him a poise he never had before. Just having people notice him makes his work has given him a new confidence and assurance.

It is the usual thing to write that almost any actor reminds you of "a little boy." Well, Spence does. His tastes and enthusiasm are all of the little boy variety. I watched him go through the stage where he was being polo ponies with both hands and wondered if he were going Hollywood, although down in my heart I wasn't really worried. He still loves polo but the studio won't let him play.

I watched him go through the stage where he had to own a yacht—had to do. I knew a red tide of that, too. Nor will I ever forget the Sunday afternoon he took a bunch of us out beyond the breakwater in the Los Angeles Harbor for a sail. We came back late in the afternoon when traffic across the bridge was at its heaviest. Naturally, traffic was held up while the bridge was raised to let sailing vessels into the harbor. We came back late in the afternoon when traffic across the bridge was at its heaviest. Naturally, traffic was held up while the bridge was raised to let us through. But Spence, new to navigation and knowing little about steering, couldn't quite get the boat through. Motorists waiting to get across the bridge became irate.

Spence flashed a lobster red. A few weeks later he sold the boat.

He is a sentimentalist at heart but he would die if he thought anyone suspected of it. That's another thing Hollywood will never change nor cure him of.

When he got along marvelously ever since. I don't believe there is an actress in Hollywood with whom Spence would rather work.

That's another way in which he'll never change: fine an actor as he is, he has to work in a congenial environment or he can't work.

Must be love! Mary Lou Lender and Sterling Holloway, in a scene from "Professor Beware."
"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER ... Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Joan Belmont, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey

"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

"SMOOTHES OUT TIRED LINES ... Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look — smooths out tired lines."

The Countess de la Falaise

"SKIN YOUNGER . . . The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. 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! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

**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!
A Date with Clark Gable
Continued from page 7

Clark said at the time that someday he would give me a first hand story on a date with him.

Several months later, my telephone rang one afternoon, and a rather boyish, but low modulated voice spoke over the receiver: "Hello, this is Clark Gable." And when in stunned silence, I failed to answer, the voice repeated: "Can you hear me, this is Clark Gable speaking. How are you?" And then concluding that of course it was some boy friend trying to play a joke on me I blandly replied: "You don’t fool me a bit. Now next time you call just say you’re the king of Siam, and I’ll believe you just as much." There was a laugh at the other end of the wire and the voice persisted: "But truly, this is Clark, and I happen to be just a short distance from your house and I thought you might have lunch with me." I didn’t even bother to powder my nose, or change my dress, of course I expected to have breakfast, but I did find a car drive up by the front gate, and I glanced out the window to see Clark Gable in person coming up the walk.

Here he was, not in Clark Gable, and didn’t know just what to do about it. Any girl can imagine herself in the same predicament, mentally visualizing the perfectly groomed Clark Gable, and with quick little pinch hard enough to leave a mark on my arm to prove that me was me, and awake, not dreaming, I greeted the famous star, standing in my four door, and Ten minutes later found seated us in his sixteen-cylindered-open-top roadster, driving down the street.

Clark talked about his new ranch house out at San Fernando Valley, and his cocker spaniel Smokey as we drove along. "I like being a country sort, and lazing around out there in the sunshine and country air," he said. "And wouldn’t it be wonderful to have a rabbit, lost it, barking frantic. He makes about twenty-two miles to the horse’s ten. Once he tried to follow a deer, but he couldn’t find it that was his speed at all. Bob Taylor joins us for a ride now and then. He’s another farm boy, raised in a Nebraska farm. Some of the folks who write us fan letters wouldn’t find our lives very glamorous or exciting, I’m afraid."

By this time we had reached a popular section of the city, where we selected a restaurant. Clark parked his car at the curb, then noticing he had parked partly on a red zone, he turned on the ignition and backed out again, and we found another place up the street. A girl who dates with Clark Gable need never have fear of landing in a traffic court. He is very thoughtful and considerate of the law and observes parking rules.

By this time several side-walkers who had recognized Clark when he attempted to park the first time he had spread the word, and he was greeted by a dozen or more people who came running down the sidewalk, in full speed, shouting "It’s Clark Gable! It’s Clark Gable!" Clark smiled good-naturedly and came over to my side of the car to help me alight, but before he could open the door he was besieged from all sides by autograph hunters, who popped up from nowhere, so it seemed, and girls and women who frantically rushed to reach him. He tried to make room to open the car door to help me out and I took mental note, that this was how it was to have a date with Clark Gable, and that I was in the shoes of Lombard—for the time being! Finally Clark was able to get me out of the car into the swirling mob, which seemed to be increasing by the minute. Traffic was in a decided snarl, and extra policemen appeared from several directions. Two of them secured our arms and helped us to reach the sidewalk. All of which was so different than I had ever imagined a date with Gable would be like. But this was only the beginning.

Clark doesn’t like to turn down autograph hunters, and so we’d hardly gone ten feet, with me hanging on his arm, and a dozen women frantically clutching at me, endeavoring to get to him, when Clark stopped and started signing autographs. People stepped all over my toes and in the general rush, but their faces were smiling and eager—so I could only try to tuck my toes still further back and hope I’d be able to walk out alive. No one grabbed roughly at Clark, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen a screen star shown more genuine respect and admiration. Though he was surrounded by three hundred people who very strongly pushed up for autographs, they were courteous.

"That isn’t Carole Lombard," was among the whispers floating around my ears—and a dozen women frantically clutching at me, endeavoring to get to him, when Clark stopped and started signing autographs. People stepped all over my toes and in the general rush, but their faces were smiling and eager—so I could only try to tuck my toes still further back and hope I’d be able to walk out alive. No one grabbed roughly at Clark, and I don’t think I’ve ever seen a screen star shown more genuine respect and admiration. Though he was surrounded by three hundred people who very strongly pushed up for autographs, they were courteous.

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A more liberal movement doesn't get at the cause.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuses anything else.

thrill seeing you, Mr. Gable" and "We like your pictures, Clark Gable" and boys yelled: "Hiya Clark!" to which Clark kept right on grinning. As for me, several women reached to grab and said: "You lucky girls!" while one pretty young girl, with her heart in her eyes, and her eyes for Gable, came right out and said: "I wish I knew her!" Others openly complained: "Who's the girl with Gable?" and "Wait until Lombard hears about this!" —and "Oh, he takes out lots of girls!" and "That Lombard romance is just publicity" and even from the outer edges of the crowd: "What's the girl with Gable—that's what she wearing?"

Clark took my arm and guided me through the crowd to a little restaurant he had selected, because it was close and we believed it would be quiet, and we had heard the food was excellent. As we opened the door, Clark gave me a look of surprise. He seemed to sense the feelings of a girl who had been an exhibition before a public mob, for the first time.

Now a girl having lunch with Clark would sit in a table in a remote corner replete with white linen and gleaming crystal and silver, with perhaps soft music, and Clark sitting there talking to the girls. But this girl who has lunchen with Clark enjoy such intimacy, such privacy, such a romantic picture? Decidedly not! With his entrance, came a rush of people with patrons old and new. The proprietor stood at the door warning his new customers that Mr. Gable was not to be disturbed at that table for the pretense of buying ice cream cones, and stood looking so wistfully down at Clark's table, with their pieces of paper and pencils and pens in hand that Clark had to tell them to come down and he would sign an autograph. Others soon took advantage—and another autographing spree was on. The cooks from the kitchen were now joining the fracas, and waitresses hurriedly gathered up menu cards to be autographed, and which are now displayed with the day's menu so guests will know Gable was there, if they once.

I sat there wondering if this could last forever—the autographing, I mean, when Clark suddenly said, "Now, no more. After all, I have a guest to see, and I must lunch." And we were permitted to order.

By this time the afternoon was well advanced, and we discussed the fact that we were actually very hungry. Clark ordered a chicken and rice, and glass of buttermilk and no desert. He remarked that he had taken off twenty-five pounds last fall, and was being careful not to put them on. He looked up at me and asked me what I thought of having a date with him, and I managed to murmur: "It was very nice, but would be lots better if people would leave us alone for a bit." Clark reached across the table and patted my hand and said that it was always this way, and that he really appreciated his fans, but some
times the people who were with him didn’t especially, and he referred to a girl whom he’d taken to the Troc one night, who wore a shimmering white gown with a long train, and they had been surrounded by hundreds of fans, who in their eagerness for autographs had stood on the lady’s train ripping it from her gown, and they’d had to go home, and Clark chucked.

Then came the food was placed before us, and I decided that it was very thrilling to be able to sit there and become acquainted with the screen’s newest star, a dashing young man no longer than a child, a de
go of the young people around us.

Three of them, without being invited, sat right down at our table and started asking questions all at once. If it were true that he was going to be divorced this year from his wife, and if he

planned on marrying Carole Lombard, and was he going to play Rhett Butler in "Gone With The Wind." Clark from past experience handled these things lightly, and the reporters weren’t sure whether they were being answered or turned down, I or any girl might have been his lunch companions couldn’t help but see the third-party personalities. The newspapermen stayed on and—and so we started to eat—and thought they would leave, which they didn’t. Just then I had a nice round of tomato up to my mouth, a flashlight bulb flashed, and then another and another one, and I could appreciate how and why stars dislike candid cameras clicking with their meters.

When we decided to leave and arose from the table, Gable was once more hand
dashed all around him and I avoided talking to him. The cashiers didn’t want to take his money, said it was on the house, but Clark paid the check nevertheless.

Soon we were on the sidewalk once more, where we found that the crowd had doubled in size, and traffic was almost at a standstill. Everyone who owned a camera had fished one out, and invaded all of the house and relatives and friends to rush down to, to glimpse Gable. We wound our way through the crowd up to Clark’s car, and kodaks were clicking from every side.

Clark had to ask the people to make way once again to get into the car, and finally climbed in himself. By this time it was burned in the very fact that he had to hurry to keep a dinner engagement, (and we’d just finished lunch, such as it was), he was able to avoid other autographs amidst the crowd.

I suggested that we return to my home, where perhaps we could find a moment to visit. And there was where I was for the surprise—he had somehow spread ahead of us, and when we turned the corner into my street, there were cars by the dozens lined up for a block. Evidently he had had a report of my identity, and people had just put two and two together, and came right down, figuring that Clark would bring me home sooner or later.

He stopped his car and looked back—

as though searching for an escape, and looked back to see a steady stream of cars had been following us. At the time we were at a cross street, he turned left by the front gate, and we drove up and went right into the house, where I found the telephone was ringing continuously. By this time I was all but out of my head, and I turned to Clark helplessly and said: "So this is how it is to have a date with Mr. Gable!" And we both laughed. With constant interruptions he stayed the few moments, until people, becoming bolder, came right up to the door and started knocking, asking to see Gable. And friends who hadn’t called for years came calling.

So Clark finally had to leave, and again he was met by a couple of dozen camera fans who snapped his picture at my front gate.

There’s an aftermath a year after you’ve had a date with Gable. Your friends set you apart and you are given a certain distinction. You are forever asked about those letters that were the date. You see the candid pictures of it popping out from amateur candid photo magazines, and people pass your house, and remember you for yourself you know what it is like to have had a date with the most famous actor on the screen. And with all of the mobbing, crowding, intrusions and all of the hands of the great American movie public, if your phone should ring a second time for a Gable date, you’d say breathlessly: "Yes, of course!"

Screenland
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 13

into the dressing, stir the dressing rapidly and then take the ice out before using it. You’ll be surprised how this chills and thickens the dressing!

“This salad is romaine, watercress, radishes, onions, tomatoes and peppers. What makes it different is that after I’ve sliced the radishes and onions, I let them stand for an hour in vinegar and water with pepper and salt. That gives them a sort of pickle taste that I like. Then I put oil and cream into the vinegar and thoroughly chill it before I put it onto the salad.

“Sometimes I use hearts of artichoke, slices of avocado, or hard-boiled egg, sliced, with the greens. My family especially likes a salad of romaine, peppers and yolks of hard-boiled eggs beaten into the dressing.”

Some girls in Hollywood—as in other places—cling to salads because they are non-fattening, but Marie must have weight-building foods.

“I’ve gained twelve pounds!” she exulted.

“The secret of it is to lie down for ten minutes after each meal. For breakfast, I have orange juice, Cream of Wheat mush, and a plate of half-milk, half-cream, and then I hurry and lie down quick in order to gain all the weight those calories contribute.”

She drinks milk, or milk and cream, between meals, also, and manages fair portions of food at lunch and dinner, besides.

“Cheese Souffle delicious, Annie has a special recipe that I’m crazy about!” (Annie is a newly arrived German maid, with a treasured German cookbook, which she translates as she goes.)

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 tbs. flour
2 tbs. butter
1 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup grated cheese (Blue Moon)

Rub butter and flour together over the fire; when they bubble, add gradually hot milk, seasoned with pepper and salt; add slowly the cheese. Remove from fire, add beaten yolks of eggs, cool the mixture, add beaten whites, stirring all together thoroughly. Put in pudding dish well buttered and bake in pan of hot water for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once.

“Annie makes a marvelous dish,” continued Marie, her big brown eyes shining. “It’s called Schnitzel Natural. It’s veal, salted, peppered and floured, and then fried on top of the stove. Then you make a nice, thick gravy and pour sour cream into it and let it simmer a few minutes before serving.

“Of my favorite desserts is Annie’s Spanish Cream. I’m crazy about her Bavarian Cream, too, especially if you powder it with chocolate shot before serving. Both are excellent for underweights.”

SPANISH CREAM

Soak 1/2 box Knox Gelatine in 1 quart of milk for an hour. Then put on fire and stir until it thickens. Add yolks of 3 well beaten eggs and 1 cup(3,440),(995,822)

BAVARIAN CREAM

2 cups milk
1 1/2 cup sugar
Pinch of salt
1 tbs. Knox gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
2 egg yolks well beaten
1 teaspoon Burnett’s vanilla
1/2 pint whipped cream

Dissolve gelatin by sprinkling on top of 1/2 cup cold water. Scald milk, sugar and salt. Add beaten egg yolks, stir until it thickens. Remove from fire and add dissolved gelatin. Stir until gelatin has melted, then strain. Add vanilla. As mixture cools and thickens, add whipped cream.

An 8 ounce can of Hawaiian crushed pineapple may be added for variation.

ALIKE AS TWO PEAS

BUT IT’S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!

YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT’S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?

FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW, LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MARY, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

“Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth...emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!”

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE’S NOBODY IN THE WORLD AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!

THANKS, BOB, BUT I’M NOT MARGIE—I’M MARY!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND MARY’S SPARKLING SMILE!

AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE’S!
Don Ameche's Confession of Faith

Continued from page 25

ball team to victory also, Don has always combined the aesthetic with the virile during his early professional struggles, and between his acting and broadcasting, he odd-jobbed variously as a ditch-digger, a rough carpenter, a mattress-maker cement worker, etc., and he finds no conflict between them. Don would hate worse than anything in the world to be either a heathen or a sissy.

Nor does he see anything at all incongruous in the fact that his father was at one a church-goer and a saloon-keeper. "Dad was the best saloon-keeper in Kenosh," he declares, refusing now that he is top-flight to soft-pedal the subject, "nobody ever had too much to drink in his saloon."

Don's present counterpart of that little chapel which stood him in such good stead at St. Berchman's is St. Elizabeth's at Van Nuys, where he and his family worship unobtrusively every Sunday morning and is often during the week as his busy schedule will permit.

Somewhere in the life of every outstanding character there are others whose influence is very largely responsible for moulding them into what they become. Besides his mother and father, in Don's case these others were Sister Cornelia, then at St. Berchman's and now Mother Superior of St. Mercy's in Cedar Rapids, Iowa—where Don's sisters are students—and Father Maurice Sheehy and Father Kucara, then both of Columbia Academy at Dubuque, where Don was sent after his graduation from the seminary. Father Sheehy now is on the faculty of the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., and Father Kucara is Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska.

All three were Don's very great friends and benefactors. Sister Cornelia because she guided his activities and nurtured his spirituality during his most impressionable and plastic years; Father Sheehy because he was Don's confessor and coach, and Father Kucara because he possessed a particularly warm and resonant voice which Don admired tremendously and imitated profusely.

It was, in fact, Father Kucara's voice which probably had most to do with Don's present voice—this characteristic of his personality, he believes, which did most to bring him success. Certainly it was that voice which made him the foremost dramatic favorite on the air, which got him his first real introduction to the public, and which built up the immense radio popularity which has so greatly contributed to his screen popularity. Don likes to tell how it happened to come about.

"I had been batting around for years," he said, "alternately trying to study law, trying to get a footling on the stage, trying for a radio audience. It seemed that in all three I wasn't getting anywhere; I didn't like law, and as far as the stage and radio were concerned I appeared to be batting my head against a cold stone wall. One evening I sat down and had a serious conference with myself, and I decided to give them all up and go into broadcasting. The next day came as a revelation. God acted and I was called to a broadcast studio for an audition."

That audition—that voice—led directly to "The Columbia Builders" program and through it to the career which, second only to Amos and Andy's, is the longest on the air.

At Columbia, however, when Don used to mingle the good Father Kucara, thus unconsciously acquiring much of the depth of the priest's personality and much of the deep total appeal of his voice, his achievement did little but get him into trouble. Once Father Kucara, amased to the echo of his own tones as he walked, turned a corner abruptly and caught Don red-handed while he was performing prodigies of impersonation for an admiring audience of other students.

"You're doing the devil's work!" he indignantly rebuked Don.

But for that once the kindly Father was wrong. Don has since used that voice, and is still using it, to do not the devil's work but God's. As the old hymn has it, God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and Father Kucara himself recognized the value of that voice when he was in Hollywood last year.

"He told me then that perhaps because of what I did thoughtlessly as a kid," said Don, "my voice now reflects a spiritual quality which attracts people. He said that that must be the reason God gave it to me, and assured me I could do no greater work for God in my own medium than to bring needed relaxation to others."

He found that his life's associates Don is most grateful to Father Sheehy. Not only was he Don's spiritual counselor, but, as athletic director of the academy, his greatest, the old hymn has it, God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, and Father Kucara himself recognized the value of that voice when he was in Hollywood last year.

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within. Therefore he has inherited the earth, and therefore he possesses that unassuming self-control which so delicately balances his self-confidence, and which, the anthesis of the vanity and ego so prevalent in his present sphere, marks him instantly as a man apart. Yet, and possibly more than any other person in Hollywood, he mingles his talents in the greater sphere of mankind.

Among his fan mail—by far the greatest on the 20th Century-Fox lot—Don receives countless letters from shut-ins. These, a fraction of his thirty-million-old radio audience, are his greatest delight. He is more proud of these letters than of anything else in his life because they tell him that he brings most happiness into their lives.

"When I was still a youngster," he said, "I made the, to me, startling discovery that God is constantly offering us the fullness of His abundance. I realized that what I received depended solely upon myself—that everything exists for one who is willing to take. So I feel that in order to receive of the best I cannot conscientiously give of less than my best for the enjoyment of others."

Don's personality is alive with fire, yet inwardly he is tranquil. His smile flares, yet in its very flashing is its inward sweetness. His voice resonates from his heart and shares his superlative satisfaction in living with all who care to turn a dial and listen. He has found the alpha and the omega of contentment in himself because, he believes, he has found himself in God.

"God," he explained quietly, humbly, "means security to me. He gives me a sense of stability in a world which too often is upside down. Conflicts, disturbances, fears cannot enter where He is, and thus I am secure. I know that as long as I work with Him He will work with me, and I live my religion because I have been shown that the goal of all life is the establishment of harmonious relationships between all peoples. That will be attained only if and when every one as an individual obeys the fundamentally moral and spiritual laws of life."

As an example of what he means Don points not to himself but to a young Belgian, now of about his same age, who lives with him in his lovely San Fernando Valley home. This young man is one Gabriel van Dorp, and in him is the epitome of human drama and of human peace.

Gabriel was a little boy amid the holocaust that was Belgium in 1914. At the age when other boys are playing with toy soldiers he saw the Kaiser's grey-green hordes sweep past his home, endless bobbing helmets and endless marching feet. The home itself was transformed in an instant into a ruin by a shell, and Gabriel's little sister had her skull crushed by an outrushing munitions truck. Gabriel was rescued from that inferno of noise and destruction by two priests who took him to a church near Ypres, and from thence, a refugee, he was brought to America and adopted by the sisters at St. Berchman's. That is where Don first met him, and where Don sent for him when he was able to befriend him.

From that childhood of his own Gabriel now takes care of Don's children. He is watchful as a hawk and faithful as a St. Bernard. And he, more than Mrs. Amiche, teaches the kids to say their prayers, for he has gone through cataclysm and he has found retreat.

Talking with him about his home, about his success and about everything which he has already achieved in life, one inevitably asks Don the Biblical question: "By what power and in what name have ye done all this?"

And Don as inevitably makes the Biblical reply: "By faith. Have faith, and all things shall be given unto you."
You’ll say “YES” when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin.

Wouldn’t you say this was Your Lucky Day if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I’m talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new “you”—your one and only “lucky” color. For you know as well as I do that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you’re saying—“This doesn’t concern me. My powder color seems all right.” But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is 100% right for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That’s why I’m so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am sure that your special color is among them.

**My gift to you**

I’ve helped many others, and I’ll gladly help you, too. If you’ll send me your name and address, I’ll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, “I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!” See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

**Have you a lucky penny?**

Here’s how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

---

*(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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**Stars Over Europe**

Continued from page 28

Mr. and Mrs. John Loder, both screen stars, vacation in France.

twenty-first birthday, just six years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey are drinking a cocktail with blonde Edna Best, and tall John Loder is chatting with some French friends. He’s tremendously pleased with his Hollywood contract and is looking forward to playing with Irene Dunne all the more because she is one of his own favorite stars. John is taking along his collection of antique military prints and his famous silk patchwork dressing-gown, made up of scraps of material from the frocks worn by the feminine stars in his pictures. And of course he is taking his dainty little black-haired French wife, Micheline Cheirel, on the screen. Her current film is “La Belle Equipe,” with Jean Gabin.

Gertrude Michael has been buying clothes in Paris too, flying over on the days she wasn’t needed at the British studios. She has just completed a comedy with John Lodge called “Sweet Rocket” and now she is working on “Star of the Circus” with Otto Kruger. Three of Gertrude’s new evening dresses are pink. She’s superstitious and believes it’s her lucky color.

Our next scenes are in the South of France, at Cannes, where mimosa scents the warm air and the white villas look out on the blue Mediterranean. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard are having their morning coffee under a feathery palm. Leslie is snatching a brief holiday between pictures—he’s playing in the film version of Bernard Shaw’s “Pygmalion” and wants to do Lord Nelson with Anna Neagle, as his Lady Hamilton in a new historical spectacle before he sails for Palestine to shoot “Lawrence of Arabia.”

That gay party on the hotel terrace is being entertained by the Countess of Jersey (Virginia Cherrill to you). There’s Mrs. Charles Butterworth and tall Conrad Veidt screwing his inevitable monocle into his eye as he watches the pigeons begging for crumbs. Con is a brilliant ornithologist with a knowledge of the feathered folk which many a college professor has envied.

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Then the mountains rising behind Cannes dissolve into the snow-clad slopes of Switzerland. With distant yodelling and silvery cow-bells off, we open in a beautiful valley where several famous film folk are at play. There's Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale—the vivacious dancing star found learning to skate the easiest thing in the world. She looks enchanting on the ice with a scarlet frock and cap setting off her piquant brunette prettiness.

Burly Charles Laughton and tawny-haired Elisa Lanchester are climbing the mountain paths too. Charles has brought along the scenario of his next film, a London comedy called "The Listener," and he spends the evenings sitting beside the porcelain stove at the inn studying his part with his wife to comment and advise.

Then the following sequences begin in romantic Budapest where the Danube flows swiftly, and the Along the riverside are golden cupolas and gypsy bandsmen wander around the cafes playing their wild sad-sweet Hungarian melodies. Paul Muni and his wife always get a musical serenade when they arrive for a bottle of Tokay—often it's the lovely old folk-song "Red Whitsunside" that Paul likes so much. He's like a boy on holiday, laughing, gay, and carefree, revisiting the friends of his early days when he was an aspiring young actor.

All good films should complete a full psychological circle, finishing in much the same setting as they began—Director Wesley Ruggles told me so when we had tea together during his recent English visit. So for the fadeout we'll return to London and flash a brilliant premiere at the latest cinema, the black and gold Odeon Theatre.

Page vivid Margaretta Scott in a red and yellow cloak and exotic little Vivien Leigh floating pale lilac chiffon. She has been playing with Charles Laughton in his new film of backstage life "St. Martin's Lane." There's Laurence Olivier and June Clarke and youthful Nova Pilbeam, who has come straight from Pinewood Studios.

Jean Muir appears—to everybody's surprise, for she packed her trunk and gave a farewell party prior to returning to Hollywood. Now it seems Producer Walter Mycroft persuaded her to stay on at the last minute and act in his comedy film "Lovers Knot."

**Screenland Snoop**

*Continued from page 21*

emotions. I can only judge the depths of their affections by the little things—but after all, in a romance, it's the little things that count.

Every Wednesday night Barbara drives in from the Mar-Wyck Ranch out in the Valley to attend Bob's rehearsal for the "Good News of 1938" broadcast, which is held in the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. After the rehearsal, along about ten-thirty or eleven, Barbara and Bob drive over to the Colonial Drive-In where they sit in the car and drink coffee and eat nutburgers and Barbara coaches Bob on his lines. (Barbara with her great knowledge of acting always helps Bob with his script.)... and will cue him tirelessly for hours on end. Miss Stanwyck was *Camille* a goodly three weeks before Miss Garbo was.)

Well, one Wednesday night recently Barbara phoned Bob that she was having dinner with a friend but would pick him up at the theatre at ten-thirty. Came ten-thirty and the rehearsal crowd went home—but there was no Barbara. A quarter of an hour later the doorman came

**The fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights,**

For the brightest star becomes a falling star... once freshness fades.

That's equally true of cigarettes. Staleness often makes a "has been" of a cigarette that ought to be in the prime of stardom. Staleness can transform the mildest cigarette into a harsh irritant and rob it of all flavor.

That's why we run no risks with our delightful young star... Old Gold. Every pack of Old Golds carries its own freshness right with it... "doubly sealed" in by a jackets of stale-proof Cellophane.

At the peak of freshness, wherever and whenever you smoke it, every Old Gold gives a perfect performance in the role of America's most appealing cigarette. The price of one pack admits you to this year's biggest smoking hit... "Old Gold Freshies of '38."

**FRESHNESS!**

....that's what the world wants in Movie Stars...and Cigarettes

**Her Freshness Wins**

A favorite of the London stage, Ida Lupino's freshness caught the eye of a Paramount talent scout. She was whisked to Hollywood and stardom in "The Gay Desperado." "Anything Goes," "Artists and Models," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Fight for Your Lady." And the freshness of this young star wins fresh applause!

![Image](https://example.com/freshness.jpg)

**Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh**

- Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens from the Bottom Sealing the Top
- The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top Sealing the Bottom

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**SCREENLAND**

85
The awful price you pay for being nervous

QUIVERING nerves can make you old and ragged, looking cranky and hard to live with — can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and jobs.

Don't let yourself 'go' like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic, made especially for women. And could you ask for any whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature tone up your system, and thus calm shrieking nerves, help lessen distress from female functional disorders and give you needed strength.

For over half a century one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

Lydia E. Pinkham

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To J. CHAS. McNEIL

BACHELOR OF MUSIC

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Los Angeles, Calif.

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Your issue of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch FREE with every Ring purchased from us during this sale and next month only! On our constantly ever increasing plan of only 10 cents a week! Lady's or Man's Ring, with sterilized 14 karat gold setting, 100% original, with rings in all. Nothing extra for the watch. Buy with American credit - guaranteed by Million Dollar factory. Send only 50 cents deposit on your ring size (coins of proper round round fingers will do.) No C.O.D. It is payable in full when order is filled. Your package comes with 14 karat gold setting and certificate. Send this ad, order now, and select watch when order is filled. Please check here - Size - Lady's, Man's Ring.


BONDO JEWELERS OF AMERICA

Hands across the table! Gertrude Neisen and Jon Hall.

SCREENLAND

Christmas was fun. Dion was allowed to sit up late and repayed them for their kindness by ordering them to put out the fire in the big fireplace in the living room. They bundled up in sweaters to ward off the pneumonia. Santa Claus was coming down the chimney. The next morning Bob drove over early with his presents, the Zeppo Marxes came for breakfast, and hard and Clark Gable dropped by, and everybody of course played with Dion's train. Then off to the races with Bob—the first and most exciting day at the Santa Anita track. (Later in court quite a point was made of the fact that Barbara had gone to the races on Christmas Day. That, it seems, made her a 'bad' mother. No one mentioned of course that she had spent all of Christmas Eve and Christmas morning with him.)

But Barbara's laughter soon died away. Close on Christmas came the Stanwyck—Fay fight in court over little Dion, a decision in favor of Fay, appeals, subpoenas, pictures in the newspapers, more and more humiliating publicity — and then just so everything would be hot and juicy, her studio suspended her! Off salary. A friendly suspension, they assured her, but they just knew she'd be back in big, interesting pictures.

Several months later, as we go to press, Barbara is still on that suspension. It's one of her horses won at the track the other day she flipped. "Well, I'm glad somebody in this family is working." She has given up the one called Mrs. Clark, and is said to be more and more sentimental. Quoting the song, "I want to wait, until I am sure," she has told people who ask her when she will marry Bob. And you might just as well try hurrying the tides as Barbara when her mind's made up. It is my personal opinion that she will not marry him any time soon—not until the legal battles and the suspensions are over, and until little Dion is hers and hers alone, and not until she is again the great actress on the screen that her friends know her to be. I can just hear Barbara say to herself, "I can't marry him now. It would look like a bright marriage, I'll wait."

A Waltz is much lovelier, and far more sentimental, than a rhumba.
What Stars Are Slipping—and Why?

Continued from page 19

warned “better write your editors about doing stories with Robert Taylor” or “mark what we say, the biggest star since Gable is a ‘boring’.” or, as we walked about the lot, “look, here comes Robert Taylor!” Now, one of the infallible signs of a star slipping is when no one on that star’s own lot ever says “look, here comes!”

For when a star is slipping—ah, then, there is silence, the cruel silence of indifference for one who no longer “matters.” No longer do the publicity departments urge those stars to make portrait sittings, home sittings, fashion lay-outs or any of the publicity requests which beset the birth of a star. A writer suggests doing an interview with a Dietrich and the publicity department counters “here’s a swell angle en Lombard.” Then you know. But why? How come?

For how and why a star slips is a subject seldom analyzed. The letters on the stones that “mark the spot” are so seldom read as to be practically indecipherable. Yet there is one sign post so glaring, so significant in the lesson it teaches that we wonder all rising stars, all established stars do not tattoo its message over their hearts. It is this: A star who slips, slips first as a human being! It may seem curious but it also seems true that the stars who are popular “at home,” in their studios, among their fellow workers are the very ones whose popularity extends to the Box Office and beyond to those who buy their tickets at the box office. Popularity, like Charity, begins at home. It is like a small pebble thrown into a pool, the first small circle widening and widening until the world is encircled.

Cast an eye over the polls taken to determine which stars have been, and are, top money-makers at the Box Office; first or first ten in popularity and your eyes will open, or should: For in the years 1932 and ’33 Marie Dressler topped the popularity lists; in 1934 the late Will Rogers. (Home-folksy folk, both of them.) For the good that these (the various polls) give to Shirley Temple the undisputed first place. And then come the other top-ranking names of Clark Gable, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Jane Withers, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Sonja Henie. These very names and what they stand for, says Hollywood, tell the story. The memory of Mary Pickford and her as yet unrivaled place in the sun of world fame and affection also tells a story.

For fashions in stars may change; fashions in human beings do not change. The qualities, the virtues, even the faults, perhaps, which make a man beloved at home, among his associates, with his townfolk, are the self-same qualities which make him beloved for as far as his sphere of influence can reach. And they are, all of these ranking favorites, regular fellows. They are human, understandable, co-operative, and kind. They do not say they “rank they will go home!” or they do not turn their backs on the public which has made them; they are good fellows under their glamour. They are your kind of folks, and more.

And so, object lesson #1, the stars who slip, slip because they forget that old axiom, “I am a Man, therefore all that concerns Humanity concerns me.” They slip because all that concerns them is their studio-manufactured selves. They slip because they are...

HAPPY ENDING since she found out how to correct Misfit Makeup

"I thought it was the real thing, Sue, but he hasn't called since."  
"Mary, why don't you do something about that misfit makeup?"  
"Why, Mary—you've look-g  swell! Say, how about a date?"

"Why wear Misfit Makeup?"

"Choose Your Makeup by the Color of Your Eyes" suggests Ida Lupino

"In 'Fight for Your Husband' on RKO-Radio Pictures"

LUCKY YOU...if you've learned by this time how men feel about complexion misfit make- up...those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together, or on you. The cure? Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...face powder, rouge, and lipstick...eye makeup, too...in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you...for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women who have tried it agree it's the way to immediate new beauty. THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build your matched set. Buy that lipstick...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, advise:

If your eyes are...

BLUE...wear DRESDEN type
GRAY...wear PATRICIAN type
BROWN...wear PARISIAN type
HAZEL...wear CONTINENTAL type

FIRST IMPRESSIONS are frightfully important. Make a good one...tonight. Wear this makeup that matches...and matches you!

CORTYBITE 1936. BY RICHARD HUDNUT

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S C R E E N L A N D

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Benda masks, posturing; because they are egomaniacs; because they are Narcissists in love with their own images, indifferent to all else. They slip because they forget that they are workers with jobs to do, jobs which are interdependent with other jobs, and because the stuff of which they are made eventually corrodes the metal of their stardom.

A star actually slips, of course, when he doesn't sell. A star sells when the consumer (the fan) prefers to pay his money to see a Myrna Loy instead of a Simone Simon; a star sells when the exhibitor changes the name of a Gary Cooper above the name of a Jean Arthur on the theatre marquees.

Bill Powell once said to me: "We actors are like so many brands of soup put out by a manufacturer. The manufacturers of stars are, of course, the studios. The studio seasons us with the best condiments, i.e., stories, cameramen, sound men, production value; it advertises us as attractively as possible and puts us on the counter for sale. The counter being the box office. If we sell, fine. Then the conditions are increased both in quality and quantity, the exploitation goes on apiece. But the instant the muffigataway known as Bill Powell ceases to sell the brand is retired from the lists or packed in the less expensive packaging marked 'B' pictures. After all, the studio, like the manufacturer, is in business to make money. If the product doesn't sell, another must be pushed forward."

Again we say, but why? Let's consider a few of the cases about whom Hollywood is so much worried. Which of those who are "slipping? Dietrich has slipped!" There are others who say, as Don Ameche said to me on the set of "Alexander the Great," "Rumored that she's in the new "Back to Methuselah."" They haven't even scratched the surface of what Marlene can do. There are those who will remind you that a lady with such husk (and such legs) will be able to keep all but above any waters of oblivion. It is known that she is in great demand on the air, that she was asked to do a musical comedy on Broadway; that M-G-M is "dickering" with Dietrich; that Paramount is asking her to "reconsider," to come home, with everything forgiven.

And when you ask what there is to "forgive" you are told that Miss Dietrich's pictures did not sell at the box office, that "Garden of Allah," "Desire," "Angel," failed to make money, "Desire" doing the best of the recent crop—perhaps, say the skeptics, because Gary Cooper was in "Desire"? You are told that Paramount spent an approximate million and a quarter on every Dietrich picture and some $7,000,000 in all during the term of her contracts with that studio. You are told that Paramount supplied her with the best stories they could procure and she would, okay, that it was difficult to get a Dietrich okay on a story, on a director, a cameraman, a cast. You are reminded that they gave Marlene the best director, Lubitsch, Frank Borzage and others; the best cameramen; the most lavish sets; carte blanche as to wardrobe and that in spite of all this prodigious expenditure of thought and time, dear knows, money, Miss Dietrich's pictures just did not "clean up" at the box office.

It is said that they gave her the "French Without Tears" with Miss Dietrich because, when she returned from Europe, she asked for an "advance" on the picture before production started; or else that Paramount, already puzzled and discouraged, took the flung gauntlet and did not make the advance and so Miss Dietrich did not make the picture. Whether or no, Paramount and Miss Dietrich did come to a parting of the ways and, at this writing, Miss D is still "in circulation" though, says Hollywood, it will probably not be long now.

Jean Arthur is among those about whom Hollywood is murmuring "Is she slipping?" All of these studio fights, "retirements"—but the consensus of opinion, gleaned from the various studios, seems to be "No." There is, in Hollywood, a definite respect for Jean Arthur. If she is touched with egomania, says Hollywood, it is a quiet egomania and it may, even, be shyness; if Jean, ill-advisedly it seems, stays off the screen, Hollywood credits her with believing that she believes in what she is doing, and why. And if she offers by her absence, at least she doesn't offend by her presence.

She is reluctant, usually, to see the Press. But when she does receive the Press she does so courteously. It is rumored that Nelson Eddy is becoming "difficult;" that he is testy on the sets, grudges giving interviews, hits the hands that fed him his first flattery and his money; that now, needing encouragement no longer, he thinks it is "all too silly"—in this very superiority may be found, often, the seeds of a success. If Jean, ill-advisedly it seems, stays off the screen, Hollywood credits her with believing that she believes in what she is doing, and why.

It is said that Nelson Eddy is making his intentions known to Paramount. And that Nelson is well entitled, his voice gives him the radio, concert work and, indeed, the screen, too; and—yet—and yet—warns Hollywood, "how are the mighty fallen!"

Luis Rainer has been mentioned, with a question mark. But Luis, we can tell you definitely, has really been ill, and is, even now, back at the studio again, the question answered. A strange, sensitive temperament, there is a lovableness about "the little Rainer," as Hollywood calls her, which would redeem her from any occasion of diplomacy she might commit; and there is her great, Academy Award-winning performance in "Good Earth."

There is the Strange Case of Garbo: for the Great Garbo is no longer tops on the box-office listings nor, so far as we can discover, among the First Ten. But Garbo is still tops with the foreign box office. And no matter what a star's standing with the American box office may be, if popularity is maintained at the foreign box office that star still makes money for her studio. Such is the huge revenue made by our pictures in the countries to which they are freely admitted.

And there is this to be said about Garbo: she may not be beloved by Hollywood...
because she hasn't given Hollywood a chance to know her; but she does have the respect, the profound respect, of her fellow players. Melvyn Douglas said of her recently, "She is the only one among us who is genius-touched." There are two major hob-nails which can do a lot to prevent a star from slipping: either he must be so beloved as a human being that the love of him becomes world-epidemic, or he must be so great in such great pictures that the greatness stands alone, a gift independent of the giver.

Garbo has turned her back upon the Public and the Press. Some natural resentment has been the natural result. It is doubtful whether those pens which are mightier than swords when it comes to piercing a star in a vital spot would rise in Garbo's defense as they would have risen for Joan Harlow, as they would rise today for Shirley Temple, for Gable, for Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy and Barbara Stanwyck and Don Ameche and Bette Davis. But resentment or no, Garbo has retained respect for her artistry, for her sincerity.

Sometimes, says Hollywood, stars are too intelligent, but not intelligent enough to conceal their intelligence! This is by way of being the theme of the swan-song Hollywood sings over such "cases" as Ruth Chatterton and Ann Harding, who "know too much for their own good." Trained and skilful actresses, both of them, they just knew too much about too many things, and said so. Miss Chatterton, I've been told, was not satisfied with concentrating on her own brilliant performances; she must also advise the producer how to produce, the director how to direct, the cameraman how to focus. And the fault was a fundamental. For it has long been realized that if you pit a Little Darling with curls and baby-talk against a brilliant, intellectual woman, the Little Darling will usually come off with the Big Bad Banker. And Hollywood is, remember, ruled by men.

"From Power" said to me recently, "Do you know what causes a star to slip quicker than any other one thing, in my estimation? It is when he starts to say 'I own' instead of 'May I?' " Out of the mouth of Hollywood's brightest boy comes this brief but penetrating analysis of the "Why" of slipping stars.

Hollywood, radio commentators, the Press have murmured of late that Joan Crawford's box office is not so bonny as it was: "Bride Wore Red," they sigh, "not so translucent."" Joan made a mistake when she ceased to be a dancing lady and became a grand lady. For years Joan has been the darling, the heart of hope of millions of working girls everywhere. She associated herself with best clothes, in her private life, in her work on the screen their own problems, their own possibilities. Now they hear, read, see with their own eyes how Joan is a Grand Lady and how they feel that she is a deserters from the ranks. It's dangerous, says Hollywood, for a star to change his "last." Myrna Loy soared to the highest Hollywood heavens as the wife of "The Thin Man," smooth, sleek, streamlin'd. And Myrna will, she declares, "be faithful to the Thin Man forever and a day, remaining forever, so help me smooth, sleek and streamlined." But Hollywood says, too, that Joan Crawford will retrieve any ground she may have lost. If she must go from sabres back to sequins again, back she will go. Hollywood bets on Joan. Because Joan is, primarily, a worker. Joan is furiously ambitious. Joan has "changed her spots" more than once in the past, and will change her spots again, if necessary.

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Speaking of the slippery danger of a star changing his “last,” Hollywood sighs that Bob Montgomery is an example of a star who dared a skill when he insisted upon playing the murderer in “Night Must Fall.” Folks just didn’t expect Bob to commit murder. Nice, old ladies write in complaining that they had thought of Bob as their own sons, as a gay, pleasure-loving, pleasure-giving young man, gilded but gallant. Now he had gone and played a murderer, and the ladies, though their own sons had horribly betrayed their love and trust. But Bob, though he may feel badly about the little, lost old ladies, doesn’t care so much about his own situation, as he wanted to prove, to his own satisfaction if nobody else’s that he can play other cute tricks.” He proved it. He proved it magnificently. He scored a stinging triumph. And the satisfaction he derived from the critical appreciation of the appreciative critics far outweighs any regret he may feel at not being numbers.”

He has, however, a big money-making opportunity. The Front Office now realizes that there is more, much more to this glib young man than meets the pleasant eye; that the head that shaves a cocktail shaker can also shock the world.

Over the bright, incalculable head of Simone Simon Hollywood is just solving its head—when Simone is rumored to be “acting up,” sassing the Press, Hollywood sighs as the adult does smile at the antics of a youth; and part of Hollywood wonders “these foreign importations, why do they bother with them?” Haven’t we enough talent of our own right in our own picture?” And others remind us that Simone is comparatively new to the game and her mistakes are, no doubt, those of a pampered and petted youngster so engaging that no one has the heart to administer the “rodding” with possible gloom. The result Simone has, also, been really ill. The court “rests its case” where Simone is concerned, and remembers Girls’ Dormitory and how it is thought that the judge, and hopes that the gifts she has to give will be given with a smile.

For the spoiled-child complex is, according to one of our noted tastes, the easiest way for a star to place the skies under herself or himself. The studios pamper, protect, indulge, make allowances—for their stars until the stars react, as spoiled children do. They “won’t play;” they “sax back;” they have tantrums; they succeed in making themselves thoroughly intolerable to everyone until time, even their own children do.

There are those who say: “Oh, but the life-span of a star is only five years, isn’t it? Perhaps that’s why they slip to this.” But I don’t know. Neither does Hollywood. For Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Wally Beery, Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers and many others I could name have certainly been with us for five years, and longer, without any sign they are not slipping but they are starting with more vim and vigor, bigger and better box office than ever before.

Don’t slip when they cease to sell. And they cease to sell, says Hollywood, when their human qualities are such that glamour and make-up can no longer conceal from a panel of public men and women who you would not care to know.
to a fault yet strong of opinion, did not hesitate to say: "Something ought to be done about a situation which has become no less than a menace, and I believe it will be done within a short time. I am particularly interested because, if I may say so, I originated the idea. It is to have the Screen Actors' Guild place on sale in shops and elsewhere stamped cards costing perhaps ten cents which may be sent to headquarters and then signed by the actor or actress whose autograph is desired. The benefit resulting from this plan would be two-fold. First, it would do away with the clamor of mobs that beset stars and all but tear the clothes off their backs; then it would create a fund to help less fortunate members of the profession. Far from being merely local, it is a change which would sweep the whole country and make itself especially felt in the large cities. Take New York. There the movie star may be called upon to face something even more disturbing than the autograph scramble. I know I was.

At six o'clock for morning after morning I would be wakened by someone knocking loudly on my door. Finally I reported the matter to the hotel manager. On investigation he discovered that a woman guest was responsible for the inexcusable rumpus. He had taken, asked her reason for waking me out of a sound sleep, she naively explained, 'I was after an autograph, but what I really wanted was to see how Carole Lombard looked when she was sleeping.'" Edward Arnold was of the same mind and the same method. He said: "There's only one way to abate what has sometimes developed into a nuisance, and that is to charge ten cents for an autograph on a duly stamped card. This would create a fund for needy actors, and eventually, perhaps, make it possible to build a home for actors in Hollywood. Sending in cards to be signed would also save stars from being mobbed by autograph hunters. I urged this to be done by the Screen Actors' Guild last year, and I am now going to do so again. Nothing came of the first attempt for the reason that many of the two thousand actors in Hollywood like, and want, to give autographs, considering it good publicity. I myself believe it has advertising value in the sense that children who get signatures show them at home and talk about their favorites. But I definitely feel something should be done, and must be done, about present conditions.

"The actor never knows when he may be pounced upon. I was dining at a Hollywood restaurant one night when a tipsy lady got off her perch at the cocktail bar and toddled over to my table with a menu card. 'Mista Arnold,' she said, 'I'm Susha ardent admirer of yours I wancha to write somethin' nice and sweet on this minnovish for me.' It was summer, so I wrote 'Happy New Year' and signed my name. She made a return trip to

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the bar, had a few more drinks, then swayed back, threw an arm around my neck, and gurgled, "Now c'mon, Big Boy, we've gotta leave this place. It was a bit too large an order—you see, my wife was with me. At other times I have been called less endearing names, with insult added to impertinence. Once when I was leaving a radio broadcasting station on crutches—I'd hurt my leg—and could not possibly sign an autograph book its furious owner called me a dirty so-and-so. Naturally, that sort of thing is far from pleasant. What's more, I don't think it's right to hold up people who are leading busy lives. But there's a still worse side to this phenomenon. Children hang around outside cafes, prize-fight arenas and other public places waiting to get autographs till hours after the night. Parents should make it their business to see that these kids aren't sold what they belong—at home and in bed. The whole unregulated practice of running wild after autographs has led to many evils that ought to be corrected."

"It's just part of the game. Autograph chasers climb on my car, but they climb off again. It doesn't worry me, so long as I don't get within range."

Spencer Tracy, with characteristic directness, brought a personal experience to make his point: "One night my wife and I were in the dining-room of a San Francisco hotel where youngsters were having a high school party. And that wasn't all they were having. Spotting me, one shy little schoolgirl with more than a couple of curls swung over her was stopped herself against the table, slapped down an album, and sang out, 'Give us your autograph, Mr. Tracy.' He raised eyebrows and said: 'I can take it then drew them down with: 'Let's not talk about it when we go out, but Mrs. Tracy dies. The way I look at it is that you can't afford to offend anybody. In this business you're not living exactly in a glass house, but you're certainly living next door to one. So you have to be careful about getting yourself in wrong with the autograph hunters. But that doesn't alter the fact that these kids today are over the fence and out.""

Errol Flynn was quick to see a solution to the vexing problem: "There is a wonderful opportunity for charity in this autograph shouting. A lot of people in Hollywood need helping, and here's a good way of giving them something to tide them over. If fame has its price, then surely a dime isn't too high a price to ask for it. Frankly, I don't think his name written in a book or on a card is worth anything at all to the actor. It's just a name. And it's most impersonal. One time when I'd given mine the collector asked for that of a friend with me. 'I'm not an actor,' he explained. 'That's all right,' was the reply. 'write down your name anyway.' My only ambition in this respect, though one not unfailingly realized in my economic scheme of life, has been to give my signature to my family. Once a month. But the autograph hunters, by scraping off his Hancock with a flourish, get a dime for it and that dime finds its way into a poor pocket, more power to his writ. To put autographs on a paying basis, even if the charity's sake would, be, of course, bucking a tradition. That's tough, but I for one am ready and willing to have tradition get toasted.""}

Bette Davis is a bit in her stride and sets forth: "Up to now I haven't written on a gentleman's shirt-front or a lady's bare back, but during the past five years I've probably scrawled my name across thirty or forty thousand autographs, old envelopes, theatre programs, restaurant menus, table napkins, and parking tickets. The only time I ever object to giving an autograph is when I realize that someone is picking up a book or a paper at me without having the faintest idea who I am. Others are asking for my signature, so the next chance takes a different turn. When I feel a person is merely guessing at my identity I always ask whose name it is he wants. If he says 'Bette Davis' I sign, but if he says ' anybody else.' I know there is no honest admiration or friendship going to waste there. In Hollywood there is some dispute as to what particular star first replied to the question 'Don't all these autographsbonds bore you to death?' with the comment, 'I'll bear more bored when they stop asking.' It was Richard Barthelmess, Davis said that years ago while taking a transcontinental trip on which he was asked for autographs at every station where his train stopped. I feel the same way about it, and accept autograph collectors instead of the routine of a successful player. They are straws in the wind, and though not vital to a player's success, perhaps, they serve a purpose in the direction in which a career is going. This is especially true of a screen career. I doubt if the average stage star, and for that matter even a really great one, signs as many autographs as the newest movie actress with a pretty face and the promise of making her mark. In any case, I hope to put off as long as possible the day when I'll no longer be asked to sign my name."

Loretta Young was of exactly opposite opinion, asserting: "I don't believe giving an autograph does a bit of harm. As proof of this, I've signed the same book five times. It's all a terrific nuisance. And it's even worse in New York and Chicago than it is in Hollywood. Or anywhere. It can be cut down to a minimum only by adopting the plan of signing a stamped card for which the purchaser has paid a nominal sum. The money could go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund or any organized charity. But that plan never could be worked out successfully unless autograph hunters signed for other cards or books. Frankly, I don't think fans care a rap about autographs. They just want to get near you and see you close up. It's curiosity rather than admiration or affection."

For instance: One day when I got into a New York jam on Fifth Avenue one woman pushed through to the agent and said: 'Now look up, Loretta, and let me see your pretty eyes.' Good heavens! I broke away and ran into Saks-Fifth Avenue, where one of the men in charge bid me a cordial and never suspecting that anyone would recognize me. But after that I never set foot outdoors in the daytime without wearing my oldest duds and looking so plain that no one could possibly give me a second look."

"Of course, in the evening when I went to the theatre I had to dress up. Even then I didn't think anyone would pay any attention to me. But I was soon wrong. Out of the theatre one night someone yelled: 'There she is!' and the crowd made a rush for me, screaming for autographs. Then I was with flushed cheeks and sweat that was crawling through the traffic. Although we could see the taxi was occupied, he pulled over the door, thrust me inside, and got the hell off. Then a funny thing happened. I found myself plumping down between a couple of drunkards. But they were remarkably pleasant about our unceremonious intrusion. 'Who've we the pleasure of meeting?' one of them inquired. When I replied, 'Miss Young,' the alcoholic gentleman on my right exclaimed, 'Not Loretta Young, the
Glomer Master

Continued from page 51

a few yards of satin, and an exotic background. Also, they've outgrown phony emotions—the deep-dyed villain and obvious stren have faded out. Today, audiences demand sincerity, something that is real and honest.

For a moment, Mr. Lubitsch puffed his big black cigar in silence, then he went on. "Women are idealists, they live amid emotional reactions, and so, view pictures with their hearts. Men, being realists, see them with their minds. Too, for most men, love isn't necessarily the central theme of every day life and they enjoy adventures, and comedy. Now," he added, with a grin, "that is the reason I am enthusiastic over 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,' for it has an abundance of romance—a glamorous, beautiful romance—and it is lighted throughout with comedy. Also, and this is very important to me, it is imbued with charm. This is an essence I try to emphasize in my pictures—an elusive quality that-

movie actress! Reluctantly assured on that point, he straightway enveloped me in his arms, noting this hearty demonstration, his merry companion roared, "Wait'll I tell Mary! But sometimes it isn't quite so funny. In London one night the door of my car was half-wrenched off by a young fellow demanding my autograph. There was nothing to do but come to a stop. You can't drive through a crowd in any city without great danger not only to it but to yourself. Just suppose someone is hurt or killed and the cry goes up, 'That's a movie star's car!' Fury would seize that crowd and probably reveal itself to you. "There's nothing so unpredictable as mob psychology. When people are in the stress of mass emotions you don't know if they're taking by running away. Not that this is always possible. Once at a football game in New York I noticed the crowd in the stand apparently starting at something or someone beyond me, so I stood up to see what they were looking at. 'Sit down,' said Bill Powell, who was with me, 'they're looking at you.' Well, the police had to get up on the stands, and as they were forcing a way through the crowd someone yelled, 'Why do movie stars come to football games? Now I ask you. Like other human beings, we like to have a little fun. But handling autograph hunters is no fun. In the streets I'm always in deadly fear of children being hurt, or worse. Some day that'll happen. Then mob psychology will turn vicious. Obviously, we should do everything in our power to guard against it. Aside from this threatening aspect, I believe the outrageous experience of Robert Taylor has made all of us see the necessity for self-protection. First of all, we should do something, and do it at once, to escape the autograph menace.

Preponderance of opinion freely and fairly expressed in this survey of the situation warrants but one conclusion: Action that favors the cries of autograph hunters, but now Hollywood stars themselves are going into action.
have been storing away gold began to yearn for their "true love" again—and with the horrors of "The Lake" almost forgotten they returned to New York, once more to let their souls soar sublime in artistic ecstasies, without any moulding from Sam Goldwyn. Not all of them actually got off. Robert Montgomery played with the idea of doing "Merely Murder," but he didn't. Paul Muni said yes, he would like to do a stage play, but instead he went to Europe. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone read plays, but finally decided to make their New York venture just a shopping trip. Claudette Colbert said I'd love to, but went skiing at St. Moritz instead. Irene Dunne said there is nothing like the thrill of walking home in New York after a performance, but she continued to do her walking in Holmby Hills without the thrill.

The stars who did get off in a fine flurry of excitement were Henry Fonda, Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney, Freddie March and Florence Eldridge, Charles Bickford and Frances Farmer. With the exception of Frances they were slightly less than colossal. The Eastern critics have had a field day, "So you thought you could act, did you?" And the Hollywood producers have had a good laugh up their sleeves, "So you came back to make pitches, eh?"

Now, like the fond mother who doesn't mind抱着 the ears of her own brats but will be damned if she'll let anybody else box 'em, I was as mad as a wet hen when I read some of those New York reviews. I fairly howled at the mouth, and would have liked nothing better than to grill critics on toast for breakfast. Just because an actress or an actor happens to be a famous star in pictures doesn't mean that she or he can't act! As far as I can make out that seemed to be the chief crit-

icism those smarty pants had against the film bunch.

Of Fredric March and "Yr Obieident Husband" Mr. John Anderson of the New York Journal and American had to say, "Consider the plight of a Hollywood star returning to the stage, returning in person, without benefit of camera, or cutting room. What is the star to play? Shall it be a dazzling modern drama that will outshine the Malibu kohinoors? If so who is to write it? Where is it to be found? Shall he stumble over Hamlet and abrade his eminent shins, or shall he attempt a newly written costume play to feel easier in an air of careful artificiality, deadening the impact of the stage, so to speak, with a wig? . . .

In this Mr. March decided on the third course, and appears as Richard Steele, with full bottomed wig, lace cuffs, knee breeches, buckled shoes, and other equipment of a London wit in the closing days of the reign of good Queen Anne . . .

"In fact it seems just a vehicle for a returning Hollywood star, elaborately costumed, and neatly fixed up for a personal appearance that will let the public see a favorite actor without the jolting impact of reality. But even such careful tailoring needs something more than a pleasant and willing performance if it is to be anything except a quiet excursion in the Tussaud waxworks.

Mr. Sidney B. Whipple of the New York World-Telegram has this to say of Henry Fonda in "Blow Ye Winds": "Mr. Fonda's performance left much to be desired. One wonders why there is a distinct pause at the end of each line. Is it deliberate, designed to permit the audience to catch up with the thought? The effect is jerky . . ."

But Mr. Leo Gaffney of the Boston Evening American has made up his mind to be big about Mr. Fonda. Says Mr. Gaffney: Mr. Fonda's performance was a surprise to me. On the screen his playing tended at times toward the precious. In 'Blow Ye Winds' all traces of the star's film acting vanish.

At Sylvia Sidney in "To Quito and Back" Burns Mantle of the New York Daily News has this to say: "Sylvia Sidney is a talented young woman within her sphere, but when she tries to take on emotional stature she has little to work with.
SHUNNED AT SCHOOL
BECAUSE OF PIMPLES?

Take steps to free your blood of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being the victim of ugly hickories. Don't be shunned and laughed at. Get right to the root of the trouble. It may be poisons in your blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream...bubble out on your skin in disfiguring pimples.

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thoroughly have succeeded—just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 days a week. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, giving you clearer, smoother skin.

Many get splendid results in 30 days or less. Don't waste time and run the risk of permanently damaged skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

MAIDEN, MOVIE ACTRESS, MATRON!

That's the tantalizing title of one of our many vivid features scheduled for the June issue. Only in Hollywood can a story like this be written, for only in Hollywood could a girl pick up at the end of a lifetime of exciting experience to enter twenty-odd years! But that's only one of the stories scheduled for you. There's a real unusual interview with Jean Harlow, that suave leading man, which shows him in a new light—on account in his own words of the urge which has driven him to take off impetuously, at a moment's notice, for strange lands and exotic climes, except a frown and suggestion of hurt. I can believe she would be one to inspire a moody idealist of the Hecht breed. And we always thought Sylvia was one of our better fictional actresses.

And this, I think, will give you a rough idea of how Hollywood was received in New York this season. Mrs. Pat Campbell herself couldn't have been more enthusiastic.

Neither could Katharine Hepburn. That brave Katharine Hepburn would take a chance on throwing their little white bodies to the lions in the arena this year. Miriam, a clever actress it is true, but there aren't thousands of people in the Theatre. Holmwood's "Wine of Choice" wasn't all that she hoped it to be, so she left the show in Pittsburgh; and Claudia Morgan, daughter of the old Marmaduke, is the last of Mr. Behrman's newest play into Broadway, where it was received with great aplomb. Of it a reviewer said, "Wine of Choice seems to have more on his mind than he has on the stage, which is an easy way to nurture a flop." Miriam is probably thinking her stars left the cast a long time ago. As for Hepburn, a little something happened in Chicago last year that made her think twice before leaving. Brooks Atkinson in the New York Post to Chicago to criticize Hepburn in "Jane Eyre" for a Sunday column for his paper. And when Katharine read the panning he gave her it brought back the old memories of the "The Lakes," and she wisely decided to deprive New York of "Jane Eyre" and spend the theatrical season making pictures instead. And as for Hepburn, practically abandoned by her "true love," the stage, but Hollywood was getting pretty tired of her too and her picture was rumored to be bought by a switch of a bunch of humiliated New York reviewers, she has a sensational hit in "Bringing Up Baby" and once more the Hepburn name is soaring. Maybe she appreciates Hollywood—just a little.

Henry Fonda and "Blow Ye Winds" blew right off of Broadway on a few performances. But good old Hollywood was waiting with open arms and Hank walked into "Jezabel," opposite Bette Davis, which picture will be one of the hits of the spring. I do hope Metro's acting won't be too "precious" for Critic Leo Gaffney.

Well, when I heard that Sylvia Sidney was back in Hollywood and doing a picture called "You and I" with George Raft, and that Miriam had opened her hall-top home and informed her agent she was "available" for pictures, and that Freddie Frederick was reading scripts instead of play scripts for a change I thought to myself: Poor dears, how torn and bloody they must feel, how my heart bleeds for their injured pride. How humiliating to discover that your "true love" has betrayed you. They'll be sour, I say, they'll be so bitter about New York and its critics that wormwood will grow from their lips. After all you can't expect the idolized gods and goddesses of Hollywood to be snubbed. I'm going to Broadway and feel and breathe without it! But I had no reason to come to me.

How did they take their defeat? Like real sports. Not a bitterer or a sour note could I find. When I called the Freddie Marches and Frederick and Cromwell discovered that the critics had gone grace on their play they took the hint and closed at the end of six weeks. But no sulking, no excuses, no calling critics names. With rare good humor (and the Marches, they say, lost plenty of dough in the play) they appeared in the advertising of all the Manhattan newspapers and had reprinted a cartoon from the New Yorker magazine in a funny conceit showing what one trapeze artist is doing dropping his companion and as his companion falls through the air he murmurs, "Oops—sorry." The cartoon was signed Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and John Cromwell with a most laudatory exit line. All New York thought it sporting and practically forgave the Marches for making pictures.

Neither could I discover any wormwood about Miriam Hopkins. It was a lot of fun, really, said Miriam, "I adore Mr. Behrman and his plays but I sometimes think I'm a little bit right for me, so I left the cast before it went in to New York. No, I'm not at all discouraged. I have several plays in mind between which I haven't used to, you know, but of course the theatre always has been, and always will be, my true love.

Sylvia Sidney was in a wonderful mood and added that "I never had so much fun in ten years," said Sylvia, "not since I played New York in 'Bad Girl.' There is something so exciting, you know, the old old half-baked isn't that in pictures. Of course I'm going to do another play on Broadway next fall. I'll probably usher the season in again. As a matter of fact I may join a stock company in New Jersey this summer. I recently bought an old Dutch farmhouse surrounded by several hundred acres in Flemington, not far from the new fifteen hundred Broadway from New York, and I hear there's a summer stock company in the neighboring town. I can drive over every night and put on greasepaint.

I have seen Sylvia, who is rather a tempestuous little person, fly into a beautiful rage when she read a pampering too, but she was still sour friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, is the mild stimulation it gives the flow of bile from the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs. That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15c, 30c, 60c.

LOSE BAD BREATH keep your friends
Camera Record of Errol Flynn's Adventures

Errol picked up his Contax camera, but the scene went on again. While he and Rosalind wrestled with their lines, Mack Julian, still man and artist, continued the discussion.

"On a Contax," he pointed out, "speeds vary from 1/4 to 1/2000. The focus is marked from F-2 to F-22. You can see what a wide variety of pictures you can get. The faster you shoot, the closer to F-2 you should be."

"What you really need is good luck," said Errol, returning, "Look at these shots of my boat. Some of them are not bad, and all I did was point the lens at them. Naturally, they could be improved. I didn't know about filters when I got them—if I had, I'd have had cloud effects in the one with the horizon, and more detail in the Catalina shots."

"My favorite pictures are shots of fish. Wish I had some in this collection, but I can't find them. I'll have to take more. You know I'm heading for the Caribbean as soon as I get through with the picture. Don't know what the attraction of fish is, but it's there. I suppose it's the adventure of catching them."

"Excuse me."

This time it was the make-up man with a styptic pencil to stroke a cut on the Flynn throat.

"It's the element of luck that is attractive to me in taking pictures," he confessed. "I'm always hoping that by some freak of luck I'll get a perfect shot."

"I haven't patience enough to go in for arty stuff. Maybe when I'm old or crippled or something, I'll care about etching masks and those vague sort of prints with fuzzy outlines, where you can never be sure if it's a man or an animal. But right now, I can't be bothered.

"I like ocean shots. The sea is a good actor and can give you different moods or effects if you shoot the same thing day after day. I'd like to get storm shots, but when I'm out in my boat in a storm I'm usually too busy to think about cameras."

"Excuse me."

Now it was Mr. Curtiz, leading three pale-pitting young girls.

"Are you young ladies wish to meet you, Errol," announced the director, "they have some questions for you."

He rose, all charm. The three young ladies, aged under sixteen, stood before him, heads thrown back, eyes wide, mouths slightly open, adoring the star. They couldn't remember what it was they had wanted to know. They could only sigh and mutter: "Oh, how do you do?"

"Oh, high school girls!" smiled Mr. Curtiz, as they departed in confusion. "What a thrill! Oh to be able to thrill like that!"

"Oh, get along!" grinned Errol.

"Looking over these stills, I believe every one of them could be improved. The swimming pool at the Hearst ranch at San Simeon would have been improved by use of a filter, for the whites wouldn't have been so white or the blacks so black."

"The angle shot on my own backyard should have been given more exposure. The lion dogs should have been framed. You can go through them yourself and criticize."

"Rather like the LaQuinta shot, simply because that's exactly the way we saw it while we were there."

"But as I've said, I have no patience. I poke the camera out of a window or point it at something and—click!"

THANK HEAVENS FOR ODOMINO ICE—IT NEVER COMES OFF ON MY CLOTHES—CHECKS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

New Cooling ICE Deodorant goes on like a vanishing cream—checks perspiration instantly

IT'S HERE AT LAST! The perfect answer to the complaints of fastidious women about old-fashioned cream deodorants. An ICE DEODORANT that vanishes without leaving the slightest trace of grease or stickiness! Yet checks perspiration the minute you put it on!

The new Odomino ICE is based on an entirely new principle. It's actually cooling and refreshing to the skin! Dainty and easy to use. Smooth it on—it liquefies and vanishes as you apply it! Without fuss or bother, you've checked underarm odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

It leaves no greasy film to come off on your clothes—no musty "giveaway" odor. Its own fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates immediately. No wonder 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Don't risk offending. The new Odomino ICE is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Get a jar TODAY!

* "Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odomino preparations.

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Dept. S-8-88, 191 Hudson St., New York City
In Canada, address P. O. Box 487, Montreal
I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odomino ICE.

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ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

S C R E E N L A N D
A tenor takes tea with Joan Crawford! Tito Schipa and the glamorous girl at home, where Joan song for and was complimented on her voice by the operatic star.

**Even Snakes Have Charm**

*Continued from page 57*

**THE STORY UP TO NOW**

Marcia Court, extra girl, enrols a director by laughing when the star, Anne Barrett, trips and falls while acting a scene. When Anne, once Marcia’s friend, tries to intercede for the extra, Marcia, bitterly resentful of Anne’s success, berates her. Attracted by Marcia’s happy temper and strangely fascinating appearance, Phil Burns, publicity man, questions her. Though desperately in need of work; hungry, absolutely penniless, Marcia accuses him of merely trying to “date” her when he speaks of making a screen test. More than ever convinced this extraordinary offer means possibilities as an actress, Burns, despite Marcia’s vehemence, persuades her to return that night for the screen test.

“Shut up! And then when you smiled at me I knew there would be rare moments when you could rise above the circumstances of your birth and make one forget—and that if you only ceased to act you would give a performance that would startle the world—simply by being your murderous self.”

Marcia jumped to her feet. “Do you mean to insinuate that I’m not a lady?”

“A lady, Miss Court, need never bother to sell herself as such. The fact sticks out on her as clearly as the fact that you are an alley cat sticks out on you and, as such, you are, thank God, nobly suited to our purposes.”

Marcia quivered with fury. “If I had a gum I’d kill you!”

“I believe you would,” Phil agreed happily.

“Listen! You wanted to know why I laughed at Anne Barrett this morning. All right. I’ll tell you. It’s because I hate her! She and I worked together as extras and she has been given a success to which she isn’t entitled, simply because she is English, while I, an American, with the ability to become a great actress, haven’t had a chance.”

I went to her set today, not because I wanted to, but because I had to. But I’m glad I came; I got a good laugh at her expense, the English cow! And for that laugh I was fired and I didn’t care if I never saw the inside of a studio again. But you asked me to come here and make a test and I took the check. I received for today’s work and rent this gown because I had nothing fit to wear. And then what happens? When I appear in a velvet gown it’s a laugh. For Barrett it’s all right, but for me it is ridiculous. She is a lady, while you infer that I am not!”

“The money I paid for the rent on this gown was the very last cent I had in the world. I haven’t eaten for two days and my room rent is past due and I’m to be kicked out on the street. But, believe it or not, I’d rather die in the gutter than have a starring contract in the finest studio in Hollywood after this night’s experience!”

“I came here at your suggestion, to make a test, thinking that despite your bad manners, you might still retain some of the characteristics of a gentleman. But no! You’ve done nothing but ask me insinuating questions and offer nasty insinuation about my parentage, of which you know nothing. If I were a man I’d knock you down, but being only a woman I’ll make you feel the best.”

Marcia hit Phil in the face with all her strength, then slid to the floor in a dead faint. The little black-haired electrician rushed to her side, but to Phil and Swig and the fact that Marcia had fainted was no moment. The one thing that held them enthralled was her tremendous personality. When she looked at each other in a moment of stunned delight, then started to grin as they extended hands to shake in mutual congratulation.

“Phil, you’ve found something!”

“I think I have, and I hope she doesn’t go and die on me before I can fill her full of food and sign her to the tightest contract any Hollywood flesh peddler ever saw!”

Marcia’s cocktail room was an attractive place, done in soft tones of cream and green. There was a sensible amount of comfortable lounging furniture placed around with a careless grace and, unobtrusively, a small chromium trimmed bar on the east side. At the western exposure long windows opened to a terrace decked with palms and shrubbery.

There was nothing Hollywoodish or motion picture about this pleasing setting for the film colony’s newest, strange, est, and most sensational woman star. The reason for this, one instinctively felt, was that someone had had the good sense to leave it all to the excellent taste of an interior decorator of the better sort, rather than to any inspiration on the part of Marcia. And one wished that an equally discerning judgment might have been used in the selection of her too elaborate house dress; that, still further, the graciousness of the room could in some manner have been imparted into her make-up.

However, watching her she suddenly dialled a number on the telephone while glaring at a copy of the *Hollywood Reporter*, one felt this was hoping for rather too much, and that the eighteen inches of anything successful which had befell her, hadn’t changed her materially, either on the surface or from within.

“Hello, hello . . . this is Miss Court. I wish to speak with Mr. Swing. . . hello, Walter. . . have you seen the *Hollywood Reporter* this morning? . . . Then I’ll read it to you. . . Get a load of this! Which leading woman is doing a contract holdout? And why? This is the story; of late Holly-wood has been going London in a large way. That is to say a great many of Holly-wood’s big shot stars and leads have gone to London to make pictures. Not a bad idea at all. In fact a delightfully way of taking a sea voyage, of broadening one’s outlook, and improving one’s self, to say nothing of increasing one’s prestige in the picture world, and all at the studio’s expense. Which brings us to the leading woman. It seems that everyone has been to London but her. And is she burned?”

Marcia paused for breath, then “Damn them! . . All right, you’re right, Walter. . .”

“Of course, if it’s too, too bad. With this obsession to be the lady and make pictures in London, this leading woman is holding out on signing new contract with the studio. And her and her publicity agent, insisting that she be allowed to select her own stories from now on. The agent who discovered her and is really her all is that all her pretence is in quite a state. The studio is in a lather and the young lady is frothing at her beautiful mouth, but is proving stubborn bolder than a golden harvest from her excellent characterizations of hard-boiled hussies means nothing to her. Her reply is that is let it be than much greater. Perhaps, but our guess is there will be plenty of fireworks before this thing is settled. Who makes the paper on the floor.

“Don’t think there won’t! What! . . . Oh yes, calm yourself! . . Phil is on his way over now, of course I won’t sign it until you’ve seen it. . . All right, darling, come over as soon as you can, . . . bye, Marcia banged up the phone as the buffer entered.

“A gentleman to see you, Miss Court.”

Somewhat calmed, Marcia demanded, “A gentleman, Griggs? Griggs smiled, faintly supercilious. “Perhaps I was being a trifle optimistic for courtesy’s sake.”

“No, who is he?”

“He says he’s from your home town and that he knew your father and mother very well.”

Marcia pale. “What does he look like?”

“Rather nondescript, middle-aged, small and quite pleasant, though, if I may say so, annoyingly subervient and ingratiating in his manners.”

“Did he give his name?” Marcia asked in a half-whisper.

“He said he was a Mr. Butch—Joe Butch,” Griggs explained with a show of disgust.

Forgetting Griggs: “Butch! Oh my God!”

“Shall I send him away?”

“Yes, no, have him come in, and see that we are not disturbed.”

“Very good, Miss Court.”

*(To Be Continued)*

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98
Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in pure cigarette paper... the best ingredients a cigarette can have

For You... there's MORE PLEASURE in Chesterfield's milder better taste

They Satisfy
Bing himself!
By Dixie Lee Crosby
Claudette Colbert's Vacation Diary
Healthful Double Mint gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity

Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentia whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. This, then, is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

Keep young—be doubly lovely the Double Mint way. Remember also Double Mint gum aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, assures a sweet inoffensive breath. Buy several packages today.

Left, exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by VALENTINA, original creator of modern classic design—modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen, GLORIA SWANSON. Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2784. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 415 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Well, I'm Elected—I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"
JANE: "See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"
ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"
JANE: "Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"
ANN: "You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

When you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change today to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

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
Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love... The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT TAYLOR  MARGARET SULLAVAN
FRANCHOT ROBERT TONE YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore
"I could have told you that a year ago!"

"Aren't you floored! Janet losing Tod?"
"Not at all, Louise." Ann glanced at the newspaper. "They were drifting a year ago. And I think I know one of the reasons—Janet's bad breath! Remember?"

"Of course! It practically eased her out of the Bridge Club. But you'd think Tod would have sort of tactfully given her a bottle of Listerine."
"You'd think so. But men never seem to tell their wives when they're slipping."

IT'S FATAL

Certainly nothing so completely nullifies a woman's charm as a case of halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know that you have it. You may be offending the very persons whose favor you court.

How foolish to take this risk. All you need do to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome, is to use Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine is the delightful, quick-acting deodorant all fastidious people use. Listerine halts fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors), then overcomes the odors themselves.

When you want to be on the safe side about your breath you need quick antiseptic and deodorant action. And Listerine Antiseptic provides it delightfully.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

FROM PLAIN JANE AT $18 PER TO

"GLAMOUR GIRL"

AT $100.00 A WEEK

The Merchant of Venus is what they call successful Walter Thornton in New York. Every year he intersects thousands of beauxies. If they pass his critical inspection, he sends them commercial revivals, the stage, and movie tests.

NOW MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL— YOUR SMILE IT LACKS SPARKLE— BECAUSE YOUR TEETH ARE DULL. YOU MUST HAVE BEAUTIFUL TEETH IF YOU WANT TO SUCCEED AS A MODEL. I SUGGEST YOU TRY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE BECAUSE . . .

OF ALL THE BEAUTY HINTS MR. THORNTON GAVE ME, I APPRECIATE MOST HIS SUGGESTION TO USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. IT'S GENTLE, SOFT, DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING AND IT'S REALLY MIRACULOUS THE WAY IT MAKES TEETH SPARKLE AND GLEAM.

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder in modern form . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess.

The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.

SCREENLAND

9
SCREENLAND’S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Dancing star of “A Damsel in Distress”
3. Polo (as in “a Gary Cooper film”)
5. His new one is “Dr. Rhythm”
10. To make a film
12. Solitary
15. Forward
16. Silly, paintless
18. A tatter
19. To escape
21. Something you ring
22. To nod in greeting
24. To make
26. Greek letter
28. A既 dead drink
30. Myself
31. Belonging to her
32. The young girl in “Tovarich”
34. Laos
36. She returns to the screen as "Marie Antoinette"
39. Decisive
41. Exclamation
43. To open the mouth in drooling
44. Work units
46. Connecting bar (as in oxen)
49. She was featured in “Artists and Models”
51. Foray
53. To relax
55. No
56. Something sung by one singer
58. Mark left by wound
60. Intermont
63. Biblical person
65. City in Nebraska
66. Following orders
68. To revoke a legacy (legal)
70. Dish of green vegetables
72. Periods of time
73. To act
76. Openwork fabric
78. Cowboy star, married to Clara Bow
79. Co-star, “It’s Love I’m After”
81. “Love — Hisses,” a movie
83. Glib
85. Labor
87. Over (abbrev.)
88. Star of “The Buccaneer”
90. Opera singer, featured in “Goldwyn Follies”
92. She stars in “The Divorce of Lady X”
94. Famous Biblical city
95. To breathe noisily
96. Winter vehicle
97. “L’Arrivée des Indésirables”
98. “Après le Déjeuner”
99. “La Cerisaie”
100. “Il était un jeune禀t”
101. “Amelie Poulain”
102. “Café Minuit”
104. “La Plume Rustie”

DOWN
1. A shivering, unsteadily light
2. Co-star of “Stage Door”
3. Printers’ measure
4. Skillful
5. Star of “Every Day’s A Holiday”
6. Co-star of “Merrily We Live”
7. None of the scale
8. He’s a villain in “Bad Man of Bountiful”
9. Short poem
10. She plays the silly mother in “Merrily We Live”
11. “Old Chicago,” a movie
12. To grab
13. A dwarf
14. A cow
15. Female sheep
16. The, in a French version
17. Note of the scale
18. Pale
19. To employ
20. Singing star of “Rosalie”
21. Salve, ointments
22. Infatuated
23. Film actor, married to Bebe Daniels
24. What he wears a tawky with
25. Wet by waves (as deck of a ship)
26. Literary composition
27. Belonging to him
28. Fact
29. “Proud Nell” (abbrev.)
30. Star of “First Lady”
31. What you see a movie with
32. Baby’s first word
34. Prefix meaning three
37. “Poor”
39. An actor’s part in a movie
41. “Tweet”
42. “Co-star of ‘Happy Landing’”
43. The doctor in “Wife, Doctor and Nurse”
44. Plentiful
45. “The first man”
46. “Co-star of ‘Knight Without Armor’”
47. He’s featured in “No Time To Marry”
48. To give in, relent
49. Dry
50. Toward
51. Chinese measure
52. ”Tears”
53. Without moisture
54. Exclamations
55. An
56. Credit (business abbrev.)
57. Behold!
58. He plays “Yonnie” in “Happy Landing”

Answer to
Last Month’s Puzzle

ZASU SONJA BEAL
DONAT TREAT BRWIN
ALICE AGENT LEAVE
MATT SAGA EARL RED
ATTEN TRIMME
OF ICE SO BEATO
LOMBARD MURAL
DAUBS OPERA BRASSE
EMMET NAS LORETTA
NYTE BELL ALLY REN
OW OR BELA POOL LAY
DREAD ASTIR GRACE
DUNN TONE LANES
MEND TENDORS

S C R E E N L A N D
PORE-POCKED NOSE!

Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores CLEAN! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep under-layer cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—and breeds tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your clothes when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowing clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, FREE and postpaid. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) FREE

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name: __________________________________________

Address: ________________________________________

City: ____________________________________________ State: ____________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

S C R E E N L A N D

11
"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," says Joan Bennett
Charming star of I Met My Love Again

Congo is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success—an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige.

Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: Tropic...Spice...Cabana. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

GLAZO'S NEW Perfected Polish

1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really clings to the nails.

2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

Get Glazo's new, exciting colors—Congo, Spice, Cabana and Tropic—at all drug counters, in extra large sizes at.....25¢

GLAZO The Smart Manicure.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Come along on a picnic luncheon with lovely Margaret Lindsay

By Betty Boone

"I'Ve never cooked anything in my life, except picnic and sorority stuff, but I can tell merely by tasting a dish exactly how it's made," said Margaret Lindsay, looking up from the picnic box on her kitchen table, where she was painstakingly packing fried chicken, sandwiches, and fruit.

A live-looking person, Margaret, with electric sparks in her brown eyes. Her brown hair, in its neat page-boy roll, contrasted with the yellow and white walls of her shining kitchen.

"All of a sudden, last Sunday morning, I decided that something ought to be done about food in this house. There are lots of dishes I'm crazy about but no one ever serves them at any cafe or restaurant and my cook never heard of them. So, says I, I'll try my hand!"

"Nothing uncertain about me, so I invited breakfast guests and set to work. Janet Gaynor's mother makes the most delicious dish—I've never seen it anywhere else, and she wasn't available to tell me how to do it. But I made it, and was it good!"

"You take firm, ripe tomatoes, slice them fairly thin, leaving the skins on, because it's the skins that sort of burn brown and give it a taste. Fry the slices in lots of butter—oh, I mean fats of it—until they are well done and the skins are good and brown. It's the cooking that's the important part of this dish—sounds silly, but it's true. When the tomatoes are cooked almost all to pieces, you scoop out the solid parts and put them in a hot dish; you leave the browned bits and the butter that's in the pan, add to this cream, more butter, salt and pepper, and stir while you cook; then pour over the tomatoes and serve on very hot buttered toast. With this dish, I served scrambled eggs, Beechnut bacon, grapefruit and coffee. You could serve this tomato dish on a picnic, for the hot dish everyone always likes, if you think you could keep your mind on it.

"I'm mad about picnics! When I lived at home in Iowa, we were always going on picnics. There you can go anywhere at all and find shady trees, green grass and clear streams. I used to take a good book along and maybe a few rolls and hot dogs and when I felt hungry I'd make a fire and toast them.

"In California, it's not so simple to find a picnic spot. You either go to the parks where they have stoves and even screened kitchens and plenty of conveniences, or..."
you do as we're doing today, ride and ride and probably wind up in an oat field with burrs sticking all over you and no water in sight!"

Margaret was prepared for anything, in riding trousers, boots, a most becoming Tyrolean jacket embroidered in vari-colored flowers and hung with tiny golden bells.

"Hamburgers are grand on picnics," she continued, wrapping the last sandwich, "I'm especially keen about mine. I take freshly ground meat, season it well with salt and pepper, and then pound it flat and thin with a spatula. Most hamburgers are too plump. Then I put a dab of Gulden's mustard on top and let it cook right into the meat. You know that flat taste they usually have? This gets rid of it. Then I put horse radish and Heinz pickled relish on each round, set it on a toasted round of roll and serve onions on the side.

"No picnic is a picnic without hard-cooked eggs. I hate the box lunches studios put up for locations, but I liked locations because of the eggs. Once when we were on location over in Pasadena at the Buseh Gardens, George Arliss discovered my passion for eggs and you should have seen him stealing from box lunch to box lunch, purloining hard-cooked eggs for me! I had to eat six of them that day. I was almost ill, but who could refrain after Mr. Arliss was so gallant?"

"Talking about dishes you can't order anywhere, there's string bean soup. Ever have any? Of course not! Nobody has it. But it's my favorite kind. So the other day, made very bold by my success on Sunday, I tried it. You know, I'm beginning to think I have a knack. Knack, that's what they call it when you turn out to be a cook!"

"For string bean soup, you string the beans and cut them—not slice them—get very small potatoes, and cook both of them until tender. Then you add milk, cream butter, salt and pepper and—" she kissed her hand to the memory.

The picnic box packed, we strode through the apartment, a neat, Hollywood-Spanish, flower-filled place. Margaret shrugged at it.

"There's nothing out of the ordinary about the apartment," she insisted. "Anybody might live in this living room or in this dining room. The real fun is in my room. Some people think it's charming. Some people think it's terrible. It's part Persian, part Hawaiian, part Mexican, part American, and half the time it looks like a junk room. But I love it! I'm so happy there. Everything I care about is around me. By day, it's a sitting room where I can have my friends. At night the bed becomes a bed."

"The what?" I stammered.

Margaret repeated "Hikes!"—pronounced hick-ee-ay. It turned out to be what looked like a very wide studio couch, covered in monks' cloth, with piles of blue, red, and yellow pillows scattered about.

"The first time I visited in Honolulu, I fell for the hikes," confided my hostess.

"I could hardly wait to get home and have one built. You see, they are mostly mattresses and very comfortable. The tarp cloth above it is from the islands, too—some friends who were over brought it to me. It's made from the bark of trees, you know."

The Persian part of the room is in the drapes, which are soft blues and reds; the Mexican influence lies in her bottles and flower jars acquired down at Olvera Street; and strings of chili beans, darkly red, hung on the wall.

(Continued on page 86)
Salutes and Snubs

**HOLLYWOOD LISTENS!**

When the screengoers speak, Hollywood is a most interested listener—stars, producers and writers all want to know what you, the picture patron, have to say. Here's your chance, send your appraisal or your caustic straight to headquarters. Name your favorite star, state your case for or against a certain picture, advance your ideas regarding the best type of vehicle for a star, or a story you would like to see filmed, and send it in a letter to this department. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

The smiling lady on the right is Claire Trevor, very happy over honors accorded her by the cheers of our letter writers.

**TCH! TCH! SIXTEEN AND SUNK**

I fear my movie days are over—and here I'm only 16. Ever since I saw "You're Only Young Once" I have been looking for a movie that is just half as good. So far I haven't found one. That picture was great. Three cheers for Mickey Rooney and Eleanor Lynn!

Billy McMurtry, Stigler, Okla.

A "BEST" NOMINATION

My nomination for the subtest acting of a basically unimportant part during this season is that of Henry Daniell as the blackmailer in "Madame X." Known for years as a leading exponent of ultra-sophisticated comedy on the London stage, it would be a treat to see him in such a part on the screen. Perhaps his finest characterization to date was his "Baron de Parelle" in "Camille," which, for me at least, remains the most convincing portrait of aristocratic viciousness ever given to the screen.


**BOW TO JOHN BARRYMORE**

Here's a Salute to the greatest actor of them all—John Barrymore. Every gesture, every inflection of his voice seems exactly right, whether it be Comedy, as in "True Confession," or Tragedy, as in "Dinner at Eight."

Eugene Clark, Kingston, N. H.

PREDICTS THE TOP FOR TREVOR

Let's send up Salutes for that very pretty actress, Claire Trevor; especially for her grand acting in "Big Town Girl." I predict that Miss Trevor will be a top ranking star by the end of 1938.

Miss N. Nesser, Union Town, Pa.

**WANNA BUY A BOOK, HOLLYWOOD?**

Why doesn't some smart producer snap up Louis Bromfield's "The Rain Came?" Properly produced it would make all previous Academy Award pictures seem pale and wishy-washy by comparison. Florence Peer, Avonel, N. J.

**EUREKA! ELEANOR STEWART**

Recently, I saw a western, "Where Trails Divide," starring Tom Keene. A girl by the name of Eleanor Stewart had the feminine lead and, I think, she was a sensation. She photographs beautifully and acts very naturally. Why don't the studios give more of their attention and opportunity to a girl like this, instead of bringing in these "European finds?"

Miss G. Peters, San Jose, Calif.

**PRAISES FOR JOHN PAYNE**

Happy landings to a newcomer who certainly seems to be on his way to eventual stardom—John Payne. His appearances on the screen have demonstrated that he has talent, and certainly he has good looks. So many times promising newcomers rise to temporary prominence and then are soon forgotten. That I don't think will happen in the case of John Howard Payne.

Martha Baer, Newark, N. J.

**TRIBUTE TO TRACY**

To the victor belong the spoils, and to Spencer Tracy most certainly should go the highest honors. If anything on earth is a man's very own it is that which he does through himself alone. I think Spencer's acting in "Captains Courageous" was one of the most thoroughly inspired achievements this past year has brought us via the screen.

Lorraine Menger, Hawthorne, N. J.
NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART

She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she should be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have special care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor before it starts. To avoid all risk of offending, use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be sure your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find attractive!

Mum is QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

Mum is SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

Mum is SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor impossible!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

TO HERSELF—IT'S MARVELOUS TO DANCE EVERY DANCE AND KNOW THAT MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

S C R E E N L A N D

15
An exceptionally fine impersonation by Lew Ayres as a boy from the slums who becomes wealthy and powerful in his particular line—newspaper sales and distribution—and extremely effective acting by Helen Mack, Alison Skipworth and others, make this a far better than average melodrama of life in New York. Neither pretensions, nor pretending to that which it does not achieve, here is good entertainment.

Dances by Jessie Matthews and Jack Whiting, a couple of good tunes, and some occasionally effective comedy material expertly handled by Roland Young. There is a plot, of course, and it's the old one about the little Miss Nobody who becomes a star—quitting her tap dancing for mere amusement on her guardian's river boat, for the dazzling setting of a London musical show. It sums up as very spotty.

It's a racket-ridden world we live in, friends, and you'll learn how gangs burn buildings for profit if you see this programer. Personally we got more kick "going to the fire" the easy way of looking at the screen than from the racket angle of the yarn. Bob Livingston—a really good action drama star—and his cast: Warren Hymer, Jack La Rue, Rosalind Keith and others, make it good run-o'-the-mill fare.

Airy comedy about a movie star pursued and won by a titled French gallant. The presence of so gifted and ingratiating a comedienne as Carole Lombard, and the lacquered manner of her staging give the film what brightness it has. Fernand Gravet plays dashing in a vain effort to rise above mediocre material, and Ralph Bellamy is stalwart support. Festive but feebie pseudo-smart jesting. A new cycle, please!

More melodramatics behind prison bars, with the usual chaptrap over a convict in for a crime he didn't commit. Dick Foran is Jerry Davis, ex-pugilist who gets over his troublesome traits in the jail house by getting interested in singing. There is romance, vindication for Jerry, and a good job for him as a radio crooner. June Travis, John Litel, and Foran do their best with mechanical and unconvincing roles.
They give you FRESH Faces

They Keep Stars Fresh!
Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH?
Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

Old Gold gives you
FRESH CIGARETTES

Hours waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star... to retain her charm and appeal... must be utterly fresh the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette... to retain its charm and appeal... must be utterly fresh the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star... Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an extra jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it... and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh

Outer Cellophane Jacket Opens from the Top
Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens at the Top
Sealing the Bottom

Screenland

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.
Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The
Ritz Brothers
in
Kentucky Moonshine

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

Tony
Martin • Marjorie
Weaver

Slim Summerville • John
Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. • Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden • Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
DEAR DEANNA DURBIN:

This is a fan letter. I know you get a good many, most of them asking for your autographed photograph, or wanting to meet you. Well, I'm not asking for your photograph—I have dozens of them, handed to me with the compliments of Universal Pictures in the hope that they will be used in this magazine. Durbin photographs are positively no novelty in my life; neither are photographs of Gable and Crawford, Davis and Colbert, Lombard and Cooper. I get in to see your pictures ahead of release date in the projection room, instead of waiting to see them in theatres with the rest of your fans. But seeing Durbin photographs and motion pictures never seems routine to me. I thoroughly enjoy them; like all other Durbin fans, I tell my friends so; and thus far I haven't guessed wrong, we're all Durbin fans together.

So I'm not asking for your photograph, or a pass to your pictures. All I'm asking is a simple question: what becomes of that girl, Deanna Durbin, when she finishes a picture? Where does she go? That sweet, sparkling, wholly natural little girl with the enchanting grin, who expresses such gay humor and good fellowship that she has us all shouting for her? She must be hiding somewhere. Because it couldn't have been that girl who visited New York not so long ago. Or could it?

I wanted to meet her. Not at a big press party, where a star must be forever a star no matter what her age; but as fan to favorite. As I'd met Garbo and Dietrich, Tyrone Power and Norma Shearer, Dick Powell and Sonja Henie and so many other somebody. I wanted to meet you as I'd want to meet any grand person who had given me much pleasure and whom I wanted to thank. But Deanna Durbin—I mean the girl in New York, not the fresh and spontaneous girl of "Mad about Music"—was not to be met. Incredible that a fifteen-year-old should be as remote and inaccessible as Garbo? But that's the way it turned out for this fan.

Of course I was disappointed. I still don't believe it. I persist in hoping that the Deanna Durbin of the three-smash-hits-in-a-row is the real girl. I still look forward to toddling in to see and hear her in "Tristan and Isolde" on the new gigantic-colossal super-technicolor screens along about 1950. Unless—unless somewhere along the way she forgets all about us. Us? Just the fans, Deanna. We are really too important to overlook. There are so many of us, and whether we're housewives or schoolgirls or waiters or stenographers or bankers or magazine editors, we are sincere about you. We can take our illusions or leave them alone, as a rule. We know now that the great and glamorous Greta is really a tall, thin, haunted lady whom we might not recognize if we passed her on the street. That Gable loves Lombard, and Taylor loves Stanwyck—not us. We know that Shirley Temple is not our little girl at all, but the self-reliant wonder-child of Mr. and Mrs. George Temple of Beverly Hills, thank you. It doesn't matter about that. But we certainly don't want to believe that Deanna Durbin, of all people, is any different than she is on the screen. She just can't be "difficult" or spoiled, or indifferent. She may be shy, or conservative, or simply not publicity-conscious. If so, we say better luck next time. If not, and even though she is getting to be a big girl now, I wish somebody would give her a good spanking.


Deanna Durbin, above, is one of the greatest screen stars—at only fifteen! At left, see how she looked when she was just thirteen, before she won instant fame in "Three Smart Girls" and followed with two more sensational successes.

Delight Evans

19
“The Groaner,” as he is affectionately called by his friends, has a quizzical smile as he looks toward his charming wife, Dixie, who here tells the world all about him. Below, the Crosby ranch house.

BING himself!
By
Dixie Lee Crosby

For the first time in five years Bing’s beautiful wife talks about her illustrious husband for publication. Exclusive to SCREENLAND!

FIVE years it’s been since I last sat down to my trusty typewriter to tell a palpitant world (are yuh listenin’, reader?) about my illustrious husband—Bing Crosby. Sometimes he is affectionately called The Groaner by his friends. Latterly, since he took up horse-racing, a few other appellations have been added.

Five years is a long time. When we returned to Hollywood five years ago we had no baby to bless ourselves with and horses were things our fathers and mothers told us about. Race horses were associated in our minds with the Black Beauty of our childhood and the Paul Revere of history. Bing had only a few two-reel comedies and one feature picture—the first of “The Big Broadcasts” (which, I regret to state, was not exactly a signal success) —as his sole claim to cinematic fame.

True, he was not exactly unknown, thanks to radio, and we knew where our next meal was coming from. But Bing is a funny person. Money means less than nothing to him (as long as he has plenty of it) and he was more concerned over “the blue of the night and the gold of the day” as found in Southern California, than he was over pictures. I guess he still is.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge in those five years. Four babies arrived on the flood—and I’m not speaking of the late downpour!

Picture has succeeded picture and whether they were good, bad or indifferent they have all made money. Instead of feeling humbly grateful to Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie for condescending to appear in a picture with him, as they did in “College Humor” (the film that made him a star), he has reached the position where he has had Carole Lombard, Kitty Carlisle, Madge Evans—and Mary Carlisle—for leading ladies, to say nothing of being co-starred with Marion Davies and Miriam Hopkins—though not at the same time. Oh, yes! Success has come to Mr. Crosby in a big way.
When we realized we were back in Hollywood to stay we built a home. We were very happy in it for a time—a short time. Then, one day, Bing read an article about himself in which the writer said, "There is no one in Hollywood who takes more joy and pride in his home—and I assure you it is a very modest home as Hollywood houses go—than Bing."

The writer had never been inside our home but that made no difference. There was the statement in bold, bare print. Although he never put it into so many words, I imagine Bing felt pretty much like Ted Healy in "Hollywood Hotel" when he asked Louella Parsons why she never gave him a break in her column.

"You're not news," Louella answered.

"Is that so!" Healy exclaimed. "Whadda I have to do to be news—take a bath in champagne?"

I can fancy Bing asking himself, "Whadda I have to build to keep my diggings from being called modest—the Metropolitan Museum?"

I don't know what that writer was used to in the way of homes but if writers have better homes than that one, I'm going to suggest to Bing he give up acting and crooning in favor of writing. The bills for that house reached such staggering proportions that when we sent out invitations to the house-warming we bade our friends come to the opening of "Crosby's Folly."

At any rate, the place was spoiled for us. So we built a simple little mansion, on the Mount Vernon style, of about eighteen rooms, seven baths, and an eight-car garage. (The latter, despite frequent and vehement protests on my part, still has too many empty stalls and there would be even more if the servants didn't keep their cars in it, too).

The house finished, we moved in, sat back and dared anyone to call this place unpretentious. So far there have been no cracks. At least, none have appeared in print and no one has said anything to our faces. It took us a month to learn our way around the joint without a guide from the architect's office and the telephone system is so complicated we considered putting in a private operator.

For weeks I felt guilty and self-conscious whenever I showed visitors through the place for fear they would think we were trying to put on dog. Bing swears my self-consciousness arose from fear I would not be able to find my way back to (Please turn to page 80)
WHY listen to political pundits to learn about the future? Watch Hollywood! The movie colony, sensitive and changeable as a chameleon, provides an amazingly accurate barometer of things to come—if you can read the signs!

Basil Rathbone told me, “In the mad enthusiasm with which Hollywood took up the Big Apple, heels tapping, hips swaying—I saw the same hysteria that gripped pre-war London when the tap-tap of dancers of the Texas Tommy was echoed later by the sinister tapping of machine-gun bullets on the Belgian front! Knowing how accurately Hollywood has forecast many major events of the past, it wasn’t a pleasant thought!”

Rathbone is just one of the stars who know that depressions can be foreseen, recoveries predicted, and all sort of social trends, both important and trivial, read beforehand in the actions of the movie colony.

Hollywood’s Barometer depends for its very existence on knowing just what will amuse, grip, offend, terrify and interest you and you months before you even know it yourselves. Pictures filmed six months before release must strike the mood of the moment when they reach your neighborhood theaters. No wonder Hollywood can predict!

Walt Disney released his appealing “Snow White” just as recession headlines blazed from every newspaper’s front page, just when the nation was ready for a fairy-tale fantasy. A coincidence? Yet “Snow White” began production three years before it was released!

Similarly, Disney gave us a chance to whistle away our fears with “Who’s Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?” in the midst of the depression itself, and solemn editorials were written on the song’s significance. Another coincidence? Or just another example of Hollywood’s gift for reading the future?

Cecil DeMille told me, “Perhaps there is no stronger indication of the pulse of a people than their current likes and dislikes in entertainment. It is especially revealing since it catches them off-guard, unaware that they are betraying trends of social and economic significance. For instance, during the depression, American women chose such men as Warner Baxter, John Boles, Otto Kruger, Leslie Howard, Edward Arnold and others as their idols. In their screen roles and in their private lives these men stood for solidity, security, safety. Before the depression, you will remember, youth and youth alone could star in Hollywood, and men and women past the thirty-mark were relegated to character parts.

“Then, when the economic trend changed, and prosperity began to return, we have seen youth sweep back into the limelight again. Women throughout the country are seeking pure romance once more. Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and other talented youngsters are raised to stardom over-night because they represent carefree romance and the zest of youth!”

“I believe good times will return and remain, if the
YESTERDAY at noon we passed the Statue of Liberty and I sank into my deck chair with a happy sigh of relief. For the first time I felt that at last I was really on my vacation. My first vacation in seven years! Just think, five months without a single thought of studios, broadcasts, publicity, rushes, fittings, and six A.M. calls. It’s fun being a movie star, but I believe it is more fun not being a movie star. I had just dismissed Hollywood completely from my mind when Jack collapsed in the chair beside me and casually remarked that he had searched the stateroom carefully and there were no fans under the bed. Well, we can’t all be Robert Taylors!

Terry was too funny for words last night. She would give me my stocking, and then would say, “Pardon me, Madame,” and dash like mad for the bathroom. Then she would return with a big smile, give me my shoe, and run again for the bathroom. I kept telling her that she was in the clutches of seasickness and had better go to bed. “No, Madame, I am feeling fine,” she would say, and run again. I must say she kept her pep if she didn’t keep anything else. I finally persuaded her to go to bed, and I went to dinner, simply ravenous. I even devoured the caviar and anchovies. I thought I was the one who was supposed to have a sensitive stomach, and Terry to be as strong as an ox. But it seems a little thing like a rocking boat can’t throw me—not after all those weeks I spent on a tread-mill for “I Met Him in Paris.”

Naples, Italy

When we landed in Naples this morning there was an enormous crowd at the dock to meet the boat. But so well behaved. They would call my name, giggle, and then applaud heartily. I was terribly pleased. We had a few hours’ stop-over so Jack and I went to see the new ruins recently excavated at Pompeii. I honestly can’t get excited over a ruin, one ruin looks like all other ruins to me—(Deletion: Miss Colbert mentions several ruins she has seen in Hollywood that weren’t caused by an erupting volcano)—and I suppose it is a lack of something in my soul. But anyway, Jack was excited enough for both of us and tried to take pictures of everything at the same time. When we returned to the boat the newspaper
representatives from Naples and Rome were there to meet us with their photographers and I hastily tried to shake the ancient dust of Pompeii from me and look more like a movie star and less like a tourist. The press are charming. They are going to spend the night on the boat, we land at Genoa in the morning, and interview me at dinner tonight.

**Milan, Italy**

Well, I don't know what my drawing power is at the New York Paramount right now, but I must say that in Genoa it is terrific. I think the entire population of the town was down to meet the boat—at least three thousand of them. They grabbed me the minute I stepped off the gangplank, and their enthusiasm was very thrilling but very frightening too—especially when they decided that my dress would make lovely little souvenirs. I tried to give them a movie star smile, Lubitsch would have been proud of me, but every time I heard a rip I must have looked awfully sick. I think I autographed everything in town—including the wedding menu of a cute little bride and groom who with the entire wedding party toasted me in Italian vino as the train pulled out of the station.

**Innsbruck, Austria**

We left Milan at midnight and I was dreaming happily in my warm little bed when suddenly there was a great rumpus at the door. The conductor regretfully informed us that we would have to get out of the compartment and move into another car—the sleeper, it seems, only went as far as the Austrian border. I haven't been up at five in the morning since we had to do sunrise scenes for "Maid of Salem." It was bitter cold, and there wasn't a chance of getting even a cup of coffee. While I was dressing with chattering teeth I sort of longed for my warm, heavenly bed in Holmby Hills with plenty of blankets and unit heat. And then I looked out of the window and saw the Alps! Holmby Hills—phooey!

As soon as we arrived at Innsbruck we drove to the nearest hotel for breakfast. It was nine o'clock, but fortunately, as we discovered later, we were cold but not hungry. For three cups of coffee and three eggs Jack had to pay six dollars! Well, we couldn't afford night club prices like that, so as soon as we thawed out Jack rented a car from Cook's and we drove through beautiful mountain passes to St. Anton—the most marvelous skiing spot in the world.

**St. Anton, Austria**

At last I am skiing to my heart's content. And I don't know when I have been so thoroughly happy and utterly detached from the world. It is so beautiful here, the snow-covered mountains and the small quaint villages, that it all seems like an illustration in a fairy tale and any minute I expect a fairy godmother to appear and say, "Claudette, you may have three wishes." I have seen beautiful mountains in America—remember how excited I was over Proctor Mountain at Sun Valley?—but I'm afraid the scenery in the Alps is far more breath-taking. And the snow is so different—it's really "powder" snow. Yesterday morning I took a two-hour run and I have never seen anything like it in my life. The sun was very bright and I went over snow meadows where no one had been—the glitter was blinding. It sparkled much more than diamonds under electric lights. In fact, now that I try to describe it, it's impossible because it would sound like exaggeration. Oh dear, one "g" or two?—my spelling is completely shot.

The hotel is absolutely old-fashioned, as a matter of fact it is rather on the precious side. (Deletion: Miss Colbert's description of the plumbing, or rather lack of plumbing.) But the food is excellent, though a little heavy. The other night we had a "gala" evening—a dance in the bar. It was called "Schuhplattler." The peasants came dressed in their short leather pants, big shoes and attractive Tyrolean hats. The dance is like a jig except that they slap their hips with their hands and yell "yippee" just like the

Here's the star of our "Vacation Diary" feature, exploring the ruins of Pompeii with a friend. Be sure to read what Claudette says about her foreign travels.
cowboys at Palm Springs. All the women guests at the hotel wore dirndls, which is a peasant dress with a little silk apron. I had the local dressmaker make me several and I am so crazy about them that I expect to wear them all summer in Hollywood, gala evening or no gala. The bands played the same tunes that we used to hear in bierhmuisten on East 53rd Street in New York and soon everybody, the peasants and the guests, danced the "skiwaltz." This is a most amusing dance, and after a few bearish shrugs the man takes the woman by the waist and swings her as high in the air as he can—it must be the Tyrolean version of the Big Apple. Jack and I haven’t tried it yet because my ankles are so swollen. Ski shoes always do that to me for at least four days.

I was most indignant when the ski instructor here consigned me to the kindergarten. He took one look at my form, which I thought pretty good, and said: "Madame, the beginners’ class." Me, the pride of Sun Valley! Me, the winner of the Men’s Slalom Race at Bishop! The worm! (Deletion: Miss Colbert calls her ski instructor names.) Jack laughed heartily, but not for long, for he was relegated to the beginners’ class too. Skiing is taken very seriously here. No monkey business. Everything is for skiing—early to bed, no cocktails, no cigarettes, proper diet. To move up a class is the

Claudette Colbert’s gay "Vacation Diary" is her own written record of her European travels, with sidelights you never suspected on the girl herself when she’s having fun on her first vacation in seven years

Salute a movie star so spontaneous and unspoiled that she enjoys every minute of her vacation—and then is good enough sport to write us all about it! At top left, an admiring fan catches a gay glimpse of Claudette as she surveys Pompeii from a balcony. At left, with a friend at St. Moritz, where Claudette caught up with the movie ‘location’ scenes of her picture, "I Met Him in Paris"—remember?

most important thing in life that could happen to you. It calls for a mild celebration. People have been very kind to me after my previews, and I must admit I have had my share of flattery, but nothing has ever thrilled me so much as the morning my instructor condescended to grunt a "sehr gut" as I completed a christiana.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived at San Anton soon after we did and after much fumagling managed to get (Please turn to page 84)
IT WAS July of the year before last. Norma Shearer sat on the terrace of her home overlooking the sea, and talked about Marie Antoinette. She had recently completed the crowning achievement of her screen career—Juliet, the rôle in which her husband had long dreamed of seeing her. They had attended the first sneak preview of the picture together and gone home together, happy in the reception accorded it. But neither was resting on his laurels. Thalberg was deep in production plans for "Marie Antoinette." Shearer was looking forward to her next rôle as the ill-fated queen of France. "It’s such a comfort," she laughed, "to have someone always there to tell you what to do."

A year and a half later, on the set of a gambling hall in Paris, the "Marie Antoinette" company is ready for its first day of shooting. Miss Shearer is to play the rôle to which she looked forward. The man who had always been there to tell her what to do is here only in spirit. It is safe to say that he shares with her the thoughts of those who await her appearance. This is to be her first experience before the cameras since his death. The air is charged with expectancy, tinged by uneasiness. As one member of the crew put it: "We didn’t know, would she come in and break down, or what would she do."

She comes in from her dressing-room, a slight figure, wrapped in a white flannel robe of her own and wear-
What happens when a great lady of the screen returns to work—with Tyrone Power as her leading man, and a great cast including a Barrymore? Here’s the whole dramatic story, intimately reported

By
Ida Zeitlin

Norma Shearer makes a beautiful Marie Antoinette, left. Top, with Tyrone Power in a dramatic scene, showing the Queen as she grows older. Above, Tyrone, not in costume, stops to chat with Anita Louise, playing Princess de Lamballe, and Schildkraut, as Orleans.

ing Marie Antoinette’s tall white wig, adorned with jewelled stars. She is smiling—not as if she were determined to smile, but as if she were glad to be here among her old friends and associates, in the place where by right of her own labors she belongs. There is no concerted rush in her direction. People hold back still a little uncertain, waiting to take their cue from her. She recognizes a prop man and greets him. She catches sight of a wardrobe woman who has worked on many of her pictures, and stops for a word with her. Members of crew and company look at each other, sigh in relief as the tension breaks and go about their business as she is going about hers. Some drift toward her. They don’t say much. “We’re glad to have you back, Miss Shearer.” In their inarticulateness lies their sincerity.

She herself finds it natural to be back. “You see,” she says, “it’s been a kind of gradual breaking in. I’ve studied the script. I’ve come to the studio for fittings, and a few dance rehearsals with Albertina Rasch. This is just the next step. It’s a good idea,” she smiles, “to take one step at a time.”

She goes off to dress, and presently the first scene is called. To watch him at the helm, you would never guess that Woody Van Dyke is directing on just two days’ notice, having been rushed to fill the place of Sidney Franklin, taken suddenly ill. With equal composure Van Dyke faces tigers in Africa, or the hazards of be-
ing catapulted into the midst of a Hollywood epic. Because Tyrone Power has been borrowed from Twentieth Century-Fox and must be returned as soon as possible, they are shooting his scenes first. He plays Axel Fersen, the Swedish nobleman whose love for Marie becomes the ennobling influence in her life. When dressing, he wears a disreputable old gown.

"How come?" someone asks him.

"It was my father's." He hesitates, then blurts: "Some day I hope to be able to fill it."

Fred Datig, casting director, pops his head in at the door. "If you ever need a job, Tyrone, give me a ring."

Tyrone grins. They are both thinking of the time seven years back when the elder Power was making "The Miracle Man" at Paramount. Each day a gangling seventeen-year-old would stroll in with him, stop at the casting office and ask for a job. "Nothing today," Datig, then at Paramount would tell him. "Come back tomorrow."

"It was kind of a low trick," says Datig. "I knew the chances were we'd have nothing for him—he was such a kid. But I liked to see that face come poking round the door—always goodhumored and undiscourageable."

It was in "The Miracle Man" that Tyrone's father collapsed on the set. A few days later he died in his son's arms. Now the undiscourageable kid is working opposite Metro's first lady.

She looks like an exquisite little figurine in a gown of star-spangled silver tissue designed by Adrian, as were all the women's costumes in the picture. This is her first performance with Van Dyke. Among those who have never worked with him, he has the reputation of being tough. Actually, he is a man of quick humor and large understanding. His co-called toughness consists in a driving energy which gets things done at a maximum of speed and excellence.

His methods are direct. "I hear you're nervous about working with me," he said to Miss Shearer at their first meeting after his assignment to the picture. "A little. They call you One-take Van Dyke. Suppose I don't get it right the first time."

"You'll be (Please turn to page 94)
Triumph of a Timid Soul

By Reginald Taviner

BUT for himself Jack Haley would have achieved his current success years and years ago. But for his wife he would never have achieved it at all! Now this isn't one of those yarns wherein a generous husband tosses a gallant bouquet to "the little woman." Nor is it a shoulder-to-shoulder epic in which a young couple bravely fought their way up side by side. Instead it is the literal truth how Florence Haley has always had to be battle police behind Jack to prevent him from running away from himself.

When Jack was a little shaver his mother used to coax him to sing nursery songs for company. Jack would get under the table, pull down the cloth so that he could not see or be seen—and then sing.

All his life he has been like that. In Hollywood now, where everything is big, he has the biggest inferiority complex. Among the ballooned heads around him he visualizes his own as a peanut. He still wants to crawl into his shell.

In vaudeville and on the stage that complex robbed Jack of at least half his life. Nobody realizes it more poignantly than he, but he was powerless to do anything about it. He knows that he could never have overcome it alone, that notwithstanding his ability he was one of those pathetic flowers born to bloom unseen. No truer screen characterization has ever been written than Jack's role in "Wake Up And Live," in which he played, actually, himself. That microphone which made such bogey-man faces has always been inside him. The girl who snapped him out of it in real life, as Alice Faye did in the film, is Mrs. Haley.

Jack not only admits that he owes her his success, he proclaims it. But for her, he asserts, he probably would still be looking for split-weeks in vaudeville. She alone could make him stand up to the gargantuan shadow which he himself cast upon the wall.

"I don't know how I ever got up the nerve to ask her to marry me," he said, (Please turn to page 91)
How Stars Face the Facts of FLOPS!

By Liza

When you say a picture is a "flop" in Hollywood, it's fighting words, pardner. There's always a star, or a director, or a producer, or a studio bootblack who can pull out a list of figures and prove to you that although America responded to such and such a feature with the glowing warmth of an iceberg, that in Afghanistan the Afghans simply rolled in the aisles. And although Americans may have stayed away in droves from a certain epic production—which the exhibitors, a lusty folk, tossed off with a casual "it smells"—in Latvia it wowed 'em. I've come to believe after several years in Hollywood that the Afghans and the Letts are a most peculiar people, with no more inhibitions than a chipmunk—but maybe it's just because their bank nights are better than ours.

Now I've been staying up late nights, my rhumba is almost as good as a producer's, and I'm worn and weary with a nut brown taste in my mouth, and I'm in no mood for arguments or back talk. I don't want any phone calls from irate directors. I don't want to see any figures from Afghanistan or Latvia. I just want a couple of aspirins and a little shut-eye. So for the purpose of this article, if I may so dignify it, I shall give the movie star's definition of a flop, and in that way I can't possibly tread on anyone's toes and bring on a flock of silly arguments. (If you think I'm doing a neat bit of fence straddling you're darned toothin').

It was Carole Lombard who first tipped me off to the movie star's definition of a flop. Carole didn't go to the recent preview of "Fools for Scandal" in which she co-starred with Fernand Gravet. The picture has just been released at this writing and there are no figures yet from Kansas and the Bronx, much less from Afghanistan and Latvia, but Carole has a pretty good hunch that the picture is a "flop." It seems that the day following the preview in Hollywood her friends called her up, as is the custom after a preview. "Darling, you looked simply divine last night! I have never seen you photographed

We're on forbidden ground here, so rush to read the real truth about Hollywood's vexing "hush-hush" subject.
Now a bad picture, a “flop,” doesn’t necessarily mean that their career is ended or that they are slipping—but just the same it is a terrific jolt to the conceit. Of course a whole bevy of “flops” in quick succession usually means a box office knell. But that’s another story.

How do the movie great react when they suddenly discover that they have drawn a lemon instead of the customary jack-pot? Do they sulk and fret, do they bite their nails and tear their hair, or do they toss it off with a quip and a martini? Does it bring out the child in them, or the gypsy in them? Well, here goes Dr. Snooper of the scientific research probing and poking again.

“Flops” brought out the gypsy in Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, and Warner Baxter. (In the case of the girls it not only brought out the gypsy but a terrific “mad on” with the studios.) In 1936 Bette Davis, with the praise of the critics over her Mildred in “Of Human Bondage” still ringing in her ears, won the 1935 Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her work in Warner Brothers’ “Dangerous.” Bette, who had felt rather put upon on numerous occasions by her Alma mater studio, had every reason to believe that now that “Oscar” had become a member of her household she would receive better roles in better pictures. She immediately asked to play Queen Elizabeth in “Mary of Scotland”—but didn’t get it. Along came the preview, at that inopportune moment, of “The Golden Arrow,” and Bette’s friends commented pleasantly on the photography. Calling a spade a spade and a Warner Brother a Warner Brother Bette left in a huff for England and announced that she had no intention of making any more pictures for the so-and-so studio in Burbank. But after a legal battle in the London law courts in which Warner Brothers’ law-

yer called Bette “a very naughty young lady” Bette admitted that she was defeated and came back to Hollywood to finish out her contract, or as she put it “serve five years in jail.” Since her return early in January, 1937, her pictures have been much better. There have been no “flops.” Her current picture “Jezebel” is a great success.

Ironically enough, although “flops” drove Bette away from Warner Brothers in 1936, they drove Jimmy Cagney, another rebel, back to Warner Brothers in the early part of 1938. Jimmy, formerly one of the biggest and brightest stars of the industry, took a terrific beating when after much flogging he broke his Warner contract and starred in two pictures for Grand National, an independent company, called “Great Guy” and “Something to Sing About.” The pictures weren’t so sizzling-hot, Jimmy was rapidly becom-

(Please turn to page 88)
Return of the Naughty Native

Beauty born in Brooklyn wins screen fame as new Norwegian starlet! Sigrid Gurie, heroine of Hollywood’s most amazing hoax, ‘fesses up

By Tom Kennedy

A streamline age of going places fast, Hollywood, ever faithful to the golden box-office rule that “it pays to personalize,” contributes the formula for applying speed to personal success. Let science and industry build faster machines, Hollywood will bring to the world the streamline principle under which human beings go faster to the goal of fame and fortune. Why, that once shining maxim piously preached to youth that the way to success is to start at the bottom and work your way to the top, is now just a quaint gag of the horse and buggy era. Now you start at the top—or else, you’re dated if you’re in the screen acting business.

It’s old-fashioned to prepare for the screen by long apprenticeships in high-school plays, college dramatics, stock, radio or the concert stage. There’s nothing old-fashioned about Sigrid Gurie, you’ve noticed—and so have I, during a most eye-pleasing close-up of the Norwegian beauty from Brooklyn at an interview in which she “told all.” Sigrid, you know very well by now, started at the top. And if you don’t think a girl who has never acted even in amateur theatricals is starting at the top when she plays leading lady to Gary Cooper, just run over the list of Gary’s leading ladies for a long time back. You’re thinking now of Claudette Colbert, Frances Dee, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, Carole Lombard—all stars.

Whether Hollywood’s purveyors of news about the picture people fell or were pushed to wrong conclusions about Sigrid Gurie’s past, will remain a moot question. According to the Gurie girl she simply said she had acted on the stage at the Norwegian National Theatre in Oslo, when she was applying to Sam Goldwyn for a job.

“I don’t know now,” she told me, “whether Mr. Goldwyn believed that. I have an idea, though, that he wasn’t much impressed or that he found out the truth about it. For it would have been an easy matter to check (Please turn to page 89)
Swing Serenade

Back at the old band-stand is Fred MacMurray, leading the rhythm and romance of his new screen musical show.

Everything's bright and swingy as Fred strikes up the band again in "Coconut Grove." As you've guessed, here is a ruse-show revolving about the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, long noted as a gathering place of Hollywood stars. Fred, once and always a band-man, leads the orchestra in his role of night-club entertainer, romances with a new heroine, Harriet Hilliard, sings love songs for the customers.
First pictures of the home Gene Raymond presented to Jeanette MacDonald! They're the most romantic "Mister and Missus" in Hollywood

Most informal room in the Raymond-MacDonald home is the playroom-den, where guests gather for gay evenings. Above, Gene and Jeanette before the cheery open fireplace. Below, another view—note the hand-hewn wood walls, cinnamon-bear rugs on the flagstone floor. The couches are covered in henna basket-weave material, with drapes of the same roughly woven fabric. At left, the powder-room, done in dusty-rose beige and jade-green. At left below, Jeanette in her living-room, decorated in warm copper colors.
"The Girl of the Golden West" spends many hours in her comfortable library, above. A deep carpet covers the entire floor, and the walls are oyster-white. The handsome fireplace is flanked by well-filled bookshelves. Below, the dining-room, in royal blue and silver white. The matched walnut pieces are museum copies. Note particularly the cabinet, which is an antique.

Probably the only white ping pong table in all Hollywood, above, in the red-and-white playroom. Jeanette and Gene are expert at the game. Below, a glimpse of Jeanette's bedroom, with color theme of dusty pink and touches of blue. The carpet, more than two inches thick, is hand-loomed. On the mirrored mantel over the fireplace is a crystal Madonna, wedding gift of Norma Shearer. At left below, a luxurious corner of the living-room—see the antique table well-stocked with cigarettes, ash-trays, bon-bons. And that's your hostess smiling at you from a silver frame—Gene's favorite photograph.
Again in "Tropic Holiday" Dorothy Lamour and Raymond Milland make movie love. A gay senorita in old Mexico, Dorothy shared colorful close-ups with handsome Milland in their new picture, and contributes some memorable solo moments in her own sultry style.

Love Can Be Turbulent

Tropical temptation for Ray Milland: Mlle. Lamour
Love Can Be Tender

Pastoral romance for Bob Taylor: Margaret Sullavan

Refreshing, if not precisely spirited is Robert Taylor's cinema courtship of Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades," which marks Miss Sullavan's screen return and includes in its cast Franchot Tone and Robert Young, seen at left above with co-stars Bob-and-Maggie.
Look Out, Dietrich!

Stemming the tide of Marlene's supremacy, as it were, these Hollywood beauties offer the prettiest proof that the age of rivalry is very much alive.

Marlene Dietrich, below, is finding the competition for the title of "prettiest legs" rather keen. Even Kay Francis, lower right, enters the lists in a (descriptive?) pose for "Secrets of an Actress." Center, below, Susan Hayward, a new Warner discovery. Right, the very shapely swing girl is Florence Rice. Far right, Jacqueline Laurent comes from Paris to the M-G-M lot and brings her Dietrichs with her.
Footprints on the sands of playtime for Eadie Adams, Priscilla Lawson, and Mary Howard, left, aren't what figure here—not by six legs, they're not. Eadie is wearing the Fore 'n' aft swim suit with halter and adjustable straps; Priscilla's is the Crow's Nest suit; and Mary is cool in the Diamond Blister Stitch outfit—all three created by BVD. Below, Maria Shelton, Walter Wanger starlet, is in training to improve an already lovely form. We repeat: Watch out, Marlene.

Dancing legs are nimble as well as quick to make you look and wonder how Marlene can hold a monopoly on the title to extremities par-excellence when young Ann Miller, right, is around. Lower center, Florence George was an opera singer before Hollywood found and discovered that she had charms for the eye—especially in a bathing suit—as well as for the ear. Below, have a look at Paramount's Helaine Moler, hiding her face under a sombrero, but in very good form for the race for Dietrich's laurels.
And right here you will find some good reasons! Hollywood stars glorify the good old sweater from sports to swank.
Here you’ll find Gladys Swarthout, far left, whose sweater costume is enlivened by a necklace of real piano keys—new and amusing. Bill Powell, left, lounging and liking it. Joan Fontaine, below, brightens her sweater with pearls. Randy Scott, at bottom of page, wears the most dashing sweater of ‘em all. But it remains for Sylvia Sidney, left below, to turn the humble sweater into an evening costume: her Hattie Carnegie dress of green crepe with princess silhouette is topped by a short-sleeved sweater of violet wool. Sylvia’s jewelry includes her famous bracelet of antique charms and a woven wristlet of the new red-gold mesh with buckle of moonstones. Height of chic!
It's the grin that gets 'em! Just when Errol Flynn is swashbuckling through a super-arrogant role, suddenly he gives that grin, left, and you forgive him everything. Below, a brand new grin, with dimple, from Richard Greene, new British boy brought over to play opposite Loretta Young.

Go on, grin! Look at these assorted wide smiles and you will: left, Harold Lloyd, triumphs over dull and dusty tomes; far left, ingratiating Jane Bryan; Left below, Johnny Davis; below, Frances Gifford. At bottom of page, the characteristic grins of Joe Penner, lovely Mad Evans, and fightin' Jimmy Cagney.
Wake Up and Grin!

Give in! Greet this grim old world with good humor and gay gallantry and maybe—just maybe—you may find yourself feeling like a million dollar movie star.
See what happened when Dick Powell, below, began to play "The Cowboy from Brooklyn." A quiet pinto pony and Dick got along fine, then Mr. Powell went for an all-white, spirited equine, with results that ended with Dick out of the saddle, but on his feet—and then the pinto gave Cowboy Dick the old horse-laugh, (left to right, below).

Claude Rains in the snow—what goes on here? that doesn't sound right—we mean, a winter frolic, at left, with Mr. Rains very schoolmasterish in his rôle in "White Banners," enjoying brisk air and borax snowflakes, when Jackie Cooper comes along to heave a snowball or two. Jackie slipped, so did his aim—and now Teacher Rains will repeat that old one about "this hurts me more than it does you,"—with Jackie on the receiving end.

Camera Chapter=Plays
A chicken in every plot may not be Martha Raye’s idea, but it looks as if they have something for laughs there. Below, from left to right you follow Martha in her feathers, from dressing room to inspection by the director, to receiving the final touch—a hat that looks like the head of a chicken, and produces comic reactions when Martha meets Bob Burns for a big scene, at right.

"Still" serials from the studios, with lively plot, action and happy ending guaranteed.

Right: George Raft goes through the ordeal that’s so funny to everybody but the prospective fathers themselves. But follow the story told in pictures and you’ll see George get good news from the nurse, and then greet Sylvia Sidney, his screen wife in their co-starring film.

Robert Taylor, from left to right across the pages, below, hands you a chuckle, though he isn’t amused, as he tries to make an undersized waistcoat serve his formal mood for a heavy date. Directly below, Franchot Tone to the rescue. Zip—it fits!
Just because they glitter doesn't mean they are Gold Diggers, Hugh and Rudy argue, as they go into huddles with the honeys: Hugh very formal, left; Rudy jaunty, right. Below, latest title-rolicers in new annual edition of Warners' "Gold Diggers," this time, "In Paris." At lower left, valiant Vallee himself—and not quite himself, either, in a pair of scenes in which Rosemary Lane rudely assures him he's all wet.

Gone with the Gold Diggers!
How are you going to keep Hugh Herbert down on his farm, where he was, at left, when there are girls like those above to play with in a picture? Just above, Hughie takes a turn directing the incredible Schnickelfritz band, currently crazy swing group, with Allen Jenkins substituting for the bass fiddle player—you know, making music when they're merry.

Cinematically speaking, Hugh Herbert and Rudy Vallee don't live here any more—they're capering on the "Continent" keeping up with the cuties!
On a cold and frosty morning in Bishop, California, director George Cukor shot the opening scenes of “Holiday.” From the snow country comes our “Best Still,” at right. Cary Grant co-stars with Katharine Hepburn in the picture, but Doris Nolan is his cinema partner in the snow scenes. Below, fair and warmer. At bottom of page, Hepburn and Grant share a scene. In the original stage play, “Holiday,” Hepburn understudied the star, Hope Williams, but never played the part. Now, ten years later, she stars in the film.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in “Holiday”
Maiden, Movie Actress, Matron

The bitter-sweet story of Maureen O'Sullivan, the girl who dared to grow up in Hollywood

By William H. McKegg

TO GROW up in life is natural. To grow up in Hollywood is unheard of. Maureen O'Sullivan is our exception. As a maiden, she mystified you. Later, as a movie actress, she caused you to wonder. As a young matron, she impresses you today with a definite personality, for she has combined therein the three phases of her growth in a very attractive manner.

Not so long ago, Maureen would frankly declare she was uncertain of everything. Seeing her on the "Men Of The Waterfront" set, holding her own with John Beal, Wallace Beery, and Frank Morgan, I thought: "The O'Sullivan is very sure of herself."

Recently returned from England, where she appeared with Robert Taylor in "A Yank At Oxford," Maureen made no secret of the fact that she was glad to be 'home.' Things over there were slow and uninteresting. The cinema makers of Britannia's Isle seemed so overawed to it that she had a dressing-room and other necessary things for picture making. If the London studios fell short, she gained compensation out of the early 16th century home she and Johnny inhabited, at Denham.

It was the first time Maureen had crossed the Atlantic as a bride. Hitherto, her numerous trips to and from Europe had been made by herself. It was, she added, much nicer to have someone with you. That is, someone you like. You enjoy more everything going on about you.

Each time Maureen has returned to Europe, she has gone back greatly changed from the previous occasion. She has been steadily growing up in Hollywood, which, for all its sins, has failed to touch her. Yet her growing up has occurred in the movie mecca, as well as her profession, so it's not surprising that each trip abroad has been fraught with a diversity of conflicting emotions.

Fair maidens drift into town usually from a Broadway chorus, a cabaret, a floor show, a fashion parade, or burlesque. Though some might be maidens in the letter, they are not so in the spirit, for each place hardens its votaries, making them old before they are young. Thus an interviewer fails to meet them in the first flower of maidenhood.

Maureen came direct from school, from the social circles of Dublin, London and Paris. A maiden of seventeen, she represented just (Please turn to page 96)
I MIGHT just as well hurl myself into the fray and say that this picture definitely sets forth why Nelson Eddy fans get so mad. "The Girl of the Golden West" consumes quite a lot of footage in which the character played by Nelson Eddy, boy and man, occupies the screen—before "The Girl," Jeanette MacDonald, is so much as glimpsed by the audience. But—and I duck as I declare it—when Miss MacDonald comes on, the picture becomes hers, by right of bright and sparkling personality, superior acting technique, and all-round vital charm. It isn't Jeanette's fault; it just is so. Mr. Eddy continues to be agreeable and pleasant, to sing with skill and resonance, but Miss MacDonald does something to the picture that keeps it going and compels the audience to sit up and take an interest. Her performance of the rather quaint character called Gus by the cast is charming even when incongruous—if you can imagine the dainty MacDonald dutifully striding around a frontier saloon in pants, being alluring to a grizzly group of assorted "Westerners" including the somewhat bored Walter Pidgeon as a sheriff and finally saving the life of the bold bandit played by Mr. Eddy—well, it isn't the best MacDonald-Eddy opera, stranger!

PRESENTING a new star I think some of you will take to your hearts, if your hearts aren't too hardened by movie Hepburns and holocausts: Mlle. Olympe Bradna. Her picture isn't much, but she is a whole lot of authentically girlish charm and a certain warm wistfulness—and she can sing and dance, too. Little Bradna definitely belongs, even though her stellar début is accomplished against rather painful odds in a creaky story with the worst dialogue it has been my bad fortune to hear from the screen since the first talkies. On the other hand, "Stolen Heaven" has its heavenly moments, mostly when the music of Liszt is set to cinema with some imagination and spirit. If you like Liszt and take to Bradna, you may find this film well worth your while. And I hope you do like Bradna. She has a poetic quality too rare among younger actresses, and it enables her to triumph over the story which casts her as a baby jewel thief lured on by Gene Raymond until they stumble upon Lewis Stone as an ageing pianist—thanks to Olympe restored to greatness by her faith in him. Mr. Stone makes a great deal of his sympathetic part, but poor Gene Raymond can't do much except look handsome, and he can't help that either.

MY, how little Becky has changed! Shirley Temple brings up to date the beloved heroine of a childhood classic, with such modern improvements as tap dancing, radio crooning, and Randy Scott—all, I hasten to say, meeting with my hearty approval. You may fight against "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" but eventually you will go and she will get you and you will like it, see if you don't. Our Shirley is growing up very gracefully—her curls are gone for most scenes in her new picture, and she looks even prettier, I think. The Glamor Girls had better watch out and brush up their acting before Shirley, complete with charm and terrific technique, overtakes them. The chief attraction of this film is its air of sprightly humor and unfurled gaiety. Everybody in it seems very happy most of the time, except occasionally when a wicked stepfather gets in the way; but with stalwart Scott around to see that Our Shirley gets a square deal so she can become America's Sweetheart of the Air Waves, and with Bill Robinson handy to dance with her, and how they dance, it is a consistently ingratiating show. Slim Summerville and Helen Westley are of priceless value and Gloria Stuart, Phyllis Brooks, and Jack Haley help a lot.
AND the joy of seeing a bright, smart, smooth comedy in which hero and heroine DO NOT have at each other tooth and nail, with a few well-aimed kicks as a delicate little sadistic touch! Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., quarrel amicably almost all the way through "The Joy of Living," but their squabbling is all so good-natured that even when an innocent little slap-dance in a beer-garden threatens to turn into a "Nothing Sacred" free-for-all they begin to giggle and the merry mood is maintained, praise be. There is one little question I'd like to raise right here—if you don't like it you can always skip it—but just how does it affect you to see your beautiful heroine slightly tight? At first I thought Irene Dunne was awfully funny as she burbed over her beer but after a while I found myself wishing she would stick to champagne, like Colbert. Or am I squeamish? Anyway, it's the only blot on the bright "Joy of Living" and the roller-skating sequence almost atones. Miss Dunne is sheer gossamer charm as the hard-working actress whose $10,000 a week is gobbled by her greedy family until Doug, Jr., comes along to show her how to have fun. Doug, Jr., never looked handsomer and was never cleverer; in fact, he's grand.

SALUTE to the French who made this fine picture— which happens to be released here with English titles at an opportune time when Hollywood is not turning out quite so many masterpieces as usual. "Life Dances On" can more than hold its own in any cinema company, however—I'd call it a really great motion picture; in fact, I will—and whether you pronounce it by its original French tag of "Un Carnet De Bal" and just plain "Life Dances On" or even "A Dance Program," you'll enjoy it. The idea is so simple it is strange no one ever thought of it before: a lovely widow comes upon the program of her first ball and it brings back recollections of the men—boys then—she danced with who made love to her, twenty years ago. She sets out to find them. The story of her search is a series of exciting episodes, each a complete drama or comedy in itself and each enthralling. Harrowing melodrama; cynical comedy; deep tragedy; romantic adventure; uproarious farce—all here, and exquisitely acted by one of the finest casts ever assembled for one picture. I must name these fine artists, in the order in which they most impressed: Raimu, Pierre Blanchar, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

ALL those Gary Cooper fanatics who have been jumping down my throat because I have failed in the past to touch my forehead to the ground three times, can jump right out again. Mr. Cooper is everything his most ardent admirers think he is in every picture, in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Masterfully charming, admirably nonchalant, gracefully humorous, Gary gives a grand performance as the much-married multi-millionaire who obligingly buys the togs of Claudette Colbert's pajamas, in that shopping scene which opens the picture and which is director Lubitsch at his best. I'm sorry I ever said he has lost his touch, because this new comedy is crammed with Lubitsch touches, deft and debonair and distinctly gay. In fact, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" remains a colorful and thoroughly satisfying cream-puff until its very last scene, when the touches turn into bludgeon blows in which Gary is required to be screamingly funny in a Strait-jacket. Get out of that, Mr. Lubitsch! And now I realize my review is almost ended and I have not even mentioned Claudette Colbert—whose fans will now take the place of Mr. Cooper's and not only jump down my throat but put pins under my fingernails. So in a hurry I say Claudette is at her very best.

IF YOU like British comedy, or American Patricia Ellis, here is your delightful dish. It is all very good, clean fun, with one of England's premier dancing comedians, Jack Hulbert, being genuinely amusing all over the place, and with Miss Ellis making us wonder why Hollywood ever let her go. She shines in "The Gaiety Girls" for beauty and brisk ability, and is a decorative foil for Hulbert's chuckly kind of humor. If I say that the story is based upon one of those cases of mistaken identity which could be cleared up with a word spoken in the second reel, thus calling off the whole thing, I might frighten you off; so I'll add hastily that a misunderstanding superintended by Jack Hulbert is much funnier than such an old idea deserves to be. It may be his chin, or his grin; whatever it is, the man had me tittering most of the time, just to look at him; and when he danced I paid most respectful attention. His light and casual terpsichorean parody of a Russian ballet dancer in action is a fine bit of fooling. As usual in an Alexander Korda production, the settings are lavish and the camera work excellent. The musical numbers are practically painless, and the smallest part is enacted with expert skill. And Pat Ellis will surprise you.
YOU'D have a hard time finding three more charming girls in Hollywood than Alice Faye, Anne Shirley, and Carole Lombard, so it was to these three I went with my burning question: How to get that second date?

"You see, Alice," I said to the beauteous little Faye whom I talked to first, "almost any girl can wangle a date out of a man she likes a lot, but after the evening's over and her Big Moment doesn't make one suggestion about seeing her again, how's she going to manage a second date? We're presuming that she is still very much interested in him and wants him to show some interest, too."

"Gosh, that is a problem, isn't it?" sympathized Alice. "Of course," I slyly challenged, "you wouldn't know anything about that, when before you married Tony you were so besieged with beaux—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the sing-baby of Twentieth Century-Fox, "What an exaggerated statement! I was no more popular than any other girl out here."

"All right, all right, you were the most unpopular girl out here," I lied soothingly, "and you sat home every night with a good book and wondered what the Troc looks like inside."

Alice made a face at me. "No, but seriously, I did have that second-date problem a few times in my life so I've really given the subject some thought and I think I can give a few tips to other girls. For one thing, discover during the evening what one thing he most enjoys talking about—politics, his job, or his golf score. Just before he leaves you for the night, get him talking on his pet subject. Then leave him regretfully with something like this:"

'I wish it weren't so late. I'd love to hear more about your—golf, or job. You must tell me more about it another time.' If you sound convincing he'll arrange the 'another time' very shortly. No man ever passed up a good audience!

"Have a sense of humor, and show it. Believe it or not, that's the most important rule of all." (The italics are Alice's). "If he raves over the gorgeous redhead he's been taking out, tell him you'll match him for her! Every man I know in Hollywood would rather date a girl who is good fun than one who is merely a pretty picture. Of course," continued Alice, "there's that awfully old gag—leaving your gloves or compact in his car as he takes you to your door. But old as it is, it still works, and he'll have to drop by and return them to you. And then the rest is up to you."

"Now here's a trick that I've known to work," said Alice, pushing back her curls. "Invite the man to a party you're giving. Plan one on the spur of the moment if you hadn't one in mind and leave out your rivals, for you would be too busy watching them to concentrate on him. Show him off in a subtle way—have him perform his pet parlor trick—let him be flattered by the attention you and your guests show him. He'll love it, and be back for more!"

"Always tell a man how much you've enjoyed the evening and act appreciative. So many girls believe a man will think them overly-anxious to continue the friendship if they act the least bit enthused over a date. That's silly. If a man is nice enough to plan a charming evening for you, tell him how much you enjoyed it. That's just common courtesy and will get you much
Want outspoken advice on your romance problems?
Come right to Hollywood headquarters and listen to
Carole Lombard, Alice Faye, and Anne Shirley

They Got That 2nd Date

further toward a second date than a queenly attitude.”

Little Anne Shirley admits that that second date has been a problem in her life—and more than once, too.

“Of course there have been times when I’ve had to maneuver to get that second date,” she told me frankly.

“But it taught me a lesson. From that time on I made sure I used every trick I knew on that very first date so that my second date worries would be over. You can’t wait for that second impression; the first one must be good or there won’t be a second!”

Anne twisted the huge, sparkling ring on her left hand and smiled. “Of course I feel quite out of the running since I’ve married Johnnie, but here are my tips to girls who are still unattached. First, don’t be a gold-digger. If you make a boy spend all his money on you that first evening, he won’t be able to take you out again very soon—and furthermore, he won’t want to! Have some regard for the salary he is earning—don’t make him spend his food money for the week on one evening’s entertainment.

“Don’t belittle his friends, even though you don’t like them. It will arouse such antagonism. When you’re with his friends be as agreeable as you can and when he’s with your friends be sure he isn’t left out of the conversation; make him an important part of the group. If you’re at a party and he doesn’t dance, don’t accept dances from other men even though they are old friends. He’ll feel self-conscious and ill at ease when left alone like that. Never criticize his work or ambitions—both are so terribly close to a man’s heart, and it’s your place to encourage instead of discourage him if you want to see him again.

(Please turn to page 82)
The evening gown above is Miss Bruce's bright particular star of her Spring wardrobe. Of white satin, it is brilliantly splashed with red and blue carnations. Backless to the waist, its front decalration is accented with a vari-colored cluster of chrysanthemum petals, the tones of which are repeated in the flowers in Virginia's golden hair. At right, purple, red, and white are combined in this peasant-influenced dress designed by Dolly Tree. The tight jacket and full-swinging skirt are interesting. Virginia's Puritan hat is of purple felt with red grosgrain tie. See a close-up of it an opposite page.
A "Must" is the print dress—and at far left you see Virginia's favorite, with all-over pattern in lipstick red, blue, green, and lavender, and chiffon sash of red and chartreuse. Left, a close-up of that Puritan bonnet—demure, but with a difference! Below, "Bon voyage" in beige wool and lynx, a two-tone suit with elbow-length jacket sleeves caught with link buttons. Her snap-brimmed hat is of black felt. At extreme left below, modern adaptation of an 18th century theme is Virginia's hat of stiff straw trimmed with dark brown grosgrain ribbon and veil.
Hollywood beauties answer the call of Spring by splurging on hats and everything!

“Here’s to My New Hat!”

Olympe Bradna, at left above, accents her tailored outfit with a black hat of felt and straw. At right, a gay greeting from pertly pretty Rita Hayworth, who tops her purple and white print frock with a tiny natural straw sailor with a veiling band and bow.

Myrna Loy, at far left, must enjoy her halo hat of Kelly green suede headband and navy blue shiny straw. At left above, June Lang’s black straw with slightly rolled brim and bouquets of old-fashioned flowers. The indispensable felt is championed, at left, by pretty Evalyn Knapp—it’s a Schiaparelli in dusty pink felt.
Dorothy Lamour, above, emphasizes her exotic beauty with a dashing hat of natural straw, with wine-colored scarf. At top left, Barbara Read matches her honey and blue straw beret with an enormous bag. At left, June Long turns a cartwheel—of fine black straw, made even more becoming by a black mesh veil embroidered in white. At far left, Annabella rustles in, in crisp taffeta, bright blue, polka-dotted in black and white. Her wide-brimmed hat, her gloves and handbag and shoes are black.
brown wig for the last time it will probably be mid-
summer, but she will immediately start another historical
portrayal, that of Lady Emma Hamilton whose love-
story with Admiral Lord Nelson has become a world
literary classic. This film will be in color, too—it’s the
fashion in England now.

The scenario is taking unusual lines by tracing in
parallel action the careers of the country blacksmith’s

Anna Neagle of the spun-gold curls
and sea-blue eyes is
Britain’s busiest screen star
these days with a film-
making schedule that will
take her well into 1939. Just
now she is working on the technicolor
sequel to “Victoria the Great” which
is to be called “Sixty Years a Queen”
and deals with the private life of
Victoria and her Royal Consort. It
starts with their wedding day and
ends with the aged Queen’s death-bed
scene in Buckingham Palace. Pomp
and pageantry, stately Court etiquette
and stirring interludes from Eng-
lan’s history including the Boer War
in South Africa will help to paint
this latest Herbert Wilcox spectacle.
Handsome Anton Walbrook will
play Prince Albert again, of course—
his taken a little house on wooded
Hampstead Heath and is putting in lots of walking, riding and golf in
his leisure. The famous old Duke of Wellington is C. Aubrey Smith,
who has come specially from Hollywood to take the part. There’s an
amusing story as to just how he did come. When he got Wilcox’s
cabled offer, he replied: “Shall I be able to see the cricket at Lords?”
So Producer Wilcox cabled back “On no account will work be allowed
to interfere with cricket” and received the veteran actor’s sailing date
by return of wire!

When Anna finishes playing Queen Victoria and puts off her prim
Add zest to your picture-going program by looking in on the bright and charming people who make movies across the Atlantic. You will enjoy your visit.

daughter and the son of the village parson who both rose to be brilliant personalities of English history and whose passionate romance finally brought them both to ruin. Aubrey Smith is to have the part of Lady Emma's elderly husband, so that should keep him comfortably in his quiet London flat, hung everywhere with guns and sporting prints, until the cricket season finishes in September.

Talking of flats, Valerie Hobson gave a house-warming sherry party in her new one, on the roof of a mansion in exclusive Grosvenor Square. Here rooms are all decorated in cream with rich wine-red brocades and mellow walnut furniture and antiques she has collected on her travels. With two Mexican rugs bought in Hollywood when she was film-making there at seventeen for Universal—recall the horrific "Bride of Frankenstein" and "Chinatown Squad"? Now red-haired brown-eyed Val is under a long contract to Alexander Korda and has been playing for him in "The Drum" which is the first real British epic film, all about our little tribal wars on the North-West Indian frontier. As Alex says, it isn't as if Cecil B. DeMille has exclusive rights on this annual spectacle business.

Raymond Massey is in "The Drum" as well, with a marvellous color make-up as the villainous native ruler Ghul. Ray and his pretty blonde wife Adrienne recently gave a dinner for Tamara Geva, who is certainly the most decorative visitor we've greeted since Marlene Dietrich. This lovely young Russian of "Manhattan Madness" goes out swathed to the eyes in silver fox with filmy ostrich feathers in her hair or maybe a saucy garland of fresh violets. I saw her at a Mayfair club in a figure-tight trailing gown of golden lamé and an enormous ruby and diamond cross—well, even if she isn't a full-fledged star as yet, she has the grand stellar manner already!

Another glamorous girl present on the same occasion was little Lilli Palmer, of the bee-stung mouth and china-blue eyes. She has just completed a new picture called "Crackerjack" at Pinewood Studios which are making a working background for several celebrated lovelies these days. Sandra Storme is there, exquisitely slender and sweet as ever, and they do say she is always being squired around by John Paddy Carstairs, late writer for M-G-M in Hollywood and now one of our most up-and-coming young English directors.

While we're discussing directors, "master of mystery" Alfred Hitchcock is signed up for Hollywood this fall. I hope they know all about his fondness for practical jokes. He once sent a consignment of canary birds to Peter Lorre's flat in the owner's absence and when Peter came wearily home at midnight he found over a hundred of them flying around the place. Then there was the day he substituted pepper for Jessie Matthews' face powder and another occasion when he fixed a gadget under Sylvia Sidney's chair that made it fold up every time she tried to sit down.

Before "Hitch" sails he has to finish two more pictures under his Gaumont-British contract. One will star youthful Nova Pilbeam again, this time as a pupil at a convent school somehow getting mixed up with jewel thieves. The other, on which (Please turn to page 86)
Even Snakes Have Charm

Drama rushes romance into hectic action as "the sulriest star in Hollywood" goes to London to make a picture—and meets her new director. A story of studio life

By Frederick Stowers

Please Turn to Page 72 for Resume of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER III

AS GRIGGS went out Marcia paced up and down angrily, filled with dread at the coming interview. Griggs returned with Joe Butch. Butch was a little man, middle-aged, meek, mild and apologetic. He stood looking at Marcia in dog-like adoration until Griggs withdrew, then he quailed before her glare.

"When did you get here?" she rasped.
"It's been about three weeks now."
"Why did you come?"
"I wanted to be near you." Then at her look he hastened to add, "Besides, I haven't been well."
"Oh!"
"Do you mind if I sit down?" he asked timidly.
"No, of course not."
"I'm not feeling very strong yet," he explained apologetically.

She didn't even hear him. "You haven't told anyone—?"
"Oh no, my dear," he said, pathetically eager to reassure her. "I promise no one shall ever know anything about you—or me."

Marcia was relieved. "When are you going back?"
Butch gave her a frightened glance. "I hoped
There was a dangerous glint in Marcia's eye which failed to harmonize with her sweet smile and gracious manner. Anne said: "It's nice to see you, Marcia," while Stewart and Phil looked on.

to stay. I am much better here."

"What!"

"I haven't been at all well back east," he told her abjectly, "and I've improved so much out here that I hoped you wouldn't mind my staying."

"But if I do mind?" Marcia asked icily.

"Oh, I shan't ask anything of you," he assured her quietly, "or tell anything about you."

"I'd kill you if you did!"

"Oh, I won't." Marcia asked, "How are you living?"

"I've been doing odd jobs, mostly gardening. You know how I love flowers."

"The father of Marcia Court a gardener—named Butch!" She turned on him in sudden passion. "If you'll go back, I'll give you plenty of money to live on and you need never work again."

"I wouldn't live long if I went back home," Butch said sadly. "You've come here to make it hard for me," Marcia said, controlling her fury.

"Oh no," he cried in an agony of protest, "I came because I wanted to see you again, and I called at the house because you have such a lovely garden. I'd like to be your gardener."

"What you mean is you'd like to come here and live with me!" Marcia said sharply.

"Only as a gardener," Butch said with gentle pleading. "I shouldn't expect to live in the house, and I shouldn't expect you to recognize me as your father. But you are all I have left in the world and I'm so proud of you. All I ask is that you let me be near enough to see you once in a while as you pass by. Perhaps you'd let me live in the little lodge house at the gate; then I could see you going in and out."

Touched by his speech, there was a first showing of shame in Marcia, a tardy attempt to be gracious. "You understand it isn't that I'd object to anyone knowing you were my father."

"I understand," he said quietly.

"I'd have sent you money," Marcia continued, still in extenuation, "but it's been so long since I've been in touch with you, and I wasn't even sure you were still alive. Why didn't you write me when you first saw me on the screen?"

(Please turn to page 72)
IF YOU ask me, Joan Blondell's got the secret of popularity, charm, fascination and what not. Looking more gold-haired, blue-eyed and pink-cheeked than ever in the widows' weeds of her rôle in "There's Always a Woman," two pink camellias snuggled up under her chin, she's tops. She can do that You-great-big-man-you stuff, whether it's for the benefit of husband Dick Powell, son Normie, the still cameraman or Melvyn Douglas, all of whom are trying to show Joan how to use a candid camera; but she does it with a difference. She has a twinkle behind it. They all seem to feel that they are great big men, and that she is frightfully in need of instruction, though possibly a bit too mad to follow it. If she shoots a picture and it turns out well, that's an accident; if she produces under-exposed, over-exposed, blurred or blank negatives, well, no matter; she's sweet and feminine and adorable and who wants more? That, my dears, is magic. And Joan's got it!

"Dick has always been a camera enthusiast; or else I didn't know him when he wasn't," she confided from the couch in her portable dressing-room. "His pictures are good, and having a real camera artist in the family discouraged me because I knew I could never compete with him.

"Now and then, before I got my camera, I used to try to take shots with Dick's Leica, but I couldn't seem to get the hang of the thing. You know, you hold it up to your eye and go click. I never could see anything. Probably looking through the wrong spot.

"This went on until one day Dick had his yacht, Galatea, up at Santa Barbara, where he was making some Leica shots and I was having myself a sun bath. He sailed away, leaving the camera behind. I get seasick easily, so I was going home by land, and I sat on the

For Fun and Sun!

Be spontaneous instead of scientific about your amateur photography and you will always enjoy it, says Joan Blondell—who does!

By Ruth Tildesley

beach playing with the Leica. The boat looked so lovely that I thought: 'Why don't I get a picture?' Then, going professional, I found a filter and put it on. I don't know now whether it was red or yellow—it was probably the wrong one because the results were marvelous—and that's the way I work!

"Anyway, the little films enlarged into gorgeous sea shots, with reflections, a sky that looks like the afterglow of sunset against cloud banks, although it was morning, and the boat a graceful silhouette.

"When they were printed, Dick said it must have been an accident, because the shots were as good as any he had taken. But I took heart and began to think of myself as a camera artist and make little cups out of my hands and stare at things—you know, all the arty tricks?" Her smile poked fun at herself, the tricks, and—very gently—the gentlemen who follow them.

"Dick loves scenery. Shadows are a sort of mild mania with him. But I'm not a scenic addict myself. I like people. I thought how nice it would be to have a camera you could really see into and to get something nobody could call an accident. But by that time, of course, I was sure the boat shots were of my own won-
derful ability—my conception of art, stamped with my personality! You know me!

Along came Christmas, and Dick said: 'I hope I've bought you what you want, Joanie.' Well, I said I'd love it, whatever it was, but all I really wanted was a camera. And it was a Rolleiflex, with a box you can look down into, so when you shoot you see what you're doing!

The chief trouble with the blonde star's photography is that she is usually so excited when she sees a good picture and tries to snap it that she is likely to wriggle!

'I haven't a tripod,' she explained, pushing back a blowing lock, 'but after the first reel of blurry, fuzzy shots, I got used to the idea of resting the box on my knee and stepping up the thing so it took the shot at a rapid rate of speed and then the movement, if there is any, doesn't show. But I'm improving. Soon I won't wriggle at all!

'Just now I'm crazy over angle shots. The other day, Dick was telephoning and I thought: 'Here's a marvelous chance to get a shot down on him!' So I stood on the bed and tried to focus on him. I must have moved a little for the next thing I knew, I had fallen over on top of him and nearly broken the poor darling's nose with the camera. The man at the other end of the telephone must have thought there was an earthquake! But Dick was an angel about it.'

Joan expects to experiment this summer with real angle shots—candid ones—of people at the beach.

'You're always seeing people asleep with their mouths open there—tonsil shots, funny faces and so on. I love that! As a rule, shots you get when the subject doesn't know you are shooting are good, because they are unposed.

'Speaking of posing, I have an ideal subject at home—my son, Normie. He loves to pose. He's mad about having his picture taken. No trouble about persuading him! If I tell him to do anything, he gets the idea at once. The other night, I said: 'Normie, take two pillows and hold them (Please turn to page 84)
Here’s Hollywood

Joan had two New York trips during her prolonged “intermission.” Norma Shearer’s two-year lay-off will be visually ended next September, when her idea of France’s most famous queen hits the screen. Eleanor Powell has been inactive, and wondering about her future. So much money has been spent attempting to make her a major star. Eleanor is thinking of a couple of more super-dance dreams and then retirement. She has never had the romance she wants. Perhaps because she’s concentrated on work.

WHAT will happen to Rochelle Hudson, Ann Sothern, Madge Evans, Jean Parker, Gladys George, and Dixie Dunbar? They are no longer being groomed for stardom by the studios which had been promoting them. Of the group, Rochelle and Madge had had the longest build-ups. Rochelle was supposed to have taken Janet Gaynor’s place, but—. The most tears have been shed over Madge and Gladys George. Both are particularly swell troopers, who did their damnedest to deserve every break they got. But don’t worry too much—some-

Running true to Hollywood form! Take a look—(we’re way ahead of you, have taken several already)—at the bevy of Paramount cuties at right above. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Michae Auer and Danielle Darrieus, above, in “Rage of Paris.” Left, Evelyn Venable’s hair is being “highlighted.”

NOW Paul Muni is gladly staying put a while. He’s done what he swore he wouldn’t do—signed another long-term contract, after returning from a trip around Europe. While preparing for his next role he’s also enjoying his new home. The Muns have moved from a ranch to a hill overlooking the Pacific. Of course you know of Paul’s passion for privacy. Well, while he was vacationing the real estate company developing his new neighborhood put out new sales maps, with the Muni home played up as a come-on. So Palos Verdes is not only exclusive—it offers Muni as one of the gang.

HERE’s why you haven’t seen a lot of the biggest stars lately. Barbara Stanwyck was on strike for better roles. After six months of screen idleness she’s currently at work, trying the glamor act of all things! Many accepted her argument that she couldn’t wear clothes dashingly; so she’s returning with twenty-five costume changes in her long-delayed picture. Fredric March has been absent from Hollywood for eight months; his Broadway stage try flopped, but Freddie will try again, is reading play scripts by the score. Joan Crawford has been discarding scripts for six months, also. At the critical stage of her career, she doesn’t want to pick a bloomer.

It’ll be two leading ladies, thank you (thank Warners, we mean), for Errol Flynn in “Four’s a Crowd.” Right, leading lady Rosalind Russell and Flynn.
The romance, humor, and human-interest side of screen life told in camera and news flashes

how all these girls will be making the best of their current detouring. They all have spunk. Remember Jean Muir, Gertrude Michael and Julie Hayden? The first two have been acting in England, tiding over until Hollywood recalls them for a second chance. Julie has won out on Broadway, which is something more famous ladies—like Sylvia Sidney and Elissa Landi—haven’t managed in recent tries.

LATEST Scarlet O’Hara candidate—Frances Dee! What’s more, she’s actually been tested at length for the coveted role.

Even if she doesn’t win it Frances says it gave her a chance to use the town home she and Joel have been paying rent on. They leased a Bel-Air mansion and in three months they’d stayed there only four days. They can’t tear themselves away from the wide open spaces of the ranch.

OLYMPH BRADNA’S starring preview had a strange inside story. Olympe had never been to any of her previews, forever fearing the worst. But she had decided to attend the first one scheduled after she was promoted to stardom. But her father’s illness interfered. It is he who has encouraged her, coached her. When she saw he wouldn’t be able to go out she asked the studio for a private preview at home on the evening of the theatre showing. While the town was applauding her major début Olympe and her parents were viewing the film at home.

PUT your money on Joan Bennett marrying for the third time. The lucky man will be the influential producer Walter Wanger. A year or so ago he realized that all Joan needed, for her career, was more expert picture-picking. He put her under contract and he has been a good mentor. The insiders say that the only thing holding up the wedding is the necessary preliminary divorcing. Joan applied for hers first.

JIMMY CAGNEY is the latest to build a new home in the Coldwater Canyon sector. George Raft, Kay Francis, Preston Foster, Ray Milland, Bette Davis, and now James—! This particular canyon is over the hills from Beverly proper. It’s pretty brown half of the year, but it’s peaceful and, believe it or not, peace is what a star craves for off moments. Jimmy was sparing with his architect; he still calls his farm at Martha’s Vineyard his real home.

And here’s leading lady Olivia de Havilland who, with Rosalind Russell also present, gives Mr. Flynn a chance to double in romance in his new picture.
You dare not drop in at Loretta Young's unless you are ready to pass a camera test. Loretta has gone wild over her 16 mm. movie camera, and she insists upon preserving all comers in Technicolor. It's painful enough at the time, of course; the blow falls when you see yourself as others actually see you. The bookshop closest to the Young mansion reports an amazing sale of how-to-rechronister-your-ego books! But Loretta's prize for this month is a little feature starring the four generations in her family. Her grandfather, Dr. Robert Royal, her mother, her sisters, and her nieces are the performers. She admits she got them at their best angles; why shouldn't she give them the benefit of her technical knowledge!

Bing Crosby is changing! It's news when the placid, casual Crosby develops a streak of formality. When he began trying to dress his brother Larry up folks gasped. Bing's always scorned the very suggestion of correct dressing himself, but that was only the beginning. Next he ordered eight walnut trees pulled out of his front lawn. Seems they shed leaves on the grass.

Cheerful Note: newcomers are still getting the big jumps from the nowhere into the spotlight. Richard Greene, from London, is the handsomest of the new finds and he's a star overnight. RKO has an English hero, too; he's Derrick de Marney. (How dandy elegant, wot?) But the local talent isn't squelched. One "Hank" Leisetti came to town with the Stanford basketball team, to play against U.S.C. Before he left he'd been signed by Paramount. When he graduates in June he'll report for a basketball film. He'll get $10,000 for his performance in it, and will have Mary Carlisle to screen-love. They even have the title for his epic—"Campus Confessions." But they'll probably re-title him.

Quite by coincidence Dorothy Lamour chose the lot next door to Ray Milland for her new house. Since she's done several films with Ray a lot of fans have blandly assumed the two are really in love. Each, however, has a perfectly good mate. Mrs. M. is a non-professional, while Mr. L. is Herbie Kay, orchestra leader who's currently the dance draw at the Coconut Grove. Dorothy is singing there three nights a week as his "unknown" guest star. Evidently Paramount doesn't want her publicly billed as an attraction in a night spot. So Dorothy does her hit for love more or less incognito. She tossed a cocktail party to introduce Herbie to the press. Everyone gave him the OK sign after inspecting him. But speaking of Dot's screen hero, again: Ray almost went flying down to British Guiana this month. In a recent magazine interview he reminisced about his boyhood pal and their escapades. He'd completely lost track of the fellow. One day a letter from a doctor in South America arrived. Now a student of tropical diseases, his pal had come in from the jungle and had purchased the magazine. "I never thought you'd remember," the letter began. Ray was so delighted he immediately planned to fly down for a between-pictures visit. His studio stopped him, however. They had a million-dollar epic ready for his attention. Moral: if you actually were a chum of a star "when" don't hesitate to write a word of greeting.

Post-cards drifted back to Hollywood from Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond off on a long-planned vacation tour. They sailed across the continent, both very much in the holiday mood. Of course, it wasn't as quiet a vacation as they anticipated, for as soon as they were spotted the fans rallied around Gene, because of his blond hair, rated recognition first. You might not realize Jeanette is who she is, if unwarned, for she has a straightforward gusto not usually identified with Hollywood stars. She doesn't bother to wear make-up unless she knows she has to be on display, and she's an outdoor type. Don't be alarmed by that rumor that she and Nelson Eddy will part, professionally. As soon as she returned he had completed his annual concert tour, and they'll again be breaking your heart in true sentimental style. Two scripts are readying, and they'll be summing on sound stages, probably in "Sweethearts." Gene Raymond, meanwhile, has casually refused to be rushed into any more long contracts. He's picking his roles, to regain his niche.

Now the Hollywood gang really has another "beautiful friendship" to talk about! For a while Marlene Dietrich had three or four escorts, varying them. But an English earl is taking second place to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now. Maybe Doug's teaming with Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Danielle Darrieux, Janet Gaynor, and Joan Bennett—that's his picture or professional line-up since his return—has made Marlene more aware of his charm. Anyway, Dietrich drops in on him at his studio for lunch almost every noon. She sweeps onto the lot in an imported limousine which makes all the other lady stars gawk. Her livered chauffeur bowing her girl and not for a bride. When she fell in love she had to junk the whole idea. Now she's practically finished another noble notion. This time there is plenty of room, even, for bundles from the stork. Fly high, fly low! Mister Stork, don't let the Bruce reputation for glamor scare you away from her new chimneys. She's old-fashioned about babies.

Sanita Louise just took another bite of pie and laughed and laughed! While dining she was listening to a radio gossiper's program. He announced, authoritatively, Anita's engagement to one Al Stern of New York. The truth is that she hasn't the slightest intention of an engagement with anyone, at this time. Least of all with Al. He is an old friend who visited in Hollywood three months ago; while West he escorted Anita to one party. Thus is "news" manufactured!

Reunion at Paramount! Gary Cooper, back to his former home lot to do a film, visits Fred MacMurray and director Al Santell, left. The camera wouldn't wait, so June Long is caught applying lipstick as her luncheon companion. Allan Lane, looks on, upper right. Horseplay on the iron horse that took Hugh Herbert, vacating after his work in "Gold Diggers in Paris," and Jimmy Durante from Hollywood to New York, for a holiday; right.
Looking, but hard, at each other at left above, are Robert Benchley and Ricardo Ceron, aged five, but with a record of thirty parts played. They're together in a new Beery short. Looking hard at the cameraman is Rudyl Valley, pictured with Judy Stewart, singer often rumored engaged to him, at a Hollywood restaurant. Right. Betty Compson, one of the screen's important stars of the silent era, once more on the active acting list, is making a cheerful comeback; left.

out is the follow-up sight, but Marlene's sartorial variety is the pay-off. She sports a fresh ensemble on every appearance, fairly dripping glamor. Comes the fall and she will have a weekly radio program of her very own, at $5,000 per week. Altogether, Marlene's life is nice work—if you can get it.

Richard Arlen's wife is diplomatically illustrating how to hold a handsome husband for years and years. She was glancing at a newspaper one morning and chanced to say, aloud, that she wished she could wear a particular snappy dress sketched therein. Dick didn't more than say oh. But that night he returned with a package. He'd gone downtown and bought the dress for Joby. It isn't her style or color and she still wishes she were tall and slimmer so she could wear it. But so she won't disappoint him she's gallantly braving the stares of the local women. It may not be her type, but Dick's beaming.

If you have been wondering whether the Hawaiian craze is worth going for—yes! Hollywood still has eight first-class Hawaiian night spots, going full blast. Ann Sothern has been taking private hula lessons from Lydia Ray, renowned as the best hula teacher in the world. Lydia's daughters are the 3 Hawaiian Sweethearts at the Beverly-Walsh dance center. Even Madge Evans is seriously considering employing a hip-tossing tutor. Madge, by the way, has the fish story to end all fish whoppers. For her new drama there was a fish fry. They went on location and, she swears, she had to fry for a solid week. The director felt she didn't have the sympatica flair with the frying pan. It was almost enough to make her wish she were back stooging at dear old M-G-M.

What happens when a studio loses interest in you? Johnny Downs is a current example. He saw the writing on the wall. So he polished up his dictio, his singing and dancing, and N.B.C. is now grooming him to be a coast-to-coast master of ceremonies. Just to show Paramount he was smart he sold his ex-bosses a keen song for Mary Carlisle to sing in her latest. Appropriately, it's called "Beautifully Done."

Louise Campbell hopes she'll get time for a wedding this summer. The groom will be Horace MacMahon, actor. Meanwhile, she's heroine in a million-dollar production and living out of four trunks. They are the piece de resistance of her suite at the Hollywood Roosevelt. Company usually has to pack up her wardrobe before it can sit down and relax.

Three Warner gentlemen are passing out cigars—Patrick Knowles, Allen Jenkins, and Dick Foran. Here's the latest on Joan Blondell's forthcoming "little sister." The columnist announced it as an August event. Joan said phooey, how should they know! It was a June jubilee that Daddy Powell was going to have. Everyone's going down now—the doctor who will preside has just voted for a July shindig.

No one hates to have her love life probed into any more than Kay Francis. The press can go pick on the others is Kay's motto. So imagine the shock when word leaked out that she had hired a private press agent to handle the news in her life! All the newspaper photographers came up to photograph Kay and her baron fiancé on an explicit invitation. Kay can stall the interviewers, but, wisely, she knew the candid cameramen would pursue her if she didn't cooperate with the photographers. And a girl wants her fifth husband to look as swell as possible! The baron, to give details, is going to have charge of a new airplane factory a San Francisco capitalist is establishing in Los Angeles. He never visits Kay at the studio. That, sighs the impressed hired help, is the baron in him!

One of the prettiest June brides will be none other than Gloria Dickson. Per Westmore, make-up wizard at her studio, will be her groom. It isn't that Gloria is so sentimental about June, however; she couldn't take the matrimonial pledge before the boy-friend got a divorce. It's her first.

No one but his agent and his secretary knows George Brent's telephone number. But here's some new dope on him: he's switched from airplaning to automobil-ing, and drove his new car—and it's not a high-powered one, but the brand that's commonest—from Mexico City to Hollywood in three days and nights.

Something seems to have happened to June Lang's devotion to her middle-aged millionaire admirer. Her wedding bells were supposed to be just around the corner, ringing out in June when his Renovating was complete. But he's had to go East on business and while he's away June has been having fun with a flock of younger lads. She's been going places with Michael Whalen, Allan Lane, a Pasadena attorney, and the handsome captain of the Uplifters' automobile team. This latter athlete is in every Sunday he has a radio hour of music advertising his bargains. Being romantic, he has his program announced as "the June Lang hour."

Hollywood is a pushover for dogs and the stars bemoaned when the Tail-waggers, a club for well-kept dogs, was formed. Wallace Ford didn't have enough to do in just knocking Broadway for a loop in his current play there. So he has hustled about and formed the New York chapter of the popular club. You can join, too, and receive a regular pin and paper. Here's a new way to be like this with your favorite star. And when you come to Hollywood and wangle an introduction to the great one you won't turn into a cafe of ice, or be reduced to hemooing the weather. You can instantly talk purps, and lo—pals!

Genuine tragedy of the month: the death of Una Merkel's little Irish setter, Shandy. Una lives in the Hollywood hills, and he would slip and right down into her back garden. Her idolized pet was directly hit.
Very, Very Personal

Are you neat and presentable or are you beautifully groomed and chic? Try this check-up on your own habits!

By Courtenay Marvin

STAMINA is something you must have if you ever expect to make a dent on Hollywood, say the studio authorities there who know. And stamina is also something you must have if you hope to make a success as career girl or wife. Especially do husbands revere this quality, though they think of it as courage, grit or something romantic. In some, this quality of what it takes to get along is born; in others, it's put there. To be confident, steadfast, you must have faith in yourself, and nothing gives it to you more surely than an attractive appearance and a sense of being at your very best. Now and then we all slip, fall into careless habits, and need a jolt of some kind to jar us out of them. So though these ideas apply to everyone, they are dedicated especially to the June bride and graduate, since these are the girls who are about to end one chapter of their experience and begin another.

The beginning of something new is always inspiring. You recognize the opportunity to toss out old habits and drawbacks to which you have become chained; to turn a brand new page and start all over again. So if you're starting your very own home, going on to your first job, or anything that's different from the old routine, take with you a new set of personal habits. Habits are great things. They are your nature, instinct, almost. "It's just habit,"—you know the old saying. Then why not a little drill on some good ones that will help personality and appearance enormously? With personality and appearance well in hand, you are far on the road to success—miles ahead of the girl who thinks she is all right as she is. Sad but true, few of us are. That small margin between being neat and presentable and being beautifully groomed and chic is a big point in success and is only a matter of interest in small details. The same is true of personality. Glenda Farrell is one of the truly popular people in Hollywood. She has a reputation for being a grand, regular person. Once she told me that much credit was due her brothers, when she was growing up. They put and kept her in her place, as brothers have a way of doing. No going all girl and crying or teasing and getting her way. Those brothers made her reasonable, genial, a good sort, and she is grateful and frank enough to say so.

Your personality is you from the heart and head—words, acts, attitudes.

Your person from the outside is another matter, so let's concentrate on some routine matters that can increase your good looks no end.

Bathing, to some, is merely a cleansing business. Under shower or into tub, and that is that. Since chic has its beginning in the bath, why not make your bath serve several purposes—cleanliness, relaxation, and skin beauty? Once a week or more, have a real beauty bath. Make and take time for it—at least half an hour, more if you can. Warm water is best, and use a softener and perfumer. These come in crystals, powder, salts, liquid, and bath oil form—many very inexpensive. Softened water makes such a difference on skin! Use plenty of soap, a rough cloth, or bath brush, and use until your skin is pink and glowing. In fact, scrub! Upper arms, back, thighs, legs and
feet will benefit, because here dead cuticle seems to gather, or eruptions come on the upper arms and back. This is really a body facial, if you know what I mean. Poems and songs are dedicated to smiles. But your smile is only as lovely as your teeth. Every six months, visit your dentist for a brushing and examination. Then brush at least twice daily. Do you take the trouble to brush up and down instead of across? It's more awkward, but much more cleansing. The idea of using two preparations, perhaps a powder at night, a paste in the morning, appeals to me for variety's sake. Do see that your toothbrush fits your mouth and needs. Any drugstore clerk can advise you on the many styles, and use two, so that bristles can dry out between use. Buy a known brand if you want the brush to last and cleanse well. There is a purse-size toothbrush that fits into a tube, which, when in use, forms the handle, so if you are unexpectedly an overnight guest or rush from your office to a long evening, you can still manage mouth immaculacy. The antiseptic mouth wash certainly belongs in every bathroom and the habit of a good rinse keeps you on the right side.

The deodorant habit is widespread and we perform a Girl Scout act when we persuade husbands and brothers to use something, especially before an evening of dancing. There are creams, liquids, powders. Some merely neutralize, while others do that and stop dampness by driving it to another part of the body.

Personal hygiene aids have developed to an astounding stage of comfort and dependability and there is an adequate answer to every personal need and taste. You have only to look about the modern drugstore or the notions section of a department store to make all kinds of helpful discoveries that add to poise, health, and comfort. Keep up with the times here, for much is being done for you.

Feet, except for discomfort, seemed forgotten until the gay toes and toedless sandal leaped into fashion. Toeless sandals are worn with everything and along comes hosiery with a mesh toe to further increase foot beauty. Callouses, corns and rubbed spots are so quickly eliminated with the wonderful little aids made to cure them. This is your answer.

The following of these grooming points give you that sense of fitness and rightness that means confidence and so demands status. The man worships daintiness! To this basic personal care add glamour in perfumes, make-up and flower garden colors in your clothes. And this summer of 1938 will see truly glamorous girls!

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**Yours for Loveliness**

Good Grooming Ideas for Warm Days Ahead

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**Druskin Coolies are a way to cleaner and clearer skin.**

**The slim figure wears Fortuna pantie girdle with high praise.**

**Satin-smooth legs are the result of Zip Depilatory Cream.**

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All of us would cleanse our faces oftener if we could make it a quicker, more convenient procedure. Here is the solution for that—Druskin Coolies by Campana. They are little cotton pads saturated with this cleansing, toning Druskin, that inspire you to use them often, thereby insuring your best face at all times and encouraging a finer, clearer skin. Druskin Coolies come in a purse-size compact, a boon for the working shopper or traveler, as well as in the dressing-table humidor illustrated. This holds a quantity, has a canal on the inside base to keep the pads ready for instant use, and is a neat looking affair. Don't let warm days catch you without these Coolies.

**THE pantie girdle is coming to be the underpinning for the young or slim wearer.**

Above is a prize, practically feather-weight because of the light and yet resistant Lactex voile fabric. Without a sense of restraint or pressure, it moulds you to slim, liquid lines under evening or street dress, shorts, slacks or culottes. This is the Fortuna pantie girdle by Wolfe & Lang. New York, and if, as well as a girdle of the same type, comes in tea rose or white, in your department stores. Two important points are three lengths: short, medium and full for each size. This means the utmost in comfort and fit. Very cool, and it washes and dries with almost the ease of stockings.

**WITH skirts going higher, color and cut-outs making shoe fashions and stockings like cob webs, beautifully groomed legs are as important as your face. They are a most definite asset in your personal ensemble and they must be as satin-smooth as your cheek. This is where Zip Depilatory Cream proves your answer. It's clean and quick to use, perfumed, and need remain on only five minutes. Above you see the familiar Zip Depilatory Cream tube, as effective, of course, on arms and under-arms as on legs. If you want more permanent removal, there's Zip Epilator that helps destroy hair permanently.**

**PERFUME lovers all know the famous Ciro creations, especially Surrender and Reflections. But, if at times, you simply can't stretch your budget to include them, here is a way still to indulge in these luxuries. Eau de Ciro captures the richness of these famous perfumes, including the two mentioned, comes in a generous flak at a price to delight the budgeters. These Eaux de Ciro make ideal light perfumes for summer and serve all the purposes of body rub and refreshant, and you can afford to be lavish in their use.**

When is an apron more than an apron? When it graduates from the kitchen and makes you a charming hostess instead of a cook. That's what our gay peasant Transpara apron, sketched, does for you, yet it's highly protective. Made of transparent Phol-film in crystal with bandings of gay color, your lovely frock shows through, and you'll welcome chances to adorn yourself with it. It's very durable and cleaned with a damp cloth.

Of course, you'll have bright toes this summer to match fingertips, and Toesies will help you get them. Toesies sound like a joke, but they're the most practical gadget you've seen in a long time—soft rubber separators that slip between toes so you may apply lacquer without smearing and with ease. They're a blessing at foot! C. M.

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Ann Doran shows a new travel toothbrush that will fit into your bag.
Even Snakes Have Charm
Continued from page 63

THE STORY UP TO NOW
Marcia Court rises from obscurity as an "extra" to stardom under the guidance of Phil Burns, publicity agent, first attracted to her as a fascinating beauty capable of savage outbursts of anger, when Marcia insults Anne Barrett, star whose success she resents. Later, Anne returns to her native England, and Marcia wearies of the "alley cat" roles for which she is famed. Burns insists she cannot play the sympathetic type of roles, sarcastically intimating that her background and the past she guards as a secret even from him perfectly fit her to personify the "alley cat." In her elaborate new home Marcia is awaiting word on her new contract demands, when the butler announces a Mr. Joe Butch. Greatly agitated, Marcia agrees to see the visitor.

"I was afraid some secretary might see the letter and—I—well, I didn't want to embarrass you."

"That was very thoughtful of you."

Butch moved forward and took one of her hands as he looked at her with shining eyes. "You're beautiful." Marcia frowned. "I will be when I'm allowed to choose my own stories."

"You've done some wonderful characterizations—there's no one like you. He looked at her a moment before he added with fond timidity, "You remind me of your mother."

"What! You have her same fire," he continued with brave loyalty.

"She was a common hell cat!"

"You mean she had a filthy temper."

"You mustn't blame her too much."

Butch pleaded humbly. "I broke her heart. When we were married she had hoped for great things. I'd had a fair education and she thought I'd be a successful business man. I ended up in the army, and when my education was finished, I was forced to become a used car man."

"And I was just a neighborhood brat that roamed the streets most of the time like a stray dog, hungry, dirty, and terribly ashamed!"

"I know," he said miserably. "Your childhood was tragic. That always happens to children who are brought up in sordid surroundings, especially when they have vivid imaginations, and you were sensitive—just like your mother."

Marcia turned on him fiercely. "Don't you ever compare me with her again! I won't be like her!"

"Florrie!"

"Oh my God! Florrie! And don't you ever call me that again. Florrie Butch!"

Marcia spoke with suppressed intensity. "Listen, you are my father and I want to help you. But if you stay around here you must promise me one thing: Never again to mention my mother or anything about my past. I've risen above it and I want to forget. Oh God, how I want to forget! And I could only be raised by being a janitor and she weren't forever reminding me of her. There are times when I look at myself on the screen and it seems to me that I'm looking at her!"

Butch couldn't resist saying, "That's just it. Don't you understand—it's her spirit in you that makes you the great actress you are."

"Didn't I tell you not to?—" Griggs entered, "Begging your pardon for the interruption, Miss Court, but Mr. Burns has arrived and insists upon seeing you at once."

"All right, show him in."

"As Griggs went out Marcia turned to Butch. "You may arrange to move into the lodge house any time after tomorrow. Do you need money?"

"No, I have enough to run me for a few days."

"I'll see that you get more right away, but please remember—"

"You can trust me," he promised. "I wouldn't do anything to make you unhappy. But sometimes I wish you'd stop in the garden and say hello to me."

"Of course I will."

As Butch started to go Phil came in. They looked at each other in surprise.

"Hello there, Joe."

"Hello, Mr. Burns."

"Marcia gave a violent start. "You two know each other?"

"Sure, we're old friends. How are you getting along, Joe? Feeling better?"

"Oh yes, I'm fine," Joe said eagerly, "And now I'm to have a steady job. Miss Court is going to let me be her gardener."

"That's swell. Then I'll be seeing a lot of you."

"I hope so, sir. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Joe," Marcia said. 

"Good-bye."

"Butch shot Marcia a funny look as he went out. She turned to Phil uneasily. "How long have you known Joe?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks."

"How did you meet him?"

"I saw him hanging around the studio gates. He seemed such a pathetic little fellow, and we got talking. I let him do some work out at my house and before long we became friends."

"What did you find to talk about?"

Marcia asked, trying to be careless about it.

"Oh, many things—you, for instance. He's quite an ardent public where you're concerned."

"What did he tell you about me?"

"Phil looked at her shrewdly, "You mean about your shady past?"

"What did Joe tell you about me?"

Marcia demanded, coldly insistent.

"Nothing to cause you to lose sleep, was Phil's prompt but not very reassuring reply. "He merely remarked that he knew your family in the old days."

"Did he tell you anything about them?" she persisted.

"Not a thing," Phil said impatiently.

"And I didn't come here to discuss the social amenities with you," Phil said shortly, "or to start another fight. I came from Sol."

"Oh, did you?" Marcia started walking back and forth in nervous strides. "Well, Mr. Burns, what is the proposition this time?"

"I didn't come here to talk propositions, but to deliver an ultimatum. You will either sign the contract I've drawn up with Sol Baumber for your services, or you won't work at all."

"Won't I, indeed?"

"Not until my contract with you runs out—one year from now. And I warn you it will be useless for you to pull another of your alley cat scenes."

"If you ever mention that word to me again, she shrieked, "I'll—I'll do something violent!"

"You have all the necessary talents," he assured her coldly, "but suppose you save

Hollywood circus party. Among film celebrities entertained by Frank Borzage were Richard Arlen and Joan Crawford, at left. Anita Louise and Wendy Barrie, above.
the supreme effort for a paid audience."
"Is rudeness a badge of your profession?"
"I refuse to answer."
"You don't need to!" She glared at him.
"Did you see the Hollywood Reporter?"
"I did."
"Well?"
"Did you benefit by the message it contained?"
"Message?"
Phil sighed. "I was afraid you might have missed its intent. In elementary words, my dear actress, it seemed to be a thinly veiled suggestion that you are making a dangerous fool of yourself as a Hollywood holdout."
"Oh, as for that," Marcia said pleasantly, "I like being a damned fool." She stared at him with sudden suspicion. "It couldn't be that you had anything to do with getting that printed in the Reporter?"
"I'm fully capable of delivering my own messages in person, and not at all squamish about doing it."
"No! One would never accuse you of being exactly—delicate."
"I hope one wouldn't. But let's stop this silly bickering and get down to business. Will you sign this contract?"
"Have you written in a clause stating I'm to select my stories and play only such parts as suit me?"
"No."
"No?"
Phil rose casually. "Just as you say, Duchess. I won't be seeing you for several days. While I'm away keep your nose clean, both barrels.
"I wish you'd learn to differentiate between fun and filth."
The two are so often closely allied. Well, so long.
Marcia was upset. "Where are you going?"
"Oh," Phil said carelessly, "I'm popping down to Palm Springs. If you change your mind about signing the contract, phone me."
"Oh, Phil," she cried desperately, "why won't you let me have my own way?"
"Because, my darling, I'm your discoverer, your publicity agent, your business manager, your guardian, your mentor, and your nurse, and like all good nurses, I must keep the child from getting its fingers burnt."
"Are you thinking only of the child's personal welfare?" Marcia asked bitterly. "Only of the child's welfare—as it affects my good fortunes."
"You're an honest brute, anyway." Phil grinned. "Brute. That's a good old fashioned word." Sitting down again, he became serious. "Marcia, I'm going to give you one last sales talk. Will you listen with an open mind?"
"Do you think I could?"
"You might make the effort. Now, let's start at the beginning: You will admit that when I discovered you, you were in a pretty bad way—in fact hungry?"
"If you hadn't discovered me, someone else would have," she said resentfully.
Phil snorted indignantly. "Now that's a shining example of Hollywood gratitude.
"Are you demanding that I be grateful?"
"Have I ever asked you for an expression of gratitude?"
"Well, I must admit you've never made the Hollywood gesture." Marcia suddenly became the woman. "Why not?"
"Why not what?"
"Why haven't you ever propositioned me?"
"Now, what the hell has that to do with the thing we're discussing?"
"Perhaps I'm too dumb to know," Marcia said serenely, happy that he was angry.
"Shut up and listen, and I promise this will be my last effort to show you the light. Starting at scratch, I discovered you..."
Marcia interrupted with a weary sigh. "So you said before and before, and on and on—"
"And you subsequently signed a contract with me—"
"Let me finish for you," Marcia said with mock courtesy. "After signing me to a contract that gave you the right to order my life completely, it's proof of your infallible judgment that I have become a great success, and I should therefore be content to go on indefinitely trusting myself to Solomon's decisions."
"Exactly. Or until such time as Solomon makes a bad guess—at least until his contract with you runs out."
"I won't do it!"
He changed to a confidential tone. "Why don't you break down and confess to Phil?"
"Confess what?" she demanded warily.
"Just what horrible inferiority complex it is that makes you wish to drop playing hard boiled bitches when you are the undisputed tops in that line."
"You needn't resort to flattery. You're wasting your time."
Phil became exasperated. "But doesn't it mean anything to you that you've set a new style in leading women that has made the others seem insipid by comparison?"
"Don't you think I have any feelings?"
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Evidently you haven't been reading my fan mail."
"What's wrong with it?"
"Plenty!" Marcia snapped. "I'm receiving letters from women's societies all over the country asking why I never play anything but harlots, dope, gun molls, or murderers, charging me with being a disgrace to my profession and a smear on the fair womanhood of America."
"Did they forget to mention that you had won the Academy Award twice in succession for portraying these colorful roles? I could have won it just as easily in some decent role."
"Oh, you think so!"
"I know it."
"As queen of the drawing room, for instance?" Phil asked with fine irony.
"Yes," she answered defiantly.
"In other words you feel capable of taking any role?"
"Of course I do—I'm an actress."
"And you don't believe that those parts which you've been portraying were good because they were more or less a reflection of your inner self?"
Marcia was furious. "If you are going to start insinuating—"
"Please! I'm not insinuating anything. I'm just trying to talk sense. Styles in acting change the same as clothes. The old fashioned conception of a great artist was one who could, simply by donning a beard or a wig, play any parts, none of which even remotely resembled the real actor. But the quality of artistry and the general character of the audience in those days were very naive and everyone was easily satisfied. Today it's a different matter. You can no longer fool the public, and the public can't even fool itself. They demand that actors be temperamentally suited to the parts they play.
"All of which windy oration is simply your adroit way of telling me that, because of some strange quirk in my make-up, I am peculiarly suited to the rôle of seductress, prostitute, murderess, or any other foul character that some filthy minded writer may conceive."
"Precisely. You are the only young character actress in the business who has been elevated to a feature leading woman and, instead of getting down on your knees and thanking God, you want to be a sissie!"
"I'll take up character acting when I start using a crutch!"
"But what of your public?"
"Well, what of it?" she rasped.
"Don't you understand that, because of
DANDRUFF?

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"Now, you're not?"

"I'm not."

"But before I leave let me warn you that, though a lady may wear the skins of many animals, the leopard can never change its spots, even with the aid of dye."

"So what?"

"So it resolves itself to this, my sweet. A lady may play a toughie with distinction, but a toughie may not portray a lady."

"There you go, insinuating again!" she shrieked.

"Will you please stop using that infantile expression?"

"Then stop being so insulting. Damn you, anyway! Why do you always provoke me into making a horrid scene?"

"I don't. You gravitate to such scenes as naturally as dishwater trickles through a gutter."

"You get out of my house!"

"Now, don't lose your dignity," Phil began pedantically. "The first mark of a lady is poised and, remember, good manners, like charity, should begin at home." He switched suddenly to the personal. "If you feel so capable of portraying the gracious lady, why not start practicing on me?"

"Oh Phil, let's not fight any more."

"Now, that's better."

"If you only knew the horror I have of playing those parts, how it hurts and humilates me, you wouldn't ask it."

"If I knew just what your objections are to being a great artist," Phil said with a brief show of tenderness, "perhaps I could help you get rid of them."

"I'm so tired of doing the same thing all the time."

Phil was on the defensive again. "But you've never played two parts that were alike."

"They had one thing in common—they were all rotten!"

"That's why I despise them. They went to such great lengths to display their guts. Oh God, how sick I am of that word."

Griggs appeared at the door. "Mr. Baumberg."

"All right, Griggs," Marcia said.

Sol entered, full of business, affably washing his hands and smiling broadly. "Everything is settled? The contract is signed? Good!"

"No, very bad," Marcia said.

Sol was stunned. "What?"

Marcia made a weary gesture. "Just a lot of smart cracks and insults, but no offer."

Sol shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry to hear that, Marcia—for your sake."

There was something in Sol's manner that engaged attention, especially Marcia's. "Why the tears for me?" she asked.

Sol sat heavily. "Why should we discuss it—there and no contract."

"What is it?" Marcia demanded impatiently.

"You wouldn't be interested, anyway," Sol replied, elaborately careless.

"Sol! You aren't a mystery story writer, can the suspense."

"Oh just a cable from London."

"From London?"

"From Lawrence Stewart, the director." "What?" she cried.

"He wanted you for the lead in a picture."

"He did!"

"Funny thing," Sol continued conversationally. "Annie Barrett is playing second lead. You remember her. I thought it would be nice for you two to be together in the same picture. Really a swell idea."

"It would be—with her playing second lead."

"Well, it's too bad you can't go. But that's the breaks of the game. I'll send Paul assurance."

"Oh Sol, you won't send her?"

"I woulda sent you," Sol said, sadly sympathetic, "but there ain't no contract."

"There will be! Give it to me—I'll sign it."

Sol rose. "Well, I got plenty troubles of my own. I got to get back to the studio. You fix up the contract with Marcia, and then turned to Marcia with grim warning. "If you go changing your mind again and give me more troubles, Parnell goes to London and you and I are through. Get what I mean?"

Sol started out, Marcia going to the door with him as she sweetly, "I get what you mean, Sol, but don't worry, I am going to London, and I think you're just a precious old lamb pie.

Sol beamed on her. "Well, so long as I ain't pork. He reached over and patted her on the cheek. "Bye, baby."

"Bye, Sol."

As Sol left Marcia returned to Phil, radiant. "All right, Mister, bring out your old contract."

"Not so fast, young lady; you and I are going to have an understanding beforehand."

"Yes sir," she said meekly, "fire when ready, sir."

"From now on you'll play the parts assigned to you without question."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Phil soothed. "And you'll promise to be a good girl?"

Marcia was inclined to be gracious. "I promise." She regarded him thoughtfully. "You know, Phil, I'm actually going to miss you."

"Oh no, you're not," he said with cheerful humor. "Oh, but I shall; darling; after all, I really do think a lot of you."

Phil grinned. "Put your heart at ease—I'm going along."

"What?"

"Don't think 'I'd let you go alone?"

"Oh God!" Marcia moaned. "I knew there'd be a catch in it. But you can't bear the thought of our being separated?"

"I can't bear the thought of what an utter fool you'd be in London without me to guide you."

"I'd rather not go!"

"Just as you say—Parnell—"

"Oh give me the damned contract and I'll sign it. I suppose I'll have to take someone along to act as baggage boy."

"I'll probably drown you before we get

Rosemary Lane, above, enjoying a well-earned holiday in New York. 
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across." Phil took out the contract and handed it to Marce, with fountain pen. With the pen poised, Marce smiled thoughtfully; Phil, forgotten as she said, "I'll show that Anne Barrett." She started to sign, then paused with a frown, "I wonder what kind of part Stewart has for me."

Lawrence Stewart's office in the London studios had an old world, feudal atmosphere. With its oak paneled woodwork, ledged windows, rich drapes, heavy hand carved furniture and thick rugs.

Stewart was an attractive Englishman, about thirty. Seated behind his desk as he watched Phil in amusement as he paced back and forth, smoking furiously. "I knew the little fellow would do something like that. She's the most dependable hell raiser I know."

Stewart smiled. "She seems rather an unusual person."

"Wait!" Phil said, "Before she went to the boat I cautioned her about what she should say if any of the reporters were there for an interview. They were there, all right. I've steered Marce clear of interviews as much as possible. But there's something about a boat—when these actresses get on one there's no holding them. She went very English, doing particularly well with circumstances, secretary, extracurricular—you know the way you English mispronounce certain words."

"I know," Stewart chuckled.

"But occasionally she forgot her broad a. She was like the midwest American girl who had returned from her first trip to London where she had dawndawned and dawndawned until she just couldn't dance any longer."

"How extraordinarily amusing," Stewart said.

"Those press vultures thought so. They egged her on, and I was helpless without a scene, and I don't think even that would have stopped her."

"I say! You must have suffered."

"God! I begged those nogs not to print that tripe, but they only gave me the finger wave."

"Finger wave?"

"They jolly well made fun of me—thumb to nose, fingers wagging."

Stewart laughed. "Oh, I see. And then?"

"After the gentlemen of the press had pumped her dry and retired I made one of my biggest mistakes—I should have thrown her off the boat."

"That might have caused a certain amount of confusion," Stewart said mildly.

"It would have been worth it," Phil said regretfully. "Well, she went to her cabin and was never seen again until we docked at Liverpool. I thanked God for that! But the fellow passengers thought she had pulled a Garbo—you know, being ultra exclusive. However, she had brought along a woman English instructor and was cramming fourteen hours a day of her dictation."

Phil sighed. "You saw the result."

"Quite!" Stewart agreed, "even her accent was so stage-English that it was rather difficult for the native born Englishman to understand her. I almost made the horrible mistake of thinking she was a clown trying to amuse me."

"Oh, she'll give you a lot of laughs before you ever see through that woman. Personally, I was able to see through her, but I didn't.

"You know, Burns, there's rather a strange coincidence in all this, and it's really frightfully embarrassing. Have you read the script?"

"Yes. It's a swell story, and right down her alley. But she'll make one fine row when she sees it."

"She's reading it now."

"Then it won't be long," Phil warned.

"Be prepared for the fireworks."

"You don't think she'll see the resemblance of the character to herself?"

"Not a chance. She'd resent it like hell if she thought anyone could even imagine her being like that."

"Are you quite serious?" Stewart asked.

"Oh quite."

"It's most extraordinary and very confusing. It's because of her type of person that the story was written. You don't mind my being a bit frank?"

"Shoot the works. I don't offend easily."

"That's sporting of you. Now, I'll tell you how the story happened to be written. From time to time a number of these snobbishly apologetic Americans have come to London in the manner of Miss Court. You know, slowly prancing England and its culture, and deprecating American manners. And to me the most offensive part of it all is that these strange persons seem to think the English would like them better for this attitude. Of course, he said hastily, "we realize that they are in no way representative of the better class Americans.""

Phil smiled good naturedly. "Apology accepted. Proceed.""

"The whole thing annoyed me intensely," Stewart continued. And at last I conceived the idea of writing a story portraying the American snob abroad in England."

"You did a fine job of it."

"The credit isn't all mine—due to me. Anne Barrett helped me no end. She seemed to have such a clear conception of the character."

"She should," Phil commented drily."

"She knows Marce very well."

"Yes. It was she who suggested that we engage Miss Court to play that part of Sally Beloe Jones, the gauche American girl mingling with London's smart set."

"While Anne portrayed the Lady Mary Warner. Ummm. This is going to be interesting."

Anne came in gaily. "May I join this weighty conference? She advanced to Phil, her hands extended. "How are you, Phil?"

"Anne! It's good to see you again. We've missed you in Hollywood."

"And you don't know how I've missed Hollywood."

"But you wouldn't trade a nice, juicy London fog for our sterile sunshine, now would you?"

"There are moments when I'd give a lot for one of your bright days. But I'm really enjoying London tremendously right now."

"You've turned into a wicked woman, Anne Barrett."

"Sir!"

"I've read the script," Phil told her sternly, "and I understand it was your fine hand that twisted the knife with such telling effect. Aren't you a little ashamed of..."
"Don’t let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

Claudette Colbert

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Bing—it's a reversion to type. At heart Bing is, always has been and always will be, a Main Street boy. He still has the quaint notion there are certain things that should not be discussed in mixed company and other things that should not be discussed in front of women. He tried for a while to adapt himself to the Hollywood viewpoint and to be hail-fellow-well-met. But there are things that stick in his craw—things he cannot intrude himself to and, finally, he has decided there is no reason why he should try to.

He hasn't, like one of our illustrious stars, reached the stage where he's trying God but he has reached the stage where he sees no reason the conversation in our home should be different than it is in nice homes in Spokane or Keokuk.

In addition, and I know it is no pose with Bing, he really shrinks from the spotlight. Something churns inside him when we go out and people point at him or he is made conspicuous in any way. Naturally, most of our close friends are people in the same line of business as Bing but, unconsciously, he tries to avoid reaching the stage where his sole interest in life will be pictures and where he will be unable to discuss anything else. He is the most avid newspaper reader I know. He starts in the upper left hand corner of page one and not a word (including the want ads and personals) is skipped on his way to the last word in the lower right hand corner of the last page.

But newspaper reading is not enough. Bing yearns for open forums. The Bob Burns influence, probably. At any rate, he cultivates as many people outside the industry as possible. All he asks is that they have personality or intelligence. I suppose he might be called "keeping one's hand on the public pulse."

I mentioned something in my previous article about Bing's color blindness. At that time, being a poor benighted bride of two or three years standing, I had vague hopes of curing him—or educating him. While he still cannot differentiate between colors he has finally learned to distinguish the pastel shades. They all look gray to him and nothing so indeterminate as gray appeals to my spouse. He leans toward the cardinal colors and if I am not careful he is apt to appear at any time or any place in a little number of a conservative orange or purple hue with what he fondly believes are matching accessories. In reality, while the accessories will undoubtedly be conservative they will, like as not, be of a magenta, green, violet or strawberry tone. However, that's Bing and what can't be cured must be endured.

Never will I forget the time, right after he had finished making "Going Hollywood" when we were invited to the Hearst Ranch at San Simeon. It was our first appearance in high society and Bing was determined to spare no expense in making said appearance a success. I was ordered to get "some decent clothes." I did. Although I knew I would have no use for it at the ranch I had sense enough to realize a woman only runs into such an opportunity once in a lifetime so I got an ermine wrap, among other things. There was no sense having a lot of lovely clothes and nothing to wear over them when I got back.

But this story is about Bing. He let the moths out of his pocketbook and Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed as was Bing on that trip, Joseph, with his gorgeous coat, would have had his face in envy could he have had a glimpse of the variegated tints in Bing's outfits.

When we were getting ready for our trip to Honolulu a year or so ago I broadly hinted we ought to have some new duds for the journey. "Oh, I'll pick up a few things," he remarked laconically.

A day or two later the "few things" were delivered, all compactly pressed into one small box. With fingers trembling and apprehensive, I tore off the wrappings. His shopping for a six weeks' trip had consisted of the purchase of six caps, all identical as to shape and material. The only difference was in the colors—red, green, purple, orange, blue and—as a sop to Mrs. Grundy and Esquire—one gray one!

### Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress

**OH CONNIE, I'M SO WHIFFY—I NEED LUXING**

**Perspiration odor clings to dresses—Don't Offend**

**DRESSES**, like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux your dresses often. Lux removes perspiration odor completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Saves color and fit, too. Any dress safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux. Buy the big package for extra economy.

**Lux dresses often...**
All of which brings us down to the momentous topic of RACE HORSES. Just as they say a wife is always the last to know of her husband’s pecadillos (see, I, too, am broadening as a result of these open forums) I say a wife is always the last to know of her husband's mental aberrations.

I think the first I knew of what has since become the bugaboo of my life was when I heard a crack over the radio. I tossed it off as an "anything-for-a-laugh" gesture. But quip has followed quip in mocking succession, almost as rapidly as horses have followed horses into his fast growing stable. And the horses have grown spars— Authentication and understanding, the same animal named Rocco. We'll mercifully draw the blanket of darkness—if not forgetfulness—over the achievements of the rest of his thundering herd.

What he wanted with a horse in the first place only he and God will ever know. I sigh, sometimes, for the Bing of by-gone days—the Bing who would get ready to run if a horse came near him. I never realized the extent of Bing's courage until I saw a stall from one of his shorts in which he nonchalantly waved his hat, the while he bestraddled a flea-bitten white nag. That seeming nonchalance almost brought on a nervous breakdown when he dismounted. But that was the Bing of another era. Today he proudly sports his aviators on the saddle of the lead horse as he lightens the way from stable to track for his darlings to have a workout.

Well, I ween the Bing act is far die off when, instead of taking food from the mouths of his wife and children to feed those bang-tails, it will be a question of his wife and children snatching a bit of his gee-goes if we are to fend off starvation. If I venture to remonstrate I am met with a supercilious, "Tush, woman!" And there's Bing for you!

3 Smart Girls Tell How They Got That 2nd Date

Continued from page 55

"Here's something that's very important," Anne continued, curling up in her chair.

"If he suggests a place of amusement, go there. Don't suggest some place else as he probably has planned the evening as his idea of a wonderful time. Again, you don't want any particular place may fit in best with his pocketbook. But if he leaves it up to you, have some place in mind and mention it immediately. He'll be so grateful and you'll avoid one of those awful sessions of 'you suggest where we go' and 'no, you do' that get you nowhere. He probably has left it up to you not knowing it would be easier for you next day. And when you suggest a definite place he'll feel you're sure to enjoy yourself!"

Anne warned to the subject as she chattered on. "Don't keep him waiting hours while you dress. That doesn't seem so terribly important, but it is. Remember, this is your first date with him. He enter you like a stranger. You are upstairs dressing; your mother or dad are probably trying to entertain him while he's waiting, and the strain is terrible on him! Strange, home, etc. If he's left you waiting, he réve he won't even notice how handsome you look; his eyes will be on the clock! And oh, yes, don't keep him up late. Just because you can sleep until noon doesn't mean that he can and when he's struggling through the following day, half-dead from lack of sleep, he won't be relishing another date with you."

"That's really grand advice, Anne," I thanked her.

"Oh, but there's one thing more," she continued. "It's another 'Don't!' Don't try to arouse jealousy in order to what his interest. It's a pretty cheap trick. Jealousy is such an awful thing; it can destroy so much that is lovely in a relationship. It's a girl who deliberately arouses it is just asking for trouble."

I'd say that Anne's advice is primarily: Show consideration and thoughtfulness toward each other and your second date worries are over.

In presenting the very beautiful Carole Lombard, I must admit, I don't think I need stress her popularity. Any girl who can call Clark Gable her best boy friend gets the popularity vote of a nation! You'd expect something a little thing from the vivacious, sophisticated Lombard, wouldn't you? Read on—and I promise you you won't be disappointed.

"Let him think there's an element of danger in dating you!" Carole shot at me. "Make him think he is being a little daring—taking somewhat of a risk in being out with you—and he'll be on your door-step the following night again! All men are little boys who love secrecy and adventure and dating a girl who is not supposed to date you, adds zest to the evening."

"You can tell him about that silly Bill Zilch who has the idea he owns you and who just dares anybody else to take you out; or about your family's decided preference for Jack Brown—and their insistence that you date only him—and how you hate it! Romance thrives on competition and obstacles, so hint at a little of each on that first date and just watch your man come back for more."

"And of course the perfectly priceless line (priceless because it's so very old and so very good!), it to tell him he's the only man you've met who really understands you. And ask his advice on everything under the sun. Marvel at his powers of perception, at his ability to understand your thoughts and feelings. The opportunity to be an oracle, a sort of fount of wisdom, will prove too much of a temptation for him to resist, and he'll feel he must see you often to give you more of his sage advice!"

Carole threw me a mischievous glance. "If you discover you two have a lot in common, dwell on those common interests for they will make a bond of companionship. But don't worry if your interests seem as far apart as the poles. You have the most important thing in common—you're..."
both interested in him, and that topic is good all evening!" Carole ended with a laugh.

So there you are—three sets of advice from three beautiful and popular young stars—Alice, Anne, and Carole. I purposely chose these three because each represents a separate and distinct set in Hollywood's social circle. Anne Shirley is a part of the younger picture crowd—most of them about college age—and all of them interested in boating, fishing, intimate little home parties and beach gatherings. While Alice Faye and her crowd adore dancing and exploring new night clubs; attending first night openings in a group. The luscious Lombard at one time would have been best classed as a member of the set now typified by Alice, but that was B.G. (Before Gable). Now Carole is seen less frequently at the night spots.

Hollywood Barometer

Continued from page 23

which this modern trend makes possible. Carole Lombard once told me, "The feminine leads in many of the high airy pictures so popular today are startlingly different from the characters we played in pictures a few years ago. I believe audiences love them for the very reason that they show a new companionship between the sexes—a thing we women in Hollywood have known for some time. "It's made possible because in Hollywood women are independent, financially and mentally, and any man is swept off his feet by a woman who is his equal and who knows how to maintain her individuality. Provided, of course, that she retains her femininity too!"

The gay, charming friendships between stars like Carole herself and Clark Gable, or between Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, are cases in point. And if love follows friendship, it comes naturally and has a meaning all the deeper because of being based on companionship and mutual respect.

Want to know how you're going to entertain several months from now, according to the Hollywood barometer? Just a few years ago, the movie colony led the way toward greater informality in social affairs. Buffet suppers became a standard form of hospitality from coast to coast, after Hollywood houses paved the way. Now, when the country is following Hollywood's lead in the matter of "idea" parties and "costume" parties, Hollywood itself has moved on to strictly formal small dinners at home, or in private rooms of smart restaurants.

Small and rather expensive eating houses are the order if you dine out; correctly served dinners for eight or a dozen are the rule if you entertain at home. Conversation runs all the way from art to politics to horse-racing, and conversation is the only form of entertainment offered.

"In other words," Bette Davis interpreted the barometer, "heralding a period of true enjoyment of good living—appreciation of our homes, our cherished belongings, and of our friends for the wit and stimulation they offer us."

Edith Brandtstatter, popular Hollywood restaurateur, seconds the prediction with the news that your favorite stars are enjoying good food with the knowledge of connoisseurs. "People are ordering crepes Suzette again—and sauce diable—bread of pheasant with bread sauce—baked Alaska—even breast of guinea hen under glass. Despite the rigorous dieting of many stars, elaborate menus are fashionable once more."

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Screenland 83
For Fun and Sun
Continued from page 65

before your face so that only one eye shows." He did it at once, and I think the result is cute.

"He isn't the least difficult. If he's playing and I come along with the Rolleiflex and say: 'Do this' or 'Do that,' he falls in the mood on the instant. Sometimes he suggests shots. Oh, he's most co-operative. A bit on the Barrymore side, if anything. You never have to track him down and shoot from the shrubbery. He isn't noticing. Maybe at times a trifle posey—but that's Normie!

"At home, when Dick and I come in from work, he's always nicely dressed; afterwards, he says: 'Excuse me!' and runs upstairs and puts on a fireman's suit and comes down to show us and act like a fireman. Then he changes into a policeman's outfit, and after that, it's a Tyrolean suit someone gave him. He always adopts a character to fit the costume, so my doubt will be lifted as an action. We never encouraged him on this, but he took to it naturally.

"The other week, Dick and I invited him to go to see some real firemen, and one of them let him slide down the pole from the upper floor. Normie was thrilled. He said he wasn't afraid, and he hardly wasn't, but my heart constricted in my throat so I couldn't speak. Dick knew how I felt, but he just squeezed my hand and said: 'He's all right. I'm here. I'd catch him if anything happened.' And of course I know I mustn't make a coward of the boy.

"Normie imitates his Daddy all the time. Often he poses as he thinks his Daddy looks. He'll come racing down to me and say: 'Think I need a shave?' feeling his cheek and waggling his eyebrows. He does a rubber razor so he can shave with Daddy every day.'

"Getting back to the camera, Joan re-marked that there isn't any advantage in having a real artist in the family because Dick often sets her camera correctly and tells her exactly what to do.

"But then, I get so excited I forget what he said," she giggled. "Even when I go against his instructions, the results are often so good I can't help wondering what rules are. Some pictures of Dick, but he always feels that it would be better if he could hold the camera and I could pose; he's sure I'll do something wrong!"

"Last night, he took a shot of me sitting in bed, with the lamp the only light on me, and the result was really lovely. One of these days I'm going to have a rubber razor so I can shave like Daddy every day."

"When people say to you: 'You can't do that!' and you don't see why not, go ahead and try it and find out who's right. Don't get too cocky about it, or the man who told you you couldn't may be disappointed. If he thinks it's just because you're lucky, nobody, it'll be all right.

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Romance wrecked by ugly pimples?
Here is how to help keep skin-irritating poisons from your blood
Don't let repulsive-looking nickles rob you of charm... ruin your chances for friendship and affection... spoil your good times. Find out what the trouble may be, and take steps to correct it.

During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These glands secrete the oil that keeps the hair on your face, head, hands and shoulders.

At the same time intestinal waste poisons are often deposited in the blood stream, and may irritate the sensitive skin of your face and shoulders. Pimples break out.

Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, friendly plants in each cake of this fresh food help to remove the wastes the natural way and cleanse the skin of impurities. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now.

Get Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin cleans up.

Claudette Colbert in holiday mood, on the trip her diary describes.

Claudette Colbert's Vacation Diary
Continued from page 27

We arrived here last week and if anything Davos Dorf is even more breathtakingly beautiful than San Anton. To get to Davos Dorf from San Anton one must change from a tram to a train in a seven-hour run, which I claim is some kind of a record. Three of the dicky little trains only had Third Class cars, which means wooden benches and no heat—but it was a lot of fun though I can't remember when I've been so comfortable. And the brushes on my—(Deletion: Miss Colbert tells where it hurts)—didn't help matters any, either. If anyone ever asked me to ride in a cold train on wooden benches in America I would probably squash my head off—but here in the Tyrol it is all part of the fun.

My skiing is coming along very nicely. I can do the "Kandahar" three times in one day. The "Kandahar" is one of the toughest racing slopes in Europe, and makes Dollar Mountain at Sun Valley look like even less than a penny. I'm most impressed by my skiing prowess—whether anyone else is or not—and expect to boast about it for the next twenty years. In fact, I keep patting myself on the back practically all day—high up on the back, the rest is black and blue and better left alone!

Around here fractures are as common as toothache. Half of the American girls' team have broken legs or sprained ankles or displaced knees, but no one seems to mind very much. It's all very jolly. The doctor puts them in a cast in the morning and that night they come hobbling in to dinner with a cane. Three days ago a girl fell down a sheer cliff, about sixty yards, and
The crowd we've run into here at St. Anton is perfectly swell. I have an idea that here is where we will stay for the rest of my vacation. Corty Hill's two brothers, Jerome and Louis, are here, and Louis' wife Dorothy, who is a peach. Also Schiaparelli's daughter Gogo—seventeen and very cute. And the Ronald Balcons. She was Milicent Rogers of New York. They are absolutely delightful—crazy about skiing and very unaffected—don't dress at night, don't stay up late. In other words, just the Colbert type. Milicent has given me a toy dachshund which is the most adorable thing I have ever seen. I'm scared to death to break the news to mother (she said when I was leaving "whatever you bring home from Europe, Claudette, no dogs. Smoky is enough"). His name is Hannis and he would be worth a fortune in America. The small good ones are impossible to find. He is so affectionate—just like a little seal. Or maybe seals aren't affectionate—Oh, well, a little seal in the mating season. Anyway, I'll get hell when I come home, but I'm sure mother will learn to love it later.

Milicent has built a real Tyrolean peasant chalet in San Anton and decorated it herself with old Biedermeier furniture which she picked up in Vienna. It's too beautiful. Old porcelain stoves in each room, as high as the ceiling. They give out amazing warmth besides being works of art. She has flowered needlework carpets which she makes with her own hands, and chairs carved and painted by the Austrian peasants. I almost turned green with envy when I saw her home, and maybe if I can get someone to buy the Colbert manor in Holmby Hills I'll build a Tyrolean chalet and wear dirndls and ski for the rest of my life—maybe.

I am most fortunate in having a careful ski instructor who will not permit me to take chances. For it is really fantastic how many accidents happen here. So far—and I am knocking on wood—I have suffered nothing worse than a pulled ligament and a charley horse in my thigh. Of course if I had a pulled ligament and a charley horse at home I would certainly make the most of them, but here they seem so silly compared with the broken legs and cracked skulls of the others that I didn't mention them to anyone but Jack. We have reservations at St. Moritz later in the month but everyone here tells me that St. Moritz goes in mostly for night life, and night life after a day of skiing is not for the likes of me. Yesterday Jack and I skied from St. Anton to the little village of St. Christopher. It was divine. I only fell once—and only because I decided to enjoy the view while I was going down a steep hill. Evidently you're supposed to let the scenery take care of itself and keep your eye on the ball. Oh, well—I'll learn!

Hotel Plaza Athenee, Paris

Paris at last! And Paris in the spring! How beautifully heaven with its intoxicating breeze, the trees bursting with little green leaves along the boulevards, the fragrant aroma of roasting chestnuts on the Champs Elysees, the merry clatter of sidewalk cafes, and the flowers—nowhere, not even in California, have I seen flowers so brash, so bright, so beautiful as they are in the flower markets near the Madeleine. Though I must say the salons of Molyneux, Patou, and Schiaparelli offer them close competition! Paris is so wonderful, and I am having such fun, and it is so grand to be
Young and light-hearted that I have no time to sit down and write about it. Sit down—why, I haven't had a chance to sit down since we left St. Moritz, and I wasn't supposed to sit down then but had to strap shipped. When we are at the hotel the phone rings constantly: everyone is so cordial, everyone is so eager to have me get every possible thrill out of the city of my birth.

Yesterday we dined with Phyllis Bottome at the Crillon and she was kind enough to say that I hadn't let her down too much. I enjoyed her appreciation of the woman doctor in her "Private Worlds." Then we had tea with Director Renoir, son of the famous painter, at the Ritz where fashionable Paris still gathers after all these years. Back at the hotel, a fast jump into evening clothes, and we were off with the Fernand Graves—who are returning to Hollywood next week—for dinner at the Meurice which boasts of having the most marvellous chef in Europe. They have! With them we went on a good-old-fashioned touristy hunger—the Casino de Paris (Mistinguette is still kicking those shapely legs). Maxims, Bricktops, onion soup at Les Halles, and sunrise with scrambled eggs and horrible coffee at Montmartre. Quite a jape for us. But what fun.

Our first day in Paris we went to the races at Auteuil and I must say that French horses are no kinder to me than the Santa Anita variety. Jack said that the horses I bet on had never seen an American movie star before so when they passed my box they would stop and take a good look, to see whether or not I lived up to publicity, and of course would lose the race! The second day we did the Louvre in the morning, lunch at Rumpelmayers on the Rue de Rivoli, and in the afternoon drove to Versailles where Marie Antoinette made her famous crack about cake which didn't seem to amuse my ancestors—all of which put me in mind of having blackberry cake for tea at the Trianon Palace. All right, so I ate cake, Marie Antoinette. And liked it.

We'll only be here until Friday (we mustn't forget the Effel Tower) and then we are renting a car and driving through Brittany and northern France. Then back to Paris, and this time I expect to get on the clothes-press before the time I have ever been in Paris with money enough to enter one of the famous couturiers. That, I may say, is quite a thrill.

Paris, I do believe, is the grandest part of a grand vacation.

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Inside The Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

"I keep the jars filled with nasturtiums, because they seem to belong to this room—not the orange and pink kind, but these red ones, turquoise and then yellow ones."

The American note, Margaret pointed out, was provided by the radio, the violin, the guitar, and a corner of the room, called "her sculpturing efforts—modeling clay, finished heads, rough attempts, sketches, bowels and clothes."

One of the latest charms of Margaret's room is the view from her big window at night. Hung over the city, she can watch the lights. "Like rubies, diamonds and emeralds, few sparkling," she said, proudly, "I wouldn't live anywhere I couldn't have this view."

Back to food: "When I was in England, I adored lamb's head, I liked their deep-dish pies, made with whole fruit and covered with a thick crust. I liked roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pie, all the famous dishes. Curry was my specialty, Oh yes, and English trifle. I've never made any but I can tell you how it's done.

"You take lady fingers—or day-old cake without icing—and line a bowl or pudding dish. Then you make a custard and pour a little on the cake, put in several spoonfuls of whole strawberry preserves, then more custard. You can use raspberry, or rich plum jam. Carrie Gresham steals the custard with a little sherry or fine brandy."

As to curry, Margaret assured me that in England they serve the curried beef, mutton or chicken with tiny dishes of coconuts, raisins, chutney and spiced nuts around the plate, but over here it's usually like this:

**CURRIED CHICKEN**

Cook 1 tablespoon butter with 1 slice onion, 1/4 apple, sliced, 1 tablespoon Baker's grated coconut or minced almonds, a little salt, paprika and 1 teaspoon curry powder dissolved in water. When required cook 1 tablespoon butter with 1 teaspoon flour, add 1/2 cup chicken stock or gravy and 1 cup diced chicken, mixed with 2 tablespoons. (You can use Richardson and Robins Canned Chicken to advantage for this.) Add the curry mixture and serve in ramekins.

**London**

Continued from page 61

"Hitch" is working now, is a mystery story called "The Wheel Spins." Leading lady is Margaret Lockwood, the gay brunette ingenue you saw with George Arliss in "Dr. Syn." The star is Hitchcock's new discovery, a good-looking young stage actor named Michael Redgrave, who has never acted in a film studio before. He comes from the little Liverpool Repertory company, of which his sister Margaret was an English actress and Elizabeth Allan and many another now famous got their dramatic training. He's tall and virile with a rich voice, has an acting wife and a baby and lives in an ancient windmill in the Essex countryside.

Highlight party of the month was given by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester at a famous Park Lane restaurant. The Laughtons don't often step out, being domestic folk who prefer books by their own fireside and a home-cooked dinner after dark. But this supper-party was a unique event since it followed the midnight gala premiere of their film "Vessel of Wrath" and after all they are financially connected with the producer Erich Pommer, as well as the stars.

Their Mayflower Pictures, Inc., is going to be a busy concern this year, for Charles has already prepared the two next scenarios and will act in both films himself. One is "The Listener" and the other a smuggling story "Jamaica Inn" which will be shot on the rugged sea coast of Cornwall in a picturesque old fishing village.

So this party was thrown in tremendous style and Charles appeared in straight white tie and tails. He was much younger and more dignified he looks "in my natural" as he describes it, Elsa was a radiant hostess in a green crinoline crepe gown with silver circles embroidered on the front and her vivd red hair done all round her face in curls. Vivien Leigh was
in Hollywood! Merle Oberon returns from London to star in films here.

among the forty guests, wrapped in a dramatic black velvet cloak.

Even Robert Donat appeared at the Laughton party, characteristic of the change which recent events have wrought in our handsome star. Three years ago he refused all evening invitations, choosing to stay home with his red-haired Scots wife Ella and their three children, listening to the radio or orchestral gramophone records—music is his greatest passion. Just as he would turn down a film part unless the character particularly appealed to him and decline a Hollywood contract in order to act on the stage of some unknown little theatre for a mere song a week because they were presenting an unusual super-intellectual play which happened to catch his fancy.

But since those top-of-the-wave days asthma has dogged the chestnut-headed actor and the sole film he was able to finish, "Knight Without Armor," was only possible through Marlene Dietrich's patience and help. This past eighteen months Robert has poured out his savings on doctors and clinics and mountain sanatoria and been forced to drop out of several Korda films because illness attacked him as he started work. Now he is pronounced cured at last, looking older and thinner than the dashing hero of "The Ghost Goes West" and seemingly wiser too, for he certainly realizes he has a lot of lost ground to recover in attempting his come-back after this long absence from the screen. He's no longer temperamental about parties and publicity and visitors on the set; a much more charming Robert Donat in my opinion.

M-G-M's second British picture "The Citadel" is affording Robert his second chance of fame. He plays Dr. Andrew Manson, the idealistic surgeon whose career and marriage end so tragically, and he is putting everything he knows into his part under King Vidor's skilled direction. Let's hope Robert will be able to finish it this time for if illness should claim him again I'm afraid our romantic actor will never shine on the screen in future and he's too gallantly handsome and too accomplished an artist for films to lose. *

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How Stars Face The Facts of Flops

Continued from page 33

Sitting the forgotten man, so he very wisely shook hands with the Warner Brothers and signed a new contract. When "Boy Meets Girl" is released Jimmy will be right back up there with the Big Ten where he belongs.

After the preview of "Adventures in Manhattan" Jean Arthur decided that the time had come for her and Columbia to face the facts about her future. Either she got better pictures or else—But Columbia wasn't in a very fact-facing mood, so it was "else." Jean got mad and went on a sit-down strike. Neither she nor Columbia would give an inch. Jean, a most capable and popular actress, was off the screen for nearly a year. But recently, somebody must have conceded a point, for Jean is now completely out of her port and has returned to her studio like a prodigal daughter to finish out her contract. And the Fatted Call that Columbia has prepared for her is really something magnificent: not only the lead in Frank Capra's super-super "You Can't Take It With You," but the part of the girl in "Golden Boy." When Warner saw himself all done up as a white hunter in "The White Hunter," a little Twentieth Century-Fox number of 1936, he didn't rant and rage, but neither did he laugh it off. He reacted in the "hard way." He automatically took himself off of salary until Twentieth had a script ready for him that he liked—no more jangles, thank you. For six months Warner failed to get his weekly stipend, and then, just when the taxes were due, he managed to find a picture to his liking.

Fred Astaire prefers to toss it off with a laugh. When he read the trade paper reviews of "The Damsel in Distress" (the first picture he did without his team-mate Ginger Rogers) he sent Ginger a wire which read: "Ouch." You can be sure that he won't try any more pictures without Ginger any time soon. Another loophole is Clark Gable. Yes indeed, one of the biggest stars in the business, but Clark had a flop coming to him too. "Parnell," (for as one half-faked wit put it "Pavo- nose") the Warner B. picture, was a colossal " flop," and Gable has been trying to live it down ever since, but his friends won't let him forget. Fortunately, he has a sense of humor. The "Test Pilot" company gave him a birthday party on the set not long ago and everything was progressing beau-

tifully when suddenly with a blaze of trumpets two extras appeared dressed as Parnell and Lady Kitty O'Shea and presented Gable with a crown made of a walnut shell. Whenever Carole Lombard, the girl friend, thinks that Clark is getting cocky about anything she always says, "Whatever became of Parnell?" And Spencer Tracy, Clark's pal, never misses a chance to boast, "Clap hands, here comes Parnell," when Gable shows up on the "Test Pilot" set.

Myrna Loy wasn't very pleased about "Parnell" either. Myrna, the cool, collected type was one who to get mad and fly at loose ends over all the place. After reading the reviews of "Parnell" (especially the one that said Myrna was so busy "laughing, crying, being sweet, oh, divine, but not O'Shea") she simply said "No" politely but firmly to a whole shee of scripts submitted to her by Metro. She finally agreed on "Test Pilot" after it had been re-written several times. Myrna's close friends say that after the "Parnell" preview Myrna dug in her garden, but vigorously, for several days.

Joan Crawford got the best laugh out of "Parnell"—but not the last. Joan, sched- uled to do "Parnell" for months, decided at the last minute that it would not be a good picture and walked out of the cast. But, unfortunately, she walked right into "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—which was also a "flop." After a bad picture Joan usually gives a party.

When Franchot Tone has a bad picture, and he certainly had one in "Love is a Headache," he always mutters "November 25th," for November 25th next, Franchot will have completed his Metro contract, and is free to return to the New York stage.

When Merle Oberon, imported by Darryl Zanuck to play the very exotic lead in "Folies Bergere," found that she had a flop on her hands she washed her face, lowered her hairline, put on a new dress and immediately signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to play the English girl in "Dark Angel." So successful was she after she "changed her type" that Merle has given up being exotic entirely.

Irene Dunne couldn't help but being a little hurt and chagrinned, though I must say she took it very well when she herself faced with the biggest flop of last summer—Mamoulian's "High, Wide and Handsome." When somebody asked Winchell how much "High, Wide and Handsome" cracked, "One Mamoulian nine hundred thousand dollars," I suppose that "High, Wide and Tiresome" as they nicknamed it, has been the most we've had to endure in Hollywood. So you can well surmise that it didn't make Irene Dunne, who takes her work very seriously, any too happy. "Give me a comedy—" said Irene, so Columbia obliged her with "The Awful Truth" and so funny and charming was it that Irene's fans immediately forgot the laying of the pipe lines. Rouben Mamoulian, the director, didn't get out of the mess quite so easily, however. No studio seems at all anxious to give Mr. Mamoulian another colossal picture to di- rect.

When Marlene Dietrich learned she had a flop in "Angel" and that Paramount wanted to drop her from the contract list (which has since been done), she promptly changed her personality. Form- erly a rather retiring person who rushed off to Europe as soon as her pictures were done, Marlene began to dance the Big Apple all over Hollywood. Any night, in almost any night club, you can see Marlene swinging into the Suzy Q. When our best introvert became the best extrovert we got the answer to how the stars face the facts of flops. Or we've got something anyway.
Return of the Naughty Native

Continued from page 34

me on that. Anyway, I got a series of screen tests—and a contract.

Thus the legend of the "new Norwegian stage star" that grew up about Sigrid Gurie when Goldwyn signed her in the Fall of 1936, and gave her orders to remain in the background of Hollywood life and studio activity until the following summer, when she donned Oriental makeup to play the Princess Kukuchin in "Marco Polo."

It was as easy as all that for Sigrid Gurie to start at the top. And the revelation later, that she was born in Brooklyn and had never before acted on stage or screen, made it all seem ridiculously simple. But before you carry too far the reasoning that it's a cinch to be a cinema celebrity, just remember that Sigrid Gurie made good—after she got her chance. So too did other "undated," new-style stars and starters like Freddie Bartholomew, Olivia de Havilland, Lana Turner, Jon Hall, Tommy Kelly, Arlene Whelan (manicurist on the Fox lot who went into a film debut as leading lady in "Kidnapped"), and the rest.

Far more interesting and exciting, we think, than the details of how Sigrid Gurie "crashed Hollywood," is the fact that a girl who had only a few months of dramatic coaching could essay the important part assigned her with any assurance at all, much less a grace and competence born of confidence in herself. How did she manage it?

"Oh, I was sure I could do it, and I wasn't nervous. I have known since I was six years old that acting in pictures was the only thing I wanted to do. And as to your question of what I thought about myself when I saw 'me' on the screen for the first time? I thought I was pretty good, not bad at any rate!"

Now I ask you, how can you help liking as well as admiring a person so frankly free of all that coyness which is often palmed off as heart-warming modesty—or haven't you heard, as we have, so many actors demurely declaring that they were positively flattened by the frights when they first saw themselves on the screen?

At that, it was only a stroke of Goldwyn luck that prevented Sigrid Gurie being revealed to the public via the screen prior to the release of "Marco Polo." It was a very small part, "shorter than the screen tests I made," Miss Gurie assures,

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but a part nevertheless. How it happened goes something like this:

After Goldwyn signed Gurie, the screen tests she made for him were shown to other producers by Goldwyn himself. There were several offers to put her in this picture and that, and finally Goldwyn agreed to lend her to Universal for the James Whale production of "The Road Back." However, it was strictly a part of the arrangement that she would work under his name. Thus, when Hedvig Ibsen, a slightly, brown-haired, sky-blue-eyed girl did the part of Marie in a brief sequence in the film version of Eirik Mite Randel of Germany after the war. The scene was a brief flash in which Adolf Behke, played by Henry Hunter, returns to find that his wife Marie is the object of gossip because of her romance with another man during Adolf's absence. Immediately he had made the loan-out of his new actress, Goldwyn regretted it. And had it been possible, would have recalled his newcomer from Norway to complete seclusion until the filming of "Marco Polo." Luck stepped in for Goldwyn when the producers, acting as censors of their own creations in cellu-

loid, decided to delete the sequence and avoid possibly here and elsewhere seen, a scene in which a soldier separated for more than a year from his young wife returns to find that she is soon to become a mother. So, onto the title card the brief scene acted by Hedvig Ibsen, née Sigrid Gurie, in "The Road Back," and Mr. Goldwyn enjoyed the complete fruits of his "shrewd showmanship" by offering Sigrid Gurie for the first time to any public in his "Marco Polo."

"I have told you I was not unduly nervous about the role of Princess Kus-

chin," continued Miss Gurie. "But I must in fairness add that it was a great help to have one so considerate, so pleasant and helpful to work with as Gary Cooper. He was not the least bit like I had been given to understand a star actor is when you play with him in a picture." Just what she had been given to understand an actor is like when you work with him in a picture, she didn't say—but we can imagine. At this writing there is no final con-

clusion as to whether a favorable, unfavorable or indifferent attitude by the public generally will result from the so-called "Marco Polo." Up to now, the American public has given the Brooklyn-born Norwegian beauty a cheer. Natural enough. It is certainly no part of unpleasantness in any day of such vital charm, capability and inspiring de-

termination to make come true the most understandable dream of being a Holly-

wood star. She is born on the home lots of the U.S.A.

And, as a matter of fact, how much "deception" was there? After all, a girl looking for a job as an assistant in a movie actress has small chance of getting even an interview without a claim upon some of the work in the job at hand. So the office assistant says she's had "ex-

perience," and the candidate for a movie acting contract, if she's smart, says she's had "experience."

Further than that one remark, Sigrid Gurie claims, there was no effort on her part to add color to her own past. She says she's never been less than honest with herself that there would be a hot news angle to the fact that she was born in Brooklyn. She was born there, of Norwegian parents, went to Chicago to be an assistant to her grandmother in Oslo when she was seventeen years old, and three Sigrid Gurie and her brother were again living in Norway. There Sigrid remained until sent to schools in Belgium and France. When she was six she saw her first picture star: Charlie Chaplin.

Then, there, sitting in a theatre in Oslo, Sigrid made up her mind she would be a screen actress. She never changed her mind. She couldn't have been helped in that. Returning to Oslo from finishing school in France, Sigrid tried her best to per-

suade her parents she wanted to be an actress. They had the same idea, but a bit sorry for her, sympathizing in her youthful dream—but giving no encourage-

ment to an idea they felt would bring her great disappointment someday if she persisted in it.

"I couldn't run away from home," she says, "I had an allowance. But I knew my parents would stop if I went to America to try to become an actress, in order to bring me back to them. The only decision was for them to have sent me to London to study art. At Oslo there was an Academy at which I could get an adequate elementary and finally thorough art, and I had no convincing argument when I was sent there instead of London. However, I insisted London would be better for me, and after studying some time I took some of my work to magazine editors in Oslo. One of them offered me a manuscript to illustrate, but I didn't want that, only a going to America and study as evidence that my parents should send me to London to study. So I went to London. While I live at a good address, my room was small, and an inexperienced writer saved enough from my allowance to bring me to America—Hollywood.

"I had the idea to do extra work, and, as the dreams have it, be 'discovered' by some director or producer. But in Hollywood I soon found that it is not so easy that way. I studied with a dramatic coach and signed with an agent. He agreed with me that I would do well to sign with Samuel Goldwyn—it would be great if I could do, anyway. Finally he was able to interest Mr. Goldwyn in looking at some portraits I had made; and to his surprise Mr. Goldwyn said he would like that was. I was given the screen test and signed.

"If this 'hoax' about my being a former actress of the Norwegian stage is taken very seriously, I am sorry. But to be truth-

ful with you, I felt it was fair enough—and I still believe all's fair in war and getting into the movies; it's so hard to get into Hollywood.

Hard? That's what we all used to think. We wondered how long Miss Gurie would have let the vague, but all-inclusive description "former Norwegian stage actress" stand had not the whole business bust into headlines as a result of her divorce action against Thomas Stuart—whom she had met in London, and married in 1926 when he followed her to Holly-

wood."

"I hadn't intended to talk about myself much, hadn't thought there would be any newspaper or magazine articles. But after I had appeared in two, perhaps three pictures, and had demonstrated that I was capable of standing up and taking care of my own work, I was encouraged. But now I'm out all, and I hope the public will not react unfavorably. I didn't mean to do any harm, and I don't think anyone has been displeased. All he said was 'if you have any more clever showmanship ideas, I wish you would tell me about them.'"

"And everyone thought I was leaving in the air the question whether Sam Goldwyn knew he had signed an actress who had never before acted on the stage of a threat. Of course it is not my part I think Goldwyn didn't care a hoot one way or the other. Why should he? Isn't he the man Sigrid Gurie made up her mind she was going to work for because of Norway—and else-

where—he's known as the "star maker?"
Triumph of a Timid Soul

Continued from page 31

"but thank goodness I did. And thank goodness too that she said 'yes' the first time. I could never have brought myself to ask her again."

Yet it was after the Haley were married that Jack shied away from the greatest theatrical opportunity of the decade. He refused to make even a stab at it because he was afraid that he couldn't make good. He wouldn't have refused it if Florence had been around, but she wasn't. And when she found out it was too late. The role was the hoofer in 'Broadway.' Phil Dunham offered it to Jack first. Jack turned it down.

"That was ten years ago now," amplified Mrs. Haley, "and Jack was wearing a beard in 'Guy Pare,' a minor Schubert show. He kept on wearing beards, so to say, until 'Wake Up And Live.' The hoofer in 'Broadway' would have made him a big star all that time."

But, with Jack, it was ever thus. Florence remembers when they were first married and Jack was rehearsing for "Mary, Mary." Jack had been in vaudeville and it was his chance to graduate to musical comedy in a featured part. It would have meant a great deal to the Hales and Jack already had the job. But one day, just before the show was due to open, Jack happened to glance into the wings while he was doing his stuff and saw the stage-manager whispering to the producer. As he found out later, that sinister whisperer had nothing to do with Jack's rehearsing at all. But for him it could only mean one thing. He swallowed hard, smiled weakly, and never came back from lunch.

"He never had any confidence in himself," declared Mrs. Haley. "No matter how good others told him he was, he knew he was rotten. To him, everybody else was a genius and he was a tramp. We used to watch other performers who hadn't a quarter of Jack's talent and he'd turn to me and say: ‘Gee, I wish I had what they’ve got.’ He always had to have somebody to lean on, somebody to give him a shove and get him out there."

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Jack's Hollywood history bears all that out to the letter. In pictures, and because he instinctively retired to the back lot instead of hustling into the front office, he virtually vegetated for years. To put himself over he bought a Beverly mansion, replete with swimming pool, police dogs, imported cars and what have you, hired a press agent and deliberately went Hollywood like nobody's business—and then, when the very people he needed flocked to find out who he was, he fled panic-stricken to the attic and wouldn't see 'em.

It is a fact that Jack's big hit was made only because Eddie Cantor declined to play that phantom crooner in the first Winchell-Bernie film and Darryl Zanuck, remembering that Jack was under contract to the studio although nobody ever saw him around, threw him into the breach. Jack, of course, read the 'script and protested that he couldn't do it.

"You've got to do it," decreed Zanuck. "We're going into production and there's nobody else available."

That's how Fate thrust a ring through Jack's unwilling nose and dragged him to cinema fame.

In the old days, whenever an agent would offer booking over a circuit, Jack would always hesitate. "Let's try it out for a week first and see how I go over," he'd say. If he did well at the opening he was still not to be denied. "Wait until tomorrow," he'd palpitate, "and see how they like me then."

Life, for Florence, has been just one pep talk after another. She had to sell herself exactly as a salesman sells vacuum cleaners. And Jack always figured he was the wind in the bag. When they were together in vaudeville, Jack and Florence, in their hotel room, would frequently rehearse new gags for the act. But as soon as they got in front of an audience Jack would begin stage fright and revert to the old routine.

"Then I'd start my end of the gags anyway," said Florence, "and there was nothing for him to do but go through with them. That's how I got him over that."

All the world knows now that Jack is a singer, but he still is holding out. Even Hollywood doesn't know that he's an amazingly clever dancer as well, and no wonder. Jack loves to dance—in private. In public, it's something else again.

"He could always dance beautifully except in front of an audience," observed Florence. "He's the best back-stage dancer I ever saw."

However, one time in Winnipeg Jack became unaccountably bold. He decided that nobody in Canada knew him anyway and therefore he could risk a dance. He rehearsed it perfectly, then when the seats were filled he came out and tripped. Before the next performance he told the orchestra leader to take out the music, but unknown to him Florence had it put back in. So Jack had to do his dance, and this time he stayed on his feet. That dance led to an offer to book the act over the entire Keith circuit. Jack, true to form, wrote a wire saying "no" and gave it to his wife to send. She tore it up and sent another saying "yes."

"All I've ever tried to do was fight him against himself," she explained. "His greatest fear is against failure, and that way he had two strikes on him before he began. Feeling as he did he couldn't relax, couldn't be natural, couldn't do his best. Of course when he jumped it had to tell him the truth. Otherwise he wouldn't have believed me when I told him he was colossal."

Not only Florence, but everybody around Jack had continually to shoot him full of mental hop. Thus, when he was playing for Fanchon and Marco in Los Angeles, Marco had to make a ritual of the "pep talk" before every show. And there were seven shows a day! It was here that Jack got an offer to go to New York and play in "Good News," his first smash on the stage. Naturally he was scared stiff to cancel his contract with the picture house and take the chance.

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he went around asking all his friends. They, primed with the proper answer by Florence, told him he was bound to knock 'em cold. Jack took their advice, but instead of cancelling it he kept the Fanchon and Marco contract as an ace in the hole. He was sure he'd be back. He never did come back to those prologue appearances but only Florence and Laur-

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ence Schwab prevented him. At the "Good News" rehearsals he was consistently nervous and udenly rotten. The stage-manager wanted to close him out and get somebody else.

"He'll be all right when we open," Schwab overruled. "Florence will see to that."

Florence did, and Jack went over so well that when Schwab wrote "Follow Through" there was a big part for him. The show played over a year. Incidentally, Eleanor Powell made her début as a caddy in the latter, and Jack noticed that she was always tap-dancing backstage.

"That girl is going to somewhere," he prophesied then. "She's bound to get some reward for all the work she puts in."

At least once, however, even Florence's buildup didn't do Jack any good. All the time he was in show business, she says, he never would do anything at any party; the other guests, much entertained, the crowd, but Jack simply sat there and recounted black cats. On this occasion he had been drafted for a benefit, and with so many celebrated names appearing he was more scarce than ever that the floor would open and swallow him. When his turn came he continued to sit petrified at his table until the insistent applause at last got him to his feet. But he remained in a trance, so tongue-tied that he couldn't utter a syllable. The orchestra struck up the "Good News" music, which Jack had been singing at every performance for months, and Jack just stood there with trembling hands and bulging eyes. At last he sat down again without having opened his mouth. He couldn't sing the songs he knew so well because he had forgotten the words. That night, after the Hayles got home, Jack threw himself down in abject despair on the bed. King Bruce of Scotland was cheerful compared with him.

"Well," he finally groaned, "I've still got that Fat contract, anyway."

So he had. And so he has. Jack always comforts himself with the reflection that come what may, though the movies fold and the radio fades, though the heavens fall and the earth is res asunder, he still has those eight weeks to go.

In one respect that complex of his, Florence admits, has been an asset rather than otherwise. Because of it and since the beginning, Jack has consistently put aside a healthy slice of his earnings "in case we don't work next year." Besides the financial security, the money in the bank has given him a moral security which has done its part also towards minimizing his feeling of fear and thus improving his work.

"He used to say that I was having pipe-dreams when I told him that in the future he'd be making a thousand dollars a week," reminisced Florence, "Even in the old days I used to argue with him that managers weren't paying his salary because they liked his look, or because he was good to his mother—it was because he was good himself. He didn't believe me then and he still doesn't believe the figures he sees on his salary checks now."

Not that even those checks have been able to completely cure Jack of his contempt for Jack. His most famous saying is: "You can find Jack in the next act, on the Chief." But he has licked it a lot, and now his greatest objective in life is to prevent his young son, Jack, Jr., from having a similar mental malady from which he has himself suffered so much. To this end he compliments the youngster upon even the smallest achievement, and when even the slightest inferiority his father spends hours reasoning him out of it.

"It's all in your mind, son," Jack, Sr., tells the adoring Jack, Jr., "just look at me!"
The Queen Comes Back
Continued from page 30

doing me a favor, honey. This is an epic.
I don't want to scare the daylight out of the studio by making it too fast. From then on they understood each other.
Van Dyke doesn't say: "Will you kindly do it again, Miss Shearer, thank you so much." He says: "Do it again, honey, or I'll pop you in the nose." She turns, pops him in the nose, "just to prove I'm not afraid of you, honey," and does it again. "She's making me of me," he grows. "I want to lie down and let her walk on me. Stop me you've heard this one before, only you never heard it, because I never said it. What's more, she's giving one hell of a performance, and you can quote Honeymoon, he calls as she passes, "I'm giving the press the lowdown on you."

"Would you like some help? I was reapproached so gracefully the other day that it was almost a compliment. I was late, and my nerves were gone, and I snapped. It was really myself I was cross with, but the effect was just as unfortunate. Mr. Richelavie, that quite unhappy Frenchman, on court, for the First Time, — "whistled in my ear: 'Don't be cross. It doesn't belong to you.' I could have wept with shame." She leaned toward Van. "When the pictures are over, I'll tell you the rest of the story." She has lost none of her zest for the part she's playing. "In its variety it's more interesting than any other. Juliet was a girl in love. That was all her life. Antoinette is so many things — first, an eager child — then, after her disappointment in Louis, the reckless pleasure-seeker. That need comes to a head when Du Barry sends her a cradle with this masterpiece of cruelty attached:

'Where at last it is quite beyond doubt
That this cot you're unable to fill,
Go back to your schnitzel and kranz.
Leave the job to a woman who will;
Later she learns wisdom and strength
Through her love for Fersen. And finally,
There's the tragic period — though I don't
See it wholly as tragedy either. She has
Given Fersen a ring engraved with
The words: 'Everythine leads to thee.' It's with
Those words in her heart that she goes to the
Guillotine.'"

What's more, Stromberg, close friend of both Norma and Irving Thalberg, took over production, he stated tersely: "The spirit of the picture will be as Irving planned it. No pains have been spared to capture that spirit."

Let me take you to the set of the Grand Stairway at Versailles, where Louis XV, that old ruffian, with his court and his kinsmen to receive the little princess from Austria. For that first magical blaze of color and majesty was made by Bill Horning, set designer, rates applause. A vast, columned ballroom, lighted by crystal chandeliers and eight-foot gran- doles, a huge open space on either side of which stairways curve softly upward to meet in a gallery behind. Gallery, stairways and the main body of the hall gleam with the silks and swords and jewels of courtiers and ladies. In a throne-like chair on the dais, sits the king, his gouty foot propped on a gold cushion, the heavy-faced Dau-phin, a Bourbon to the life, stares vacantly into space. A stir, a craning of necks, a slight surge forward. But the tall heralds, in black, keep the aisle to the king clear.

Through the side door steps a little figure in a panniered gown of peach mousseline, delicately embroidered. Her leghorn hat, beplumed in front, turquoise ribbons streaming behind, covers Marie's own red-gold curls.Escorted by Artois, the Dan- nish-born younger brother, preceded by the major domo who lifts his staff in presentation, Marie Antoinette curtsies before the king. Then, amid all the splendor of eye-curious, malicious, admi- rering — she hesitates. "Go on," whispers Madame de Neuille, head lady-in-waiting, in her ear. A few more steps, as the courtiers curtsy a second time. A wide space still separates her from Louis XV — too wide. With a child's impulsive movement, she runs forward to cover it, and makes her third obeisance, which the court makes with her. Louis rises. "Welcome, Marie Antoinette of Austria".

She smiles. "Marie Antoinette of France, your Majesty." By the quirk of an eye- brow he acknowledges the grace of her tribute. The scene is finished. It's a scene in which all the principals except Tyrone Power figure. Here you have visual evidence of one of the elements which will make this an outstanding picture — the months of laborious thought and search which went into the casting. Peach-sated, lace-ruffled, blue ribbon across the royal chest, John Barrymore plays Louis XV, his dandiness in effective contrast with his faintly diabolical mien. He and Miss Shearer are playing opposite each other for the first time, since Juliet and Mercutio had no scenes together. He keeps her in gales of mirth.

"What did he do that time?" Van Dyke wants to know.

"He just looked," she chokes.

"All right, Lionel," the director tells him.

"That's all for now.""

The name, Mr. Franklin," he retors with bitter precision, "is Oscar, and you'll find me when you want me at the Y.M.C.A. He moves off with a waiting newspaper man, his voice trailing behind him. "Since I am consorting with a member of the press, I will now indulge in a bottle of beer. Near beer. For medicinal purposes only."

To most of you the name of Robert Morley is new. When the pictures are shown, it will be on everyone tongue. You need be no genius at prophecy to make this predic- tion. You need only watch one small scene. "Louis!" thunders the king, and, to a pause, sends a trapped glance toward the throne and with dogged despair starts all over again, while Marie tries pitifully...
to help him, you catch an all too painful glimpse of the lost and huddled soul who might have been a happy character if he hadn't been born to reign a king.

Robert Morley was playing Dumas in London when Stromberg saw him, had him tested and offered him the role of the Dauphin, later Louis XVI. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style. He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, and was told how, when they change your voice, they change your style.

He speaks deliberately, in the pleasant modulated tones of the wellbred Englishman. "Either I'm singularly fortunate, or a great many people are liars. All I've been asked to do is to take a fat part and play it for the ludicrous. A mild twinkle lights his otherwise sober face.

"My only source of distress lies in the fact that as Dumas I had three mistresses. As Louis, I find it difficult to have even one wife."

Du Barry, the redheaded hussy, lies in the capable hands of Gladys George, who made her first big hit as the husky of "Personal Appearance."

One day Anita Louise was told by her studio to report at Metro. For four and a half hours she was hustled from one costume to another. Each time she got her head free, she'd call: "What am I here for?" "Never mind," they'd soothe her, "just do as you're told. It wasn't until Fred Darrin appeared that she learned to her delight that she was set to play the Princess de Lambelle, Autoinette's friend and shadow.

Van Decker topped himself out in an old rathrobe, highlighted his nose with zin oxide, wound a scarf round his throat and fastened it with a cameo pin, stuck a ribbon on the back of his neck to give the effect of a peruke, and had his wife snap the whole with a two-dollar Brownie. The snapshot brought him the part of Procure, Louise's second brother.

"I was one of the seven million tested for the Dauphin," says handsome Reginald Gardiner who was the man who imitates wallpap. Stromberg thought his gift for subtle comedy was wasted on wallpaper.

"But of course when Morley came along— he was the Dauphin, so I'm Artais. Make fun of my brother's dilapidation and flirt with his wife. Not bad for a wallpaper."

Here too you will find the tragic Dreyfus of "The Life of Emile Zola," transformed into Orlondo, archescholar of the court, a lace handkerchief tucked delicately through the ring on his little finger, brows arched in an insolent line. Out of character Schillkrat is gayest of the gay, breaking into punget expression on his delight in Hollywood and all its works. Of Van Dyke he says: "He wears neither mental nor real patience, but he will never discuss the question on your lips, where is the horse?"

"Of Barrymore: At first he was going to play Es trelasy in a zola." And I looked at him and said: "What play is it, there will be no zola, no Dreyfus. One gesture and he puts us in his pocket." Of Shearer: "A kind actress, I have the greatest respect for her. As a woman, I am in love with her!"

The last strikes a keynote. You don't expect a star's workers to burst into uncontrollable comment, whatever they may feel. But as Van Dyke remarked: "If they don't like 'em, they don't say anything."

"And when the costume woman tells you: 'The extras make a fuss about wearing these heavy dresses. She doesn't say a word.' A script clerk makes ready to read the script on the screen lines. 'I'll do it,' says Miss Shearer. 'You wouldn't have to—' "Why not?" It helps me when the others read them for me."

The musicians, having worked late the night before, hadn't arrived when she asked for music one day. She was distressed only by the hubbub their absence created. "Just let me know when you're not going to be here," she told them privately later, "and I'll never ask for music."

"I can't get excited over things like that," said a man who has worked with her over a period of years. "Knowing Shearer, I take them for granted, as she does. She's always been a woman of dignity and grace and consideration for others. Yet she has changed. I've heard people say she's more beautiful. It's not that. It's—well, they say tragedy brings out one of two things in you—sweetness or bitterness. You can tell at a glance what it's brought out in her. She seems—I don't know—tenderer, with a greater depth of spirit. I don't want to sound like a Sunday sermon, but I don't know any other words to describe it."

Her words are good enough. "Consciously or not, she must have faced grief in the spirit of the philosopher who said: 'Meet the inevitable. Keep the sweetness of memories. Love more those who are left.' She must still know the comfort of having someone always there to tell her what to do. If the voice comes now from within her own heart, that makes it none the less clear and true."

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Maiden, Movie Actress, Matron

Continued from page 51

what she should represent. Without her parents, she went through her Hollywood metamorphoses entirely alone. People couldn't understand why she dared to do it. They did not credit her with common sense, which she possessed in abundance. Maureen was not the least awed by Hollywood. Merely cautious, the town saw her as a child. She was in, more than one; but intellectually she was grown up.

"Hollywood expects me to be always like the little girl I play on the screen," she remarked. "I don't want to disappoint the people."

But she seemed to tire of being regarded as the guileless colt. She appeared, at times, to go out of her way to sound and appear very adult.

"I know why people get drunk," she said one afternoon, while she made toast for our tea. "We are striving for something distant. Usually, we believe we have found it in something, or someone, only to be disillusioned. It is striving to 'get out of ourselves' that causes many to resort to drastic methods. Some drink, some take drugs, others gamble, or lead a hectic life. The cause is usually the same. It's working out of your life that differs, one thing I do know," she added as a safeguard, "you have got to have a religion, or a philosophy, to hold to throughout life.

Maureen had her religion. At church, she seemed somewhat sad and alone—but only, I think, because the mysticism of the ritual around her so profoundly. She had few acquaintances. She did not care to foster any.

"You know I have no friends," she once informed me. "The only real ones I have are Johnny Farrow, the P. G. Wodehouses, are the John McCormacks, the McCormacks are in Ireland, the Wodehousens are in New York. That leaves only Johnny out here."

Some players essayed to cultivate her friendship, but with no success.

"Now you are here, I can offer an excuse for not going out to dinner!" she said to me one occasion. Whereupon she phoned the dinner-giver that there was an important engagement for the day and she'd undoubtedly be tied up for the evening. If false in the spirit, it was almost true in the letter.

was there unprofessionally. And, as you know, I'd never dream of trying to wheeze Maureen up for an entire evening.

"I did not want to go," she said, when I asked if her last remark was to hurry me off home. "I felt I was being invited because I am a newcomer. Many people out here so dearly love to impress me. Yet they fail to do so. They take me on a tour of their homes and show out belongings, explaining all about them, often incorrectly. Perhaps sometime they'll ask my opinion."

Even now Hollywood seems totally ignorant of the fact that Dublin is a city of cosmopolitan wisdom. Artists, poets, philosophers and writers reside there. Being shown a lavish home, with a star's home is not the sort of enticement to attract one of Dublin's discriminating ladies. Young gallants were frequently disheartened. Maureen, however, was not kept. Maureen was not at home on the phone. Wishing to relay a party invitation, one bright juvenile said to me: "You phone her, I know her. She'd ignore me. I felt quite powerful."

Setting out to impress her with big talk, young boys usually found themselves at a loss for something to say in their pugent remarks. For instance, Tom Brown found her completely baffling. It's an old story now, but it was amusing at the time, how Maureen and her husband got together in "Fast Companions," with the then-little Mickey Rooney. Maureen was besieged by gallant Brown. Would she dine with him? No, she said, "I'm not used to people."

But Tom frankly asked why. Maureen said: "Tommy dear, you're so frightfully young!" It nearly broke Tom's heart, for at eighteen, she was only thirty-five. Maureen preferred the company of a grown man to the attentions of an adolescent. In fact, she had met John Farrow, a clever young writer, who made a deep impression. Maureen entered her second Hollywood phase—the movie actress. For most things she assumed a very worldly viewpoint. In short, Maureen faced life in earnest. She was honest about it. He had travelled. He knew foreign places, the customs of the different peoples. Hollywood's spine was stiff from the strain could be softened up. But she kept him down, though it hoped to do so. Maureen succeeded where Hollywood failed. Johnny appeared fond of her.

She always had a lot to tell me. She did not seem to mean all she said. She appeared vibrant, taut and repressed. She was torn between being a professional and the new emotions she was sensing so keenly. Yet unlike the typical Hollywood lovers (Jeanette and Gene excluded), she did not throw over her religious beliefs. No over-the-border union for Maureen. She told me she believed she loved Johnny, but wanted to put her love to the test. Each of them felt the explorers facing a new desert to cross.

"If a wedding is going to be arranged," Maureen said, "it is going to be done right, or not at all."

Certain obstacles had to be cleared up. Johnny had been married before. A special dispensation would have to be obtained from Rome. Johnny had also visited her in Ireland. "Being separated might make us use it, or prove that we can't live without one another."

"All the decisions on that part plainly prove that Maureen was not being swept up into a wild play of emotions. Others might snap fingers at conventions. Not Maureen. Yet according to Hollywood she was supposed to be telling just this. During Johnny's visit to Europe, Maureen was seen suddenly and constantly with James Dunn. Jimmy

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Statuesque, stunning, Louise Hovick is forging ahead in Hollywood.

96
for him? I'll deliver it when I see him.

"Probably won't do any good, but if you do let him know him the make-up man would like to talk to him.

"Ok.

As the fellow walked out, I could hear him mumbling to himself, "I never saw such a hard-to-find person. Me waiting all day to discuss a simple bit of make-up with him for one scene!"

And his voice trailed off in the distance.

I had just renewed my mental inventory when the door opened again—after a hesitant knock, however. A waiter stepped in. "Mr. Douglass," and then somewhat disdainfully, "and yours." A short bow and he was gone.

Quiet returned to the scene, and then—

in came Melvyn, very much in a hurry.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting,

"The lunch just beat you here.

"Can't stop to eat lunch now. Have to look at some rushes. Want to come along?

"No thanks, I'll stay here.

I'll be back in a second.

Fifteen minutes later, and he was back. I had been staring at the delicious lunch, but had kept from eating it—how, I don't know.

"Now, Melvyn, about my story—"

"Oh, yes, your story," he got up and went to the phone. "Pardon me, I have to call my wife and see how the baby is.

"The call was made, and he again turned to me. "I guess you caught me in a busy day."

"Busy! I should say so! Now about the story—"

"Yep, let's get started." A pause. "You know, those rushes were pretty bad. There'll be retakes, I bet.

"Retakes at Columbia? I asked.

"Well," he answered slyly, "added scenes.

I had just about begun to give up hope of getting a story, when Melvyn had me on board a ship. The minute he began talking, I knew I was in for some fascinating material—provided nothing else happened to disturb the calm, untroubled atmosphere of the story—well, let Melvyn tell it. (By the way, lunch was being munched by now.)

"Well," began Melvyn, as he puffed on a cigarette idly, "Helen and I had just kicked up our heels at work and everything else and had gone on our way for an eighteen months tour around the world. We had work that should have been done, pictures, etc., but we got that stale feeling, so that was that. We felt we needed to get a new outlook on things. We were standing on the deck of the steamer this particular night. It was calm and peaceful—for a minute. Then, suddenly, Helen turned to me and said, "Melvyn, I've got some news for you. I suspected something was coming, but it was very unprepared for the bombshell that was to follow."

Of course, the telephone would have to ring at this time. It was just like reading a mystery book and finding the page with the solution to the crime missing.

Melvyn had not answered it,

"Hello! Yes... Yes... They'll be all right... Yes... Send them out this afternoon," Then he hung the receiver. Calmly he added, "The florist. It's my wife's birthday."

"What was this bombshell you were speaking about?" I reminded him.

"Bombshell? Oh yes, the story. The bombshell was simply this. Helen put her
arm over my shoulder and said, 'Dear, you're going to be a father!.' He took a bite of the sandwich and said, 'Just like that, she said it—as unconcerned as she could be. Well, naturally, I was a little bit leery of the advisability of continuing the trip, but Helen insisted, and she wasn't sick a day. But I was—every day, almost.

"Helen and I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go to Bali. I'd always wanted to visit this unique island, for I'd heard of its primitive beauty and its fantastic customs. You know, Bali is only a dot on the earth, but on that tiny island there are 30,000 temples and 60,000 temple rituals in a single year. In fact, each house has a temple in it. There are festivals and dances galore.

"One night, not long after we arrived in Bali, Helen and I decided to visit one of the temple rituals. We had been in the place for a while, completely awed by the weird ceremony we watched. Suddenly, a picturesque Balinese woman came over to Helen, touched her arm, and said, 'You are sick?' My wife turned to me amazed, could do nothing but stare. The woman looked at her closer, and said, 'You'll be sick for a long time!' Then she smiled. "Of course, you'll be sick for a long time. You are going to have a baby!"

"I had hardly recovered from the woman's strange prophecy when I found Helen being taken over by the rude altar. I didn't know what was happening. Then I saw the woman sprinkle some sort of native holy water over my wife. Soon the silver ring of the priest's bell was heard. All this was followed by the sprinkling of blossoms over Helen, and then, even more astounding, she was made to drink coconaut milk. All this while, Helen looked both frightened and interested. I didn't know what it was all about until the woman said, calmly, 'Now a ritual has been performed for the coming one.'"

Melyn was just about to branch off into another story, but he suddenly decided he had better look at the time. With a deep sigh and a quick glance toward the door, he said, "I believe I can sneak in an experience in Egypt. I might as well be good and late."

"Helen and I," began Melyn, "had gone to Java before we sailed for Egypt. Our quest this time was a search for native dances. We didn't get very far in Java, for we saw only vulgar hootchy-kootch. In fact, when we asked a hotel proprietor where we could find any real dances, he said, "Too bad you weren't here last week. We had a marvelous dancer at the club." That was bad enough, but when we met an eighteen-year-old native boy who had never seen a traditional dance of his own country, and decided it was time to go to Egypt."

"We searched for days in Egypt for something vaguely like an old Egyptian dance, but hootchy-kootch had even gone to the Nile. We were just about to give up when we noticed a sign which read, 'See native dances.' We decided to go that night. Dressed in our best bib and tucker, we started for the theatre, but it remained as elusive as the stars above. Finally, we met an Egyptian lad, and in our best French (the language spoken chiefly in Egypt), we asked him to direct us. He not only directed us, he took us to the theatre. On the way, however, he learned we were actors, and we learned he was translating American plays. When we reached the theatre, after a tête-à-tête between the manager and our guide, we were ushered into the new show house with great pomp and ceremony. Our guide excused himself momentarily, and we sat down to watch—"

"Hey, Mr. Douglas!" yelled the assistant director. I never will know how he came in so quietly.

"Yes?"

"You're supposed to be on the set. AI is a little steamed up!"

With a quick wink in my direction, Melyn replied, "Sorry, I forgot. Come on—we may we can finish the story on the set."

As Melyn and I bounded down the steps, the story went on—broken phrases, I admit. Here I was following—or rather running—after Melyn, who was practically stumbling over himself on the way to Stage 4.

"As I was saying," continued Melyn between jolts, "we sat down to watch some real native dances. But instead, we saw—more hootchy-kootch! We were about ready to leave in disgust when back came the Egyptian lad. Sensing our disappointment, he said, 'I'm sorry, but if you'd care to come to my house for dinner tomorrow evening, perhaps I can show you something that is left of the Egypt of my ancestors.' We agreed. So the next night, a very clear and calm one, we found ourselves on top of the roof, the lad's special penthouse. I must admit it was a grand place to dine—with the stars for a canopy. After a delicious dinner, he said, 'Now for the surprise.'"

And now we were on the set. Leaving another exciting moment dangling in mid-air helplessly, Melyn said, "Sorry, I'll be back as soon as possible.

I walked over and watched Melyn and Joan Blondell go through some maddcap for a scene. Minutes seemed like hours, but at last, he was back, and the story continued—for a while.

"The lad clapped his hands—" Melyn stopped. "This is where I lost, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I replied. "The surprise was coming when you left."

"Well, I'm right then. Anyway, the lad clapped his hands, and a second later, an old man came out, carrying an ancient string instrument. I noticed his eyes looked weird and mysterious. The boy sensed my bewilderment and said, quietly, 'He is blind, sir. But listen to him play.' Then the old man began to play. Helen and I sat entranced. No place in the world had we heard such gorgeous music. It seemed as though we could see ancient Egypt reading before our eyes. How long we listened to him, I'll never know. It was far too short a time, though. "We left the house late that night, and we had at least a half hour, of a country's past that is too often obscured by history books."

"I yelled Alexander Hall. "Coming!" Then to me, "I'll be back in a minute—I hope."

And he was—well, ten minutes anyway. A short "shoo!" this time.

I sat down to smoke a cigarette, looked into space, and continued.

"So much happened to us on that trip. Once we landed in Marseille, we planned to continue our tour of Egypt with all our clothes in it, which had supposedly gone through the customs back at Rome safely enough. Well, the trunk, we found, was back at the border 100 miles away. Our ship was leaving in a few minutes, and we had no extra clothes. We decided to go on to Port Said, our next stop. But in Port Said, our clothes were warming heavily suitable, so we decided, on the spur of the moment, to go to the Holy Land. We've always been grateful for that mishandled trunk for that day. I think it was one of the most beautiful places we ever visited."

We both recognized the ominous figure of the assistant director as he wound his way toward us. Melyn held up his hand and said, "In a minute." Then he turned to me, "I'm going to finish your story now—scene or no scene!" And he continued:

"Anyone who wants to get the best out of travel should never follow the beaten paths. Tourist tours and guide books are the worst evils imaginable. I want to find the hidden and remote spots—then he can really learn something of the world and its genuine atmosphere. And another thing, it is very easy to stay in too many big hotels. You can get much more of the pulse of a country if you stay in the little inns.

The assistant was not to be held up any longer, so Melyn rose. "Well, I'm sorry I can't tell you more, but you know this picture business. Let me know how the story comes out. I'll sign it, "So long," he was back on the set.

As I watched him leave, I knew I had met an impulsive and yet an exciting Holly, with a personality that I should not be surprised if I heard, a few months from now, that he was in Siam, Ethiopia, or Kalamaaz.
When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue, improves alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car... it adds pleasure to every trip. Gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy... keeps your throat moist and refreshed... helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.

Opening day—and every day—
BEECH-NUT GUM
is the password to pleasure

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it is the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE" Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking... is a real aid for mouth health.
An interesting younger artist....
with a marked dramatic talent....
she is devoted to the life of outdoor sports

SHE is a Rhett, of Charleston. Which
means that her "presence is requested"
at the St. Cecilia Ball, aristocratic social event.
Her forefathers—among them, the founder
of Charleston—have borne the titles of Lord
Proprietor...Governor...Senator. She,
herself, models in clay...does life-size portraits
in oils. In studio, at left: "You always smoke
Camels, Alicia. Why Camels all the time?"
asks Mary French, sitting for her portrait.
"They're different," says Miss Rhett. "So dif-
terent that I can smoke all the Camels I
want and they never tire my taste or jangle
my nerves. The best way of saying all
that I mean is—Camels agree with me!"

Miss Rhett is shown in costume (above), smoking a Camel back-
stage at the historic Dock Street Theatre where she has played
leading roles. She may soon lend her talent to the long-awaited
filming of a Civil War romance! "My dramatic work involves a
real test of the voice," says Miss Rhett. "So I smoke nothing but
Camels. Camels are mild. And so gentle to my throat!"

Above, Miss Rhett was caught by the photographer as she
smoked a Camel on the balcony of the Dock Street Theatre
"America's oldest." Right—she enjoys another Camel on her
way to the courts. Note the Sword Gates—famous Charleston
landmarks. "After tennis," she says, "I walk straight to my
Camels, and smoke as many as I please. It takes healthy nerves
to enjoy a life full of activities. So my smoking is confined
to Camels. My nerves and Camels 'get along' beautifully!"

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINEST, MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

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Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Panco Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

One smoker tells another:
"CAMELS AGREE
WITH ME!"
What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?
If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let’s look into Harriet’s life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID

Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it began to get her. She wanted friends . . . attention . . . later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSELF

Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that’s my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I’ll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more . . . faced the world with new assurance . . . made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"

In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU . . . AND YOU . . . AND YOU

Don’t assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

**Clever Joan, Popular Joan!** No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances every dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of past perspiration—that it can't prevent odor to come. So Joan never trusts her bath alone.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be sure she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

**Mum is quick!** Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

**Mum is safe!** Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

**Mum is sure!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

**Another use for Mum—** Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

**Screenland**
THE TOY WIFE.

who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in... “life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may”... you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans’ gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O’Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.

Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!
New Shirley Temple Contest!

Shirley is growing up! She's nine now. She has become clothes-conscious; she wants to travel and to see the world. So—she will! And to keep pace with her progress, we will give you a beautiful cover portrait of the "New" Shirley on our August issue. Imagine a style-wise portrait of little Miss Temple! You will see it on our next cover.

Just to celebrate her growing-up-gracefully, Shirley will cooperate with Screenland in offering a new Shirley Temple contest, also in the next issue. If present plans materialize, the little star will be facing her admirers in person throughout the country, on her first nation-wide vacation tour. So you had better be on the lookout for Shirley Temple—in person, on the cover of the August issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, and in her big new contest.

Remember! Screenland will present Shirley Temple—in the August issue, on sale July 6th.

The Smart Screen Magazine

July, 1938

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Cover Portrait of Dorothy Lamour by Marland Stone

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STEP into an enchanted land of adventure! Escape from modern turmoil into the comparative calm of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood leads his merry men to plunder the wicked and succor the poor; where a beautiful damsel is in distress, until Robin gets around to rescuing her; and where a runaway king comes home to rule again with the robust help of Robin's roistering band. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is grand fun—gorgeous to see with its gay color, exciting to hear with its fine Korngold music score; and most of all, thrilling when Errol Flynn occupies the screen. Ye compleat hero!

To Errol Flynn, whose Robin Hood is the most dashing figure on current screens.

Flynn leaps into first place as the screen's most romantic actor in his colorful role of Sir Robin or Loxley. No mannered puppet or mouthing mime, but a vivid, warmly human figure whose fighting and riding and romancing are ever convincing. Above left, with Olivia de Havilland, the lovely Maid Marian. Then in scenes from left to right across the page: with Basil Rathbone, the menacing Guy of Gisborne; with Herbert Mundin and Alan Hale (Little John); and finally, a close-up in the exciting banquet scene, where Robin eludes his enemies.
HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"

& 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" "A Stranger in Paris" "The Latin Quarter" "I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
ROSEMARYLANE • HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Mauzley, Maurice Leol
From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
Reflections of the American Legion convention in New York last fall serve as a colorful background for further adventures of Quirt and Flagg of the well-remembered films about war buddies. Vic McGlennen is in his old role, with Brian Donlevy as the too-smart pal Edmund Lowe used to play. Raymond Walburn comes close to stealing the show as a sugar daddy who falls in love with Louise Hovick.

As a misunderstood adolescent, Bonita Granville makes things pretty hot around her house with tantrums that are not without an amusing side for the audience however much they may not be welcomed by her preoccupied parents. Bonita registers a realistic and at times a striking character delineation as a girl hopelessly at odds with her environment until a school teacher, Dolores Costello, comes to her aid. Good.

A new western star—just like that—pops up on the wide horizons of those lands out yonder where men are men, and the movies they act in give you a run for your time and admission money. Roy Rogers, ladies and gentlemen, belongs. He sings nicely, acts with the abashed naturalness of a Gary Cooper, and handles a pony with ease and abandon. His first starring film is good-humored, active, and mightily entertaining.

Long before this one finishes its run many are going to toss that title right back at the producers, because Joe Penner can’t carry such a burden to success, and even Joe’s best friends will soon realize that to their chagrin. A confused, too-plotty yarn about a bank clerk mixed up in a robbery and a kidnapping works up, too late, to some laughs in a frenzied finish. Lucille Ball helps some. So does Fritz Feld.

Load of talent bogged down in a disjointed yarn about a college. Gracie Allen inherits and runs her way. Grace, George Burns, Martha Raye, Eddie Horton, Ben Blue, Betty Grable, Jackie Cooper and others appear, and specialties that might have been fun had they been offered simply because they amused got tangled up in a “plot” that bores from whin—-it would even bore from outside the 3-mile limit.

Two stories in one picture that you will be seeing on a double feature bill; with the dog story taking the play away from the romance of two men and a girl in the land of the big snows. We’re not belittling the acting of Dick Arlen, Lyle Talbot, and Beverly Roberts in saying that—the dogs have the best breaks, and they are good actors, too! Sincerely this is good melodrama—entertaining but unconvincing.

A new Torchy, the attractive Lola Lane, up to the old and well favored tricks of the newspaper gal who beats her boy friend, the detective, to a capture of the fellow who filched the bankroll. It is good average fare as developed in this particular item of a popular series: often exciting, always speedy stuff. Paul Kelly, Tom Kennedy, and a good supporting cast keep things moving and offer a chuckle or two besides.

A routine contribution of the newspaper-headline variety of story about gangs who “take” insurance companies. The hero, a competent and very likeable chap is played by Ronald Reagan, is an insurance adjuster who is victimized by the “ring” and his not-at-all-loyal wife. Gloria Blondell is the girl who helps Ronald defeat his enemies; Dick Purcell and Sheila Bromley are prominent members of a pleasing cast.
FROM STAGE HIT
TO SCREEN SENSATION in a blaze of glorious romance
and heart-lighting laughter! ... The play that pierced the armor of New York... screened in all the punch that kept it running month after your hoped-for thrills from the in the vacation-camp romance adventures you’ve ever in new places among DON’T LET ANYTHING

GINGER ROGERS AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

Having Wonderful Time

WITH

PEGGY CONKLIN • LUCILLE BALL • LEE BOWMAN
RICHARD (RED) SKELTON • ANN MILLER • DONALD MEEK

RKO PICTURES

Screen play by ARTHUR KOBER
Adapted from his New York Stage success as produced by MARC CONNELLY

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production • Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

SCREENLAND
**WHY ACTRESSES USE A HOSPITAL-PROVED CLEANSING CREAM!**

Go into the most famous dressing-rooms of Broadway and Hollywood... how often do you hear Albolene Solid used for removing make-up? Actresses know they can trust Albolene Solid... because it's so pure and efficient that many hospitals have used it for over 20 years.

You'll be simply amazed to see how Albolene spreads and penetrates. Made of pure, bland, delicate oils, it dissolves readily, quickly loosens dirt. Albolene contains no gummy substances—it leaves your pores clear, your skin soft and silky.

**ECONOMICAL!**

What finer cleanser could you ask than one used by leading hospitals and actresses? Get Albolene Solid now. Professional pound tin only $1. Big jar, only 50c.

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## SCREENLAND’S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

**By Alma Talley**

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**ACROSS**

1. His new one is “Test Pilot”!

6. Singing star of “I’ll Take Romance”.

11. She stars in “Jezabel”.

16. Star of “Adventures of Robin Hood”.

18. Kindly.

22. She sings “hot songs” in “Happy Landing”.

23. Born.

25. Express.

26. He’s featured in “The Big Broadcast of 1938”, and “College Swing”.

27. An s-shaped worm.

50. Sunburns.

57. Revolutorial fear.

59. A big tree.

62. A mental food.

63. A beer stein or pitcher.

66. Beaten track.

69. Water jug.

73. Since.

76. Most rational.

93. A continent.

94. Exit.

95. To offer.

**DOWN**

1. A man (slang).

2. Region, tract.

3. He’s featured in “Jezabel”.

4. Behold.

5. Highest note in musical scale.

6. To get bigger.

7. Star of “Vivacious Lady”.

8. Forester.

9. Villain in “Sad Man of Bein’stone”.

10. Scottish “swing” singer (in “Goldwyn Follies”).

12. This insect makes honey.

15. And, in a French talkie.

16. Belonging to them.

17. A movie try-out.

18. Otherwise.

20. Star of “A Star Is Born”.

23. Popular musical instrument (slang).

27. Ship’s signal of distress.

27. A kind of animal.

28. This stork was once married as “Stella Dallas”.

29. Indian.


32. To humble.

36. She co-stars in “Jesse”.

41. To enlighten, instruct.

44. An Indian’s weapon.

47. Seed of an oak tree.

48. She co-stars in “Test Pilot.”

49. Co-star of “Jesse”.

51. Sunbed.

53. Dined.

55. Myself.

58. Large wooden boxes.

59. Star of “When-Fargo”.

61. What person.

63. A dull color.

65. Star of “Dyce of Lady X”.

68. To put on (as face powder).

69. He’s featured in “Jezebel”.

70. To guide (as a cat).

71. Angered (colloqial).

72. Paragraph.

73. Allegro.

74. A top or dandy.

76. Deep sack.

77. Cried.

80. Poverty.

81. A bag, or flap.

82. “Old Chicago”.

83. A continent (abbrev.).

84. Greek letter.

---

**Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle**

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## WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

For Immediate Consideration... Send Poems to COLUMBIA MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dept. 12, Toronto, Can.

**NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT**

Now an External Extender MAKES YOU LOSE FAT Safely—Tastily—Quickly—Gently!

**NO LIQUID, PILLS OR LAUANCES TO TAKE, NO DIETING—NO EXERCISING—NO POISON'S & STINKS**

If you’re too fat, not due to plain slovenliness, but due to the clubbing effects of bad diet, faulty habits, disease, inadequate treatment, or any of these factors, we have a simple way, no drugs—just eat 3 small meals daily, and a dinner literally to keep you on the fat side, and supplying the foods you need and want. The result is a thin, healthy body, with a soft, supple skin, and no fear of overweignt.

**SEND NO MONEY—TEST AT OUR RISK**

Write today for the 10-day treatment of Dr. Laura’s Losing and Slimming BALM. Deposit $1.00 plus postage with postman when it arrives. Money refunded GUARANTEED on return of empty treatment if you’re not delighted with results in 10 days. No need to send money. You can’t lose any way to reduce at our risk.

Dr. Laura Sales Co., Dept. 5-307, 114 Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

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## Screenland
Ann Dr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Was educated at Collegiate Military Academy, New York, Harvard, and art school in Paris. His current picture is "Having Wonderful Time," in which Ginger Rogers is starred.

Mrs. J. W. All about Mary Carlisle? Born in Boston, Massachusetts. Educated in a convent until 5 years old, after which private tutors continued her education. She danced in musicals; was given her first important role in a technicolor short, "The Devil's Cabaret." A few of her outstanding roles were in "Grand Hotel," "College Humor," "Grand Old Girl," and "Lady Be Careful." She lives with her mother in Hollywood. She is 5 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 100 pounds, has ash blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest film is "Doctor Rhythm," with Bing Crosby.

E. S. Deanna Durbin was born in Winnipeg, Canada, December 4, 1922. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Write to Universal Studios, Universal City, California, for her photograph.

H. C. V. Luise Rainer is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player; Paul Muni, a Warner Bros. star, and they are not married to each other—Luise is Mrs. Clifford Odets and Paul is married to a non-professional. You must have seen "Good Earth," and thought they were Mr. & Mrs. in real life!

Interested. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, September 13, 1905. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes. She is a Paramount star; the Paramount Studio is in Hollywood, California. Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokyo, Japan, June 1, 1916, of American parents.

Sylvia T. Yes, Allan Jones is married, to Irene Hervey. They have a baby son. Jeanette MacDonald is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Tyrone Power is a 20th Century-Fox player. "Stage Door" was released, October 8, 1937.

**NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT**

Is greaseless and actually cooling — checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has everything—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless!

Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It checks perspiration!

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it…

Banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, whole-some smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow... only 35c at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

• "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. 7-8-47, 191 Hudson St., New York City (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2290, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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*ODO-RO-NO ICE COOLING—NON-GREASY
Inside the Stars' Homes

Gail Patrick is your gorgeous hostess—a modern Hollywood heroine devoted to old-fashioned standards of hospitality

By Betty Boone

WHEN the Robert Cobbs get around to building their very own home, it will be a Southern Colonial house, furnished with as many authentic antiques as they can find.

"It may be a slightly modernized Colonial type house," qualified Gail Patrick (Mrs. Cobb in private life), "and I can assure you every piece of furniture will be livable, comfortable and useful—one of those gingerbread affairs that come apart in your hands, or chairs that ram into your backbone! We want things that will endure, that grow more beautiful with age."

In the meantime, and while the young Cobbs spend leisure moments poring over blueprints, sketches, and samples of chinotz, even as you and I, they live in a white house with a white tiled roof and blue awnings.

"When we took the house, it was supposed to be furnished," confided my hostess, "but we've redone it chair by chair, draper by draper. We're on the sunroom now. When we build, we can transfer the furniture in the rooms we finish, if we're sure we like it, just as it is. I think you have to live with things for a time before you know they belong in your home."

"Here's one thing I adore!" She indicated an old-time barometer hung on the stairway. "It goes wherever we go when we build. When we were up in Victoria, I saw this in a little shop and thought it quaint. The price seemed a trifle steep so I left the shop without it, but after a day or so I decided I couldn't do without it, and went back. This time, I was told it wasn't for sale. English people are fussy about selling you their treasures, you know; they hate to part with anything unless they are certain you are the kind of person who will appreciate it. Of course I was perfectly sure that no one could appreciate the barometer as much as I would, and I tried to argue. I even called up the owner, a sea captain, who had had it in his family for ages, and disliked him frightfully because he wouldn't give it. And why all the reticence, do you think? It seems that my husband remembered I had a birthday coming, so he had bought the barometer himself but left it in the shop so I should be surprised! It's the little stories that go with the collection of nice pieces that add to the fun of getting a home together, don't you think?"

The guest room, now finished, is one of Gail's special triumphs. It's early American, with old-fashioned wall paper, homespun rug, an old maple four-poster bed—the knobs on the posts perfectly huge—taddeback chairs, and a Biedemeyer chest over which Gail goes about every time she passes the door.

"When we build,"—that's the refrain of the Cobb household—"when we build, there's going to be a copper kitchen," said Gail, her dark eyes shining with that special shine that belongs to young wives talking about new homes. "Bob is mad about copper. He says it's the best material for cooking utensils because it distributes the heat evenly."

Every month, Mr. Cobb celebrates the wedding "anniversary" with a gift made of copper toward that dream kitchen of the

Screenland
FRENCH DAINTY
Crust:
3 cups flour.
½ cup Crisco.
Pinch salt.
Sufficient water to moisten.
Line shallow muffin tins with this crust, after rolling it out, and put 2 tablespoons filling in each.

Filling:
2 eggs.
2 tablespoons melted Crisco.
1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup currants.
1 teaspoon Burnet's vanilla.
Beat eggs light, add sugar, melted Crisco, currants and vanilla together. Bake until set, about ½ hour.

Because Mr. Cobb is supervising one or other of Hollywood's favorite restaurants,

(Please turn to page 90)

Gail Patrick Cobb, lovely in her white satin-striped hostess gown, smiles at you above her very modern glass dining-table, which is loaded with Gail's ideas of traditional Southern hospitality. You'll want to try the tempting recipes included in the accompanying story.

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential . . . remember it is daintiness that wins.

Avoid Offending
Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily
...and here is the story the author of "Treasure Island" always considered his best!...now on the screen for the first time!...spectacularly produced by 20th Century-Fox!

Strange they met...gallantly they risked their lives for each other...a valiant three against a nation's vengeful might!

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER • BARTHOLOMEW
in the role you always wanted him to play
in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN
the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH • REGINALD OWEN
JOHN CARRADINE • NIGEL BRUCE • MILES MANDER
RALPH FORBES • H. B. WARNER • ARTHUR HOHL
E. E. CLIVE • HALLIWELL HOBBS • MONTAGU LOVE
and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darrell F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
DEAR MR. WOO- Woo:

I was a fugitive from the "Woo-woo" gang. "Oh," everybody told me, "you'll be crazy about Hugh Herbert when you meet him. He's a great guy. Why, he's Mayor of Studio City, you know; and he has a heart as big as all outdoors, and you should just hear him tell a story—and say, when he gives that 'Woo-woo,' well—I'

That was just the trouble. That "Woo-woo." I laughed very loud the first time I heard you do it on the screen. Gosh, it was funny—so unexpected, so supremely silly that it wasn't possible to resist it. And nobody even tried. The world went "Woo-woo"—mad: college boys took it up; cocktail-lounge comics began to clap hands and whistle "Woo-woo"; professional life-of-the-parties all over the place would prance around in the fond hope that they were making faces and gestures just like yours. They weren't. It was awful. And it was all your fault.

That explains why I was in hiding from "Woo-woo"—but I need not have worried. Practically everybody was going. "Woo-woo" except the man who invented it. You look far more like a successful high-powered business man with a good tailor than like a celebrated zany. You never, I discovered, tell your stories until urged. Your humor is of the slyly quiet kind; you are more retiring even than Harold Lloyd. Not a "Woo-woo" in an evening with you. Nevertheless you are a haunted man. On the street, in theatres and restaurants, no matter where you go, your exclamatory trademark pursues you. You enter a room with your smart and charming wife Rose on your arm. "Hi, Woo-woo!" squeals a young lovely across the Raleigh Room. "Oooh, it's that funny Mister Woo-woo!" gurgles a dowager. "Well, if it isn't old man Woo-woo himself!" booms an otherwise conservative banker-type. Then they all stand off and stare and wait for you to be funny. You were supposed to be on a vacation, but that didn't matter to them. Of course, acting funny is your business and you go to work Woo-wooing every day just like any business man goes to his office; but people expect you to give away a good quarter-million dollars' worth of "Woo-woo" anyway. At Jack Dempsey's the crush was thicker than for Gary Cooper, and Jack shoudered his way through the crowd to whisper in your ear: "Shall I sneak you out of here?" Just then a kid sidled in—he looked as if he was afraid to be hustled out by the neck any minute. "Hello, Woo-woo," he croaked. "Kin I have your autygraph?" "I suppose you take 'em outside and sell 'em a dozen for a dime," you winked. "Naw, honest I don't," said the boy. "You kin write my own name on the card if you don't believe it."

It went on like that and I began to weaken. Your good humor, patience, and genuine interest in the other fellow got me. When you reminisced a little about your twenty-odd years in vaudeville; and about early-talkie days when you wrote the first mumble-movie, "Lights of New York"; and about "Butch the Killer"—who happens to be a pint-sized pup on your ranch—I gave in. The glamor boys and girls could learn a lot in tolerance and common sense from you. Come on, everybody—"Woo-woo" for Hugh.

Delight Evans
What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?

By Elizabeth Wilson

CAN'T understand," said the enthusiastic editor of a national woman's magazine at a Hollywood dinner party recently, "why there are so few babies in Hollywood! During my two weeks' visit here I have seen the most beautiful dogs in the world, the most beautiful horses in the world, and the most beautiful homes in the world. But nowhere—in the world—have I seen such an appalling lack of children. Don't movie stars believe in motherhood?"

"Oh, we have babies here," answered one of those professional defenders of Hollywood, who at the drop of a hat will slip into her shining armor and go on a Cinema City Crusade, "lots of them. Barbara Stanwyck has a cute little boy, Irene Dunne an adorable little girl she calls Missy, Loretta Young a little curly-top named Judy, Miriam Hopkins a sturdy little boy—"

"But they are all adopted children," interrupted the editor. "Mind you, I make no criticism of any actress in Hollywood who has taken a motherless baby from an orphanage and given it love, a home, and the many advantages of a family. It's a noble and wonderful thing to do. But it is what we call the 'easy way' to motherhood."

"Quite a few of our stars bear their own children," snapped the defender of Hollywood. "There's Joan Blondell. She has one child and is expecting another very soon. There's—"
of a Movie Fan

Sylvia Sidney, above, surrenders her signature to admirers. Right, Henry Fonda, with his "difficult," is he? Below, gracious Margot Grahame; then amiable Arthur Treacher surrounded by school-girls.

AUTOGRAFHF FRIENDS

By Donald Humphries

but it is only natural that flesh-and-blood contact, and personal contact at that, with the personality from behind the flickering shadows seen on a screen should become the real reality, if you get what I mean, ever afterward in any consideration of individual players.

I shall never forget my vivid impression of Claudette Colbert, whom I had always considered, oh, good enough in pictures, intelligent of course, and sure of herself always, but never one to build dreams around. In person, walking down the street, however, she was all alive, a charming, gracious woman, intelligent, yes, but perhaps sympathetic is the one word closest to what she represented to me, as, with a little word or two of greeting, she signed my books and walked on with her companion.

Another pleasant surprise, but in a delightfully different way, was the late Jean Harlow, long a darling of scribes and photographers for reasons I was to find out for myself. It was one busy noon. Confusion was on every side as traffic poured along boulevards and out from side streets when, crossing the street in an evident hurry I spied the luscious Jean clad in old slacks and a rough sweater. Before she could reach my curb I was ready for her and she looked up with a frown of dismay for a moment. Then her face cleared all at once in a grin and, with the gesture of the true sport, she reached for my pen, saying, "Well, if I'm late, I'll just have M-G-M send the bill to you!" Gone was the glamor and studied air of indifference movie stars are supposed to develop—for their own protection. Instead, here was an instinctively friendly person. There was something infectious about her camaraderie and I walked away from her with a new stride.

(Please turn to page 84)
Just a few short years ago (Hollywood time) Ray Milland dined exclusively at the soda fountain of a Sunset Boulevard drug store. Those were long days for Ray and the monotonous diet of dry sandwiches, pickles, and cheap cake added little to his zest for living. But he was young, healthy, and full of British charm. Some day, he promised himself, he would make good in pictures and have a home of his own. And, being a promising young man, he kept his word.

On last New Year's Eve Ray moved into his own home. Being a bit of a sentimentalist he wanted to greet Nineteen-Thirty-Eight under the first roof he had ever owned in his life. Besides, wasn't it his wife's birthday? All day long Ray and a moving van made countless trips from the old house to the new. A day or two extra might have given the workmen a chance to add that finishing touch. But nothing was going to stand in the way of this moment that Ray had dreamed of for so long. Just at midnight, while the rest of the world worked itself up into a festive mood, the Millands drank a toast and gave thanks that they were home at last.

The building of his own home wasn't quite as simple as signing the check that paid for it, Ray discovered. For years he had tantalized himself with the possibility. Now that the time had come, where to build was the next question. On Sunday afternoons the Millands took long drives to look at property. They studied architecture and visited model homes. Their good friends knew exactly where they should settle. And being good friends, no two agreed on the same location. It was Ray's new Cocker Spaniel (named Mister Pinkerton) who eventually solved the problem.

One day Mister Pinkerton got himself lost. Because he never gives himself any importance as a movie star, Ray put his own name and phone number in the paper when he advertised. Mister Pinkerton was expertly described in the ad. But the magic name of Milland drew every kind, size, and color dog in the country. The day was a howling success for the people who dragged their protesting pups up to the Milland residence. But no one brought Mister Pinkerton.

Finally a wire came from a woman who convinced Ray that his dog had been found. Ray took the address and drove there to see. Sure enough, there was Mister Pinkerton safe and sound. But it was the location that really intrigued Ray. He called his wife on the phone and urged her to come right up to the new Briarcrest Valley section of Coldwater Canyon. He didn't explain why and poor Mrs. Milland expected the worst when she arrived breathlessly on the scene.

Before they returned home, Ray signed the bill of sale for the property. Conveniently enough, the woman who found his dog just happened to be married to a real estate

We present first, exclusive pictures of Raymond Milland’s new home. From top of page at left: the proud new home-owner in front of the house, which is a nine-room brown and white Georgian farm-house; next, the entrance hall; then a corner of the Victorian sitting-room, with flower-patterned walls; and, at left, Mr. and Mrs. Milland in their combination den and bar, an informal spot with waxed-pine walls and provincial furniture—note paraffin lamps brought from England. The window, at right, looks out over the tennis court.
First visit to Ray's new home,
with intimate impressions of handsome host and charming hostess

By Jerry Asher

salesman. He showed Ray a piece of ground that Robert Taylor had turned back because he wanted more space. It was exactly the size and the location Ray wanted. Ground was broken for the new home on the Milland's seventh anniversary of marriage. Because it was a rainy day, the builders suggested that they wait. Wild horses couldn't have stood in the path of progress. The Millands weren't even conscious of being drenched to the skin, as they stood arm in arm watching Mother Earth give up her first scoop of dirt.

To commemorate this gala occasion, Ray presented his wife with one of those solid gold keys that was eventually to fit in the front door lock. One side of the key was humorously engraved in tiny letters, "Come up and see me sometime." From his wife Ray received a Leica camera so he could photograph the building progress of the house. Mister Pinkerton was remembered, too. He became the proud owner of a brand new collar, all studded with imitation stones. And from then on life was one salesman after another. The butcher, the baker, the davenport-maker all came after their business. It got so that Ray couldn't even go to his own barber without his confiding that he (Please turn to page 80)

Below, the ingratiating grin which helps explain why Ray Milland rates a home like this. His dog, too, is happy about the whole thing, even though he doesn't look it. Now, reading from top of page, the Millands on the patio of their Coldwater Canyon home, which looks out on the garden and tennis courts. Then the Duncan Phyfe dining room; the 18th century living-room; and finally, at right, Ray's bedroom, which he designed himself: walls are cafe-au-lait, the rug a solid green, the furniture curly birch—and in the adjoining bath and dressing-room is, believe it or not, only one mirror! Every detail reflects the Millands' "home ideas."
Check-up of the favorites in the frantic race for Hollywood stardom—fresh, arresting, vibrant new personalities!

By
Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

NOWHERE does Old Father Time march on more dramatically and relentlessly than in the film world. When the popularity of a motion picture luminary begins to wane, seldom does the public wait for the curtain to fall before it swears allegiance to some new player. Legion is the number of scintillating stars of yesterday who are no longer to the fore. Time takes its toll; today's celebrities may be slipping tomorrow and the movie moguls must be able to replace them.

That is why the frantic search for talent must go on. That is why the financial giants of the colony are forever separating from the chaff the few talented players who do have that mysterious, individual,
indefinable, necessary something which makes for box-office appeal. And that is why, when real talent is unearthed, studios spare no expense in developing it in the hope that stardom will result.

Who are the present youngsters who are going places fast and will, in all probability, be numbered as members of filmdom's royalty in the near future? Among the outstanding ones in the ranks of the dramatic artists are: Andrea Leeds, Jane Bryan, Lana Turner, Mary Maguire, Jayne Regan, Marjorie Weaver, Phyllis Brooks, Nan Grey, Anne Shirley, Dennis O'Keefe, Gordon Jones, Alan Curtis, Alan Bruce, Betty Grable, Joan Fontaine and Florence Drake.

I believe that within a year at least half a dozen of these will win stellar roles. Why? Because each is bringing to the screen a distinct and intriguing personality; because each is soaring lustrously to the heights on the wings of vivid and pulsating performances and is making an indelible impression upon public consciousness. All are capable of intense emotion and all have winning personalities. Yet these dramatic players are not the only ones that are spotlighted for big things. Sixteen-year-old Betty Jaynes will be singing before the cameras in her first rôle— a starring one—by the time you read this. Betty is the little Chicago girl who created more than a mild sensation upon her début as a prima donna when she sang the role of Mimi in "La Boheme" with the Chicago Opera Company.
When real talent is unearthed, the studios spare no expense developing it, in the sincere hope that stardom will result. Betty Grable, above; Joan Fontaine, upper center; Gordon Jones; Lucille Ball, top right; and Vicki Lester, right, all on their way to the heights—we hope. Whom do you pick to reach the goal first?

Dick Baldwin is another soon to have a bigger opportunity with song since he won his spurs in opera with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company.

Lynne Carver, the lovely little protégée of Loretta Young, whom you first saw as the sweetheart of Tom Brown in “Maytime,” is slated for a top spot in the field of song since music is her raison d’être, though oddly enough most of her rôles to date have been of the ingénue brand. Lynne is a positive person, with very decided views of her own and a great determination. In her new contract Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has provided for her vocal and musical training, as it is part of that studio’s plan to exploit her musical talents later. Lynne is willing to work day and night to attain success.

“I’ve had enough hard knocks to realize there’s no royal road to doing your job right,” she remarks. “I expect to work and work very hard. But I think I can make my work count.” She allows nothing to stifle her pursuit and her persistence overcomes every defeat.

Five feet, six inches tall, with a graceful, willowy figure, light auburn hair, and fathomless grey eyes, Miss Carver has an unusual youthful charm. Among those who have taken a deep interest in the young player is Irene Dunne, with whom she played in “Roberta.” Lynne has also appeared in “Strangers All” with May Robson, one of her friends and mentors; in “Old Man Rhythm,” “To Beat the Band,” “The Bride Wore Red,” “Madame X” and “Everybody Sing.” She says her greatest hobby is listening to older and more experienced players recount their trials in Hollywood. And it has been one of her greatest advantages (Please turn to page 75)
Boyer's Loveless Years

Delving into the picturesque past of a great actor

By Anita Kilore

In "Conquest" Charles Boyer gave one of the most believable performances of that difficult role of Napoleon that has ever been given either on stage or screen. Boyer made you believe in the devoutness to one purpose, in the all-consuming fire which pushed him on and ever on, so that no woman, not even Marie Walewska, could deter him from what he felt to be his destiny. And the reason that Charles Boyer made you believe all this and sympathize with it, for the first time, was that in many ways Charles Boyer, the person, is such a man himself—and in the explanation of this is one of the most unusual stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

We do not mean that Mr. Boyer has a Napoleonic complex. Not the least of it. But we do mean that Mr. Boyer could give the character life, because he too has known what it is to be obsessed by one ideal, to be driven, to be so absorbed by his own dream that nothing else mattered. He could thus interpret Napoleon's great devotion to a cause, the following of his star, because he also has a star and has followed it. As he says himself, "It was this which made my job easier. You see, there were certain periods in my life when I could not escape from the set pattern which I had mapped out for myself. Many times there were temptations trying to tear me away, but always there was something inside me which forced me to live out the years of the particular devotion which engrossed me. So you see I had sympathy with Napoleon. My parallel is, of course, in no way comparable to his, but it did help me in creating. (Please turn to page 72)
CHAPTER IV

"Oh, DON'T argue with her Stewart," Phil interrupted wearily. "She knows perfectly well which part she's to play. This is just a bit of whimsey."

Marcia looked at Phil coldly. "I'll thank you to keep out of this Mr. Burns. I can complete my negotiations with Mr. Stewart without your assistance." Glaring furiously, "I knew if you came over here you'd be sure to make trouble."

"Listen, Miss England-on-your-father's-side, have you forgotten the contract you signed with Sol and me?"

"I shall have that contract annulled!"

"Oh, will you! Well, you signed it and you'll live up to it."

"I will not! I'm no longer interested in American contracts."

"Ameddican," Phil corrected.

Marcia ignored that. "From now on I shall reside in England and make my pictures here where they will have a cultural background." She started grandly from the room.

"With you as an alley cat foreground," Phil said softly. Marcia lost all restraint. "You filthy American!" She continued toward the door.

"Just a minute, Marcia," Phil said, "you're dropping something."

"What?" she demanded viciously.

"Your English accent. You should have said Ameddican. Now get the —— out of here." Marcia went, "Of all the damned, lousy——"

"Go ahead, Phil," Anne advised, "use all of those fine old American words."

"So I'm helpless, Stewart, I'm sorry to have you involved in this mess."

"My dear fellow, my sympathy is entirely with you."

"Isn't there someone in London who could play the part?"

"Not a soul. But don't worry, old chap. If she doesn't come around we'll put the story aside and shoot something else."

"By God, we won't!" Phil said with sudden inspiration. "We'll shoot this one. Listen: Your story as written is swell, but I think I have an idea that will make it even better, and one that will teach that young lady a badly needed lesson. We'll shoot the script just as it is and allow Marcia to play Lady Mary."

"What!"

"That's the answer," Phil said happily. "You mean you'll let her burlesque the part?" Anne asked.

"Oh, she won't know she's burlesquing it. We'll let her play her conception of an English gentlewoman without any direction whatever. Do you remember the American picture, Merton of the Movies?"

"Very well indeed," Stewart said.

"Marcia will be Miss Merton in the English version."

"Phil, you're a genius!" Anne cried.

"It sounds interesting," Stewart said dubiously, "but look here, is it quite cricket to do a thing like that?"

"We aren't playing cricket now, but that good old American game of never giving a sucker an even break."

"Is your life well insured?" Anne asked drily.
The glamorous romance of a screen siren who gambles with the happiness of those whose fate is involved with her own turbulent career

By Frederick Stowers

"Never mind that."
"No? Well, of course you know your Marcia. But how do you think she'll feel when she learns you've sold her down the river?"
"I imagine she'll be annoyed."
"And that is the most magnificent bit of understatement I've ever heard," Anne said.
"We're forgetting something," Stewart interrupted. "Who will play the part of the American girl?"
Phil grinned joyously. "Don't you know? Anne will be Sally Belle Jones."
"What!" Anne was stunned.
"Come on, Anne, be a sport. Can't you see how that will be in keeping with the rest of our plan? After all, you created the character and you should be able to play it."
Anne's eyes lighted with a wicked gleam. "Well, I fancy I can do as well by Sally Belle Jones as Marcia can by Lady Mary."

Some weeks later Phil was seated deep in a big chair in Stewart's office, smoking a cigarette, morosely thoughtful as Anne came in.
"Hello there, persimmon puss," she cried in the breezy American manner, "why the blanket of gloom? You look as sad as a Broadway chorine at a May festival. But don't let 'em get you down, pal." She broke into laughter as she slid into a chair. "How'm I doin', pal?"
"You're stealing the show, and you know it."
"Oh Phil, I've never had such a ripping time in my whole life!"
"Anne, I owe you an apology."
"I adore apologies."
"I've always known you were a real person, but I never thought you were an actress."
"But, Phil, I'm not acting. I'm simply letting myself go with joyous abandon. It's a lark."
"You'll be a sensation. And the irony of it for Marcia is, after practically forcing the part on you you'll be the hit of the picture."
"My American friends will probably cut me dead after this."
"They'll love you for it."

"However you try to alibi it, I still think it's Hollywood lousy!"
"When dealing with anyone like Marcia you've got to go to extremes."
"I wonder if that isn't the trouble between you two. You've always gone to such violent extremes that you can never arrive at even the simplest decision without a battle."
"You think I like to fight with her?"
"Yes. You glory in arousing her worst traits; you're almost sadistic about it, and I think it's unjust. You're breaking her heart."
"Heart!" Phil snorted.
"Haven't you noticed the change since you let up on her? She's entirely happy and without bitterness for the first time since I've known her."
"Don't go soft for Marcia's sake," Phil advised sourly. "She's happy because she thinks she's having her own way."
"No, Phil, it's much deeper than that. It's because she's realizing a dream—she's living in an atmosphere she's yearned for all her life. And I think it's cruel to let her go on being deceived into thinking it's real."
"But, Anne, it's too late to turn back now. It would only hurt her and ruin the picture. She could never go through with it if she knew the truth."
"She must eventually find out."
"You're taking this far too seriously," Phil said impatiently. "It's going to prove serious (Please turn to page 95)"
A **MERICA’S Number One Family isn’t composed of scions of prominence and wealth. Nor is it a clan of blue bloods who trace their ancestry back to the Mayflower. It’s the Jones Family!

Of course, you know who the Jones Family is. There’s **John Jones** and his wife, **Louise**; and **Granny Jones**, John’s mother who lives with them; and **Bonnie**, and **Jack**, **Roger**, **Lucy** and **Bobby**. Eight, all told. They’re the Jones Family—but they might be the family of Mr. and Mrs. America, for that’s what they represent.

A little more than two years ago they came into being. **20th Century-Fox** introduced them in their first picture, “**Every Saturday Night**.” Reflecting in sincere and human fashion the joys and sorrows of a typical American family, the Joneses walked straight into the heart of every theatre-goer. Immediately, the entire country became Jones Family-conscious. For in the Jones’ daily life, everyone recognized something in his or her own past, or present. And anything in a familiar groove immediately attracts.

As a result of the response accorded that initial Jones Family picture, the studio turned out a second, and a third, then, until nine at the present writing have been made, all with the same characters. And with each successive film of this series, their popularity has soared. It’s got to the point now that only Shirley Temple surpasses them in actual box-office draw, of all the pictures produced on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

How the Jones Family series has become the favorite that it is, is a modern movie miracle. Without big and important names to portray them—for, of course, you know that “Jones” is only their character name in these pictures—without fanfare or pretense, the series has wormed itself quietly into public consciousness until now the whole nation awaits the next picture starring this family group. It’s a story so amazing that we’ll have to skip back to its very inception to best understand it.

In the early Fall of 1935, a little play, “**Every Saturday Night**” was presented at Hollywood’s Gateway Theatre—a tiny hall with an audience capacity of less than one hundred persons—by a group of semi-professionals. It was written by **Katharine Kavanaugh**, who had turned out some sixty plays which had been produced inauspiciously through the years by schools, colleges and theatrical clubs. A 20th Century-Fox studio scout visited the theatre during the run of Miss Kavanaugh’s play, not because he expected to discover anything worth-while but merely in the discharge of his duties. The show was produced in a single modest setting, but when the scout left the theatre he knew he had uncovered “pay dirt” and he took with him a copy of the script. This he submitted to Executive Producer Sol Wurtzel. The following evening, Wurtzel himself attended the show, taking with him Max Golden, one of his associate producers. Both were so enthusiastic about the play that the next morning negotiations for the purchase of the play were under way.

Who should direct the picture? **James Tinling** had just finished a production and was headed out the studio gates in his roadster, bound for the desert and a week’s much-needed rest. The gateman stopped him, told him Wurtzel wanted to see him. “Read this, will you, Jim?”

**Meet The**

America’s most folksy family walk right into your heart as you meet the gang and hear their personal history.
the big boss asked. “We think it’s pretty good. Let’s hear what you think of it.” Almost resentfully, Tinling went back to his office, sat down, began to read. Fifteen minutes later, he had called off his trip. He no longer needed that vacation. He knew that just what every director wants—a swell story—had been tossed right into his lap.

Obviously, casting would play an important part in the success of this picture. (Of course, this was before the studio knew it would continue the trials and tribulations of this family group as a series.) Casting meant not only securing capable screen players for the various family members, but gathering together a group of actors who resembled each other. Hundreds of applicants were interviewed. The problem of finding unrelated actors who bore the appearance of actually belonging to the same family had to be considered, and not until two days before the film went into production was the cast finally assembled. But then—it looked like a real family.

From grand old Florence Roberts, who plays the grandmother, to five-year-old Billy Mahan, the youngest son, the Joneses all had those round noses that look as though they (Please turn to page 77)

Gay group at right includes June Carlson as Lucy, Miss Byington as Mrs. Jones, Jed Prouty as John Jones, Kenneth Howell as Jack, the oldest son; Florence Roberts as Granny, George Ernest as Roger—in “A Trip to Paris.” Close-ups, right above, show Miss Roberts and Howell.

Jones Family!

By Whitney Williams
The reserved Mr. Raft turns talkative about himself and the strange ways of sirenic "Lady Luck" in Hollywood

By
James Bowles Fisher

Raft the realist reviews his career in this frank interview. Below, with Olympe Bradna in "Souls at Sea"; with Sylvia Sidney in his newest picture, and in a typical character study.

"George Did It"

GEORGE RAFT had shown Paramount that it takes a star to find one! That's what was being bruited about the lot—and about Hollywood.

An item such as that cannot be ignored by any interviewer. So I pocketed my pencil and notebook and went to the Paramount lot to hunt him down. I found him on Stage Three. He was blissfully unaware of the fact that he was on the verge of being interviewed. With his feet on the sound man's desk and his head on the stocking counter he was as close to a prone position as it's possible to get in a director's chair. His position spelled abstraction. There was a far-away look in his eye. In spirit he was completely removed from this nicely equipped department store set.

All around him there was activity. Just beyond, where the feminine unmentionables were on display, the lights blazed. There the escalator was situated. There a scene was being shot. On the escalator Sylvia Sidney was making a valiant effort to keep her physical balance while indicating for the benefit of the camera that she was losing her emotional balance over Mr. Raft. For this was "You and Me" in the process of filmization. In it you will see George and Sylvia caught in the throes of troubled romance.

With all such mundane activity George was not at all concerned. Under the circumstances it seemed a shame to disturb him. But there's little pity in the heart.
of an interviewer. So I approached my recumbent victim.

"What do you want?" he asked a shade reproachfully.

"What do you think?"

"You had an interview last year. I told you everything then. There's nothing new."

"You didn't tell me you were planning to promote Olympia Brada into a part that would make a star of her," I accused.

"Didn't I—and did I?"

I explained to him that lots of people thought he was entirely responsible for the fact that the petite Olympia is well on her way to stardom. Furthermore, I added, if he intended to turn talent scout his public ought to be let in on the secret. To all of which he said, "All I did was suggest that she be given the part opposite me in 'Souls At Sea.'"

In typical Raft fashion he was making everything sound simple. In his terms the momentous business of putting a stock contract player on the road to stardom threatened to sound like nothing more notable than a routine errand to Ye Corner Smoke Shoppe for a pack of cigarettes! I suspected that it hadn't been that easy so I settled down to a barrage of questions. At length he must have realized that he'd have no opportunity to concentrate on picking a winner for the seventh at Santa Anita until he had given me a few facts. He began to talk.

"If you really want to know," he sighed, "it happened this way. I was sitting on the set one day with Henry Hathaway, the director. That was before the picture was really under way. However, we had started work on a few preliminary scenes. At that time it looked as if the title, 'Souls At Sea,' was going to fit the story right down to the ground—or rather, the water line. All the souls connected with the picture were at sea, all right! The script hadn't been finished, the cast hadn't been definitely set and everything looked as if it were likely to go wrong. I doubt if the front office had decided which ocean we were going to use! Well, while I was talking to Henry a girl came out to the set to get a costume okay. It was for one of the bits—a gypsy dancer, I think. The moment I saw her I nudged Henry and told him that there was the girl for the part.

"'Where's the girl for what part?' he asked and gave me the kind of look that directors always use on actors when they get out of line. By that time Olympia—that's who the girl was—had come over to us. It was Hathaway she had to see about the costume. After she had gone he admitted that she was a good type for the part of the little French maid. But another girl was practically set for the part—a girl whom everyone knew could handle the acting end of it. Even though Olympia might suit the role better from the standpoint of looks, no one knew whether she could act or not. After all, she was just a little stock girl and she had been signed up chiefly because she was a good dancer. Anyway, there were enough production complications already—why add another one? And so on.

"Henry's arguments were all good ones. But I still had a hunch about Olympia so I stuck to my own points. Probably just to shut me up Henry finally agreed to give the girl a test. After we saw the test I was more certain than ever that I was right. Henry thought the test was swell too and moved over to my side one hundred per cent. Olympia looked perfect. Even prettier than in real life, and that's saying plenty! What's more, the test proved that she could act. From then on all we had to do was to convince the front office to put her in the part. That was a pretty tough assignment but we finally won. And that's about all there is to tell," he added as he took a new grip on the sound man's desk with his heels and made a determined effort to achieve a completely horizontal position.

Well, it all certainly sounded simple. But, as I say, George is a past master at stripping things down to their essentials. The result is that anything he describes is likely to sound eligible for the easy-does-it classification. It's not that he's modest, either. If he does a thing well he'll tell you so as quickly as he will ask someone's help in a situation in which he's not sure of himself. The salient points in his makeup are his matter-of-factness and his straight-forward.
Beloved Scatterbrain

Wacky or wistful? Marie Wilson is a little of both, and Hollywood's best new comedy bet

By Maud Cheatham

Problem child she may be; but Marie gets what she wants, as witness her winning the coveted role opposite Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"—in which you see them below.

It is amazing how many things can happen to Marie Wilson!

She never dreamed of a comedy career. Instead, she visioned herself doing heavy drama, but to her dismay, every role she plays creates the laugh sequences. Sometimes she trots into the "front office" determined to talk things over with the producers, but they never take her seriously and, considering it all a joke, they send her away with a soothing: There, there, little girl, you'll grow into drama by and by!

As to her devastating talent for getting into scrapes, she can't understand that, either. She insists, and rightly, that she's the last person in the world intentionally to step out of tune. Yet every day is peppered with screwy antics, flustered, embarrassing moments, of doing and saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, and these become excruciatingly funny because she is completely unaware of the comedy aspects.

Perhaps it is this quality of bewildered wistfulness that pulls at the heart strings of audiences, and wins them, for today Marie rates third among all the Warner Brothers' stars in receiving fan mail. This is a triumph when you recall she has been on the screen but a couple of years, and also that this studio boasts such favorites as Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, and Wayne Morris.

I watched Marie make a scene. As the demure little waitress in "Boy Meets Girl"—wearing a simple black dress, a frilly apron, and with her blonde curls tied with a white ribbon, she was clowning with Cagney. Again and again they took the hilarious scene, and again and again, an untimely laugh—even the director was (Please turn to page 76)
Trouper Number One!

Shirley Temple holds her own with the ablest acting veterans, and even steals scenes from a blonde beauty!

While Shirley herself, not a motion picture, is touring the country on her first long vacation, her shadow-self will be enchanting audiences in "Little Miss Broadway." The Temple tot has stiff histrionic competition in her new film: see her, in these scenes starting from the left, with such seasoned trouper as Jane Darwell, Donald Meek, and Edna May Oliver; and watch her, above, adroitly snatching a scene from Phyllis Brooks, one of Hollywood's most beautiful blondes. George Murphy, in scene with Shirley at lower left, is superior in height but topped in talent.
Allure Ahoy!

Look out for lovelies! Hollywood's big sports parade swings into the Summer season
Trek toward the sea has started! The rush for swimming-pools is on. But some stars are stay-at-homes when they have secluded gardens like Loretta Young's—there's Loretta at left. Arleen Whelan, beautiful new starlet, prefers the pool, below. Warner Baxter boards his yacht, the "War-whyne"—named after himself for the first syllable and his wife Winifred for the second—and sniffs salty air—at far left. Anne Shirley, below left on opposite page, luxuriates at Palm Springs. The lively water-nymph at lower right on this page, Susan Hayward, is a beach-becomer. Wayne Morris, right, trims sails like an old salt—but he's really a new hand, for it's the first boat he has ever owned. And the same to you, say all the stars—a happy vacation!
We're off! First, the Beverly Hills Brown Derby for dinner—upper left, Patsy opens the box containing her orchid corsage while Wayne whistles. Above, waiting for the dinner check—and there it is! Well, it was a good dinner. Center left, on to La Conga, popular hot spot, where Priscilla and Wayne swing into a rhumba. Where next? The Trocadero—Wayne checks his coat with admiring check girls, lower left, then he and Patsy get a ringside table, below—and, eventually, the check!
Come along with Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane as they hit Hollywood's high spots on a gala evening.

Leaving the Troc, above. See Gregory Ratoff in background! And now, on to Coconut Grove at the Ambassador. Priscilla and Wayne, top right, come down the stairs all set for a time—and have it, at right. The Grove is popular with screen stars and thronged with sight-seers out to see the celebrities. Oh, yes, there's the check. Two chicken sandwiches, two lemonades, two coffees—these two sure have healthy appetites—and after that big dinner, too. Now what? Let's get going—

To the Hawaiian Paradise, above—where native waitresses take your order, and palm trees and parrots supply the native atmosphere. “2 caviar patties, 1 salad bowl, 1 orchid lei”—it's about time to call it an evening! And so home, right. Wayne spent almost $75, including checks, tips to waiters, hat-check girls and parking attendants, and orchids. But it was worth it. How about another date?
Rival Queens

Glamor vs. Art, is it? But who is to say that Myrna Loy's glamor isn't Art, or Luise Rainer's Art is not glamorous? Must we choose between them?

The lovely lady above seems to be America's favorite screen sophisticate. As the movie wife of Clark Gable and William Powell, Myrna Loy has won her laurels. Here she is in recent camera studies. On opposite page, the elusive Rainer, acclaimed the screen's greatest actress, in her new role in "The Toy Wife." Scenes show Luise with her two leading men at far right, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young; and with young Alan Perl, who plays her son.
Oh, we're all mixed up! Yes, Luise won the Academy Award twice, Myrna has been crowned Queen of popularity. Well, we love them both!
A study in concentration by Alice Faye, above; or, how a movie beauty remembers her lines. "Let's see, now—how did that go? Wait a minute, let me think—no, that's all wrong. Let's try again—there, I've got it!" Now consider the picture panel at left, starting at the top; see Penny Singleton, pretty actress? Now watch her making up to look twice her age; and finally, as she'll look on the screen in her first character part in "Secrets of an Actress."

Picture Puzzlers

Edward Everett Horton, in our centre panel of pictures, impersonates a gentleman who has tossed away the temperance pledge for the first time. If you'll look from left to right, you'll read Eddie's thoughts thus: "Well, no harm to one little sip, I suppose. Mmm-mm, not bad. Why, shy—say, I mean, if I'd only known about this before! Never dreamed life could be such a sowl—blame—it, I mean. Silly stuff, what? But I like it. Or do I? One more and I'll find out for sure."
More small boys dream of being baseball players than movie actors. Here's one lad who achieved both ambitions—Allan Lane, seen above in action as he worked out with the Chicago Cubs. Allan starred in baseball at Notre Dame, played pro football with the Brooklyn Dodgers and Giants, before movies grabbed him. Now look to the right. The plot: Claire Trevor finally gets her man—with a sock on the jaw. He is Humphrey Bogart. They battle in "Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."

Work out the plots behind these pictures! Each sequence tells its own story

Of course, you'll recognize the gentleman at the dressing-table, left below, as Harold Lloyd. You'd better take a good look, because you won't know Harold as he progresses through stages of make-up to make him an old man for "Professor Beware." Charlie Dudley, make-up expert, is seen working on the basic treatment which includes such details as hollow cheeks, wrinkles, wig. Finally, Harold looks at least 70—older than his own father, with him at right.
Pursuing his gay and gallant way through life and films, Douglas Fairbanks the second bids fair to become quite as legendary and fascinating a figure as his famous father. Still a youth in years, young Doug is a man of the world in imagination and experience—and now he is firmly established as an important Hollywood star. See him, below, with Dietrich. Right below, when he was Joan Crawford's husband. Then consider the close-up, center, with Danielle Darrieux, opposite whom he plays in her first American movie, "The Rage of Paris." Finally, at bottom of page, with Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time."
Life!

Can a man be glamorous? We say yes, when he is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr!
Can the average American girl measure up to Hollywood's exacting standards? Look around here, compare with hometown Venuses, and cast your vote.

Rochelle Hudson, left, personally presents one of the prettiest figures in filmdom. Rochelle is wearing the "Cherie," a suit made of Jantzen's new Wisp-o-weight fabric in which soft, light-weight wool is combined with Lastex yarn. Below, a highly decorative newcomer named Laurie Lane, all done up in swansdown.

At top of page, Harriet Haddon enlivens "Coconut Grove" with her own brisk version of the hula. Topping page opposite are two screen beauties who certainly measure up—in looks, talent, and trouping: Binnie Barnes and Gail Patrick. And at extreme right you'll see Ethel Merman in a devilishly pretty new costume.
Ah, Paris! Oh, for the life of an artist! La Vie Parisienne, and a couple of ooh-la-la! All brought about by the two poses of Victoria Vinton at left. You will find Vicky in "Gold Diggers in Paris"—if she could only sing!

And now for crisp statistics—or, getting right down to figures. Below, from left to right, and very much all right with us, is Susan Hayward as she is weighed and measured by Lewis Hippe, Warners' physical instructor. Susan, said to have "the perfect Hollywood figure"—what, another one!—weighs 113 pounds; her height is 5 feet, 3 inches; her ankle measures 7 1/2 inches; and oh, yes—she can act, too.
Making Movies
Can Be Fun!

There was a grin a minute on the “Four’s a Crowd” set, above. No won-
der. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles and Rosalind Rus-
sell are the principals. You see how one thing brings up another gag in the
sequence of events that culminated, above right, in a feud when Flynn
“clipped” Pat, who blamed the innocent Olivia, who is all ready to ham-
mer back at Knowles. Hold it, Olivia! You’re blaming the wrong man!
Look at the bright side of things. Sure, careers hang in the balance, fortunes are invested in the films they make. But do the stars have to be glum about it? Not these topping troupers!

Jimmie Cagney came back to whoop things up with his old pals Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh and the Warner lot got more hectic and hilarious during the making of "Boy Meets Girl." Below, you follow Pat and Jim as they clowned along the sidelines. Jim gives Frank that McHugh look as the trio meet, left center. At luncheon, below, Cagney's joke amuses Marie Wilson, Ralph Bellamy, Dick Foran, but not O'Brien.
One star of the outdoor action drama who has held his popularity against all comers is the stalwart and handsome George O'Brien. One of Hollywood's most respected citizens, he keeps right on turning out minor epics glorifying the great American West, enthralling small boys of all ages. In O'Brien movies, virtue is always triumphant and the scenery gorgeous. In short, fun!
Laugh today as you read Arthur Treacher’s plans for tomorrow!

But remaining all the comforts of a life he enjoys immensely, Arthur is by way of being mighty comfortable above, in his specially-built bed (he’s six feet and a half). Right, in character, and center, with his pet terrier.

**The BUTLER BUILDS a CASTLE in the AIR**

To DATE, only a water meter marks the progress of the house, but in Arthur Treacher’s mind, it is complete, as it will be some time next summer, down to the least detail—the locks that insure his privacy, the flowers in the patio, the cunning ledges and shelves here and there to welcome glasses so that rings won’t be made on his nice furniture.

Sometimes people wonder if Treacher does not get tired of perennially buttling, but Treacher himself takes it all with a grin. After all, buttling has brought him security, it has brought him a larger income than he ever hoped or planned for, it has brought him at least a home.

His ideas for the house go back to his English inheritance, certain inborn ideas of what a gentleman’s house should be, premised on the thought that a man’s house is his castle. In carrying them out, he has followed no set pattern, however, and the result promises to be charming. In the first place, his original idea came from an ad in a magazine—a heater ad, in fact. The background suggested just the sort of house he wanted, livable, unpretentious.

The next step was to get plans made. A friend advised him that architects were useful. In some doubt, Treacher discussed the problem over hamburgers in a small stand. A lady, overhearing, was sufficiently impressed to write him suggesting a name. The name meant nothing but Treacher was satisfied to let the man develop his ideas—and learned later that he had selected a pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright to design his house.

As far as the exterior is concerned, it is, he insists, “just a house,” of stone and weathered shingles and with an eight-foot wall to give seclusion. He was a long time finding a lot that was both suitable and reasonable but finally settled on one in Encino, a popular development near Hollywood and the studio but far enough out to give a sense of space, of quiet, of country.

It was during a lay-off period that his ideas crystallized. It happened then that he was badly needed on the lot and although an actor is not supposed to be called during that time, the director decided to phone and ask him to return as a special favor. Treacher demurred. He would like to know, first, if his option was to be taken up, because, you see, he wanted to build a house.

Fortunately for the picture (Continued on page 82)
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Warner

SUPERB spectacle, magnificent melodrama, rhapsodic romance—"Robin Hood" has everything you want in the way of screen entertainment. Handsomest all-color film so far, it has moments of amazing beauty, but never do they interfere with the action which is essential to the spectacle. Speed and spirit are not sacrificed for the sake of dragging in an extra boat's head; the film moves every minute, and while it makes the most of its extravagant settings it never neglects the human interest. Every character in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is very much a real person, as modern as tomorrow; and therein lies the picture's chief appeal. Sir Robin of Locksley, as played by Errol Flynn, has 1938 ideas about helping the under-privileged; but the way he goes about it makes it all seem so much fun that I think we should all take up archery. Robin's romance with Maid Marian is as lyrical as you would wish, with Olivia de Havilland as an exquisite heroine. The merry men are grand, with Alan Hale, Eugene Pallette, and Herbert Mundin just right. Of course Basil Rathbone is the perfect Guy of Gisborne, and his duel with Robin is really something to see. Here is one spectacular picture which will thrill and never bore.

TEST PILOT—M-G-M

THE best picture any one of the three stars has had in a long time—and that means "Test Pilot" is everything it should be. Clark Gable gives his very best performance as the daredevil pilot; Myrna Loy tops even her Thin Man's Wife as Clark's adorable screen spouse here; and Spencer Tracy, with fewer fireworks than usual, manages to remind you, even in such fast company, that he comes mighty close to being the screen's best all-around actor. For once in an air drama, the zooming planes don't steal the show. The human element enters in, at director Victor Fleming's expert bidding, and remains the reason for the heroics and for your respectful attention. Oh, there are thrills in the sky, all right; your heart will be in your mouth too often for comfort; the excitement is sustained, too. But the appeal of "Test Pilot" for most movie-goers, especially women, will be in the quite heartbreaking scenes in which Miss Loy worries and waits for her daring and reckless husband. Gable is very, very good—I admit I was surprised that he could so accurately capture the moods and emotions of a rôle as he does here. Apologies and congratulations. Fine acting in an enormously exciting and convincing picture—a satisfying cinema.

SOME inspired party put Beatrice Lillie into this Bing Crosby picture, with incredibly happy results. I enjoyed every minute of it, particularly when The Crooner and Lady Peel occupy the screen at one and the same time, indulging in their very different but surprisingly compatible brands of comedy. "Dr. Rhythm" is entirely and ingratiatingly crazy. Not a bit of it makes sense and it isn't supposed to. That can be said about lots of pictures, but this time the direction and the performances are authentically mad and merry, and if you can get into the mood of the thing you'll have the time of your life. If not, I pity you, but I don't like you. Once upon a time O. Henry wrote a story called "The Badge of Policeman O'Room," and Bing impersonates a policeman; otherwise there is no connection. There has probably never been a funnier sequence than Beatrice Lillie's "Double Damask Napkins" shopping scene, with Franklin Pangborn as the foil. Two songs whose familiarity even radio dance bands and singers can't breed contempt for are "On The Sentimental Side" and "My Heart is Taking Lessons"—you haven't heard 'em until you hear Bing sing them. Andy Devine helps the hilarity. Mary Carlisle is prettily present. Swell show!
BEST AND BIGGEST:
"The Adventures of Robin Hood"
"Test Pilot"

BEST AND FUNNIEST:
"Vivacious Lady"
"Dr. Rhythm"

FINES PERFORMANCE:
Errol Flynn in "Robin Hood"
Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy in "Test Pilot"
Bing Crosby, Beatrice Lillie in "Dr. Rhythm"
Ginger Rogers, James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady"

SURPRISE HIT:
James Ellison in "Vivacious Lady"

SOCKO NEWCOMER:
Richard Greene in "Four Men and a Prayer"

FUTURE HIT:
A Field day for girl film fans, this picture; and no hardship, either, to the gentlemen in the audience, for Loretta Young is the girl; and no man has ever tired yet of looking at Loretta. Sometimes I wish she weren't so pretty, because then she would take her acting more seriously and get into a character as she did once—in "A Man's Castle," but so far I am the only one to complain, so skip it. Loretta, in this picture, is surrounded, but not submerged, by as personable a group of gentlemen as it has ever been my pleasure to see on the screen. First and foremost, Richard Greene, that much-touted "Robert Taylor-Tyrone Power" type from England, who completely disarm you with a modest manner and terrific dimples in each cheek. The young man also can act, if it interests you. Then there is David Niven, rapidly coming into his own as an engaging young comedian; the interesting George Sanders, nice William Henry, and, to round out the list, that splendid actor, C. Aubrey Smith. There is a lot of plot, involving a mystery which skips across three continents with ease if not conviction; but I think you will be chiefly interested in the new boy and his love scenes with our girl, Missy Loretta; and you will be watching for his next.

VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

MOST captivating romance since "It Happened One Night," and positive proof, as if we need it, that Ginger Rogers is a great star in her own right. Here is a rare cinema combination: hilarious comedy and a tender love story which contrives to be always convincing despite slapstick interludes. The only thing, in fact, wrong with this picture is the terrible title. It does not tell the story; it is a gross understatement, practically a libel on the spirited heroine so beautifully played by Ginger; but don't let it keep you away. From the moment that James Stewart as a young professor of botany meets Ginger as a night-club entertainer, and marries her immediately, the celluloid strides, with never a pause to permit you to catch your breath as Jimmy brings his bride home to the university town where his father is head man and the two try to snatch marital bliss which ever eludes them. Lubitsch would have made this a naughty picture. Director George Stevens, Miss Rogers, and the inimitable Jimmy Stewart make it sheer delight, with such warmth and poignancy, as well as humor, that I don't see how anyone can resist it. Ginger and Jimmy have expert assistance from the handsome James Ellison, and a thoroughbred cast.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A FIELD day for girl film fans, this picture; and no hardship, either, to the gentlemen in the audience, for Loretta Young is the girl; and no man has ever tired yet of looking at Loretta. Sometimes I wish she weren't so pretty, because then she would take her acting more seriously and get into a character as she did once—in "A Man's Castle," but so far I am the only one to complain, so skip it. Loretta, in this picture, is surrounded, but not submerged, by as personable a group of gentlemen as it has ever been my pleasure to see on the screen. First and foremost, Richard Greene, that much-touted "Robert Taylor-Tyrone Power" type from England, who completely disarm you with a modest manner and terrific dimples in each cheek. The young man also can act, if it interests you. Then there is David Niven, rapidly coming into his own as an engaging young comedian; the interesting George Sanders, nice William Henry, and, to round out the list, that splendid actor, C. Aubrey Smith. There is a lot of plot, involving a mystery which skips across three continents with ease if not conviction; but I think you will be chiefly interested in the new boy and his love scenes with our girl, Missy Loretta; and you will be watching for his next.

TO THE VICTOR—Gaumont-British

JUST when I have convinced myself that I enjoy an imported motion picture for the same reason I like caviar, because I don't get it too often, and speak pretty severely to myself along the lines of "Unfair to Hollywood" and all that, along comes a new imported picture such as "To The Victor," and I am ready to put up a fight for visiting films. Here is what might be called a more or less unpretentious screenplay from England. It is not gigantic, or even colossal. But it is so unusual, refreshing and appealing that I must urge you to be Unfair just long enough to see it; you will find it well worth your while. An adaptation of Alfred Ollivant's famous story, "Bob, Son of Battle," "To The Victor" was directed by Robert Stevenson, who gave us "Nine Days A Queen." Mr. Stevenson is not only a brilliant technician; he has deep sympathies and scintillating humor, never more apparent than in this picture. The leading figure is what you might call a "character"—a quaint and strange old fellow with three loyalties: his daughter, his dog, and, I regret to say, his bottle. Will Fyffe plays the part superbly, Margaret Lockwood as his daughter is truly charming. See it!
The very spirit of gay Summer, one of Hollywood’s most popular girls gives you her exclusive style slants

Madge Evans, a true California sun-baby, adorns the diving-board of the Hotel Ambassador pool, above, after completing “Sinners in Paradise,” her picture for Universal. Madge is wearing a white satin bathing suit with colorful sailboat print in shades of rust, green, and turquoise. At upper right, brisk ensemble of yellow flannel dress and jacket of brown and yellow plaid. Her hat is one of the new Hattie Carnegie berets of brown linen, matching her leather belt. At right, Madge’s pet Summer costume: white linen frock with wide, diagonally-striped girdle in red, white and blue, matching the bolero jacket.
For lazy afternoons, Madge selects the print frock at left: red seaweed design on a background of white. Her wide-brimmed white felt hat is trimmed with red quill and band. Below, smart beach suit of blue and white silk jersey, topped by a big rough red straw sun-hat trimmed with graceful sprigs of red and yellow oats. At lower left, dream-dress for Summer glamor moments—white organdy gown embroidered in a scroll effect, worn over a slip of heavy white silk crepe. Madge's wide-brimmed natural leghorn boasts a bouquet of flowers at the front. And for gala Summer evenings—see the classically simple white silk crepe evening gown at lower right. The brief jacket is quaintly quilted.
Wendy Barrie is one screen starlet who possesses plenty of chic. On this page she poses in her three favorite Summer costumes. At upper left, swagger ensemble of ivory wool and brown—short skirt of brown gabardine, jacket of ivory wool. A brown felt polk-brim hat, pigskin gloves, and shoulder-strap bag complete the picture. Above, daytime sheer vari-colored print with pleated skirt, with which Wendy wears an extreme picture hat, and carries an amusing black kid bag. At left, candy-stripe beach ensemble in the new papier-maché cotton, green and white. White clog sandals and a flame-red sun-straw are the perfect accents.

Fashion is Fun!
It's a chiffon Summer, and Anita Louise, above, swings into it with her green and white print with finely pleated skirt. Her broad-brimmed black milan hat has green grosgrain band and streamers. At upper right, Anita again—this time in periwinkle blue and wine—that saucy tam is blue with wine-colored pin-cushion pompon. At far right, lovely Merle Oberon in her Maggy Rouff sun-suit of blue linen blouse and blue and white striped shorts. The rough straw sun-hat has white streamers. Right, Gale Sondergaard in her lively country costume of white sharkskin slacks, brilliantly flowered cotton coolie jacket, and colorful yellow pancake straw.

If, as famous designer Elizabeth Hawes says, "Fashion is Spinach," we say, eat and enjoy it! Here Hollywood lovelies revel in the new clothes for your edification.
Up in the Air with Wally

The screen's flying star breaks down and takes a "writing person" for a sky ride that produces the best Beery close-up ever

By May Mann

“HOW much do you weigh, Honey? I guess the plane will hold you. Come on, get in!” That's a sample of typical Beery gallantry. He'd say the same to Crawford or Loy. Wallace Beery, big and gruff, was handing me into his big luxurious $30,000 monoplane. Before I could believe it, with his co-pilot Ortmann seated by him in the front seats, and me in the back, a button was pushed, a lever was pulled, the engine roared, the propeller spun, and the next thing we had taxied from the landing field at the airport and were flying in the sky.

Two things came to my mind. One, that Wallace Beery calls all of the girls “honey” be they six, sixteen, or sixty; two, that you can never tell what he'll do next. For here was I, who'd come down to the airport early in the morning to say “Hello” and ask Wally something about flying—plenty up in the air on a moment's notice.

A month before at the studio, Wally had told me he was taking delivery on a new four-passenger ship.

“Do you ever take any passengers?” I had asked him. He'd said he always took along his co-pilot to relieve him on long trips, and that his wife Rita and daughter Carol Ann flew about with him frequently. “But I never take any writing-folks,” he added significantly. “The studio's always wanting me to take up someone for a story, but gosh, I go up in the air to get away from Hollywood and stories. That's my relaxation!”

However, Wally was agreeable that I should come out to the airport some day and inspect his new ship. And so I'd come—and a moment later here I was, bound for goodness knew where.

“See that mountain peak over there?” Wally called back over his shoulder. “Now just watch what I do!”

I suddenly remembered having heard at his studio that Wally had been a dare-devil on the Indianapolis race tracks, and was just as daring in the air. I was watching with my heart in my throat. We were flying at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. Wally turned on a gadget over his head, and the plane nosed upward. Up we went over the peak at 10,000 feet, then down we zoomed for lower altitude to take a few nose-dives and then a wing over. My stomach went up and down accordingly. I felt like I was on either the Atlantic or the Pacific, and at the rate we were zooming around up there in those clouds I wasn't sure it mattered.

Wally handed me a pair of earphones and I listened to the radio. Then he motioned that I should come up and sit in front with him. “Watch these gadgets,” he said after I'd scrambled over in Mr. Ortmann's seat. “I hope you're not one of those persons who says: 'Anyone that can drive a car can pilot a plane.' ”

I hastily assured him I'd never think of making such a statement, but Wally said: “Here, take the controls, the plane's yours.”

We were headed straight for a mountain peak. I froze in my seat. Wally sat there with his hands folded in his lap in high glee. I grabbed at the wheel and the plane started earth-ward.

“Take your plane, I don't want it,” I shouted over the
of the powerful motor as the ship nosed down.

"Think twice, you're turning down $30,000 worth of airplane," he yelled back.

I took another look at the fifty handles, buttons, and thing-a-ma-jigs on the instrument board, and covered my eyes. Wally righted the ship, then laughed and laughed: "Sure glad you didn't take me up on that offer, or I'd sure been out a plane," he said. Then in a trifle more serious vein, he revealed that we were really going places. He was bound for a Pioneer Days Rodeo and Celebration over in his favorite fishing state, Utah. And as long as his studio had been "pesterimg me for a plane story all of these years, and you were here, I just decided to break a precedent and take you along. We're going to Utah and back. Yep, all in one day. Fact is I've promised to go over and help them out on a cele-

lation, and it's only three hours by air, so just hang on to your seat, while I show you some more air-tricks."

Three hours of air-tricks later, zooming over mountains and desert, the beautiful big red plane, with each door gold-lettered "Wallace Beery, Hollywood," landed at the Salt Lake Airport. The governor, the mayor, and a large committee were there to greet him. Wally in his light gray suit, a neckerchief carefully knotted at the throat of his blue silk shirt, jumped from his plane as fresh and energetic as though he'd just taken a short automobile ride. But me, I know I must have been as pale as I felt, and the sky was still going round and round, and the earth wasn't very steady under my feet either.

The first thing Wally said, after shaking hands all the way around and posing for a flock of photographers, was: "Where's a good place to get some chow?"

Of course the governor suggested at the state capitol, the mayor spoke of the country club, and Wally said: "This airport cafè's closer. Come on!" And he motioned for the whole crowd to follow. They did and Wally insisted on being host and paying the check.

Then we flew forty miles north to Utah's second city, Ogden, where the celebration was about to open with a street parade. They asked Wally if he'd ride in the procession. "Sure," was the affable rejoinder. "Lead me to it. That's what I do best, parades!"

Wally sat hatless up on the back of an open car, and waved to the thousands of folks who'd come to glimpse him. A twelve-year-old boy on a bicycle pedaled away for dear life to keep up with Wally's car. A motorcycle patrolman ordered him out of the procession.

"Here, let me show you how to pilot a wheel," said Wally, noticing the boy's embarrassment. And the round Wally jumped from the back of the moving car, and for the next two blocks rode in his own Honor-Parade on a bicycle. Folks could hardly believe their eyes. Word spread ahead along the parade line. Magically bottles of cold beer and something even stronger were proffered by eager hands. But Wally only mopped his brow, kept his balance on the wheel, and said he couldn't indulge in anything stronger than soda-pop "on account of my Hollywood figure!" And so a pretty Miss dashed out and gave him a bottle of orange pop. Wally stopped pedaling and took the drink. "Best thing I've had today," he said smacking his lips.

All banquets in his honor had been cancelled. "When I eat, I like to enjoy my food, and not be worrying about what I'm going to have to say," Wally had told them. "I don't mind helping you folks out with your celebrations, but any fancy speech making is out."

Though Wally was guest of the celebration, he insisted on being host at a mid-day dinner. We all sat down at one large table in the main dining room of the local hotel. After glancing over the menu, Wally turned to the waitress and said: "I'm so hungry I could eat the side of a cow." The girl replied: "I know just what you want, Mr. Beery."—and did we laugh when a half hour later, she wheeled up a table on which reposed an enormous silver-covered platter. Lifting off the cover she set the "side of a cow" (Please turn to page 73)
W E HAVE some awfully nice parties in London. For brilliant conversation and perfect food in stately surroundings we look to the Raymond Masseys when they invite a dozen friends to dinner at their tall aristocratic house in a Kensington square.

They have decorated their big dining-room without a touch of color so that it forms a becoming background for all women guests no matter what kind of frocks they are wearing. (And Mrs. Massey, who is Adrienne Allen in British films, said she wanted her blonde looks effectively set off at meal-times, too.) So walls and ceiling are painted in palest grey with long matching window drapes of heavy satin. The carpet and the crushed velvet covers of the chairs are grey too, and even the handsomely-carved table and buffet are fashioned from grey Italian walnut. Only white flowers are allowed and instead of ornaments, some white china chickens which Raymond collects stand about on the mantel and the wall-alcoves. When the candles are lit, the room seems to be bathed in silvery moonlight and perhaps it is this unusual atmosphere which lends

The social side of life among celebrities in Britain's capital. Intimate close-ups of Hollywood as well as European notables

By Hettie Grimstead

the parties such distinction. All the Masseys' friends belong to the artistic and intellectual worlds. Beautiful Tamara Geva dined the other night and talked about Russian literature to an audience that included both Alexander and Zoltan Korda as well as dark-haired Joan Gardner and Flora Robson.

Noel Coward is a frequent guest at the house. It's exquisite to hear him discussing the latest film he has seen—he described one famous English actress now walking her cool way through Hollywood pictures as "just like a parody of Keats' Grecian Urn. A thing of beauty and a bore for ever." I asked him when he was going to make that several-times-postponed film for Paramount. He answered in his staccato manner: "Well, darling, it's too terribly, terribly monotonous acting all day in front of a tired technician and two lamps!" But he says he will go to Hollywood this winter to help with the screening of his new musical stage play "Operette." With its wonderful scenes of London life forty years ago and its romance of the actress and the Guards officer, it should make a spectacular picture to rival "Cavalcade."

Elizabeth Allan and her agent-husband Bill O'Bryen hold the most attractive little cocktail-parties in their London flat. Liza has just done over the drawing-room and now it is all peach color with touches of jade green and some golden lamé cushions. She invites the younger set, glamorous Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier and (Please turn to page 90)
What Makes You So Funny, Mr. Auer?

Here's what happened when Mischa, who usually laughs off questions about himself, couldn't duck some very personal queries

By Margaret Mary Joslyn

Auer looked at his own acting for the first time when he saw "My Man Godfrey." Being funny when he grins, as of right, then in a close-up with Donnélle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris"—and finally, wide-eyed wonder at the lower right.

As is the inescapable fate of office girls, Jane and I were doing our shopping in the Saturday afternoon whirlpool of the Loop, buffeted by determined females with hats askew, and mad, bargain-hunting eyes. Above the roar of traffic, our trained ears discerned the harsh croaks of women with parched throats who had staggered from drug-store to drug-store in vain search of a stool and a coke.

Heads down, we rammed our way through the mob, until our eyes were caught by as soothing a sight as one could hope to see. It was a large poster of Mischa Auer in front of the Palace theatre. Above his high hat appeared the legend, "Today, In Person."

Blessed Mischa Auer, who no matter how dry and cracked the creek of your spirits, can cause it to overflow with laughter like the Ohio river in floodtime! Mischa, the Thief, who steals every picture in which he appears!

"I think," I said to Jane, "that I will drop around back-stage and interview Mischa Auer."

"Why, hello, Louella Parsons," she said. "Fancy meeting you in on old lapin coat! Rehearsing for a character role, I presume?"

"Want to come with me?" I asked, shaking her shower of sarcasm off my back, like a dog.

"You're not really going to interview him?" she asked.

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but I phoned back-stage this morning. The man in the office said Mischa is a good guy; he'd probably talk to me if I caught him before his number. Come with me, if he won't talk—at least we'll see him."

Jane looked down wistfully at her rubbers. "Mmm, I'd love to see him. But I only have a half hour, and Fields, has a sale on piqué blouses—a dollar ninety-eight. And I want to return the cologne I bought last week.

Besides the sidewalks are bone dry and I am wearing rubbers. How can a girl embark on high adventure wearing rubbers? I'd quail before those great liquid orbs of Mischa's. What would he think? 'There's a clod,' he'd say to himself."

"OK," I said. "Get your piqué blouse, I am going to see Mischa Auer."

She hesitated uncertainly, as though to follow me, then glanced once more at her rubbers, and shook her head. "Report every detail. Don't miss a twitch of his eyebrow," she said, and waved goodbye.

The doorman admitted me without question and waved me into a reception room overflowing with school children. Plump little girls in bowler hats and clean bright hair curling Deanna Durbin style, sat on the davenport. Their hands clenched autograph (Please turn to page 86)
IF YOU should ask Pat O'Brien what he knows about taking candid camera pictures, he'd reply: "Not a thing in the world!" But just try going out to Pat's house with your own camera, taking shots of the garden, the babies, visiting celebrities, and so on. Pat will be right there at your elbow, borrowing the camera, shooting the pictures for you, and showing intense interest all the time.

Not so long ago, when Pat gave his usual party to celebrate the conclusion of a picture, a band of local news-cameramen arrived looking for "art." Pat, in his customary fashion, borrowed the camera belonging to the newshound, and shot another angle on each group.

"My theory is that pictures like that should hand someone a laugh," he explained. "I get a kick out of these. See Jim Cagney interrupted just as he was telling Joan Blondell a story? Does she look like: 'Will we never get to the point?' And Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown and Bert Wheeler, holding a pose on 'Sweet Adeline'!

"I didn't have anything to do with lighting or focus on those shots—the other fellows did that. I suppose my chief trouble with my pictures is the same you have—or anybody who gets camera fever at all—we're in too much of a hurry. We see something and we've got to grab it. Sometimes we have luck and the picture stays there until we've shot it, but usually we're afraid it won't, so we don't stop for correct focus and lighting.

"Here's an example of my

Says Pat O'Brien, Kodak Kibitzer. He has lots of cameras of his own, but will borrow yours—to prove the best shots should hand you a laugh

By Ruth Tildesley

There's life, and a smile, in all the pictures in the O'Brien family album. Left, Pat's favorite subjects, daughter Mavourneen and son Sean—the lad seen in two other shots in center and right above. Mrs. O'Brien tells a fish story, above. Left above, harmony by Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown and Bert Wheeler.
Pat taken—at the races, right. Below: a very informal shot of Mavourneen. Left to right below: Marian Davies at Palm Springs; Doris Warner LeRoy, Mervyn LeRoy, Dick Powell, also at Palm Springs; James Cagney and Joan Blondell—all snapped by Pat.

shots when I’m rushed. Henry Fonda was out here with his Leica, snapping some of his famous birds-in-their-nests-pictures. He was crouching among the shrubbery, looking like Bring-em-back-alive in person, so I grabbed the nearest camera and got this. It should have been swell, but he stood up suddenly.”

“Good or bad, Pat keeps them,” commented Eloise, with a smile. Eloise is Pat’s charming wife. “Pat is a born collector. He keeps matches from every place he visits, he collects pipes, he saves theatre programs, stage or screen, he keeps stills from every picture, and as for snapshots—! Here are a few of the family albums—these are home pictures, these are baby pictures, these belong to Mavourneen—these to Sean—these are taken on trips—well, just look!”

The den, where we were sitting, is lined with bookcases containing items from Pat’s collections. The actor ran an approving eye over the shelves and drew out a fat album.

“Look, this is full of programs from plays,” he observed, ’Little Old New York’—I played Bully Boy Brewer in that—Plainfield, New Jersey.”

“You are supposed to be talking about candid cameras, aren’t you, Pat?” cut in Eloise.

Pat put the album back, regretfully. “What I don’t know about cameras! When I was a kid, somebody gave me one of those little box cameras. I took it and went out all over the neighborhood, clicking the shutter. I took some great human interest shots—kids playing marbles, baseball, throwing jack knives and what-all. I had some comic shots, some thrills, and was I pleased? But when I came home and told about it, it was broken to me that I’d gone out without any film in the thing. I tell you I was disillusioned!

“I’m always shooting with the other fellow’s camera, so my pictures are all different sizes, which isn’t so good for albums. We have four or five cameras here, but somehow they’re never there when I see something good. Here’s a few from the last time we were in Palm Springs—Al Jolson, taking a sun bath—Marion Davies resting after a game of tennis, just as her dog jumped up on her lap—and this is Dick Powell, Doris Warner Leroy and Mervyn at the swimming pool. But I like the pictures of the kids best. They’re not old enough to be self-conscious yet.”

Mavourneen and Sean (pronounced Shawn), aged four years and twenty months, respectively, catapulted into the room just then, fresh from their baths. Sean wore pink pajamas and a blue robe. Mavourneen’s blue robe came almost to the tiny blue mules on her shuffling baby feet. They brought out their albums, enthusiastically. The shots in Mavourneen’s album began when she was very tiny. There were some tempting ones showing her in action—learning to walk, and so on, but when I tried to take out samples, she threw herself on the book, crying: “My Daddy’s pictures!—No-no-no-no-no!”

Explanations from Eloise and me that the pictures would be returned, that we merely wanted to put them in Screenland to show all (Please turn to page 79)
The Host of Hollywood

A week-end at Basil Rathbone's luxurious home, where the screen's suavest "villain" is unmasked to reveal the perfect host and husband, proves both novel and newsy

By Dick Pine

Basil Rathbone and I were members of the same regiment in the late, not too lamented war. We didn't lie in the same trench, nor did we save each other's lives, or anything. We didn't even join the London Scottish at the same time. In fact, he had never laid eyes on me until we had both been in Hollywood for some time. But there's something about that old regiment which makes us all kin (once we find out about it), and that is the reason for Basil's invitation to spend a week-end with him en famille.

In fairness to him, I warned him that I possessed a nose for a story, and that I might, for the benefit of Screenland's readers, unmask him—Rathbone the villain, Rathbone the elegant, Rathbone, Hollywood's Number One party-giver. And if you have any preconceived notions (as I had), prepare to shed them now (as I did).

I arrived shortly after noon on a Saturday, clutching my bags, and asking foolish questions about where to leave my car. Rathbone has room for forty cars or so at the rear of his vine-covered house. Nellie was patient with me. Nellie is the trim little English maid whom the Rathbones imported when they returned from England on their last trip. Two West Highland terriers in the hall were not quite so patient as Nellie. They nearly knocked me flat, although, after a little cautious conversation, I gathered that their exuberance was distinctly friendly. Then, Ambrose made his quiet appearance.

Ambrose is an extremely important member of the Rathbone menage. He, too, is English,

Rathbone the villain, Rathbone the elegant, Rathbone the perfect host, and Rathbone the friend and "war buddy" of the author—you meet them all under the most cordial circumstances in this stimulating story. Right, Basil as Ahmed in "Marco Polo," and above, left, Basil as Robin Hood.
and has the most uncanny sense of anticipation of one's wants, whether they be Basil's or a guest's. Ambrose took me in tow, and a moment later, I found myself in an enormous chair in Rathbone's own particular sanctuary—a dark-walled room with gay Venetian blinds, monk's cloth sort of stuff here and there, scores of books, a white desk, and another dog who looked at me, but said nothing. Then Basil burst in.

"Didn't know you were here, old chap! Did Ambrose take your bags? You're just across the hall. Ouida—Mrs. Rathbone—will be here in a second. Did you find a cigarette? Let's talk a few minutes, and then we'll do something." In the few minutes which elapsed before Mrs. Rathbone appeared, Basil and I had dismissed the War, discussed tennis, and touched on motion pictures. He interrupted before we got very far with that subject. "Are you interested in 16 mm. film?" he inquired. A truly fanatic gleam came into his eye. "Before you leave, I simply must show you some of my film. I have thousands of feet of it. There's London, Paris, Vienna, Budapest. First shot I made was when I was leaving Pasadena for England, and I've a complete record from then on. I've also taken a lot of stuff on the sets. Ambrose cuts the film for me. You will see it, won't you?"

I was mumbling something which I hoped sounded enthusiastic, when Mrs. Rathbone, vivacious and pretty, came in to greet me, to bustle with brief plans for her own afternoon, to ask after Basil's plans, to hope that we would remain cheerful and good friends until she could join us before dinner. "And don't let Basil bore you with his motion pictures," she concluded, before she was off like a gay and busy breeze.

"You're going to see pictures, if it's the last thing I do," said Basil grimly, as Ambrose entered the room. Ambrose went quietly to a cupboard, and drew therefrom a tattered sweater, an old pair of crepe-soled shoes, and the most disreputable pair of brown trousers I have ever seen. At the sight of these habiliments, Leo, the Spaniel, who had been reposing on the studio couch, suddenly went mad, dancing, leaping, yapping.

"Ambrose and Leo think I'm planning to go walking," Basil explained. "Ambrose always knows what I want to do, before I know it myself. Leo doesn't know he is going walking until he sees these trousers." He held them up and chuckled. They had holes in the knees and in the seat. "Dog-walking garments. Had 'em for years. And they're not done for, yet. Hope you brought something disreputable with you. Rodion, my son, you know, is coming, too."

I nodded, and went across the hall to my room, where I found that Ambrose had laid out some flannel bags, a sweater, which looked almost indecently new to me, and some sports shoes. I hadn't expected to feel overdressed with this Rathbone man, but I really did wish I had a hole in something.

I eventually found Basil and Rodion out by the six little dog houses, where Rodion was putting them on leash. Recently from England, where he has taken a course at Bristol University in electrical engineering, he had just received news that day to report to the sound department at Warners' studio, the following Monday. As Rodion went ahead of us with the dogs, Basil explained: "I thought, maybe, he might like to try the acting end of the business, but after watching me he decided that he couldn't stand the extra obligations of an actor's life—I mean the conferences with agents between pictures; conferences with publicity representatives; interviews; dentists. (Please turn to page 88)"
There's never a routine touch to those Bennetts! Just when Hollywood had stopped giggling over Joan Bennett's being "chaperoned" every time she dined and danced with her favorite producer, Walter Wanger, Joan nonchalantly strode into a popular café with none other than the torch-carrier in her case—Gene Markey. They had a cozy chat, minus chaperonage incidentally. Gene's also a producer, but not the gal's pet one any more. Not since she divorced him. With Mrs. Wanger having divorced Mr. W., it's apparently all set for a third marriage for Joanie. Then she'll be even on the records with sister Connie. Speaking of the eldest Bennett reminds one of the really forgotten man. Isn't he the marquis Constance is still wedded to? While he lingers on abroad Connie continues to go places with Gilbert Roland. She doesn't use her French title, as Gloria Swanson did when the identical marquis was hers.

Charles Boyer, not to be outdone by Benny, also has two charmers for close-ups in his new picture, "Algiers." They are Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr.

Here's Hollywood

Good news in brief about the latest doings in cinema circles

By Weston East

Norma Shearer knows that one way to be different is to be different. At Hollywood evening parties Norma's given to wearing a hat and being the only woman so bedecked. When Marion Davies threw the party of the month, in honor of William Randolph Hearst's birthday, everyone was supposed to come in American Colonial costume. Norma couldn't resist showing up as Marie Antoinette. There were eighty tables for the midnight supper, a merry-go-round in the garden-by-the-sea, and Marion's guest of honor was seventy-five years old. Len德拉 Parsons was a century late, in her Lillian Russell gown, but no one reproved her.

Even Robert Taylor has embarrassing moments! Now imagine how he felt the other night when the lights went on too suddenly after the last show at Warners Theatre on the boulevard. So enraptured at the final romantic close-up, he'd forgotten there were still half a dozen people also left in the balcony. When Barbara Stanwyck rose and preceded him up a flight of stairs Great Lover Number One reached forth and pinched his lady fair. Of course she gasped. The lights burst on at that very moment and, of course, the curious six who had managed to spot the duo despite the darkness gasped. Bob himself would have gasped—if he hadn't been so busy blushing!

The head waiter at the Hollywood Brown Derby has a little-publicized job. It's up to him to see that the caricatures which line the café walls are placed appropriately. For instance, Tyrone Power had to be switched from Sonja Henie's side to Janet Gaynor's. Now what next? If you want to know who's
James Stewart is a private in the navy, but his love-making to Margaret Sullavan seems very public with Walter Pidgeon looking on, in “Shopworn Angel.”

Do you know what the average girl extra earned this past year? Approximately $99. Divide that by fifty-two weeks and the income is $17 weekly. Now imagine trying to maintain a keen wardrobe on that, to say nothing of peace of mind when stars go about dripping minks! Add rent, meals, carfare, and who says an extra is dumb? She has to have genius.

You can’t daunt Herbert Marshall. He and Lee Russell have been dining at the Beverly-Wilshire in spite of her husband’s blow-up. Mr. Russell, it seems, valued her lost affections at $150,000. She came to Hollywood, anxious to become a movie actress. Instead, Lee met Herbert at a smart cocktail party. It all goes to remind us that Gloria Swanson, Mr. M.’s previous steady date, is supposed to actually make her come-back picture this month. ‘Tis said she’s getting $15,000 for starring in it. Republic, the leading independent studio, is sponsoring her long-awaited appearance. Once upon a time Gloria regally turned down the same salary per week—! But since she’s at Republic, why don’t they team her with Ramon Novarro, who’s also there?

STAR-studio row of the month: Ginger Rogers vs. RKO. She won. She wanted vacations between her pictures. She took one at Sun Valley while the bosses were coming ‘round. Important come-back of the month: Charlie Farrell’s. He’s not only beginning again in Hollywood, but he’s re-debutting in a romantic lead at the studio where he first skyrocketed. He’s the adult hero in Shirley Temple’s latest, tentatively titled “Lucky Penny.” New-star send-off of the month: Olympe Bradna’s. She was rushed away for a dozen key-city stops as soon as her first starring film was previewed. Just eighteen, Olympe never was kissed by a man—except by her father—until she enacted the love scene for her epic. Gene Raymond gave her a hint of what’s ahead for her. It sounds like a gag, but Olympe’s French and her parents chaperone her—even on the picture sets.

Shock of the month: Deanna Durbin will sing only popular tunes in her new show; someone with a swing complex has hanged forth this edict! Upset of the month: Wesley Ruggles, Jr., four-year-old son of rich producer-director Wesley Ruggles and actress Arline Judge, tested a picture at 20th Century-Fox and lost the part! Sentimental note of the month: the reception of Valentino’s “The Sheik,” first a riot in Hollywood’s revival theatre, means more silent films will be dug up for your benefit.

Luise Rainer pictured with her mother, Mrs. Amy Rainer, on the set where Luise is making “The Toy Wife.” Alice Faye in a scene for “Alexander’s Ragtime Band,” below, suggests a top choice for Sadie Thompson if “Roin” is re-filmed.

In Paris, the town where she was born, Claudette Colbert found a fate awaiting wherever she went. Here you see her in an admiring crowd of a theatre.
Rosalind Russell has profited by the experience of the Hollywood stars who've preceded her to the English studios. They've been plunged right into picture-making and have to do their sight-seeing in a terrible rush and amid a ballyhoo that precluded any freedom. Roz fixed her co-starring with Robert Donat so she'd have her month of luxurating before she reported for work. She took her younger sister Mary Jane, who'd like to get into the movies, directly to Italy. They started at the bottom of the continent and gaily worked up.

Actually Gene Raymond was merely being gallant when he pulled the snub of the century. If he made a complete faux-pas it proves how love can rattle even a great lover. Maybe you've wondered how Gene could have greeted those photographers in Kansas City with the shout, "I'll bust the first one of you that takes a picture of us!" It was hardly the reception the boys expected from the touring Mr. and Mrs. Raymond. The whole story is that Jeanette MacDonald was attired in slacks and gogolins and was hardly up to snuff in the glamor way when the twosome piled off the train for a brief stroll. Gene didn't want her to be caught at such a disadvantage, so he acted impulsively. Nore to G. R.: the snub fellow invites the boys to have a drink and appeals to them as pa-tow-pals to hold off! While vacationing in New York Gene took Jeanette driving through Central Park in a Victoria cab. At first they thought it was the horse that was causing the attention. Then they realized it was their public. The top was down and they were very much on display. When they wanted to eat at Child's they had to go into three restaurants before they hit the one where nobody gaped alarmingly. Jeanette patiently smiled while Gene made two weeks of personal appearances on a theatre stage. That's love!

What'll happen when ambition for movie glory is ultimately balked? Claudette Colbert had a swell time on her five months' European tour with her husband. Eventually settling down to being just a doctor's wife wouldn't, she admits, be a bad fate. But she's honest, as usual. She'll have to find another career. "I know I can last only so long in pictures," she asserts. "I've never confessed my secret plan before, but it's to have a theatre and manage a stock company of novices. I believe I can re-create our own triumphs in the triumphs of others. If we aren't blessed with children, we can assist and guide, anyway. If I can wind up teaching young people to act I shan't miss my own success."

Jutse Rainer does everything by spontaneous desire, including her airplaining across the continent. The past few months she's guaranteed her brief hours of joy, however; she learned that the night planes are run on reservations and so she's made friends with the bureau that books the passengers. When Luise has a couple of days off she phones that she wants to depart on the four o'clock plane, and—because she's so very charming—somehow one passenger finds himself held over. Luise drops in on her husband, Clifford Odets, whenever she thinks she wants to. (He's busily play-writing in New York City.) She tells the studio to phone her there whenever she's needed; she can be back the next day. Yes, she's made a point of being very charming to the booking bureau at the Eastern airport, too!

Wayne Morris continues to be so naive. He and Priscilla Lane went strolling down Hollywood Boulevard, holding hands. A gaunt of admirers collected and trailed them and Wayne was surprised no end. His sense of unimportance is what gets you, Hollywood gals declare. Incidentally, he hit his second wind as regards his career. So he isn't mad because he asked for a raise and didn't get it. After all, good parts are what he needs most and he's being handed 'em.

Studio shake-up of the month which interested the most ladies-about-town was Travis Banton's departure from Paramount. Whether he resigned is unimportant. He's been designing those Lombard, Colbert, and Dietrich gowns—and now he's available for personal wardrobes! The rush is on. Lombard still won't dream of appearing in anything but a Banton creation. Mr. Banton has this to say about the new mode:

"Tailored suits are passé. Women no longer need to diet radically. Clothes are to be flowing, to fit curves." For good measure he adds, "Veils are passé, also." It'll be fun to take a second helping, but what to do with all that black net around the house?

Virginia Bruce had to prove her much-touted tact the other afternoon when she was allowing her daughter Susan Ann to entertain. Susan Ann is four years old. Among the guests were Gary (son of Bing), Crosby and Ricky (son of Richard), Arlen. The gentlemen are likewise aged four. The two young men, pals for years, came to personal blows over Susan Ann. Before either could effect a knockout, Virginia pulled them apart. She's explained to papar Bing and Richard that she did her darndest to keep peace. This four-year-old triangle is the talk of the town's youngest set!

Watch the skies, not your step, is the idea Joan Crawford had in mind as she arrived in New York on vacation, right.
**ANNABELLA'S** actor husband Jean Murat has returned to Paris, acting bids not flooded in on him here. So she's been spending her spare time sightseeing with the Charles Boyers. They've done the Southern California playspots and most recently have ventured to Phoenix. Practically no one recognizes the trio, Mrs. Boyer is Pat Patterson. They don't dress fit to kill, nor behave conspicuously.

**BETTE DAVIS** has been having an unmentioned fight, too. According to report, it's with her agent, Mike Levee. As soon as he releases her from his contract, which provides that he shall represent her on business deals, it is said, she'll sign with Lebad Hayward, equally prominent agent who's Margaret Sullivan's husband to boot. Bette conducted her recent Warner tiff herself, Levee being not in sympathy with it. She says she's changed since coming to Hollywood, and about reading gossip of all things. "When I was on the stage I never cared what other people did. But out here I'm like all the rest now. I find myself eagerly reading the lowdown columns and speculating avidly as to exactly who the columnist was taking the crack at! I should be ashamed to admit it, shouldn't I?"

**NATURALLY** the fireworks which have to explode in the film version of "You Can't Take it With You" have to be seen and not merely heard. So there was quite a quandary for a spell Jean Arthur had visions of her come-back (she was on strike against her studio for a year) going up in rockets and Roman candles. But she was relieved when informed that cold fire, thoroughly non-inflammable, was being employed in the fireworks scene. When Jean began in pictures she was on the receiving end of custard pies, in two-reel comedies. On the Fourth of July she'll add fireworks to her list of taboos. She can't stand pie in any disguise!

**THERE'S** something about portraying movie detectives in one picture after another that brings on nervous breakdowns. First Warner Oland had to get away from Charlie Chan for a prolonged rest. Now Peter Lorre has to watch his health since he's been Mr. Moto-ing it so mysteriously. Indeed, Pete's been troubled by insomnia to the point where he was quite upset. He finally has been cured by the combined efforts of two doctors. Whimsically, he's taken the two physicians to Arroyohead as a special treat. Maintains they need a rest cure after fussing with him!

**BURGLARS** have been annoying the stars. Louise Fazenda went East for a couple of weeks and thieves stole all her valued keepsakes in the jewelry line. The Fred MacMurray's went out to a bridge game and returned to discover a man had been there taking his pick. Miriam Hopkins visited her husband in his house across the street and had to call the police when she'd said good night and had come home. Carole Lombard dated Clark Gable and was sorry they drove in the moonlight so persistently! While gone $25,000 worth of favorite possessions were stolen. She particularly missed a jeweled watch which Clark gave her. Who says a husband isn't sentimental, regretting that most?

**JANE WITHERS** has established the fact that she was quite a grown-up lady round home. She was treated as such, to her grief. But her new reputation is ruined. In her last picture she pulled a table cloth from a table, leaving her teeth straightened on the table and whole. She politely finished dinner at home one evening when there was company, and when she'd been complimented highly on her sweetness in person. The gush was too much for Jane, who thought a bit of startling action wouldn't be amiss. Nonchalantly she rose and, with a deft flip of the wrist, off came the table cloth. With all the dishes smashing on the floor! There was a stunned silence. Jane explained she'd done it at the studio. "But Jane," her mother reminded her, "they had a trick kind of table cloth there!" Ah, me.

**NOT** all of these Hollywood Cinderellas are in the big money, however. Arleen Whalen, for example. She and her family have moved from the unfashionable part of Los Angeles to a more select section nearer the studio where she's being groomed, but—believe it or not—Arleen still wipes the dishes after supper. She worked in the beauty salon in the Roosevelt Hotel on the boulevard for a year-and-a-half. Simone Simon used to tell her she ought to try for pictures. But Arleen never thought she'd do it all. One day in walked a director, next day she was tested, and the following day she signed on the dotted line. Today she has a dressing-room not far from Simon's.
Of course, you're going somewhere. Perhaps on your first cruise, or on just another one. An incredibly long ticket, promising new adventures, may snuggle already in your bag. Or maybe you've decided upon the seashore with surf bathing and sand to your heart's content. Train, plane, boat and car, thousands will soon trail off to Vacation Land.

The great summer beauty problem seems not so much what we do with our hair or how we make up, but what sun and wind and glare do to our skin. To burn or not to burn—that is, indeed, the question. Before summer sets in earnest, decide whether you are a copper, a golden, or a platinum-skinned girl by nature, then follow the rules of the game, according to type. If you can tan like Joan Crawford, a deep, mellow tone, dramatic with her large eyes and definite face, then tan! If you're like Janet Gaynor, whose flaming hair means a fine, delicate skin, prone to freckles, then the sun is not for you. Or if you're porcelain blonde like Anita Louise, the Snow White role is yours!

You have to be the type to tan effectively. And there are two classes of tan—the warm, golden tone that comes to golden blondes and in-betweeners, and the copperish beauty that the sun brings out in the real brunette. Carole Lombard is an example of the golden tan and Dolores Del Rio, the deeper tone of Latin sun-kissed beauty. Go about your sun-tanning in a business-like way; don't just let it happen, or it may not turn out to be as attractive as you expect.

Perc Westmore, who knows just about all there is to know on such subjects, offers some sound advice for the deeper-dyed beauties. He suggests that you pre-condition your skin with warm olive or other rich oil. Warm it and rub it well into the body skin as you would apply a softening cream to your face—to lubricate it and make it supple. Then—and this is the whole secret of your success—begin with gradual exposure, about twenty minutes, slowly increasing the time until you can take the sun comfortably and becomingly. Use a sun-tan oil before exposure to insulate an even, comfortable tan, and remove shoulder straps and turn your body frequently so that strap or other designs are not burned on your skin. You had just as well remove your sandals, too, because straps or designs will be marked by the sun and may show through sheer stockings. Use dark glasses at least part of the time. There are Hollywood favorites that cut down noticeably on the burning rays so that eyes remain clear, fresh, and unstrained by sun. When you're through your sun bath, rub oil or cream well into the exposed skin to keep it satiny. Mr. Westmore further suggests that white, yellow, and medium blues are becoming costume color accents. This goes also for skins that are naturally of a tan or sallow hue, the white and blues especially giving good contrast and more clarity of tone.

When you're through the above sun schooling, you may go free as the wind, if you'll use oil or cream to keep that skin silky and soft. Most girls think of cream and oil as a winter need. If anything, I believe they are even more necessary in summer when drying heat, wind, and glare actually burn up natural oil.

Make-up for the tanned skin should be definitely of a matching skin tone, with rouge and lipstick either a clear true red or of an orangey cast. Unfortunately, the delicate pinks and rose are not for you. Fortunately, however, the new powders have a definite ochre or peach cast, far removed from the muddy, brownish tones that formerly

Hollywood's answer to the burning question is "Prevent!" Here are ideas on prevention and cure

By Courtenay Marvin

Joan Crawford, her skin coiled, sits in the sun and gets on extra quota of copper tone. Carole Lombard tans in the well-approved manner with a protective lotion on her skin, dark sun glasses to cut down glare on her eyes, and straps removed for smooth, unmarked shoulders.
were generally known as sun-tan powders. Kay Francis and Myrna Loy freckle, and so do plenty of the stars, just like our- selves. Freckles are hard to correct, than sun- tan or burn, because they are a discolora-
tion of the pigment or coloring matter of the skin. In fact, some freckles seem to burn like fire. But the heart; you needn't even get them if you're careful. Holly-
wood's idea is most convenient. Use plenty of make-up foundation and powder. This gives cover, it is a good idea for use. If you have dry or normal skin, apply a cream or lotion foundation liberally and serve three good purposes. You will help to keep your skin normally or orientate it youthful. In this: you will make your powder and rouge look
smooth and lovely, and you will ward off those freckles. If it is a skin-like a liquid powder base. Over either, use plenty of skin-tone powder, and powder the Hollywood way, which means the same amount all over the face, except for your nose and chin. You can use much more powder this way and with far better effect.

When a vacation is over or when summer is done, give yourself several weeks' or a month's nightly treatment with a mild bleaching cream, and you'll be peaches and cream and in a little time, you will find that your skin is much softer than ever. In this: freckles are light and usually fade quickly. It is the rare freckle woman who freckles and keeps these little tell-tale marks a long time. They are harder to fade because they are dark.

Now we come to the part that hurts—the plain red burn that sometimes blisters. It is easy to attack any color type, is exceedingly painful, and should be treated like a regu-
lar burn. If at all severe, call a doctor. To prevent, your cure is to use a sunburn cream. Sunburn creams are different from the usual creams, because an ingredient is in them to filter out the burning rays, which cause the burn. Use them lavishly, and you'll find that the powder powders increase the sun-proofness. They are easy to apply as a hand lotion, sink into the skin, and do not leave it messy or sticky. Also, they will not stain clothing. However, it is still advisable to keep out of intense sun.

This exposure is hardly ever necessary. You can wear a big hat or find a fool of shade somewhere. Avoid coming in salt water and sitting in the sun. Salt and sun on the skin are a bad burning combi-
nation, and avoid, too, the overcast day that is likely to fool you with a bad burn.

When this skin has been burned, cleanse with cleansing cream and apply one of the skin ointments that have a tendency to take the sting out of burn. Blister form and peeling follows, don't try to hurry this process. Skin will scuff off naturally in time, but if you hasten it, you may leave discolored or scarred patches. Body skin burned in this manner needs exactly the same treatment as your face skin.

Care and make-up kits are a boon to the Hollywood girl, because in them you will find about all you need, in related sizes, enough for a week, two weeks or a month. You can get these combinations treated to your face box size, costing slightly more than a lunchbox, up to pure luxury, meaning a piece of smart baggage in addi-
tion to beauty-giving contents. They make greater sense for others as well as for your- self, and they're easy to pack or carry, compact and complete.

As you get toward the end of summer, you may find your face and skin in need of a little reconditioning, for hair dries and streaks badly with too much sun. The good bangs and floppy hats are not only out, they are over. This is the time to go into this reconditioning later on. Mean-
while, "Bon Voyage," "Happy Landing," or however you say all that means a happy, happy vacation!

**News for Vacation—and All Times**

**THE new Dorothy Gray Port-
trait Face Powder, with a num-
er of cases in its fa-
vor. See Spe-
cial Blend and Glo-
Rachet tones. Lovely.**

WITH the summer fashion picture a riot of pastels; with hats romantic and slightly mad, face powder seems more important than ever. And here's a light, creamy skinish powder, and it is the very thing to keep powdered, refreshed, creamy at all times, for the new Dorothy Gray Portrait Face Powder, new in formula, box, and tones. Chemically, it's suited to the most sensitive skins and an emollient ingredient makes it wear so well that it won't cake or look pasty. It's fluffy; spreads like a mist to give that "soft focus" look in "close-ups." In the regular Dorothy Gray powder shadings, of course, the Blend and Glo-Rachet tones. Above, you see the new box, which this column thinks should meet all summer skin needs, and that be-

**ANOTHER vacation “special”—La Cross Glycated Polish Remover Pads.** They are discs of cotton saturated with La Cross remover, a preparation that is kind to brittle nails and harsh cuticle. One pad removes polish from ten fingers. These pads come in a neat jar that means no liquids to spill, no extra cotton. An original thought, grand for travel or general use. And modestly priced!

**HEALTHY, normal skins will welcome** the new Jergens All Purpose Face Cream. The light cream's consistency cleanses thoroughly and wipes away easily, but leaves that consoling and softened feel. Special ingredients have a stimulating effect and a tendency to con-

**For ladies only**—Schick's Dry Shaver. Rigid, neat—and safe
— for those who prefer this method. Comes in a blue jacket.

**RECORD your summer in pictures, if** you want to relive those happy days. An efficient means to this end is the Agfa Clipper card type of camera. It's stylish, compact, easy to carry and economical to operate. Technical details are easy to master and handle, and fine pictures are your reward. Model PD16, which you can see at your Agfa dealer's, will fit in with your vacation budget plans.

**SUBTLE perfume, refresh, body toner, oil in one bottle—** the new Coty Per-
fume Colognes in Chypree or Ambree. A Sum-
mer "must."

**WE ALL want luxury—of course. And** we can’t all live like kings or queens. But here’s an exception, Coty’s Partumiee Cologne in Chypree, or Ambree. The zest of a Cologne is combined with glamorous fragrance, and the result is that you may go refreshed, dainty, subtly perfumed through the Summer from one bottle. Chypree, perhaps, is the most popular fragrances ever conceived, and Ambree is one of those lovely scents, almost impossible to describe. But you can take a deep whiff of each in your department or drug stores, and make your own choice. Both are un-
usually richly perfumed for a preparation of this type—indeed, they are a perfume of a lighter nature and very lasting. So if you pride yourself on a good, practical sense combined with a flair for luxury, indulge both by all means—from one bottle—and know you have luxury without overpaid cost. In a classical phrase that makes it a lovely idea for gift, too!
the rôle. If I made you believe him, then it's only because I believed him myself!

Mr. Boyer says that his experience is not comparable, and of course it's not, not in respect to importance or history, but in the building of a man, and an actor, those "periods of devotion" to which he refers were vastly important, and they do deserve looking into. There have been several of them, and they were varied, but most dramatic of all is that period which began when he was in his early twenties. This was more than a devotion, really—this was a love, a love which held him in absolute slavery, in complete submission, in intense adoration for eleven long years. Yet it was not, as you might expect, a love for any woman, though in a way it was as rapt as that. It was, instead, his love for the stage. As an artist lives for his painting, as a writer is possessed by his greatest book, yes, and as Napoleon was subjugated in his warring, so was Charles Boyer transfixed by this idealistic love which meant more to him than all the beautiful women in Paris. Which brings us to the beginning of our story.

It began while he was still a student at the Sorbonne, working for his license of Philosophy—it was then that this love first showed itself to him in all its glory. Charles went to see the great Lucien Guirry, one of the most celebrated actors of all time, and from then on he could never get the theatre out of his blood. There was a glamour and an excellence in that performance, a perfection throughout the entire theatre, and the air, which, like some hypnotic perfume, was to linger with him always. After that he attended his philosophy classes less often and during the next month he saw Guirry's play no less than fifteen times. He pursued his lady fair in other theatres too, saw every play there was to see, and upon receiving his diploma from the University entered the Paris Conservatoire de Drama—and it was there that his woeful began in earnest.

But as all young lovers in the first stage of amour are over-anxious, so was Charles. And as he looks back on it now he is a bit sheepish about those early too-affectionate advances he made to his love. He finds in them something a little ridiculous. But they prove how intense was his pursuit. "I remember the play in which I made my first little success. It was called 'The Battle,' and years later I appeared in a film based on the same play, 'Thunder in the East,' which I made with Merle Oberon. But in the film I played the lead; in the play I was only a subordinate character, while my director, Gemer, who was also an actor, played the part which I later played on the screen. It is quite a joke, really."

"You see, we were both supposed to be Japanese. It took me two hours to make up for my rôle, my unimportant rôle. Yet Gemer, to make up for his part, the leading part, never spent more than twenty minutes. I shall never forget it—and the first time I stepped on the stage in that play the audience gasped, breathed a great simultaneous 'Oh!' Of course I took it for admiration, but I have often wondered since if it wasn't because that made me the gasp. You see I was completely yellow, my hands, my arms, my neck, all over! A most elaborate make-up! And for weeks before I had followed Japanese men all through the Quartier Latin, trying to copy myself after them exactly. There were many who were students at the University at the time, and they became my models. There was one Japanese friend of mine with whom I used to play billiards a great deal, and always he used to beat me because I was more intent on his walk, his mannerisms, and his expressions than I was on the game. But perhaps I couldn't have beat him at all, for he added, quietly, 'the Japanese are excellent billiard players, you know.'"

Boyter's Loveless Years

Continued from page 27

It was, strangely enough, who had the greatest fault to find with my performance. One night in a tiny café, after the show, I ran into him. 'You do the part with too much exaggeration,' he said. 'My people do not walk like you walk in your play. Look, watch me closely, copy me!' and he stood up and walked between the table. Copy him! It was a bitter come-down, since that is what I had been trying to do for a month!"

But, evidently a Japanese friend did not approve, Charles Boyer did attract the attention of the critics in "The Battle," and it was obvious that he would be a success. The possibility that not only was he a sincere actor but that he had all the attributes of the matinee idol; the dark hair; those thoughtful, lit-up eyes; the gentle inflection of the voice—in countless flamboyant adjectives they painted his romantic possibilities. The young actor blushed when he read this part of his reviews, hurried on to find something more constructive about his work.

It was at five o'clock in the morning when he read them. He had risen early, actually trembling at the thought of this, his first rendezvous with a review. Not able to wait until the papers were brought to the door, he had dressed quickly and gone out into the fresh early morning sounds of the Paris streets. His conscience, unused to seeing him so early, had ceased his busy washing of the steps to stare after him as he strode off. She had heard him he had turned actor—well, when a man became an actor he began to do strange things. At the corner he paused. The newsboy hadn't yet arrived, and for a few minutes Charles stood restlessly,rift on this foot, then the other. Then the flower woman came along, set down her baskets on the curb, and began arranging them. He felt foolish to be there so long at such an early hour and when the woman, smiling, showed him a bottomniere, he bought it quickly. He watched her plant it tenderly in his lapel, thought surely, because of that—and the anxious look on his face, that it was a girl for whom he was waiting. Then a moment later she saw him, not with a girl's hand tucked through his arm, but with a bunch of newspapers there. One he also opened wide, and read it aloud:

"I soon got over that," Mr. Boyer laughed, as he carried on with the story. "It lasted perhaps a year, my great attention to reviews; after that I found it was better to avoid them entirely. I soon found that I never remembered the good things which were said about me, only the bad, and they upset me. Oh, I was very sensitive in those days, too much so. The slightest thing threw me into despair. Yet it was Gemer's fault-finding, even more than the papers, which upset me the most, and from that I never could escape. He was a hard taskmaster; I worked with him in a number of plays, and it was always the same, even after I was established. For days after he had made mockery of me I would go around in agony—and he would let me, too! Then he would decide that I had been tortured enough—suddenly he would slap me on the back, make some joke, or order a bottle of the best champagne, and these little gestures would show me that it was time the blue mood should pass."

"The thing for which he used to reserve his greatest ridicule was my tendency to live the parts I played. My second big part was the rôle of an Arab. By this time I had learned that make-up was not so important as acting, but now I was going to another extreme. As my rôle was a bit sinister, so was I becoming in my own life, finding an increasing attraction to the seclusion and morosity. While I was preparing for the play I left my flat, because there my friends were always trying to entice me into some
entertainment, and took refuge where no one might expect to find me—in a hotel. When Gemier discovered this he laughed and said if he had only known, he would have been glad to have set up an Arabian tent for me with a little sand strewn around. It was an exaggerated spirit in me, I suppose, but I couldn't help it—getting ahead in this profession I loved so much was the only thing that mattered.

There were other things too about which Charles Boyer used to be a great deal, and not the least of them was his lack of interest in beautiful women, and his fanatic disapproval of marriage. Oh, he approved of it for the rest of the world, but he firmly believed that marriage could not be mixed with the theatre, and he was so passionate in his belief that his actor friends were inclined to laugh at him. But one evening when a group of them were gathered together in his tiny flat, Charles said that he would show them how serious he was. He would take an oath. He would prove to them how completely he meant to devote himself to his work. And suddenly in the midst of that scoffing group, all laughter was wiped away. Solemnly, Charles Boyer swore that he would never marry as long as he was in the theatre—and they knew that he meant it.

This, then, was the young man whom all France was acclamating as its most popular fellow-actor. These five were inseparable, bound together by a common love, and they spent hours discussing this love, over coffee and brandy, in innumerable Paris cafés. Incidentally, their rise in the theatre world could be easily traced as they moved from the poor cafés to the better ones. In the beginning when Charles appeared in "The Batter," his salary was fifty francs a day, (at that time about a hundred dollars a month), and during that fifty-francs-a-day period he haunted only the cheaper, more dimly lighted cafés. Bit by bit, success by success, as his salary increased, he found himself joining his friends in the better restaurants, the more glittering night spots. But if the wine, women, and song of these better places attracted him it was only to watch and observe, to learn more about life and how it should be portrayed.

Thus eleven years passed, and while they may seem like unexciting years to many people, to Charles Boyer they held all that he wanted of life. His strict devotion had been rewarded a thousand fold, not only as money and fame were concerned, but the happy realization that he had succeeded in the thing he set out to do. He had won his goal. He could go no further.

Then came pictures and a new zeal seized him. A desire to do on the screen what he had done on the stage. Basically it is just as strong a devotion as was the stage lover. On the stage he was, all that women longed for, yet off the stage he was completely oblivious to them! Many of the great ladies of society sought to meet him. They sharpened their wits, perfected their beauty, polished their wiles for days in advance. But it was no use. When at last they did meet him they found a sombre young man whose face came to light only when they talked of the theatre, or of books or of music. And it was the same with adoring schoolgirls. Lustrous-eyed, they sought him out at the stage door to tell him of their adoration, but he was interested only when they offered intelligent, impersonal comments. Only then did he stop to chat with them for a while. Once he was impressed when a young girl told him that she had seen him thirty times in the same play. He was impressed, but he was not intrigued. It never occurred to him that she might be in love with him.

His only companions in those days were the great men with whom he was associated. There was Bernstein, the famous playwright, who wrote many of his successes for him. There was the novelist, Phillipp Herrat. Then there was Gemier, of course, and there was Pierre Blanchet, a first, but physically it is different. He saw from the beginning that a screen career would allow him more time to himself. It would allow him, for the first time in his life, an opportunity to find romance if he wished. And so as he came to the end of his life on the stage he came to the end of that vow he had taken. Shortly after he came to America Charles Boyer met Pat Patterson.

As was natural to a man who had been immune to love for so long, it was love at first sight, and six weeks later they were married. Today Hollywood is bewildered that such a sudden marriage could have lasted so long, but in the light of what has just been told, it is no longer necessary to wonder. The same steadiness which kept his life so empty of romance for so long, will protect the love that he knows now. Charles Boyer is a man whose ideals have always been unassailable, and to him this marriage is an ideal.

Thus he has come to the end of his loveless years. He is still eager about his work, every characterization is a new thrill, but because pictures have so rearranged his life, he has time now and—what's more important—he has heart for both! before Wally. It was truly that, being a steak some fifteen inches in diameter and fully two and a half inches thick, Wally looked down at it rather sheepishly, but without a word bravely started on it with his knife and fork.

Wherever Wally goes he is an ever-pre- cept. He was a real social problem. He was not the baggy-trousered, ambling-gaited man they've been depicting—"The Old Soak," the raucous, blustering fish-shop-man in "Port of Seven Seas." Surprisingly to them, he reflects the polish of a well-groomed man, though plain-spoken with a deep bass voice that booms, and who appears far younger than his screen characterizations. He never travels without at least a half-dozen suits, and more often takes along from ten to fifteen, all beautifully tailored by the same man who does Gable's and Taylor's. At least three times during his picture career he steps forth in fresh apparel, and in some ways reflects the sartorial elegance on occasion of an Adolphe Menjou. Especially is he particular about the shape of his feet and wears a very narrow shoe, trim and always new and of modish cut and design. He keeps his hair slicked well back, and there any further Conjurer efforts end. Wally has never had a manicure. "Just sissies who are afraid of roughing it and getting a little dirt under their nails, go in for them manicures," he says.

At regular intervals a small freckled- nosed kid with pencil and paper pad came up to our table and asked Wally for his autograph. Wally obliged. By the time we had finished, the boy came up again. "Say son, how many autographs have you asked me for today?" Wally asked him.

"Twelve, sir," was his reply. Wally looked rather suspicious, and he followed him out of the hotel right down to a newsstand, where the boy was selling Wallace Beery autographs for 25c each. And folks were clamoring for more.

"I don't mind signing autographs, but I don't want to set someone up in business with them," he told the boy. Turning to the rest of us, who'd followed along, Wally said: "I've never turned down a request for an autograph, but once. The other day I was sitting in the cocktail lounge of one of the hotels in Hollywood when a lady with a little fuzzy dog all rigged up in a sweater with a bow of

A hard day's work has earned a good dinner—but Charlie is allowed only a glimpse of Edgar's steak, above. Back to your glass of milk, little boy! After all, Charlie is only eleven. Well, to make up for it, Charlie hears a bedtime story, upper right.

Up in the Air with Wally

Continued from page 59
ribbon, sitting in a little kiddie-car-contrap-
tion, which she was pulling with a leash, came over and gushed that she'd like my autograph. I took one look at that dog and I said: 'Lady, I don't mind giving auto-
graphs, but I wouldn't give one to a person playing parent to a dog. Not while there's so many orphan children in the world who need parents.'

Children are Wally's pet subject, espe-
cially his adopted daughter eight-year-old Carol Ann. And you'd laugh if you could see the mothers who offer their babies and children to be kissed 'until you'd think I was in politics or something.'

Before the evening's rodeo, Wally sug-
gested that the three of us should get some air. And so unlike most celebrities, Wally headed down main street to window-shop and walk. This walk constituted a parade for behind admirers fell in and kept step. At the first big department store, Wally suggested we go in and look around. But scarcely had he walked ten feet, than customers rushed to him for autographs. An enterprising store manager ran to the front door and yelled to the sidewalk pe-
deistrains, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Wallace Beery is in the store signing auto-
graphs." Needless to say business boomed, and Wally might have been there yet if Mr. Ortmann hadn't elbowed and piloted him out, with the aid of a couple of policemen from the street.

We started out freely enough, but we needed a police escort to get back to the hotel. There we found the mayor, with a motorcycle escort ready to take Wally to the rodeo. First Wally excused himself and changed into a white suit and donned a big cowboy hat. With sirens shrieking Wally was escorted to the rodeo in a white car, with Mr. Ortmann and me trailing along.

In the flag-bedecked grandstand bands played while fifty thousand people cheered and applauded. Wally watched the rodeo, made a typical Beery speech over the "mike," and said "he'd of rode one of the bucking bronco's only he didn't want to get bucked and land his clean white pants in all the dust." He presented prize sad-
dles to the winners, ate ice cream cones and hot dogs and gave the kids half dollars for popcorn. But after the celebration was over, and we were taken back to the airport, came the surprise of the day. Even Wally, despite his six feet and two hundred and twenty pounds became as shy as a schoolgirl, when a delegation of business men, in all solemnity, informed him they were going to start a petition for Wally's candidacy as President of the United States for 1960. They had already conferred with the editor of the main newspaper, and they showed him right there on the front page, where the editor had written his belief that if Wally ran, he could be elected by the people.

"A.W., I wouldn't know anything about being president, unless it's that I can fish as good as any of them," was his answer. "Bearty," he smiled, casting his eyes down at a little hill of earth he was kicking with the toe of his shoe. "Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal would miss me splitting my movie salary with them in income tax. If I stopped making pictures. So I guess I'll just keep right on plugging' along in Holly-
wood.

And once more we were up in the air, headed home. I learned that Wally often flies from Hollywood to similar celebra-
tions, all in a day and is home by nightfall. Sometimes his destination is New York, Chicago, or other eastern cities. Then he's gone for two or three days. Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer has long since stopped trying to keep track of him. He always is at telephones home every night after seven o'clock "because the telephone rates are cheaper then," and talks with his family. He'll talk dollars' worth with Carol Ann, and she may tell him about the trip she's been to that day, or that she wore some new patent leather slippers that rubbed blisters on her heels, and other news that from a financial viewpoint could well await his return.

Many of the country's biggest rodeos from Wyoming's Frontier Days to Pendle-
ton, Oregon, and the like are opened annually by Beery. Sometimes picture schedules inter-
fer. Wally once wrote: "It's terrible when your home work interferes with your out-
door sports." He said he usually maneuvers around to accept these invitations.

The trip back was much smoother. We played radio music most of the way. Wally concentrated on his piloting. First thing I knew we were right back where we started from.

"Well, I hope that trip gives you a story as is a story," Wally told me as he helped me to alight from the plane—and I had to get my earth bearings all over again. But strangely enough though I'd been with Wally all day, I'd been so up in the air between actually being up there, and the excitement that I hadn't any much of a chance to ask him some questions I'd been wanting to.

Noah Beery, Wally's "big brother," was there the Wednesday I finally made the luncheon appointment at which Wally promis-
ted to answer my questions.

"Aren't you a sort of Hollywood Flying Ambassador?" I asked, "flying around all of the time, attending all of these celebra-
tions, and everything?"

"Now, I ain't no ambassador," he drawled and winked at brother Noah who sat quietly eating his steak, "I ain't had "Bearty," he smiled, casting his eyes down at a little hill of earth he was kicking with the toe of his shoe. "Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal would miss me splitting my movie salary with them in income tax. If I stopped making pictures. So I guess I'll just keep right on plugging' along in Holly-
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in her struggle toward the top in pictures. Unlike Lynne, who had to serve a long apprenticeship before the cameras, petite dancer--debutante Ann Miller won outstanding recognition in her second picture as the dancing companion of Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door." Her next assignment was in "Radio City Revels." Funny thing about that picture is the fact that when it was previewed Ann had only a small part—the lowest ranking featured billing—but because on two preview showings audiences received her with such unexpected applause RKO built up her part until it finally became an important one, surpaas by only the stars: Bob Burns, Jack Oakie, and Kenny Baker.

It is indescribably difficult for one to realize how great is the chasm spanning the gap from obscurity to motion picture fame; also to appreciate the extreme determination, unrelenting yearning for success since early youth that most of these youngsters have undergone. Each of them realizes that the making of a screen star involves a host of learning, a lot of heartaches, and a great deal of experience. Although their backgrounds differ widely they are unified in one thing: they all have youth, vitality, talent, and courage enough to make the best of every opportunity presented to them.

Take, for instance, the case of Jane Bryan. Jane is the outstanding starlet on the Warner lot and is distinguished for her "little sister" roles. She is a typical starlet representing a goodly measure of pulchritude, intelligence, versatility, a sweet--girl smile, lots of humor, personality plus, a wholesome American background, health, much talent, a willingness to work and an extreme determination to succeed. If you could see and chat with this dainty miss you'd know why her studio has such ambitious plans for her. Those who saw her in "Marked Woman" and "Kid Galahad" will remember her as the little sister of Bette Davis and Edward G. Robinson, respectively. But Jane did not fall into those roles without much preparation on her part. Born and reared in the environs of Los Angeles this freckled--faced daughter of an attorney has always directed her efforts toward a career of acting. Yet Jane believed that she would never make the grade in the movies since her beauty is not of the typically Hollywood--taking type; she had her heart set on the stage. However, now that she is in pictures, she is trying very hard to make a success for she can't bear to think of disappointing the people who have helped her along the way. Jane admits to owing much to Jean Muir and Bette Davis, both of whom took great pains in bringing her to the attention of motion picture executives.

After a high school career with a major in dramatics, Jane spent a long period of preparation in Miss Muir's school of the theatre before she was finally given a leading role in "Green Grow the Lillacs," and subsequently signed to a motion picture contract. Now jumping from studio stock to an important role is something like having a hitherto unheard--of uncle leave you a fortune, or discovering oil on the south forty. But when such things do take place they happen Betty. And such happened with Jane—because Bette Davis was so struck with her charm and ability.

It was like this, Mr. Jack Warner had tested dozens of "little sister"--type candidates for the role of "Marked Woman," without success. He had gone so far as to dispatch a talent scout to the east in search of such a girl. He had special instructions to talk to the man with the about the role. "Why not use the little Bryan girl?" she suggested. "She has more ability than any youngster I know. Why go to such expense to find another when you have the right person on the lot?" And so it was that Jane was cast for the part, but it was her previous training that made it possible for her to make it a success.

In similar fashion Dennis O'Keefe was brought from the ranks of "bit" players to that of a leading man in "Bad Man of Brimstone" by Clark Gable and Director Jack Conway. And again a background of long and intensive training (most of his life had been spent on the road with his parents who were vaudeville players), proved to be of worth.

Covered training in dramatics helped Andrea Leeds and Gorden 1, es, both of the University of California, Los Angeles; Marjorie Weaver (University of Indiana); Jayne Regan (Washington University, St. Louis); and Alan Bruce (Northwestern) to make the best of their opportunities when they did come, though Bruce got his first big chance as a result of his being a guide at the World's Fair in Chicago. But being a guide was not for him; he was destined for public attention. When a contest was staged to select the three handsomest guides at the Fair, Alan was chosen. It was his task to square the winners of a toastpaste contest about the Fair for a week all expenses paid.

During that same week a national magazine published a full page advertisement carrying a picture of a man who was the image of Alan. Suddenly, Alan was offered an opportunity to cash in on the likeness Alan paid for and several copies of the magazine, presented them at the office of a large advertising firm, and offered his right to be handled as a model for commercial photography. He was tested and accepted, and for the next two years posed for advertisements for everything from toothpaste to beer. Finally he met Hal Horne, associate producer at RKO studio in Hollywood, met Alan, gave him a screen test, and took him to the screen couple that was, in fact, Marjorie Reynolds. In this Milwaukee, Wisconsin, hadn Hollywood, soon recognized another prize package and no time was lost in catapulting him up the ladder of fame. He was immediately cast as the romantic lead opposite Anne Shirley in "Meet the Missus" in which Victor Moore and Helen Broderick had the top commercial spots. This was followed by an important role in "Super Sleuth," "You Can't Beat Love," "Crashing Hollywood," and "Radio City Revels." So Alan joined the long list of proficiency models who are helping to make cinema history.

Others who started on the upward track by way of professional modeling include crooks, dancers-deluxe apprenticeship. It was in 1936, when Bette Davis was "a little sister" in "Old Chicago." "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Walking Down Broadway," " Vicki Lester, one of "The Twelve Photographers," "Vogues of 1938," "The Patient in Room 18," "Maids Night Off," and Lucille Ball, mannequin with Hattie Carnegie and the Chesterfield cigarette company's "Having Wonderful Time," "The Joy of Living," and "Go Chase Yourself."

When illustrators and commercial artists were seeking two--fisted masculine公布 for advertisements, they called on Alan Curtis. His brown hair, blue eyes and square jaw, familiar to millions of magazine readers, had landed him a contract with a Metro--Goldwyn--Mayer contract. After six months with the studio he was given a star--making role as Joan Crawford's hus-
New York, where he found immediate success. Not only was he in demand for advertisements but also for many magazine covers. Working diligently for a year he saved ample funds for a European vacation, and sailed for Paris where he remained for some time. This vacation led to his first motion picture experience. One day he was introduced to a charming Russian actress who, through an interpreter since Alan could not speak French nor could she speak English, asked him to consider making a traveologue for an automobile manufacturer. The offer was accepted and immediately they set out with a French director on a three-weeks' tour of France. The picture was a silent one wherein Alan and the Russian lady played the parts of a young couple on a honeymoon, but at the end of the trip they were speaking off the screen only by means of an improvised sign language.

Back in Paris, Alan went to London. Later he returned to New York and was offered a screen test which turned out to be successful. This resulted in the role of a sailor in “Winterset” and a motion picture contract. He then played small roles in “Between Two Women” and “Bad Guy” but his work in those two productions attracted such favorable notice that Joseph Markiewitz, the producer suggested that he be tested for the role of Eddie in “Mannequin” which lifted him to a high spot. On November 14, 1937, he was married to Priscilla Lawson, popular young actress also under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Marjorie Weaver, the Twentieth Century-Fox white hope, who won a glittering cinematic crown for herself in “Second Honeymoon” and later in “Sally, Irene and Mary,” will go perhaps farther than many of the young players in Hollywood today. Marjorie is outstanding in many things. Her loveliness is triumphant, having brought the prize her way for four consecutive semesters at the University of Indiana and also in a nation wide beauty contest conducted by a motion picture magazine. She is one of the five beauty queens, out of thousands of contestants. The last decade, who has won laurels or enduring fame in the movie industry. Most contest winners have tried Hollywood but have fallen by the wayside on the difficult path to fame.

Marjorie graduated from the University of Indiana where she attended for three years. Her Freshman year was spent at the University of Kentucky and while there the ROTC made her an honorary Colonel, a rank which she also holds as one of the famous Kentucky Colonels. While she was at school she took part in dramas and excelled in other extra-curricular activities, notably swimming and volley ball.

When those who have not seen Marjorie do see her on the screen for the first time the chances are that they’ll ask themselves, “Where have I seen that girl?” The answer is that they have seen her before—the covers of nearly every magazine in America. For while she was in New York (her prize in the national contest was a dance scholarship in New York upon her graduation from the university), she managed to find time to pose for some of the biggest advertising accounts in the country: Chesterfields—although Marjorie doesn’t smoke, Budweiser—although she doesn’t drink, and Lux.

Marjorie’s name seldom if ever appears in the movie columns among those mentioned as being present at this or that night spot. She takes her film career too seriously to spend her evenings in the night-spots. Instead, she remains at home to study her script. And not only does she study her own part, but she makes a point of borrowing scripts of other pictures on the production schedule and takes them home for analysis at her leisure. In this way she feels that she is preparing herself for any part that might be offered her.

So the ranks of our young hopefuls are definitely filled with first class material. There are others at this writing who are perhaps batting with as great a degree of success though space limits our discussion of them at this time. The probability is that most of these young players won’t find failure. Right now they’re pretty far up the ladder that will lead them to a point where their names will be billed above the title of pictures rather than beneath them. Naturally some have a greater scope for acting than others and some will receive breaks where others will not, but right now each is a logical subject for eventual stardom. All are consummate performers and the plums of the studios are being tossed their way. They are all on their race to the top—which ones are favored to win? And who are the long shots? At the moment it appears to be anybody’s race, and your bet is as good as mine.

Beloved Scatterbrain
Continued from page 34

guilty, spoiled the “take.” When the scene was finally completed Marie dropped into a chair beside me, saying wistfully, “That was my most important sequence and now it’s all over!”

In a serio-comic voice she went on, “I am excited too. I’ve heard they are calling ‘Fools for Scandal,’ of course—but I had hoped to have some dramatic scenes with Mr. Gravel, who is one of my idols, and with Carole Lombard too. But my part was so small that I had to read the script through twice even to find it! After waiting around two whole days to make my first scene I was so nervous that when they called me that I barged in at the wrong door, and then, couldn’t remember one word of my one line of dialogue. Whew, that was an awful day! When I served the soup, I stuck my thumb down into it, then climaxed the whole thing by spilling water over Carole’s beautiful dinner gown. I thought she’d want to kill me, but gee, she was grand. She let out of her whooping laugh, saying she was going to adopt me. I was just the balm sister she had been looking for all her life. She insisted we must make another picture together. I hope we do, for that would justify my comedy career.”

“And today’s mishaps?” I prompted.

“I began early,” she replied. “Whizzing around a corner of the stage I caught my apron on the door and tore a big hole right in the middle and the wardrobe department had to hurry to make a new center before I was called for this scene. At noon, trying to be polite to a girl in the studio café, I spilled tea on my dress. But it is black, see? It doesn’t show, do. When it was washed it was black. Sometimes it isn’t!

Once I innocently walked onto the big courtyard set of ‘The Adventures of Robin Hood’ waving cheerily to everybody I knew, when suddenly, Director Michael Curtiz yelled ‘Scram!’ And I ran, but ran the wrong way, going right across the set and into the cameras. Then, when everybody laughed, Mr. Curtiz said, ‘It was a joke, the scene was finished but he wanted to see how fast I could run. I ruined a big scene once, while we were making ‘King of Paris’ I thought I heard a shot and turned my head and ran. But of course you can’t guess that.”

I told a girl she looked like her boy friend’s first wife, and now she wouldn’t speak to me. I like her, too, and I didn’t mean any harm but just for that connection and anyway, the wife was pretty so she shouldn’t mind so much.”

Perhaps Marie is allergic to glassware—she’s always smushing it. At a swanky cocktail party she was raving over the exquisite imported glasses and finished her remarks with a little sweeping gesture of her hands, when down two of the rarest ones. She still can’t believe she actually touched them, but there they lay on the floor in a hundred pieces. Once, all dressed up and making her first call on friends in their new honeymoon home, her hand touched the door knob as she rang the bell—it was just a wee, tiny touch, but the whole door dropped off her feet as the austere English butler opened the door. From his look she’s positive he thought she was a “strong girl” let loose from a circus.

“There was the time when I ate up most of the fancy hors d’ oeuvres at a grand cocktail party,” wailed Marie. “Not that I intended to, not at all, but I don’t drink,
Meet The Jones Family

Continued from page 31

were cast in the same mold: The final seal of approval came when the camera man even discovered that the faces all required identically the same lighting.

With a single exception, the original Jones Family film, "Every Saturday Night" has remained intact throughout the series. In that first picture, June Lang portrayed the eldest daughter, Bonnie. Shirley Deane has played the rôle in subsequent productions.

You know the characters: Jed Prouty plays John Jones, small-town head of the family, feeling, why they seem to open up a typical American home and show what makes it tick, is the fact that the members of the Jones Family act as a unit. There is absolutely no jealousy, no attempt to steal scenes from each other. One face of it, this is unusual. Few pictures bearing famous names can boast such a record. For with fame, individual fame, comes a desire, however unconscious it may perhaps be, to win personal glory. No such feeling exists on a Jones Family set.

A glimpse here probably would reveal at least one of the youngsters with both a Spring Byington and Jed Prouty. Both are called "Mother" and "Dad" off the set as well as on, and each helps solve the small-day-to-day problems that arise in the lives of their "children." Like the typical American mother she represents, Miss Byington lends her charm and intelligence to tying up the loose ends in the family's life both off and on the screen. The elders' influence may be seen in a concrete case. Some time ago, Kenneth Howell—who plays the eldest son—was considering a journey to Europe, following the completion of the picture they were currently making. He couldn't come to any definite decision.

"Of course, you 100 percent," Florence Roberts told him. "When I was your age I already had been in Europe with a road show. Get your ticket, and pack your bags—you're just as soon as the picture's finished." That Kenny abided by his "grandmother's" advice is attested to by his entraining east the next week.

You'll find no highly involved plots in the Jones Family pictures. Each story is built around problems of common appeal. That is why writers and directors are never permitted to remain with the Jones series for more than three pictures—new blood, fresh outlooks are wanted and needed. The real appeal, anyway, of these pictures lies in these "lively little things that happen in the life of every family—situations that arise, manners of the members, storm and tempest and sunny skies—and it's been pretty conclusively proved that writers soon exhaust their store of this particular type of material.

If, in one picture, such as "Hot Water," for example, Pa Jones is the center of things, the next, "Borrowing Trouble," throws the major part of the action to the children, Roger especially. And "Love On A Budget" hinged around the newly married life of Bonnie, and her new husband, played by Russell Gleason. With Gleason a newcomer to the fold, he will, of course, be seen henceforth in every picture. Every

Mary Carisle and her mother stroll in their garden, above.
What Price Motherhood in Hollywood?

Continued from page 18

woman. I want a baby because I'm normal and happy and no woman is complete, ful-
filled, until she is a mother. I want a baby because, Hollywood's opinion notwithstanding,
I think I can be a better actress—and thus help my career—if I am completely happy;
and motherhood will make me completely happy.

I want a baby because a child will be a bond between my husband and myself;
because it will be company to me since Herbie has contracts in other cities and we
must be separated much of the time; because I had a poor kind of childhood and
I want to make that up somehow to some-
one of my own flesh and blood.

Although it was kept a secret by the
studio until a year ago Dorothy has been
the wife of Herbie Kay, well-liked or-
chestra leader, ever since 1932. Dorothy
was pretty low on funds and running an
elevator in Marshall Field's in Chicago
when Herbie and his orchestra were
signed to play at the Morrison Hotel there.
Herbie started the custom of having
which makes a delightful total of $2250 a
week. When she has her baby she will have
to be away from the screen for at least
six months, four months before and two
months afterwards. She used only be off
the air for six weeks. (We are doing this
on the minimum—some stars take a year
off the screen, and seven months off the
air.) A baby, in salary alone, will cost
Dorothy $40,500. An awful lot of money
to lose! (Twenty-four weeks at $1500
and six weeks at $750—and it yourself).
And while she is losing all this money she
will have to put out quite a nont sun, for
motherhood in Hollywood is in the nature
of a luxury. If you are a star, the doctor's
fee is from $1500 to $2000, which includes
care and treatment before and after, and
the actual delivery, but nothing else, A de-
luxe suite at the hospital (including bed-
room, sitting room and bath), usually costs
$30 a day, and the star must stay there
at least two weeks—oftentimes three weeks.
And thirty dollars a day for two weeks is
$420. And the nurses—they work in
eight hour shifts now, which means three
careers every twenty-four hours, and the
nurses usually get $8 a shift, so that makes
$24 times fourteen days which adds up to
$336. Of course everything at the hospital
is extra, including the anesthetic, and of
course the star must take a registered nurse
home with her until she can find a capable practical nurse. Her
friends will give her "showers" so the baby's clothes and nursery will be well pre-
pared for the baby's arrival as well.

It's only natural to assume that others
react similarly. There, very definitely, is
justification for the series' extraordinary
success and popularity. On a certain busi-
ness, quiet street in Los Angeles, members of the Jones Family
aren't looked upon as "movie actors" but
as friends. Spring Byington and Jed Prouty
consider themselves the adopted elder
brother, wife, and sons of Ernest, June Carlson and the other younger
members of the cast swap stories of their
latest escapades with the neighborhood
younger, and compare hobbies and in-
terests. Florence Roberts joins the elderly
ladies of the block in their sewing circle.
This particular street was chosen by the
studio more than a year ago when they
sent a section of the mythical town of
Maryville in which all the Jones Family
films have taken place. One of the homes
represents the long residence. It was se-
lected for the purpose because, in archi-
tecture and general appearance, it possesses
no distinctive features to classify it as be-
longing to a particular section of the
United States. Four times a year the com-
pany visits this neighborhood, for exterior
scenes, and regularly the good people who
live there are the ones who precede and
renew acquaintance. Never a day
passes but some of them serve homemade
cakes, cake, lemonade and ice tea or
coffee, and for the moment activities in
the lives of the neighbors and the mem-
ers of the company indulge in an impromptu lawn party.

It is incidents such as these that explain
clearly that the Jones Family series re-
Continued from page 78

Human interest story pictured in stills
on this and the adjoining page. Rich-
ard Dix plays the role of blind man
in "Blind Albai." The "Seeing Eye"
Dog is Lightning, son of Strongheart.
afford to take time off from the screen. Her fans will forget her,' Well, that I should say is a lot of boose. Every year several of our best glamour girls take six or more months away from the screen for some reason or other. Sometimes it's to travel. But most times it is because they have turned down pictures and therefore are "suspended." Barbara Stanwyck hadn't been near a movie camera since she refused to do a little epic for RKO last October. But when her new picture, which she started just last week, is released I'll guarantee you that Stanwyck will just be as popular with her fans as ever. A long "suspension" and a trip to England didn't hurt Bette Davis. She is "hotter" today than ever before. Two years ago Claudette Colbert was off the screen for seven months, and this year with her European tour she will be off even longer. But it didn't hurt her, and it won't hurt her. Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Jeannette MacDonald—all the most popular and glamorous stars in Hollywood have been off the screen during the past few years six months, and more, at a time. But they seem to be doing all right.

As a matter of fact, between you and me, and if you want to bring in the gate post it's all right with me, I think it's a hell of a good idea for a star to keep her face off the screen for six months at least every two years. I can do without Dorothy Lamour for six months, and no doubt you can survive it too. I think the public gets awfully bored seeing the same face on the screen month after month. I may be wrong but I think a little absence, when it's a movie star, makes the fans grow fonder.

As high as it is, it can't really be the costs in actual dollars and cents that keep a star from having a baby. And she'd have to be a very stupid and conceited person to believe that she can't stay away from the screen for six months. So it must be the glamour angle. And I think there we have hit the nail right smack on the head. If the enthusiastic editor of the national woman's magazine should ever ask me why there are so few children in Hollywood I would simply direct her to the nearest theatre playing "Mad AboutMusic".

In that picture Gail Patrick as a typical Hollywood movie star couldn't admit that she had a daughter as big as Deanna Durbin because it would spoil her glamour with her public. And how true that is. It's the tradition of the cinema, or it's false pride, or it's Hollywood, or something, but there's an unwritten law that no erotic lady of the screen, no pretty-face simpering ingenue of the celluloid should have a growing child. A little baby—yes, perhaps—but little babies most unfortunately have the habit of becoming big gawky boys and girls just when Mamma wants to play seventeen-year-old Scarlett O'Hara.

Gloria Swanson is still a youngish woman. Gloria isn't nearly as old as some of the glamour girls who now rate high in box-office beauty and allure. But Gloria, as everybody knows, has a seventeen-year-old daughter who has graduated from school. That makes Gloria matronly—and much, much older than some of the stars who are Gloria's age.

Mavourneen and the other little girls and boys, failed to move her. A picture in an album was worth six in a magazine to Mavourneen. What she had, she'd keep. "No-no-no-no-no?" she repeated, hanging on grimly to the album.

"I have some in the family album," said Pat, philosophically. "Here's one of the kids taken in late afternoon—one of Sean right after he took the comb away from his nurse—and one of Mavourneen in her idea of a hula dance. Oh yes, and here she is upside down. I think I must have taken through with my own camera a change.

Pat went through other albums, tearing out shots as he talked: Scan, ambling down a walk in his first pair of slacks—sitting triumphantly on the stage of the Enterprise. The brown eyes of Pat's small son widened as he watched. He approached me with a worried frown and began to chatter earnestly. "Baby-Latin. Those blue eyes like mine," he said, pointing him out as his sister. If I was determined to take his pictures, he'd protest but he wouldn't get violent. After all, look at the difference in our ages. He pointed to his pole and remarked: "Boo!" approvingly.

"Blue is Pat's favorite color," smiled Eloise. "We all wear it a lot. Just ask Pat what color anything should be and you know the answer before you ask.

Pat's smoking jacket was dark blue: Eloise's hostess gown of blue satin with a rhinestone brooch of the same hue.

"Look—he's a still from my first picture, "Front Page," cut in Pat, pausing among a still-collection. "Wasn't it funny? I played Hildy Johnson, the reporter, in that picture, because Howard Hughes saw the stage play and thought that was the role I played in it—and all the time what I had really been playing was the managing editor!"

"Now, Pat! We're talking about candid camera pictures," Eloise reminded him.

"Oh, I know! The live audience, reluctantly. "What shall I tell you? I think, unless you are a real artist and have something to say in your pictures, the best thing to remember on the stage too airy. Let your pictures be as natural as possible. If you let people pose, they are usually stiff—unless they are giving you a particularly posed thing. I think this of Wheeler and Woolsey and Mona Rika. Or this shot I made on the boat on the way to Honolulu. Things like that are fun because they bring back memories—you'll have again the good time you had that day.

"Sure, I'm sentimental. I want to be sentimental. All Irishmen are. You miss a lot of happiness if you try to be hardboiled and unsentimental. Think of those baby albums, what they will mean some day. Why, they are records of some of the sweetest days of our life.

"We kept a record of the house we built down in Del Mar. I took pictures of the lot when I bought it, and kept snapping pictures every time I came down then finish anything, I tell you there's a difference in each shot!"

"Oh, look here—I know I've been saying you shouldn't let people pose for your pictures—but look at Pat's album with Lloyd Bacon when we were down on location for 'Submarine D-1.' I was just shooting around when he grabbed me and called me: 'It's a take!'"

You may have gathered that Pat is an enthusiastic parent.

"In spite of working before cameras all day, Pat likes to have his picture taken," commented Eloise. "He's always a willing subject. Sometimes I think it's too bad I'm not a candid camera kind myself—I'd get cooperation. I did get one of him down at Grand Canyon—or, this at the races! I suppose I shouldn't take bows for the race one—someone handed me the camera, already focused,"

"You'll notice that the finest pictures aren't the most valuable ones in your collection, because it's the memory behind the picture that really counts. Like the one when Pat won, the kid at play, the fish you caught, the party you gave—you don't need perfect balance of subject, beautiful shadows, correct lighting and so forth to bring back the thrill. All you need is a shot you made yourself."
Milland's Manor
Continued from page 23

had a friend, who could get Ray ten per cent off on a vacuum cleaner.

Shortly after construction was started, Ray left on location to make tropical movie love to Dorothy Lamour. Every night the Millands discussed cornice boards and moldings over the long distance phone. Finally Ray returned to Hollywood again. Still wearing his water-stained dungarees from the picture, Ray headed for home. But instead of calling for his wife first, Ray just couldn't resist sneaking up to see how his home was getting along. It was quite dark when he reached Briarcrest. Looming up against the sky stood the skeleton of his future home. Man's chest swelled with pride as man gazed at man's castle!

"What's the big idea of trespassin' on private property?" a voice boomed out of the dark, "What you tryin' to do, steal the workmen's tools?" Ray stood there dumbfounded, while a lighted match burned his fingers unheeded.

"Ten M. Milland. I'm just the owner of this building." Ray answered sarcastically. "Who are you? What are you doing here? What right have you got to going creeping around and scaring people right in their own homes?"

"Oh yeah?" said the man, as he eyed Ray's old clothes suspiciously. "Mr. Milland is away on business. I was hired by Mrs. Milland to watch this place. Now beat it before the patrol comes by and I turn you in!"

Long before the home was completed, Ray discovered that building commissioners lie awake nights, trying to think up ways to harass enthusiastic property owners. The little matter of which way the bath tab would face became a problem of international importance. And there were other little problems too. Perhaps the one that presented the greatest "air" of importance, was a skunk wandering down from the hills and selecting Ray's basement as a final resting place. The offending animal was removed from the peace and purity of Briarcrest Valley. But for several days progress was held up, while the workmen waited until the last traces of the uninvited guest had been waited away by the evening breeze.

Souvenir-seeking fans presented another little problem to the busy little builders. When Ray came up to the house, the fans came crawling out from under things. They asked for autographed bricks and old hunks of wood. Ray met all requests like a champion. But when over-zealous admirers were so carried away with their enthusiasm, they carried away doors and window casings, Ray decided it didn't pay to be popular.

Ray wanted a home that was simple, livable, and not too expensive. He wanted it to reflect their own personalities and not the glory of an "Early Hollywood" decorator. He wanted it exactly the way he had long visualized it. Eventually the home came close to living up to expectations and specifications. Then came weeks of attending auctions and visiting little out-of-the-way shops. Every piece of furniture the Millands selected themselves. They chose their own color schemes and bargained personally with upholstery. Then came the day of the big preview.

No Hollywood premiere ever drew more stars than the Millands' housewarming. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were the first to arrive, followed by Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Next came the Fred MacMurrays, the John Waynes, and the Marvicks. Then Willy and Ann Sothern, Tennis began at noon in the afternoon. While the others changed sets, Joan and Lily MacMurray refused to stop knitting on these new sweater tops for evening gowns—the latest fashion note in Hollywood.

Promptly at five everyone crowded around the radio, Charlie McCarthy was on the air and this is a Sunday afternoon duty in Hollywood that is sacrosanct. Then came the buffet supper. Next Ray conducted the ladies on an inspection tour of the house. The gentlemen took to the bar. And the bar took to the gentlemen. Late on everyone gathered in the drawing room, while Joan and Lilly put "Madame La Farge." They all gauged up on him, but good. On the High C they stopped and Fred took it like a man. But it was Franchot Tone who really gave the evening an informal note.

Franchot suggested that they sing the really old numbers. In face of all the publicity as an opera lover, a collector of recordings, etc., Franchot, without batting an eyelash, blandly requested, "I Met a Bamboo Down In The Bamboo Isles."

After Ann had played some of her original compositions, it was Barbara Stanwyck who suggested that they play the game of quotations, "I'd like to see how it feels to act again," Barbara cracked. So they began pantomiming "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou," all over the place. When all the quotations had been exhausted and all the actors had out-hammed themselves, coffee and cake was served. All evening each person had been extra careful not to burn a thing. But no house-warming is official unless there is at least one casualty. To the relief of everyone, it was Ray who spilled a cup of black coffee on the new green rug. For a moment there was an awful silence. Then Barbara Stanwyck who has an inimitable way of relieving a situation, turned whimsically to Mrs. Milland and said, "I think you're just going to love that rug—died RED!"

With their party voted a huge success, life was all well and lovely. The MacMurrays, the Waynes, the Marvicks, the Stanwycks, and the Sotherns were just a portion of the throng who were calling on the Millands. Ray discovered he could see Kay Francis (who lives on the next hill) on a sunny day. And Dorothy Lamour showed up one morning and announced she was building a home on the hill above. But for the most part, everything was peaceful and calm at last. Then came the big flood.

With the torrents carrying houses down the canyon, Ray at the studio was terribly worried about his wife. On the third day as the water kept rising Ray was really frantic. Then when he called his house, the line was busy. He tried for hours and the line was still busy. He knew his wife couldn't be talking that long—so something must be wrong. Dashing out of the studio he fought his way home through the flooded district. When Mrs. Milland met him at the door, Ray almost collapsed with thankfulness. Then he cursed the elements that had put their phone out of order.

"But it wasn't out of order, dear," Mrs. Milland explained soothingly. "You see, it was this way, Fred MacMurray was on Lowell Parson's program. Lily MacMurray called from home and said all the electricity was off in Brentwood. So she couldn't turn on the radio to hear Fred broadcast. She was so disappointed. So I tuned in on Fred, moved the radio over near the phone, and Lily listened in from the other end. That's why you couldn't get me."
"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.T. Time, N.B.C.
and the house, it had already been decided that his option was to be taken up. Mr. Treacher wrote a long letter thanking Mr. Zanuck and expressing his delight that he was to continue with Twentieth Century-Fox, which he considered his professional home. To his further delight, busy Mr. Zanuck took the time to reply, insisting that their continued association would be more pleasant and more profitable to TCF than it could possibly be to Mr. Treacher himself.

And so the initial step was taken, the beginning of a dream come true. Mr. Treacher found himself a very busy man, involved in countless small details, and an infinite amount of red tape, but he was sustained by the fact that he would not have to live in a rented house much longer but would soon be a home owner himself. It should, of course, be a big home, to accommodate this large and genial person. For Treacher is six-foot-four-and-a-half— a height he has often considered a handicap but which has definitely been an asset in his butlering career.

With a pencil, he sketches fairly unintelligible marks designed to show you just how big the house will be. For instance, contrary to custom, the kitchen will be in the front and above it the maid's room and bath, the living rooms and master bedroom overlooking the spacious lawns and gardens in the rear. There will be a curved driveway up to the house, a gate in the high wall and within, a door. Everyone who comes to see Mr. Treacher will go in through that door, but not everyone will progress much further.

"For those I don't particularly like," Mr. Treacher explains, "there is this little hall, leading past the coat closet, the powder room (the only feminine touch, and designed so that the ladies will not have to go upstairs and throw their things on my bed), a lavatory for the men and beyond, the bar—with finaleum on the floor. Some men, you know, just don't know how to drink. These men, and anyone I don't care about, can go in the bar and have a lovely time and find their way out again down the ballroom and out the front door, and never see my house."

For the secret of this delightful plan is a second door, off the entrance hall, but closed and, if need be, locked. Beyond this inner door is, in all essentials, the House. Here, on the ground floor will be a spacious living room with a wide fireplace, on each side of which is a low niche with a mirror set back above it.

"The mirrors give a sense of space," Treacher commented. "You've no idea how much they add to a room. And on the shelves you can put 'vases' or vases, with flowers, you know..."

He already has some furniture—a favorite outsized bed to fit his long limbs and a favorite huge chair in which to sprawl. He plans to keep it all simple. "That's the advantage of just a house," he explained. "You don't have to have period furniture— anything will do."

Upstairs, his bedroom overlooks the lawn and gardens and to the right of it is a study, behind another door with a good and useful lock. Here the master of the house can be comfortably at home but not at home, serene and secure, locked in with his books and his comfortable chair and maybe a siphon of soda and a bottle of whiskey. Because there is one thing certain—Mr. Treacher's house is not going to be a goldfish bowl. He has had enough of Hollywood's lack of privacy, of the parties where you invite ten and five hundred, of grasping sightseers and people who use someone else's home more freely and more roughly than they would ever use their own.

Outside, in course of time, will emerge tennis courts and a swimming pool and a croquet ground. "Real croquet—not just pushing a ball around, but a full-size man's game," Mr. Treacher elucidated. "This won't all be done at once, of course—the swimming pool can wait—I can always use Edward Horton's or Charlie Ruggles."

Next to his house, obviously, Treacher's outstanding interest is exercise. "Without it," he insists, "I am simply a vile and terrible fellow. Unbearable!"

But with it, he is most pleasant and agreeable, and it is hard to picture him any other way. In any case, he always gets plenty, for he goes in daily for miles of golf, for set after set of tennis, for more miles of billiards—and it is surprising how many miles you can walk around a billiard table, he confides—all varied now and then with swimming or squash or horseshoe riding. Weighing only 185 for all his height, he is well-built, solid, strong. "If I weighed any more, "I'd be horrible," he grinned.

Treacher the man is inevitably colored by his priceless delineation of Treacher, the butler. To bear his name is to call up a vision of that supercilious personage, with his elevated eyebrow and air of cynical boredom. It is a lazy role, Treacher insists, since he rarely has to learn new lines or vary his voice or expression. Although he maintains that on occasions when he has tried different parts he has been hard put to it at all, after years of slipping indolently into this one caricature, he does derive to give it delicate shades of interpretation that make his characterization varied and unfailingly delightful.

It is faintly startling to be reminded that Treacher began his career on the musical comedy stage, that he sang and played comedy roles expertly, roles of monocled Englishmen that only faintly foreshadowed the expres-sive type to which he has so variously adapted himself. That he danced and sang duets with Evelyn Laye and played in "The School for Scandal" with Ethel Barrymore. But Treacher, the man, is not in the least bored or cynical. He has a tremendous vitality, a great zest for living and above all, an inordinate sense of humor, as outsize as his great frame. This is humor which alone makes his recollections of the Great War bearable. He suggests the depth and horror of his experiences when he says: "I didn't care for it at all. You know, four and a half years is an awfully long time to be frightened." And so he sometimes talks about those days—all but, if pressed, responds only by recalling the humorous anecdotes.

With a certain caste-consciousness, Treacher still had little respect for army regulations. He had either no sense of dignity or fitness (his superiors' point of view), or too much sense of true values. In any case, while obeying orders on duty, he could not see why a major-general was any better than he was in the Mess. Not, of course, until after the Armistice could he admit this to himself. But he likes to remember the time, after November 11th, when he rode onto the parade ground, his lanky legs trailing down the sides of a small pony, his feet dragging on the ground. There was to that guest night to end all guest nights when he and a few friends piloted some hostlers with beer and took them to the most formal party of the season, reveling in their inevitable failure to give due obeisance to the officers who were so consciously superb in their dress uniforms.

"I asked one of the officers what in the world he saw in it all—it's all so futile, so stupid. Nothing to talk about and nothing but a question and they mumble something unintelligible—" And here Mr. Treacher's voice trailed off into those unintelligible
A doubly lovely way to enjoy Double Mint gum...

Here is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing Double Mint gum adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below.

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise...In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. Below right, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart DOUBLE MINT dress, designed in NEW YORK and made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)
You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 250 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "SNOW WHITE" in this Snow White DOUBLE MINT dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 558.
You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.
In Defense of Autograph Fiends

Continued from page 21

But not all stars become transformed in person. Mae Mest, for example, while considerate of her public, in no way seems to differ from her characterizations, except that the screen is a bit more somber and ends a certain excitement all its own to her personality. But her manner is the same; that devilish glance out of small narrowed eyes defies any one to meet it on the screen. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is his usual exuberant self, hurrying to get quickly from one thing to another, afraid he might miss something interesting. He made my short contact with him remain one of my most pleasant, for he was the only star to take a personal interest in me. We chatted pleasantly until curtain time and it was not till afterward that I realized he had asked most of the questions.

Then there are others, so unexpectedly different from their real selves that they, too, have become, in their own way, memorable, and it has grown hard for me to occur them personally with the parts they have long been associated with. Joan Bennett, who is so near-sighted that she is compelled to wear glasses when not before the cameras, looks like nothing so much as a prim little old-maid schoolteacher, even though she has a smart, distinctive flair for clothes and style. In the real world, her personality is that of the true sophisticate all members of the clan Bennett stand for.

Henry Fonda is a nervous, diffident young man, shy to the point of fear, and resists having to bother with a following out of business hours. He accepts the genuine adulation of his many fans with such bad grace, despite his admitted characterizations, he may well lose many who wish to be his friends. But he is still new to the game and, like many of the others, will undoubtedly improve with time.

Back in the early days some years ago when I first started to develop the hobby that has since become a definite manner of mine, I had two distinct surprises that have stayed with me through the years. The first was Tallullah Bankhead, then at her zenith as a glamorous personality, and the street with Jobyna Howland, both attired in a nondescript assortment of the most ordinary garments and both seemingly oblivious to the surrounding din. Tallullah was always inclined to be contemptuous of Hollywood and, accordingly, she was never really accepted upon social occasions. The exception of mine was characteristically casual and, with a word or two of the gayest banter, she and Miss Howland passed on, continuing their conversation.

The very reverse of this scene, however, came when I approached Barbara Stanwyck, then a demure little girl, firmly attended by the handsome Frank Fay, her husband through thick and thin for so long. She was devoted to this man and, apparently, considered the smallest step without his approbation, or at least his consent. In contrast to her flamboyant parts on the screen, she was dressed simply in brown and would have looked quite un-
distinguished if it had not been for the commanding figure by her side. At my request, she turned to him and when he finally nodded approval, she took my pen and wrote, proudly, "Barbara Stanwyck Fay," as though being his wife were of more importance in her mind than anything she might herself achieve. I have not seen her recently, but I can only hope that her new career and her friendship for Robert Taylor have been able to release her spirit, for a spirit such as hers was never meant to be subdued as it was that day years ago.

And then, of course, there are always some that position and large salaries seem to embarrass to such a point that they are aware of little else and their surroundings take on a new sheen so that they begin to believe in the importance of position and that veil of glamor so cleverly thrown over them by the studios. Sylvia Sidney often appears a trifle self-conscious and one is inclined to wonder if she can see through her own bright success. And Gary Cooper, until his marriage, was in dire peril of losing his sense of humor and, thus, his balance on his own important peak. His elegant clothes and his swanky cars, each a little more extra-special than the last, and, above all else, his growing air of disdain for most of the rest of us, were beginning to affect his work. But Sandra Shaw has changed all that and he is delightfully human again, with his work taking on a new importance.

Of course, the autograph collector's path is not entirely the bed of roses it seems later in looking back, with a long list of "names" to show for it. I have had my failures, as who hasn't, and I can scarcely be blamed for a small grudge at those few celebrities who saw fit, for quite good reasons of their own, no doubt, to refuse the favor of their signature to a sincere fan. Among those whose autographs were thus denied me are Miriam Hopkins, who shook a determined head and fled down the crowded street away from me; Wallace Beery, whose brother Noah is the soul of good cheer and spacious charm; and Harold Lloyd, sans glasses, but with a distinctly menacing aspect as he refused.

But, on the whole, my way has been a pleasant and a constantly profitable one. Although it requires a certain amount of perserverance and patience, as well as a definite knowledge of a subject open to all, there is no hobby that calls for less in initial outlay or in general equipment, no hobby more immediately satisfying. And it makes those weekly trips to the movies a more exciting and a more intelligent event when we recognize on the screen those personal friends we have been acquiring all along the way.

Joe E. Brown throws in a gag that's good for a laugh with every autograph he signs for a public that prizes the comedian's signature very highly indeed.

\[ \text{GO 'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!} \]

\[ \text{I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA ME, NED THINKS SO, TOO!} \]

\[ \text{NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?} \]

\[ \text{WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!} \]

\[ \text{TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AIN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENE} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{IT'S COMBATS BAD BREATH!}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{BREATH FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AIN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENE} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{IT'S COMBATS BAD BREATH!}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!}} \]

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\[ \text{\textbf{AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!}} \]
books and their eyes were tense and excited.

"When’s he coming?"

"Why doesn’t he hurry up?"

"Aww, this is nothing," preened a child-about-town, evidently an old-timer at the autograph game. "Last summer the kids waited four hours for Martha Raye." She looked disdainfully at me as though I were a big bully, waiting to snatch autographs from the hands of babes.

"Four hours!" exclaimed a small boy, striding up and down the room, his hands in his leather jacket pocket. "Then the kids were suckers. I like Mischa Auer, but I wouldn’t wait four hours for any man.

And then Mischa appeared, tall, lively-eyed, and far more handsome than he is on the screen. The children loomed themselves against his knees, proffering autograph books. I managed to shout over their heads that I wanted an interview.

"I have no time now," he said. "I tell you what. Go inside and see the show. When the autographs appear, come back here again, and I will give you an interview."

I cast a haughtily triumphant glance at the know-it-all child-about-town, whose mouth was agape, and disappeared into the movie palace via the "strictly-private" route.

As soon as the picture was over I returned back-stage. Four young and two little girls—reporters for their school papers—sat patiently in the reception room. Mischa appeared, and beckoned to all of us with a wave of his long arm.

"Follow me," he said.

He led the procession, executing a few dance steps, and waving an imaginary baton. The four schoolgirls and I followed after him, single file, through the wings—pausing when he paused to chat to a stagehand, and then onward, up the stairs to the dressing-room.

There were only three chairs in the room. He placed them all together and said, "Now, two of you can sit in the cracks. This is a mass interview, so fire away. But one question at a time, please."

He began to divest himself of his shirt, and his broad chest gleamed before five pairs of startled, quickly lowered eyes.

"Oh, Jane," I thought, "what you missed!"

Silence answered him. Neither I, nor the four representatives of their school papers, pens poised above the notebooks, could think of a thing to say.

"What is it?" he demanded, his eyes widening in hurt surprise. "The chest? But you see the same on the bathing beaches, do you not? In a dressing-room, one undresses. That is logic, is it not? Ah, well!" He disappeared into the bathroom and poked his head around the door.

"We came to find out what makes you so funny, Mr. Auer," said one of the little girls in a high, intense treble.

"Call me Mischa," he replied. "I do not like this business—Mr. Auer. Even my little boy calls me Mischa. As soon as he sees me coming into the house he wails, ‘there! he’s here comes Mischa.’ He only calls me Mr. Auer when I have displeased him."

"How old is your little boy?" asked the girls.

"Four years old."

"Does he go to kindergarten?"

"Soon he will go."

The little girls said oh and ah, and looked meaningfully at one another.

"We want to be kindergarten teachers when we grow up," they explained.

"May your losses of hair never have been too soon," said Mischa gallantly, and reappeared in the room buttoning his white evening shirt. "But you have asked me so many questions I do not know personally, I do not think I am funny— it is just the situations the directors put me in. I am no Charlie Chaplin, no artiste. My wife has been married to me for seven years, and she still does not at me. I cannot understand it. I did not take her on this tour with me because I knew she would put out for every performance. The act is routine; it is not me. I would not wish to bore her five times a day. So I would put new twists in the routine and mix it up and she would laugh but the audience would stare solemnly."

"I bet when you were in school all the kids in your room had a circus," said one of the little girls.

He lifted first one shoulder and then the other like a pulley. "I sat in class, lifting my shoulders, like so. Maybe, even then I was studying to be an ape. All the children tittered. The teacher looked at me over her glasses. She was a stern one; I was afraid of her. ‘What are you doing, Mischa?’ she asked. I told her I had wool underwear on and that it was scratching me. She couldn’t punish me for that.”

He smiled with disarming innocence.

"The four little reporters laughed delightedly.

"I never laughed at my own acting," he continued, "until I saw the preview of ‘My Man Godfrey.' We had put the ape act into the picture because we were in high spirits while making it. I supposed it would be cut out. Well, at the preview, we were all sitting in a row—Powell, Lombard, and I. I saw myself swinging from the chandelier, To me, it was funny. But I did not dare laugh at my own acting. Then I looked to left and right, and saw that Powell and Lombard were roaring. So I let go, too. But understand," he repeated, lifting a palm, “it was the situation that was funny—not me.

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**What Makes You So Funny, Mr. Auer?**

Continued from page 61

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MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABANA, the color men admire. Here is a flattering, rawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throngs with romance!

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**GLAZO The Smart Manicure**

Maureen O’Sullivan, Dennis O’Keefe and Buck, in “Hold That Kiss.”
"We had a riot making that picture. Powell had sciatica, and was supposed to be in bed when he wasn't in a scene. But he wouldn't go home. He sat on the sidewalks, law-hawing. Some days, Lombard would not be due on the set until noon, but she would come there at nine, in her pajamas, afraid she might miss some of the fun."

The four young reporters beamed and nodded their heads at the usual reference to Lombard and Powell.

Mischa picked his mascot stuffed ape off his dressing-table and patted its head. Then he swung like an ape about the room. It wasn't a stingsy act, done with limited movements. He looped and leaped and swung in generous mimicry while his interviewers held their sides and shook their chairs with merriment.

"But where were you born?" asked the most business-like little girl, when the private performance was over. "Where did you go to school and how did you get into pictures?"

"Born Michael Simonowich Unklow-sky," chanted Mischa, running all his words together like a hungry monk running through his pater noster. "St. Petersburg, November 17, 1905. Shipped to Siberia during the revolution, escaped, joined the British military mission as messenger boy; troops evacuated at Constantinople; wandered to Florence, Italy, where I learned the address of my grandfather on a concert tour in America. He called me money. I came to America, attended the Ethical Culture School in New York, barnstormed ten years, landed in Hollywood, stayed there for three, and ate well ever after."

He cocked his ear toward the music rising from the orchestra pit downstairs.

"Two minutes to go, I said the routine bores me, I lied. I always get stage-fright. I hope I won't get bubbles between the teeth when I talk to them. Do you ever get bubbles before the teeth when you talk, excited? Any more questions?"

Adoringly, the little girls nodded their heads up and down, and shook them from side to side. Reluctantly they rose to go. "Goodby," bowed Mischa. "This has been a pleasure."

He extended his hand. The first little girl extended hers, too, and dropped her notes on the floor. They both stooped to pick them up and their heads knocked. He extended his hand to the second one. She dropped her papers, too. Finally they all departed, blushing and beaming.

Mischa turned to me, mopping his brow with a handkerchief. "Ah, I am sorry," he said. "I clowned for the children, and you do not get your interview. Well, you must come back for your story—after this number."

"There is only one question I would like to ask you," I said. "You're so much fun, and might always feel light-hearted around you. But don't you ever get low like other people?"

All the comedy faded out of his face.

"Low?" he asked quietly. "I am low, I am low, I am low. I saw rape at the age of twelve. I buried my mother with my own hands. I am like all Russians, with the weight of the globe in the heart. But why sink your head in your hands in melancholy pose and make others sad, too? No, when you are with people, make fun, and laugh, and bring fun back to you. That is why I surround myself with people. It is not good to be alone and think."

And then the call boy came up to tell Mischa it was time for his number. With one hand on the boy's shoulder he Susie-Q'd down the steps to tickle the thousands who already sat waiting with expectant laughter tagging at the corners of their lips.
**The Host of Hollywood**

Continued from page 65

and all the other things that are part of an actor's job, but which don't appear on the screen."

We were now thick in the underbrush of Griffith Park, and the going began to be heavy for your sedentary reporter. Basil and I were having a theoretical conversation, and the subject of parties arose. I observed that he should be an authority on the subject of parties, since he is looked upon as Hollywood Number One party-giver. I thought that I detected a slight irritation in his reply,

"We're really not big party givers. Last year we gave two—only two. They were extensively written up in the newspapers and magazines because they happened to be somewhat original. They were really Ouida's parties. As you know, Ouida, before we were married, was a scenarist. She is possessed of boundless energy, which has to find a vent. When we were married, she told me that one family was sufficient, and that career was to be mine. Well, I was an actor, and an actor was more or less a vagrant when it came to setting up a permanent home. A writer can give up her job, he gave up her career. Well, since then, thanks to my lucky stars (and motion pictures) I seem to be fairly well set, and have made it possible for us to put down our permanent roots to such an extent that Ouida is now working on an original story for the screen, and we shall probably see her back in her family's day.

"But returning to this party business. We're really not gay people at all. Three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, we are quietly at home. And when I say dining quietly, I mean dining informally. We never dress on these occasions. As for quietness, I can't say we're quiet. We hope you don't mind, old chap, but I really should warn you about conversation at dinner. We talk. We all talk. We talk loudly, very loudly. You one career is a family block. We love to hear ourselves talk!"

"I thought, when Rodion came out, he would, maybe, have a tempering effect, but, it seems, he only made me just as loudly as Ouida and I. When the three of us get going, we're really rather dreadful. You'll see at dinner tonight. I don't know what we'll talk about, but, I think it will, it will be something controversial. Anyhow, we'll have such a good time. At least, we Rathbones will!"

I make my weary type-work hard, and eventually find myself again in my room, wondering whether the marvelous Ambrose had guessed rightly how I would be feeling by then. There was my robe laid out, and the coverlet of the bed turned invitingly back. I showered, and lay down. Came a knock on the door, followed by Basil followed by Nellie with a tray of tea. Made as only the Rathbones make it, it was something controversial. Just tea.

"We'll swallow this, and then there'll be time for me to show you my 16 mm. pictures," said Basil, with that fantastic look in his eye. "I know you'll be interested. Or will you? He eyed me sternly, and then answered his question: "I know you will." I mumble something about not being able to wait until I see them, and we drink our tea and wander over to his den to get out our negatives.

I look at the photographs over Basil's desk. He comes over to explain. The next voice you hear will be that of Basil Rathbone, screen villain, believe it or not:

"That's Ouida, when I first met her; that's Ouida, when we were married; that's Ouida three years ago; that's Ouida today; that's Rodion when he was born; that's Rodion when he was six months old; that's Rodion when he was ten." Basil had forgotten his motion pictures, and his other channels. Not that I didn't want to look at his motion pictures! Perish the thought! The question of food came up, as it has a habit of doing and in our other channels.

"I have a Swedish chef. He's perfectly terrific. The soups he makes! Always has an enormous stock pot on the stove, you know. And his idea of a light meal is a glass of cream and fruit and wine. But you'll see tonight. I think we're going to have some of his mushroom soup, and some squash." As Basil said this, I supposed that I detected a squash glint in his eye. We talked then about dishes we had had in London, Paris, Marseilles, and points North, East, South, and West. Then Ambrose entered, and began to lay out some clothes for Basil. I rose, mumbled something about regretting that we had not found time to see the motion pictures, and made my way to the room where I found that Ambrose had done the same for me.

In due course, I descended to the living room, just in time to see Nellie bringing in the dishes. Mrs. Rathbone handed me a seat next her, and we drifted into inconsequential pleasantries. Before the fire was a tempting array of canapes. The living room is not without its tricks of smokery, for the glass panels, before which were white flowers. It was a combination of smartness and comfort. Mrs. Rathbone was wearing a gown which was of the utmost comfort and smartness; a tea-gown kind of thing. Basil and Rodion came in, and conversation became lively. We started on deeps, we reached Eton and the tricks of Smollet, Fielding, and Dickens; thence to music from Beethoven to Gershin. We had just embarked on 16 mm. film, when Nellie entered, and the dinner was served. As we went to the dining room, Basil whispered to me that we might have time, after dinner, to run his films. I wondered if he was being overly kind.

We dined by the light of candles, set amongst beautiful flowers. The dinner was simple yet perfect. Basil was right. There were spaces amongst them to set things. It was served on ruby glass plates. There were glasses to match.

It was just after we had disposed of the soup and the Rathbones family really began to have a thoroughly good time. The conversation turned to food. And the fun began. Mrs. Rathbone, it appears, doesn't find much use for English cooking. In fact, she informed me with a twinkle in her eye that our English imagination in cooking began and finished with boiled potatoes. Into the frayed dished Basil's eyes flashing.

"Where can you get Melton Mowbray pork pies, except in England?" he demanded.

"Where can you get as good roast beef and Yorkshire pudding?" enquired Rodion, a little louder.

"Then there's boiled mutton and caper sauce, and saddle of mutton and currant jelly," I squeaked, feebly.

Ouida dismissed them all, with an airy wave of her hand.

"Good, wholesome, truck-drivers' food. Did you ever taste crepes suzette murdered by an English cook? Did you ever suffer the agonies of an English omelette? Did you ever—"

"Whoever wants to live on crepes suzette or omelettes?" blared Basil.

"Give me something I can get my teeth into," trumpeted Rodion.

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88

SCREENLAND
Ouida eyed me with a flashing eye, challenging me to continue.

"Mrs. Rathbone," I piped, "I don't think that three lefty English males should gang up on you!"

She laughed, "Oh, I can take care of myself." And she proceeded to do so. The din increased in fury. And all the Rathbones were having a perfectly marvelous time. They love each other, these three, and this is part of their life. It wouldn't be the same without. Ouida and Basil told me separately, that these discussions were the breath of life to them. They have no time for the radio, bridge, or any other indoor game. Conversation is so much more important, and exciting. We sat over coffee until about nine-thirty, when MRS. Rathbone rose. She had almost convinced me that as cools, we English are pretty good empire builders. And so to the living-room, where we had coffee and liqueurs, and where we knocked the living daylights out of subjects from grand opera to Australian koalas. Somewhere round about midnight, Basil looked at the clock, "Great Scott! I meant to have shown you my 16 mm. pictures tonight. Well, we can do that tomorrow, sometime." I'm sure that I was convincing in my expressions of regret.

I woke, next morning, about ten o'clock, and pressed a button. In a few minutes, Nellie appeared, with a breakfast tray containing Scotch oatmeal, kippers, toast, marmalade, coffee, and a vase containing a perfect rose. As I was finishing my coffee, Basil knocked and entered. "Like a set or two of tennis, old chap? I haven't a court of my own, but Mrs. DeMille, my next door neighbor, is good enough to let me use hers, which is practically in my back-yard."

Well, we played tennis, and the less said about it, the better. Basil chased the legs off me. When I cried "Uncle!" he took on Rodion, and was hardly breathing deeply when we went in for lunch, which was chicken à la king, and a salad with a dressing that must have been made elsewhere than on earth. After lunch, Basil, Rodion, and I went to the site of the new home. It lies 1,260 feet above Hollywood. One side overlooks the San Fernando Valley, and the other side looks toward the Pacific. There are four acres, on two and a half of which there are thirty-seven oak trees, between which wild flower seeds have already been planted. There is a fence around it, and there is a fern dell with a waterfall. Here, Basil expects to spend the rest of his days. We saw the sun set from this vantage, a mad, red sunset that even Turner never conceived.

On our way home, I asked Basil if he expected any droppers-in; Sunday being the day that generally happens. He was emphatic in his reply: "No, I have never encouraged droppers-in. I suppose I may have offended a few people, when Nellie comes to the door and says that Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone are not at home; meaning, of course, that though we may be home, we are not receiving. We like to expect people. After all, everybody has a phone, and can call us."

I had to leave just before dinner, but not before I had met Basil's four guests. There were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cavens, Fred Cavens is Basil's fencing master, and one of the men he calls friend. He is also a metaphysician. His other two guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hill. Howard Hill and Basil went hunting boars with bows and arrows while on location in "Robin Hood." (Basil has pictures to prove it.) Hill was the archery expert on that picture, and made some most amazing shots.

As I was leaving, I heard Hill say, in his delightful drawl; "I think we Americans are more interested in power than bread. We have plenty of bread." As I got into my car, I heard the sounds of battle rising, and I knew that the Rathbones were about to have another perfectly splendid time.

As I drove through the gates, I saw Basil, revealed in my headlights. I stopped. "You know, old chap, you never did see my 16 mm. pictures. Give me a ring, and tell me when you can come."

I assured him that I certainly would.
Inside the Stars’ Home
Continued from page 13

the Brown Derbies, on most weekday nights, Sunday evening is the home evening at Cobb’s. Gail usually plans the informal dinners they serve, and because he is an authority on food, the meals are simple but delicious, and not what he would obtain elsewhere. Here is a sample menu:

**MENU:**

- Clear Soup
- Pear Cup Salad
- Creamed Finnian Haddie
- Boiled Potatoes
- String Beans
- Hot Apple Pie
- Cheese
- Coffee

“Pear cup salad can be served as a luncheon dish, too, if you like a light but nourishing midday dish,” recommended my hostess.

**PEAR CUP SALAD**

1/4 cup seedless raisins

1-ounce package Kraft Philadelphia cream cheese.

1 teaspoon horseradish

2 tablespoons Hellmann’s mayonnaise.

8 pear halve

1/2 cup Graham cracker crumbs.


**CREAMED FINNAN HADDIE**

1 cup flaked Finnan haddie, free from skin and bone; 2 cups milk, 1/4 cup olive oil, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Heat the liquid. In a saucepan, heat the oil and stir in the flour, add the hot milk and beat smooth. Add the haddock and blend well together before seasoning with pepper, and salt, as it may require no further addition of salt. Add lemon juice and serve on toast or in individual ramekins.

Mr. Cobb’s favorite dish, it transpired, is a certain pink bean concoction said to be most succulent. This is a specialty of his mother’s kitchen, well worth trying in your own. The elder Mrs. Cobb is one of those gifted cooks who take a pinch of this and a handful of that and know at a glance how much to use, how long or how often to do anything. Like all people who turn out mouth-watering dishes, she has no hard and fast rules.

**PINK BEANS**

Take about a pound of pink beans, put them on in cold water and boil slowly for 30 or 40 minutes. Then drain the water from the beans and add them to a ham hock, with finely chopped celery, finely chopped onions and a tiny pinch of Ben Hur Japan Chili. Cook all together slowly for three hours. Sometimes the ham is done first, in which case remove it from the pot and keep hot until the beans are ready.

By this time, Gail, tall and slim and lovely in her white-satin-striped hostess gown, had led me into the sunroom, which has a fireplace of whitewashed brick and an odd fish-pond set in tile below a big window.

“Pets!” smiled Gail, wiggling a pink finger at the goldfish who wiggled coquet-tishly tails back at her. “Lately we’ve had some fish eggs from the pond, put them in a bowl, and they hatched; Now they are the cutest pollywogs and we’ll have fun watching them grow and develop.”

The drapes in the sunroom are basket-weave with a blue motif, and those in the living-room of unbleached muslin, believe it or not, and most charming.

In the dream house, the dining-room will be furnished in Colonial style, providing the sort of background proper for a daughter of the South. Modernistic glass tables, says Gail, may cast interesting reflections and present intriguing effects but they haven’t the lasting qualities of a fine antique.

**London**

Continued from page 60

his auburn-haired wife Jill Moore and Sophie Stewart and Barry Barnes. Rex Harrison comes along to wield the shaker for Liza with his customary nonchalant charm and you’re liable to share a sofa with June Clive or Bartlett Cormack, the Hollywood writer whom Charles Laughton has just signed up on a long contract.

It was coming away from Liza’s home that I met famous Marjorie Sandford, back from a flying visit to New York for radio appearances. She saw her old friend Joan Crawford there and they spent an afternoon shopping together and everywhere they walked a bodyguard of about twenty girls walked too and made admiring remarks about Joan’s purchases, “Don’t you sometimes want to scream, Joan, always being tailed by your fans like this?” But Joan only laughed and said she would scream if they didn’t pull her when she came to New York. “That would be the beginning of my end,” she added seriously.

And incidentally Marjorie told me Joan is going in for tailored suits and frilly blouses this summer, absurd little things in pastel organdies and muslins with soft puffed sleeves and cute ribbon bows. She confessed to Marjorie that she wanted a change from elaborate glamorous dressing.

And then there was a visitor for a visitor to set up as hostess but everything about Gertrude Niesen is completely “different,” even that forehead fringe which she is now curling under so her huge grey-green eyes have to look through it. She gave a characteristically exotic party at her London hotel, with
such masses of scarlet roses and yellow tulips all round the walls that the room looked more like a garden. Blonde Frances Day arrived and Stanley Lupino, sad that his British film commitments have forced him to cancel his visit to daughter Ida in Hollywood. Barbara Blair looked in, too, wondering how she will like working at Elstree where she is due to sing and dance in a new picture called “Yes, Madam.” Gertrude entertained with her songs from “Start Cheering” and impressions of her fellow-player Jimmy Durante.

You get music of a different kind when Flora Robson asks you to tea for our leading character actress is a brilliant pianist who loves Chopin and Schumann and Liszt. Her sitting-room chairs are covered with pink chintz patterned with huge grey feathers and the fireplace was fashioned from rare old Chinese tiles. Above it hangs a valuable Old Master—“Portrait of a Gentleman” by Titian. And Charles Laughton, who is a keen art connoisseur, always declares he is going to burgle Flora’s house one night and steal it!

Flora lives in wooded Hampstead, on the northern heights of London, and has Clive Brook and Anton Walbrook among her neighbors. There is music too when handsome Anton invites a few friends for a glass of pale sherry and marzipan sweetmeats in the style of his native Vienna. He has decided to keep the moustache he had to grow to play Prince Albert again in Anna Neagle’s second film about Queen Victoria. Paul Lukas, here to act in yet another British picture, often calls on Anton and they indulge in long discussions about European politics.

Some of our stars prefer to have country homes. blonde Anna Lee has a little thatched cottage near the New Forest—she and her director-husband Robert Stevenson return to Pinewood Studios now that baby Vaccari has arrived and has her mother’s blue eyes and heart-shaped face, thank you. Margaret Lockwood lives with her parents in a rambling old-fashioned house south of London and goes in for gardening when she isn’t at work for Alfred Hitchcock in his latest spy film. Even Jean Muir has rented a cottage in Hertfordshire while she plays in her first color picture, a costume affair called “Marigold” reminiscent of Hepburn’s “Quality Street” with its demure bonnets and shy spinsters and swaggering military gentlemen.

Visitors from America always angle for a weekend invitation to a quaint little house in the Buckinghamshire village of Sarratt, heart of the Pilgrim Fathers’ country and teeming with their history. This house dates back to 1620 and is full of ancient oak beams and inglenook fireplaces in which wooden logs have to be burnt. It belongs to Ursula Jeans, whom you can currently admire with Merle Oberon in “Over the Moon,” and her husband Roger Livesey who is the soldier hero of “The Drum.” They have to use oil lamps and draw their water from a well in the garden and look out at the world through diamond-paned windows with printed cotton curtains. They share the establishment with half a dozen dogs and a delightful brown cat called Clarence who once startled a celebrated Hollywood lady into hysteria when he leapt upon her knee carrying a not-quite-dead mouse as tribute of his admiration.

And of course Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale live outside town too, their house beside the River Thames and not so far from historical Hampton Court Palace. There’s nothing I enjoy more than a lazy Sunday there, sitting on the lawn after a game of croquet or an afternoon hour helping Jessie prune her cacti. She adores these prickly plants and collects them in a special glass-house like any other.
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Cary Grant's Past, Present and Future

Continued from page 19

soprano. Out of this human grabbing a manager could have pulled Cary as well as not, since he was one of the regulars and, like the rest of us, pulled easily.

It was here that the pandemoniavillein which Cary lived. He always seemed to have dough and Cary asked him how he did it. It turned out he sold books. So Cary sold book after book. He worked all the medium sized towns in Pennsylvania—Scranton, Easton, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Wilkes-Barre, etc. As Cary tells it, he was without a judge who didn't want any of his books himself but sicked Cary on to one of his friends. The friend thought Cary was an intimate friend of the judge and he had to buy the books to stay in the judge's good graces. To soothe his own ruffled feelings he sicked Cary on to one of his friends. And so it went.

"Actually," Cary laughs, "they were only trying to bedevil their friends as in those small towns all the fun people get is playing jokes on their friends. But I played it up big and did all right for myself. I don't recall what the books were but I remember customers had their choice of three bindings!"

When he returned to town with a few bucks in his kicks he took an apartment in Greenwich Village—a studio kind of affair. The other ephemerae of his pandemoniaville infant tock uptown moved en masse to Cary's Montmartre-like abode. In fact, I honestly believe everybody uptown moved down to Cary's, at least.

There was no particular "rush hour." It was always crowded. On Saturday nights unless you arrived early you would not sit down. There was barely room to stand.

Things finally got so crowded he had to post a guest list inside the door and start an unwelcome queue after all. The entrance to see that no one whose name wasn't on the list got in. "That's the one time in my career I was a huge success" he says.

He sweats one evening a young lady in the far reaches of the Bronx stepped into a darkened taxi and handed the driver to her to the Village. Without another word he handed her at Cary's door. "This is as good a joint as any," he remarked laconically, "but I was amazed to find she didn't know Cary.

It was about this time he cut the last ties binding him to vaudeville and signed with Paramount. He was the sort of actor who was after that for a few months to get some legitimate experience in stock companies and then came back to America to work for himself. It was, indeed, a golden dawn for Cary. I remember meeting him on Broadway during the run of the piece and thinking how well he was looking, how much more character he seemed to have. It was simply that the little recognition he had got by being cast in this Broadway show had given him confidence and a sense of being having got a foothold in the theatre. Everyone takes on something of that indefinable quality known as poise with the first success, and Cary faced it to himself that day, "Cary is going places."

As it turned out, however, the next place Cary went was to St. Louis. Hammerstein having sold his contract to a producer, the latter sent him to St. Louis where for several years they had conducted one of the finest musical stock companies in the country, in conjunction with the famous St. Louis Municipal Opera. It gave him some much needed experience and a chance to play a different role each week. It was at the end of his first summer with St. Louis and the last week before his contract with the Shuberts expired that he was offered the second lead in "Nikki," which I mentioned before. "Nikki" was a dramatization of "Single Lady" by John Monk Saunders and was designed to give his wife, Hedda Vray, a flight at "Single Lady." It proved a delightful book but the show stands out in my mind as the worst I have ever seen in New York. Everyone except Fredric March was too good for it. Cary was better than the rest. It was supposed to be a musical but none of them could sing. To this day all I have to do is to try not to feel out of place.

"We're Taking Off When the Dawn Lights the Sky."

The play lasted only a few weeks. Cary felt a trip coming on. Why not try Hollywood? He'd tried everything else. And that brings us up to the Christmas Santa Claus dumped him out of his sleigh on to the top snows of Heaven. The sleigh, in this instance, was suspiciously like a broken down motor of some very early vintage.

Because the people Cary knew best in Hollywood were on the Paramount lot, Cary was around there a good deal. One day they needed someone to play opposite a girl who was being given a test casting, being on the lot that day and everyone else being busy, found himself before the camera. A few weeks later he had a five-year contract. He was an instant success in his first picture in the other. It was opposite Thelma Todd in an opus called "This Is The Night," and that was followed by "This Bait" a marvelous and unforgettable summer. Cary's baptism of fire! "Madame Butterfly" opposite Sylvia Sidney followed and then he went West two television series. The first time she 'Done Me Wrong' and the second time Mae ex-
plained it was because I'm No Angel.'"

Having learned about women from Dietrich, Sidney, and West he went into the den of La Hepburn without a qualm. In fact, he went into it with a heart full of joy and goodwill towards men because, for the first time in his career, he was going to play a character part. Did you see "Sylvia Scarlett" in which he played a Cockney? Well, he was what Gregory Ratoff calls San-SA-Shun-al.

Strange as it seems, although he was credited with having stolen the picture from Hepburn and with making the biggest hit of his career, a succession of mediocre roles on his home lot followed. He was in a rut from which he could not seem to extricate himself. Cary decided drastic steps must be taken. He took them. When his contract with Paramount expired, although they wanted to re-sign him at a fantastic salary he refused as they could not give him any assurance his part would be different from those he had been playing.

It was the wisest move he ever made. But, at the time, friends shook their heads. The Hollywood wiscacres had already for-

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KEN TAYLOR, with his wife, arrives in England to play opposite Jessie Matthews.

"George Did It"

Continued from page 33

ness. Fundamentally, of course, he is a realist. Like all disciples of realism he will not garnish facts with egotistical fancies but sends them into an interviewer's kon as are the trailing strings as a strip teaser at the final encore.

In this particular instance I multiplied the account of his share in the Bradna success by ten in order to arrive at a true estimate of the obstacles he had overcome. In view of the answer I thus obtained it seemed to me that Raft ought to be putting himself on the back at regular intervals or ringing bells. At least he should have sent out notices to the columnists to refer to him as 'George (Star-maker) Raft'! If astronomers attach their names to the comets they find, explorers their names to mountain ranges and patent medicine makers to kidney pills, why shouldn't a star receive some kind of acclaim for fixing a new face in the Hollywood firmament? After all, hadn't it been a lucky break for Paramount—to say nothing of the little Braddna—that Raft had been on deck (no pun intended) on that fateful day when Olympia came by for a costume okay?

Some speculations brought a definite reaction from Raft. With slow thoughtfulness he said, "Actually, any number of people can take credit when a new movie star is born. Their taking it may seem reasonable and right—and if they want it and can get it, that's all right, too. But there's only one who is really entitled to it—Lady Luck!"

He paused significantly. Possibly Raft felt that an important point had been reached in this interview. Or possibly this was one of his pet theories, hitherto undiscovered, Be that as it may, the urgency of elucidation was upon him. With sudden energy he removed his heels from their perch and sat up. He offered me a cigarette and lit one himself. He didn't bother to take it from between his lips but his manner of speech is so even, I dropped that it hardly moved as he continued.

"When I say that luck plays an important part in the rise of a star I don't mean that acting ability, personality and—in the case of a girl—beauty isn't necessary or doesn't help. They do, but these qualifications alone won't make a star of anyone and they won't keep anyone among the stars—not without the breaks."

"In other words, I've always been convinced that there is much more than mere human connivance to be reckoned with when a new stellar personality swings into view on the Hollywood horizon. For instance, consider the number of people who have missed stardom. There must have hundreds of them, and most of them missed out not because they lacked ability or were minus on the personality side. So far as stellar qualities are concerned, practically all of them had 'what it takes.' And most of them were pushed at the public by the studios in an attempt to create new stars. They were provided with high-powered publicity campaigns; they were given good parts—every scheme known to Hollywood was used in an effort to promote them to stardom. And the studio's finest mentioned by an individual—no matter what kind of a big shot he may be.

"Sure—I know what you're going to say, why can't he start an argument. "You're going to tell me that there are plenty of producers in Hollywood who can always pick the right personality for the right slot. There are. But there isn't anyone around who can control the time element. And without that the combination doesn't work. And that's where a lucky break in the individual—no matter what kind of a big shot he may be.

"That's why I think people exaggerate when they say that I'm responsible for Olympia Bradna's being on her way to stardom. About all I wrote was that whatever they did that got her right in the right slot at the right time. That's a combination that implies a lot of luck, or good chance, or whatever you want to call it. Whatever it is, it's something that can't come by an individual—no matter what kind of a big shot he may be.

"It is easy. But before I had a chance to count over all possible reasons for George's theory, Gabble Taylor, Dorothy Lamour, Dietrich and even his co-star, Sylvia Sidney, I found that he was getting in a laudatory mood:

"That's why I think people exaggerate when they say that I'm responsible for Olympia Bradna's being on her way to stardom. About all I wrote was that whatever they did that got her right in the right slot at the right time. That's a combination that implies a lot of luck, or good chance, or whatever you want to call it. Whatever it is, it's something that comes by an individual—no matter what kind of a big shot he may be.

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THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court rises to stardom playing the “alley cat” type of glamorous girl which Phil Burns, publicity agent, discovered in her when she as an extra had the temerity to denounce the star, Anne Barrett, who has since returned to England. Marcia decides she must play more ladylike characters, and is so insistent in breaking off from her past, screen as well as real-life, that she swears her father to secrecy about their relationship; the father being at her home as a gardener. Agreeing to play the part assigned her if she can do a picture in London, Marcia renounces her contract, and with Burns goes to England, where she meets Anne Barrett and the director, Lawrence Stewart, with whom Anne is in love. Marcia goes back on her word, declares she will play the titled English lady of the story and not the American girl, for which part she was engaged. Her decision is the subject of a heated debate between herself, Burns, Stewart and Anne Barrett as the current chapter opens.

for all of us. We're thought we were outsmarting Marcia, but I would be surprised if she turned the trick on us before she's through.

Phil grew hard. "If she can put the reverse English on this situation I'm man enough to take a beating."

"It might be more of a beating than you bargain for," Anne warned. "You're in love with her, you know."

"Don't be ridiculous, Anne."

"Suppose you try being truthful."

"I am. I despise the Marcia we know. But I'll admit there is a Marcia I might love—the one I've been trying to force into the open."

"You mean you want her to be just an out-and-out hussy—you'd love her that way?"

"I want her to be honest! I don't give a hoot what she's been or what her background is; but I despise a sham. I want her to be herself."

"She is being herself," Anne defended, "and as such I like her immensely."

"Anne, you're a swell sport, considering."

"Considering?"

"Lawrence."

Anne smiled a bit sadly. "Well, I'll admit the young lady is beginning to get into my hair."

"They're seeing a lot of each other?"

"Every night. She's his shadow. He looks positively undressed without her."

"I'm sorry for you, Anne. But it's been my good fortune—being with you so much."

"That's nice, Phil. I've enjoyed it, too."

"You're a sweet, generous person. Do you think you could learn to love a lowly American?"

"Without half trying—if I hadn't already fallen for an Englishman."

"For keeps?"

"Yes, Phil, for keeps."

Phil sighed. "It's a nasty situation all around."

"Isn't it?"

"You think Marcia's in love with him?"

"I think she's in love with you—as a person?"

"That's idiotic!"

"I believe it's true, though she doesn't know it, perhaps, because she's so in love with what Larry represents."

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Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 29
"You don't think they're lovers?" Phil asked darkly.
"No, she will never have an affair with him."
"What makes you so sure?"
"I'm sure of it. She has quaint ideas about morals. Her burning ambition is to be a lady, and she feels that once a lady has been in intimate with a gentleman she can never again be a lady."
Phil smiled. "Well, can she?"
"When I know just what constitutes a lady I'll do without. Meanwhile your heart is being broken, my heart is being broken and in the end Marcia's heart will be the worst broken of all."
"What of Larry?"
"I don't know," Anne said unhappily. "You and he were that way before Marcia came."
"I was very much that way about him, and I had begun to hope that he—"
"Now don't you worry about Marcia. When the picture's finished she isn't going to be in love with any of us—at least of all Larry. She'll hate him almost as much as she'll hate me."
"Oh, Phil, I'm really so sorry for her. What will she do when she finds out?"
"Let's not think about it," Phil growled. Anne looked up, confused, as Stewart entered.
"Am I intruding?"
"Well, as long as it's your office we'll try to bear with you," Phil said.
Stewart sat at his desk. "You two don't seem very friendly."
"We're reserving our hilarity until the great hoax has been completed," Anne said with a touch of bitterness.
"You think I'll be funny?"
"The picture, or the general situation?"
"I was referring to the picture."
"Oh, the picture'll be funny enough," she told him, "so well that we get three hits."
"I'm not going to think it'll be tragic— for Marcia," Stewart said, then turned to Phil. "Isn't there some way we can acquire her with the intent of the picture before play review?"
"So that's the answer!" Phil said grimly. "Well, I might have known it when I saw signs of your weakening—in last night's rushes."
"What do you mean by that?" Stewart demanded, immediately on the defensive.
"Now, Larry, you mustn't be offended at what I'm saying. It's because I know Marcia. She has an insidious habit of undermining her directors and doing things her own way. That happened in the last picture she made in America, and it was a dismal flop."
"But it was your suggestion that she be permitted to play this part in her own way."
"Yes, I know, and at the start her way was immense. But now it seems she's becoming rather convincingly lady-like. She isn't being many amusing social errors as she did in the first part of the picture."
"You can credit that to her powers of observation. She's learning fast."
"She is."
"It is fast for the good of the picture. And it's due to the inspiration she's deriving from your constant companionship."
Stewart was becoming annoyed. "You aren't objecting to my taking her around?"
"Certainly not. I only regret the change that's coming over her because of it."
"It was my plan to show her these places and later we'll discuss giving her own version of English customs and manners."
"The idea was a honey—at the start," Phil said. "But Marcia is a born imitator. It's a sin to waste even the elements of such hypnotizing ideas. Send today for the free 6,466 word treatise revealing the startling results of this unique system, by which men in the Far East can do nothing to equality count in the Western world. No obligation. Send your name and address.

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213 So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
week I have. There's something about me that always irritates her to the point where she can't retain the semblance of a lady.

"Is it any wonder?" Stewart asked coldly.

"Your goal, old fellow. Well, I've said my little say, and now I'm going out to drown my sorrows in a cup of pale brown stuff the English libel as coffee. Any customers?"

"No, thank you," Stewart said.

"Anne?"

"We'll be having tea at four."

Phil started out. "Cheerio, and be kind to my back."

"Queer fellow, and hard," Stewart said when Phil was gone.

"No, Larry, it's only his shell that's hard. And he's right about the picture."

"You think Marcia's toning down her party?"

"Distinctly. Before long she'll be a credit to the top ladies of London. There's only one week's shooting left, and you mustn't weaken."

"It's such a beastly trick."

"I agree with you. It should never have started. But Phil is picture wise and there's too much at stake to back out now."

She gave a bitter little smile as she continued, "It's just unfortunate for all of us that you should have fallen in love with the girl."

"I'm in love with Marcia!"

"That seems to be the general impression."

"Absurd!"

"You apparently find a great deal of pleasure in her company," Anne said unhappily.

"I find her diverting and amusing. I've been taking her around for the express purpose of gathering material for the production."

"So you said before. Well, you've been amazingly conscientious in the pursuit of your work."

"I always am. As for Marcia, she's a new and interesting problem. She's the strangest combination of contradictions I've ever known. Sometimes she seems terribly hard, yet she's a very friendly prude, and steadfastly refuses to take even one drink."

"Some people refuse to touch liquor because it's a fear of what it might bring out in them." Anne suggested gently. "I've known Marcia for a long time and I think she has certain inherited traits which she has difficulty in suppressing. Oh, I'm blaming her. I admire her for the courage to try to down them. She's so pitiful to always be on the defensive."

"You said it thoughtfully. I believe there's some truth in what you say. I saw something of that side of last night. We ran into a drunken American woman and her husband having an argument, and not a very pretty one. It seemed to make Marcia ill. She insisted we leave at once."

"How about your apartment?" Anne asked in a low voice.

Stewart was upset. "How did you know?"

"My heart told me, but you'd better watch yourself, Larry."

"See here, Anne, you aren't jealous?"

"Horribly. But quite aside from that I think I should warn you about Marcia."

"Please don't."

"I must. You see, Larry, I'm fighting for something that's very dear to me."

"I'd rather not listen."

"Nevertheless, I'm determined to tell you. It's this: Marcia comes from a class which doesn't know very much about the rules of the game of love as played by her alleged betters. Her type feels that when a lady has been persuaded she must insist she's been compromised, so unless you really want to marry the girl—"

"That's very crude, Anne. I'm afraid you've presumed too much on our long standing friendship."

Anne was wounded. "Yes, I'm afraid, I have." She rose and started out. "Sorry."

"But, Anne—!"

Stewart paused as Marcia came in. A different Marcia. No longer on the defensive, she was serene and patient. Even her voice was lower. "I'm glad you came out to join Phil in a cup of coffee.

"How is he?" Marcia asked, casually patronizing Anne. "I so seldom see him these days. I've almost forgotten what he looks like."

"He's the same handsome fellow."

"When he isn't growing."

"If I find him extremely pleasant."

"Oh he can be nice enough when he wants to," Marcia conceded indulgently. "Very nice indeed," Anne said, starting for the door.

"I suppose I should see more of him," Marcia said with a sly smile at Stewart, "but I really have too little time."

"Yes, you seem to be very busy," Anne agreed sweetly. "But you shouldn't neglect your fellow American. He probably misses Hollywood terribly, and you two could talk over old times."

"I haven't any interest in talking about Hollywood," Marcia said coldly. "But you profess to like the place. Couldn't you con-sole him?"

"I'll try," Anne said as she reached the door.

"When you've had your coffee," Marcia said nicely, "I wish you'd tell Phil I'd like to see him—on business."

"Yes, I'll tell him you'd like to see him—on business." She went out, leaving Marcia somehow annoyed.

"Now, what did she mean by that crack?"

"You can't always tell, with Anne," Stewart remarked.

Marcia looked at him narrowly. "You think a lot of her, don't you, Larry?"

"Quite a lot."

"More than you do of me?" Marcia accused with a shade of resentment.

"That's a strange question," Stewart said politely rebuking her.

"Is it—after last night—in your apartment?" Marcia was warmly insinuating.

"What of last night?" Stewart demanded bluntly.

"You haven't forgotten?" she asked with reproach.

"No," Stewart said coldly. "I seem to remember very clearly—a pleasant, un-eventful, and entirely harmless evening."

"But delightfully intimate," Marcia said gently. "You were so nice about soothing me after that horrible experience with those shocking Americans. And," with sweet confidence, "I was thrilled, being there along with you—it was the first time I'd ever been in a man's apartment."

"Really, Marcia," Stewart said, stifly incredulous, "how distressfully naive."

Marcia was hurt. "Then it's been your custom to take young ladies to your apartment?"

"Frequently," Stewart said coldly. "Does that shock you?"

"Well, it disappoints me. It sounds a bit Hollywood. I never thought you English did things that way."

"You have a ridiculously excited idea of
the English. We're just average humans.

"Oh, but with your culture and all. I didn't think you'd be taking young ladies to your apartment—unless—"

"Unless what?" Stewart demanded abruptly.

"Unless—you thought a great deal of them."

"I do think a lot of you, Marcia; but, my dear girl, you aren't suggesting that I've compromised your good name—or anything like that."

"No," she admitted reluctantly, "I don't suppose you really did compromise me, but—"

I don't even remember advancing an improper proposal."

"Well, why didn't you?" she asked, suddenly resentful.

"Frankly, I didn't think I'd gain anything by it."

"Oh! Is that the only reason?"

"It's a sufficiently good one for a male—disappointment in love is so unsignificant."

"You have such a nice way of explaining things," Marcia murmured.

"Thank you. I hope I've made myself clear."

"Oh yes, I understand perfectly—now," Stewart regarded her thoughtfully. "I wonder if you do."

"Of course I do. Why not?"

"And you aren't offended?"

"Should I be?" Marcia asked with sudden suspicion.

"Well, I hoped you wouldn't," Stewart said quickly, "But one can never be sure."

"I couldn't be offended with you, Larry," she said softly.

"Thank you, Marcia. Then we'll continue to be—good friends?"

"We'll be very good friends," Marcia said warmly as she sat on the edge of his desk and took his hand. "I don't think you realize just how much you've done for me, or how grateful I am."

Stewart was touched, yet wary. "It's very nice of you to say that."

"But you can't possibly know how strongly I mean it," she insisted. "You've taken me to the kind of places I've dreamed of and introduced me to the kinds of people I've always wanted to know. And you've made London seem so real to me. I feel that I've been here always, and I never want to leave."

Stewart felt the need of getting Marcia back to firmer ground, "But aren't you ever homesick for America?"

This was a distinct jolt to Marcia. She withdrew her hand. "America is only a nightmare to me."

"I shouldn't say that so loudly or so often, if I were you," Stewart said quietly, in disapproval.

"Why not? It's true."

"A worldly person might misunderstand you."

"In what way?"

"When anyone speaks bitterly of the country in which they were born and reared, especially if talking with a foreigner, that foreigner is apt to think the fault lies with the individual and not the country." Marcia felt stricken. "Oh!"

"Marcia, my dear, if I didn't like you tremendously, I should never have presumed to say that."

"You've made me feel—cheap," she said, dismayed.

"I didn't intend that," he protested passionately. "You'll forgive me?"

"Oh yes, I suppose I'll forgive you." She became hard. "But if Phil had said that to me I'd want to kill him!"

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't have done it like a gentleman. He'd bawl me out." She softened as she looked at Stewart, "But you understand me so much better than he understands me, Marcia."

"No, Marcia, you're wrong there. I've come to the conclusion that both Phil and Anne know you much better than I do."

"Oh, but they don't! Phil is horrid, and Anne hasn't been nearly so nice to me since you started taking me out."

"You only imagine that," Stewart said uncomfortably.

"No, she's jealous."

"But why should she be?"

"Well, she thinks you've fallen in love with me."

"That's ridiculous!"

Marcia was hurt. "Is it so ridiculous?"

"I mean Anne doesn't think that—there's no reason why she should."

"Oh!"

Stewart rushed on, "What I'm trying to say is, Anne realizes I've been showing you around London because you're a stranger in the city."

"Is that the only reason?" Marcia asked slowly, feeling crushed, "you were just being courteous?"

"Of course if I hadn't liked you enormously shouldn't have been so lavish with my hospitality. I've enjoyed you no end, and I suppose I've been selfish and thoughtless, but I never dreamed it would expose you to criticism."

"Oh I don't mind what they say or think—because of you."

"However, it isn't very discreet, our being together so much. Perhaps I'd better devote more time to Anne, and you might be seen with Phil now and then."

"Do you think that's necessary?"

"I think it's wise."

"You're so considerate of me, Larry."

"Hmmm."

"And because you are so nice and thoughtful I'm going to ask a special favour of you."

"Well?" Stewart asked, dreading it.

"On the night of the preview, after the show, I want to give a supper for a select few in my apartment, and I wish you'd invite the guests."

"But, Marcia, isn't that a bit of a risk?"

"I don't see why."

"The picture may not be as successful as you'd like it to be."

"I'm willing to take that risk. With your direction it can't fail to be a success."

Stewart was suffering. "That's kind of you to say that. I hope it doesn't prove disappoenting to you."

"I'm sure it won't. And you will help me to arrange the supper party?"

"I'd rather you didn't do it."

"Please, Larry, my heart is set on it."

"Well—"

"I knew you would! I want to have Lord and Lady Marble, and that interesting explorer and big game hunter, and about six or eight more of the most interesting people you know."

"I think you're making a big mistake."

"Is it because you think they'd refuse to come if she asked?"

"Oh, no, they'd come all right. But if they didn't like the picture it might prove frightfully embarrassing."

"But I'll make a chance on the picture."

Then with sudden fear, "Haven't I been photographing well?"

"You are gorgeous."

"Am I getting as much out of the picture as you hoped for?"

"Oh yes, quite!"

"Then what?"

"Well, you know any picture is always a gamble," Stewart evaded.

"I'm willing to stake everything on this one's being a success."

"It's right to remember, it's on your own responsibility."

"Then you will help me with the guests?"

"Yes, I'll help."

"Of course I'll want Anne," she said, her enthusiasm dimming slightly.

Stewart looked at Marcia querulously. "Yes, you'd have to ask Anne."

"Oh, I'd want her anyway," she said bashfully, then sighed deeply, "And I suppose I'll just have to ask Phil."

"You mean you don't want to?"

Marcia sensed Stewart's disapproval. "It isn't that I really mind asking him. But you can never count on what he'll say or do. Sometimes he's very embarrassing."

"Yes, I know how he is," Stewart said, with a faint smile on his lips, "Anne smiled. "I said you wanted to see me on business, Marcia, but if you two are heavily engaged I'll return later."

"Not at all," Stewart said rising, "I've got to look at some retakes."

"Don't let me run you out of your office."

"But you aren't really," Stewart started out, then paused. "Phil, I've been considering what you said and I think it'd be a good idea for you to come out on the set tomorrow."

"Phil grinned in understanding. 'I'll be delighted.' "

"Bye, see you later, Marcia."

To Be Continued
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DANIELLE DARIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty... charms of performance... has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe... The star of the sensational MAYERLING... which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DARIEUX - FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson
Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL."
Produced by B. G. de SYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
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fall in with the army of happy smokers who know that Chesterfield's milder and better taste really satisfies

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Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero."... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slopphapp for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

STARRING

James Cagney Pat O'Brien

with Marie Wilson Ralph Bellamy

Frank McHugh • Dick Foran

Directed by Lloyd Bacon

Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spevack

Make a date for "Boy Meets Girl" at your favorite theatre
Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.
BOB TAYLOR
gets a telegram from his fans...

BOB TAYLOR
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City Cal

YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
YOUR FANS

...and his fans get their kind of picture!

THE CROWD ROARS

Edward with Frank
ARNOLD · MORGAN
Maureen William
O’SULLIVAN · GARGAN
LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist
Is Success Spoiling Tyrone Power?

What do you think? Have all the money and fame that have come to him in the past year turned the handsome head of Hollywood’s most dazzling young actor? You want to know. So do we. So we went straight to—Tyrone himself! We learned the answer. We’ll pass that answer on to you in the form of a fine feature in the next issue.

Ginger Rogers’ Secret Heart

You know Ginger as the piquant, provocative heroine of some of the screen’s best shows. You see her laughing her way through life and pictures, looking as if she had no thought beyond the immediate moment—which must always be gay. That’s just one side of Ginger Rogers. The other side is hidden from the world, or was until we found the story for you. The girl behind the ingratiating Rogers grin is an amazing girl, far different from her movie image. You’d better meet her—in September SCREENLAND.

In fact, you’d better make a point of watching for the next issue. The above features we’ve mentioned are only two of a fascinating program, which you’ll enjoy if you don’t miss the September SCREENLAND, on sale August 3rd.

August, 1938
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To Margaret Sullavan, who soars to heights of glowing beauty with a superb performance in "Three Comrades," we award this accolade.

She created a sensation in her screen début (remember "Only Yesterday"?), but even greater talents are revealed by Margaret Sullavan as Patricia, in the film version of a Remarque novel. Below and at upper right, with Robert Taylor; center with the "Three Comrades," Franchot Tone, Taylor, and Robert Young.

LONG absence from the screen has robbed Margaret Sullavan of none of her magic as a creator of pulsingly alive, persuasively appealing characters. It has, however, robbed us of many inspiring performances, or so one is forced to reflect after seeing Miss Sullavan as the hauntingly lovely heroine of "Three Comrades." Playing a character of many-faceted emotional qualities, this Patricia is the source, the dynamic force that flows from the screen as a tragic human drama is revealed in a setting of war-scarred Germany. The tone of her voice, the modulation and interpretation of her lines, every gesture and facial expression, is a sensitive portrait of a doomed but divinely courageous woman longing for the love her youth entitles her to, but bravely ready to sacrifice even that for the one she loves. Robert Taylor, as the idealistic Erich, Franchot Tone as the loyal and philosophical Otto, and Robert Young, as the rebellious Gottfried, all do magnificent work—but it is Margaret Sullavan who fires the play with a brooding beauty of surpassing dramatic vigor.
Margaret Sullavan
STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOPWORN ANGEL," REMARKS...

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Ginger Rogers entertains for SCREENLAND readers! For the first time she reveals her fan friends her original ideas for tempting refreshments, ideal for Summer

Inside the Stars’ Homes

By Betty Boone

“ON TOP of the world”—that’s Ginger Rogers, and that’s exactly where she lives! Up on the crest of a hill above Beverly Hills, a white stylized farmhouse sprawls gracefully. The highest point is the studio-and-dressing-room building above the swimming pool, and the lowest—if you don’t count the garages—is the playroom, which is tucked in under the living room and at that is possessed of a gorgeous view.

“I never knew before what a sunset could be,” confessed my hostess, lingering at the window of the living room. “At night, we look out on all the lights of the city glittering below and the stars shining above—and on a clear day, laugh or not, we can see Catalina!” (Seeing Catalina on a clear day is one of those reliable realtor phrases much kidded in Hollywood.)

As a background for that golden girl Ginger, every room in the house would satisfy an art director. The furniture is blonde maple, the general effect light and sunny, with the color in rugs, drapes, or upholstery. The color in the living room is a soft deep blue; in the dining room, plan; the breakfast room, yellow; Ginger’s bedroom is dusty pink; her mother’s April green.

“The playroom is the important room when it comes to entertaining,” said Ginger, as we descended to it. “If we’re not swimming in the pool, or taking sunbaths in the patio, we’re down in the playroom juggling sodas. I thought I was the only inhibited soda jerker in the world until I opened my fountain. Then I discovered that half the population has yearned to mix up weird concoctions and shoot fizz into glasses!”

The playroom floor is tiled in two shades of blue, the curtains are white with a red trim, the chairs set around the fountain are of white leather and those around the fireplace at the opposite side of the room are of red leather. The swaying over the blonde maple fountain is red and white, and the whole effect gay.

“The younger set in pictures adore the fountain,” put in her mother, known to Ginger and all Ginger’s friends as “Leelee.”

“One day, I remember, we had five gallons of ice cream in the containers. Eighteen people were here for the day, playing tennis, swimming, sunbathing, and so on. Everybody experimented at the fountain, and by night not a dishful of ice cream remained!”

The fountain is a semi-circle built into the end of the room before half-a-dozen Venetian-blinded windows. The counter is spill-proof, and there’s a rail for restless feet. Beneath the counter are the containers, each equipped with four kinds of ice cream, a dishwasher, and a small frigidaire in which ice is always handy and wherein odd kinds of cream can be made.

“We always keep a big can of pretzels behind the fountain,” said Ginger, exhibiting it, “and cans of popcorn, nuts and syrup for our ‘messes.’ You’d be surprised...
how much a dash of salt adds to the sweet dish. Lots of the crowd who come here like whole salted peanuts on their ice cream. Candied ginger is good, too, used instead of nuts. Almonds seem the favorite nut for fancy dishes. But most of us go in for jam or thick preserves as sundaes. Ever try whole red sour cherries preserved in thick syrup?"

Ginger's own favorite is double-chocolate sundae, a holdover from childhood. One of her guests insists that a sprinkle of grape-nuts improves any ice cream dish.

"Bananas seem to vanish here," observed Mrs. Rogers. "I suppose that's because a banana split seems complicated and interesting to make. Parfaits, too, have their devotees—you know, a small scoop of strawberry, one of pineapple, one of pistachio,

On top of the world!" Ginger's own description of her hill-top home. Across page on left, she relaxes for a little knitting on the terrace. Grand for nerves, knitting! Above, she takes in her own view. Left, at the famous soda bar in her playroom, concocting one of the dainty dishes described in our story.

a dash of whipped cream and a dusting of nuts. Or any variation.

A favorite parfait of Ginger's is made as follows:

**ANGEL PARFAIT**

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<td>1 cup sugar</td>
<td>½ cup water</td>
<td>1 egg white</td>
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<td>2 teaspoons whipping cream</td>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
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Boil water and sugar slowly without

(Continued on page 81)

**HERE'S THRILLING NEW LUSTRE FOR HAIR**

**ALL SUMMER LONG**

Amazing Shampoo Discovery leaves hair unbelievably soft, manageable, and radiantly beautiful—whether dry, normal or oily

This summer, you can easily and quickly see your hair become more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible. Soft, radiantly beautiful, easy to manage—even on hottest days. For, today, there are two amazing kinds of Drene Shampoo, which work seeming beauty miracles for hair during hot summer months. Remove beauty-clouding dirt, grease and perspiration with a single Sudsing. Leave hair silky-smooth, fragrant, beautiful beyond description.

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Drene performs this beauty miracle because it is different from ordinary shampoo. So different that the process by which it is made has been patented. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. It employs a remarkable, new, patented cleansing element that actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single Sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water. We have not found a milder, safer, more beautifying shampoo. Yet, hair is left gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinse of any kind.

Procter & Gamble make and guarantee Drene Shampoo—which is used by more women than any other brand of shampoo. Get either Special Drene for Dry Hair, or Regular Drene at drug, department, or drug stores. Or, ask for a Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop. You'll be thrilled to see how easy it is to keep your hair brilliantly beautiful during the summer with Drene.

**In Hollywood**

where all outdoors is a playground for the movie stars; where beaches are lined with world-famous beauties—a survey reveals that more women now buy Drene Shampoo to keep their hair beautiful than all other leading shampoos combined.

**S C R E E N L A N D**

9
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Test Pilot"
2. Odor
3. She's featured in "There's Always a Woman"
4. He plays "Robin Hood"
5. "Pinnamage"
6. Star of "Divorce of Lady X"
7. Golf mounds
8. She's starred in "It's All Yours"
9. Load
10. Latent
11. Annuality
12. She recently married Robert Kent
13. Onewd
14. To act
15. Dry (as wine)
16. Shut up!
17. Pertaining to the state
18. Kissed
19. Behold!
20. To bind
21. Prefers meaning three
22. His Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller
23. Part of your foot
24. To place in order (as troops)
25. None of the scale
26. True
27. Good
28. Holly
29. Scottish swing gal in "Goldwyn Follies"
30. Star of "Women Are Like That"
31. Collection of data
32. Note of the scale
33. He's co-starred in "Girl of the Golden West"
34. Belonging to them
35. Either
36. What you use to see a movie
37. Public notice (abbreviation)
38. "Every Day's a Holiday" with Garbo
39. Decides
40. A writer or notary
41. A big star of comedy with Charlie Ruggles
42. Otherwise
43. Classic Muse of Music
44. Old
45. Ornaments strung around your neck
46. River embankment
47. Door, etc., with Hepburn and Rogers
48. Napoleon in "Conquest"
49. Muscle
50. Common wool fabric
51. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for box of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 25c each, 3 for $1.00. Will last about 3 months.
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Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle

47. Epoch
48. Wood chopping tool
49. He's married to Ruby Keeler
50. She co-stars in "Test Pilot"
51. The fantastic star of "All Baba Goes to Town"
52. Ziegfeld
53. Passage in a movie theatre
54. Women's patriotic organization (abbreviation)
55. A Jew
56. Body of lawmakers
57. Literary composition
58. Rhythm
59. Charlie McCarthy's father
60. To yield
61. Electric light globe
62. Unclosed
63. "Tide," a movie
64. The M-G-M lido
65. Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
66. What a hen lays
67. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
68. The elderly (abbreviation)
69. Steamship (abbreviation)
Cecile N. Some of the films in which Joan Bennett appeared were “Bulldog Drummond,” “Three Live Ghosts,” “Mississippi Gambler,” “Disraeli;” these are the first four in which she appeared. Her latest have been “Vogues of 1938” and “I Met My Love Again.” Next, “The Texans,” opposite Randy Scott.

Adele B. Tim Holt’s education began in the Carl Curtis Grammar school; then public high school and later, Culver Military Academy. He graduated from Culver in 1936 with outstandingly high honors. He is one of the best all-round young sportsmen in Hollywood. Polo, swimming, tennis, and badminton are his favorite sports. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has light brown hair and brown eyes. He played an important role in “Stella Dallas.”

Theresa C. Ann Harding was born in Texas, August 17, 1904. Her real name is Anna Gately. Her first stage experience was with the Provincetown Players, after which she played in “Tarnish,” “The Woman Disputed,” “The Trial of Mary Dugan,” and various other plays. She appeared on the screen for the last six years. Now she is the wife of Werner Janssen, composer-conductor, and has not made a picture since her marriage.

Ruth S. of Boston. You want to know all about Barton MacLane? He was born in Columbia, S. C. Graduated from Wesleyan University in 1923, appeared on the stage in several plays, after which Paramount signed him for a long-term contract. More recently, under the Warner Bros. banner.

L. B. H. Who played in the film, “Miss Lulu Bet”? Some years ago, you say; to be exact, it was sixteen years ago! It was produced by William de Mille for Paramount, in 1921. Lois Wilson played the lead. Some of her other pictures were “The Covered Wagon,” “What Every Woman Knows,” “Manhattan,” “On Trial,” “The Show-off,” “There’s Always Tomorrow,” and many others.

Geraldine S. Allan Jones, Charles Winninger, Paul Robeson, Donald Cook, Sammy White and Francis X. Mahoney were the male cast of “Show Boat.” Wendy Barrie came from England. No, she isn’t married.
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Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

IT'S NEW!

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At all drug counters NOW! Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts
Lovely Loretta:
I remember a very young girl in a picture called “Life Begins.” She was a most poignant little person with wonderfully expressive eyes and a pathos that made even strong men gulp. She wrung hearts with her passionate sincerity; she made everyone feel so sorry for her that it was hard to believe she was really a well-fed, prosperous Hollywood ingenue, just giving a performance. Yes, she was that good. It seemed to us as we watched that little girl grow up that she was going to be the best darn actress of them all. In “A Man’s Castle” she convinced us that we were right. There would be no stopping this girl. She was going places, gathering Academy Awards as she went. That girl’s name was Loretta Young, in case you’re interested.

Now what I’m curious about is this: what happened to her? You should know. I see someone called Loretta Young today, getting prettier with every new picture—poised, expensively dressed, perfectly beautiful to watch. Soothing to the eye with her flawless grace and assurance; soothing to the ear with her exquisitely modulated, carefully cultivated voice. But—that’s all. She’s a shadow, and when she vanishes from the scene someone else claims attention and I forget all about her. Some newcomer like Marjorie Weaver bounces on and with a bit of wholehearted, joyous abandon, captures the show. In “Four Men and a Prayer,” with all the masculine inspiration afforded by David Niven and George Sanders and Richard Greene, you were as lovely, as gracious, as gorgeous to look at as ever—but there was no warmth there. Disney’s Miss Snow White had more substance.

Can’t a Glamor Girl be a human being as well? In attaining pictorial perfection, must you lose reality? Not that I wish you’d go around in rags and a wan look, registering recession. I like a fashion show as well as the next one. But the “most famous models in the world” in “Vogues of 1938” wore clothes beautifully, too, and you don’t see them on the screen. Consider the actresses—Bette Davis, Colbert, Lombard, Oberon, Shearer—all of them get around, are dressed by Carson, or Chanel, or Schiaparelli, as the case may be; know Whitneys, visit El Morocco and the Trocadero, frankly enjoy life on the upper levels. But—and this is what’s important—they don’t show it on the screen. They manage to remain, by mad effort or sheer artistry, convincing actresses and likeable personalities. They have life, and color, and humor, and they make you believe in everything they do, whether they believe it themselves or not.

Now if you’ve lost interest in acting, as such, skip it. But I don’t think you have. I think you’re as fiercely ambitious as a Crawford; I know your brilliant intelligence can get you anywhere you really care to go. So—please go ahead again. Make us “sorry” for you again, Loretta, please!

Delight Evans
Come along with Screenland's exclusive cameraman as he catches the stars off-guard at gay spots all around town! Watch for this feature every month, for the real lens low-down on pet celebrities.

We know you've never seen Gary Cooper and his wife pictured so carefree as they are above! Weissman's camera catches the Coopers as they stop dancing to say hello to a table of friends including Franchot Tone, at right. Now catch the Fred MacMurrays in a rare off-guard close-up at a preview, upper right. And now here's a grand shot of Margaret Sullivan as she greets Ginger Rogers at the Trocadero—Maggie's agent husband, Leland Hayward, is also Ginger's agent.
Charlie McCarthy is missing from the gay group at left—but that's just why Edgar Bergen looks so happy. Ken Murray at left, with Jon Hall and his bride, Songbird Frances Langford. Below: who says Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power were only publicity-romancers? If you ask us, we'd say that the calling-off is the publicity, not the romance. Anyway, our camera snoop catches up with Janet and Ty at LaMaze, restaurant with most exotic food—and hugest portions—in all Hollywood.

Presenting SCREENLAND'S exclusive ace camera reporter, Leo Weissman, whose candid flashes will be a regular monthly feature of this magazine from now on.

More LaMaze, and l'amour! Those perennial newlyweds, Alice Faye and Tony Martin, beam at each other as Weissman's camera close-ups 'em. How'd you like Alice's orchid coiffure? At left, Claudette Colbert steps out with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman. She's wearing just one of her new Paris gowns.
More spot-shots of the stars in the Hollywood Whirl, by Screenland's on-the-spot camera reporter, Len Weissman. Watch for this feature every month from now on!

A big party for producer Darryl Zanuck at the Trocadero brought out Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer, top left. Note that Pat (Paterson) Boyer is wearing one of the currently popular modern diamond-and-gold bracelets, and carrying the big evening vanity now in vogue among Hollywood beauties. The large picture above shows the different ways stars react to the flash-shots: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., fingers his tie; Merle Oberon turns away to save her eyes; Jimmy Stewart says, "I can't take it!" but Norma Shearer looks right at the camera with unruffled poise. The place, the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills, where the party dined after the opening of the Ice Follies in Hollywood. Left, Norma in her white Grecian gown sails right in to the food, with Jimmy Stewart at left. How do you like this combination?
Trust Len Weissman to line up an interesting group like this, below!

Screenland's demon camera reporter catches those chums, Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer, at the wedding of Basil Rathbone's son, Rodion. Lauella Parsons, noted movie columnist, and her husband, Dr. Martin, and Eddie Goulding, director, complete the group. At left below, Jon Hall and George Raft turn out for soft-ball game for charity. At right below, gala glimpse of Henry Fonda and his wife, at the "Bon Voyage" party for Zanuck. The Fondas are a really happy couple.
In this month's rotogravure we show you Sonja Henie at home and the dinner party she gave. Now, above, Weissman follows the Henie party as it progresses that same evening, with Sonja cutting the cake while Richard Greene, Eleanore Whitney, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, and Harry Losee look on. Right, a party for popular Jack Benny had that zany, Don Ameche, giving Jack a piggy-back ride. Place: the Coccanut Grove of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel. Below, at the same party June Collyer Erwin enjoys a dance with husband Stu. Now, at bottom of page, the Agony Sextet, made up of Ameche, George Burns, Chester Lauck (Lum of radio's Lum 'n Abner), Jack Benny, Stuart Erwin, and Jimmy Ritz, do a little of that late-hour yodeling.

Get into the party spirit of Hollywood with the cream of the candid spot-shots by Weissman shown on these pages!
with Nelson Eddy

mischievouness or into abstract seriousness and aloofness, on the whole thoroughly likable. Nelson said: "Go ahead, write anything you want so long as you stick to facts."

Being endowed with a sensitive nature and having been frequently misquoted, even embarrassingly so (take the time a woman reporter with a grudge quoted Nelson as saying: "Hollywood actresses are insincere and look like animated paint boxes")—Nelson can scarcely be blamed for his present attitude. On the other hand, with few exceptions every story that has appeared in print on Nelson sounds like a phonograph record, reeling off the same tune: that Eddy was a newspaper copy-desk editor who couldn't pay for vocal lessons, so he learned to sing from Caruso's phonograph recordings, and he became a concert artist and was picked up by an M-G-M talent scout at a Los Angeles concert and skyrocketed to stardom in "Naughty Marietta."

Yes, the stories tell how hard he works, constantly and continually making movies, recordings, appearing on the radio and in concert—and editors sigh and vow they'd consign such stories to the wastepaper basket because the theme is so worn out—if there were any others. Writers delve for new angles on Nelson, but he edits out all the personal and intimate things they write about him for fear they'll misquote him. So you can't blame the writers, either.

It all started (stepping out with Eddy, I mean), when I told Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I'd like to talk to Nelson one afternoon. Of course, they said. It sounded that easy. Nelson was home so they telephoned him, but he said he had a date, was busy—(he didn't say with whom). Then that Eddy conscience went to work on Nelson (he has a very stern New England one, that would be convenient to chuck once in a while, only it sticks right with him), so he called back and told the studio he'd talk to me next day at two o'clock.

Now as everyonc knows, Nelson is very particular about any encroachment on his privacy or personal life. So when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent me out to his home in Beverly Hills in a studio car, Mr. Eddy just secreted himself upstairs, and had his secretary greet me at the door, and inform me that Mr. Eddy had just left for the studio to keep the appointment. But there in front of his drive stood his long convertible sports sedan!

Nelson and I arrived at the studio at the same time, and breathlessly barged into the publicity office.

"You should know better than to send anyone out to my home," he reprimanded a head of that department. Then he turned and saw me standing right behind him.

"You should know better than to have your secretary say you're not home when your car was standing right there in front," I countered. And Nelson looked a bit sheepish, and apologized.

"I'm sorry, really I am," he said. "But a fellow has to have some sanctity, and I've been trying to keep my house address a secret. I've only moved four times since I've lived out here, but movie-guides out on Sunset (Please turn to page 67)"
It was a pleasant surprise to find Charlie McCarthy at breakfast. And surely he found himself in pleasant company, what with the charming Andrea Leeds and the distingué Adolphe Menjou, not to mention the inseparable Edgar Bergen. Then, too—my eyes!—there was an imposing English butler for our young friend to cock his monocle at over the gleaming silverware. Claws, Bergen, upper claws!

For that matter, Charlie himself was realizing the lofty ambition of many a Broadway actor by wearing a high hat to breakfast. Glossily assured, no one could put anything over on him. Not, possibly, for anatomical reasons, that he was putting anything down. Food seemed to be the least of his lively satisfactions. Yet, frowned as well he might upon so gauche a vulgarism, he was hogging the scene.

It was a scene in “Letter of Introduction” at Universal Studio, with all eyes on Charlie. Those of the Belasco-like John Stahl were fixed solely and intently on Mr. Bergen’s impish boy. After ordering the scene to be done again, the white-haired director delightedly exclaimed, “That’s what I want!”

“Then why didn’t you say so in the first place?” snapped Charlie.

Life, as always with Charlie on the premises, was merry and bright. Broad grins widened the faces of cameramen, electricians, prop men, carpenters and script girl, all on the qui vive—or maybe it was just their toes—for the unexpected to happen. Mr. Bergen could be relied upon for that. But, in his bland innocence, you’d think butter wouldn’t melt on his morning toast.

More than once both Miss Leeds and Mr. Menjou had
to dip into their coffee to save their faces. But Charlie caught Bergen at it and brought him up sharply with, "At home he drinks out of the saucer." The poor butler had nothing to cover his discomfiture, only the tony coffee pot, and he couldn't drink out of that. Strutting pompously about, his plumpish figure made an open target for Charlie's lightning shafts. And what do you suppose that little brat did when his helpless victim was serving him? Burped, that's what he did! Then he had the unblushing cheek to put the onus of it, a breach of etiquette Emily Post never would condone, on that pained family retainer by magnanimously chirping, "That's all right, old man, I do it myself sometimes!"

All these little things, including the burp, were not out of the script, but straight out of Bergen. No one, even the chortling director, knew what was coming next. Same here. For no sooner had the unpredictable Bergen finished breakfast than he went to lunch, taking Charlie and me along to his dressing-room. On the door, nothing if not significant, was Charlie's name in large letters and Bergen's in small ones. Plainly, the living man had deliberately subordinated himself to his inanimate creation. Showmanship? I couldn't quite believe that to be true. It seemed far more likely that the inventor had come to feel his invention had outgrown himself. In any case, it had today made Edgar Bergen the most unique and popular figure in the whole amusement world. So possibly the explanation of his strangely interesting attitude was to be found in a single word—gratitude.

What struck me as still more curious was the manner of the man. It was, almost startlingly, like Charlie's. That is, as Bergen talked his head kept turning, quite unconsciously, right and left. Now please do not let me for an instant give the impression there was in this anything physically freakish. On the contrary, it was a wholly natural reaction to his words, part of the rhythm which is in him and has gone into the making of Charlie McCarthy. At no time was it marked, at others barely perceptible. (Please turn to page 84)
Phil lit a cigarette and eased himself into a chair.

"Well, Duchess?"

"Don't call me Duchess!"

"Sorry. Just what is your present ranking among the nobility?" Marcia glared at him, but he went on, "Pardon my stupidity, I almost forgot—you're Lady Mary—or do you prefer La Court?"

"When you're through clowning I'd like to talk business," she said coldly.

"You may proceed at once. Your cold demeanor has completely chilled my mood for humorous dalliance."

"It's about the premier of my picture. I want to arrange for an opening such as London or even Hollywood has never seen before."

"Whew! You are asking for it in a big way."

"I'm not asking your advice," she said frigidly, "only requesting your assistance as a publicity man in arranging the preview."

"All right, my lady," Phil said with a grim smile, "I bow to your will. I gather what you want is a Sid Grauman opening in London: lights, loud speakers, introductions, and all that stuff?"

"Will you arrange for everything?" she evaded coldly.

"Oh, gladly, I'll even elaborate on it!"

"Please don't be sarcastic, Phil. Up until now you've been so sweet, letting me have my way about this picture."

"Sweetness didn't enter into it," he said with disarming frankness. "I simply grew tired of fighting you and trying to convince you I knew what was best for your career. I decided that the only way to cure you was to let you go ahead and do exactly as you pleased and bring about your own destruction."

"You'll never give an inch to me, will you, Phil?"

"Not an inch."

Marcia regarded him with a touch of pity. "Why? Is it because you love me?"

Phil gave a start, then became cold. "You may remember that when we originally made an association I told you that first, last, and all the time our relations would be strictly business?"

"I remember."

"Have I ever stepped outside of that arrangement?"

"Well, no, you haven't."

"All right then, this is still strictly business. If I had
loved you I could never have permitted you to make this picture."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I despise you!"

Marcia smiled with paternal sympathy. "That's why you agreed to let me play Lady Mary—because you despised me?"

"Yes, I was frankly giving you the chance to make a fool of yourself."

"Poor Phil! I'm sorry to have disappointed you."

"Oh, but you haven't. In fact, I was happily surprised. You've played the part beautifully—until the last three or four days from which time on—"

"What's wrong now?" Marcia asked, immediately aroused.

"In the beginning your conception of Lady Mary was magnificent," Phil said, with convincing sincerity."

"Really?" Marcia was pleased.

"It was superb. But lately—well, I don't like to hurt you, Marcia, but you've almost completely forgotten your English mannerisms and accent. Your strong American inhibitions have tricked you into reverting to the old Marcia Court of Hollywood."

"Oh Phil, you can't mean that!" Marcia cried.

"That's the way it is."

"But I was afraid I had been too broad at the start," she said unhappily.

"You have to be broad to put this sort of thing over on the screen. And you've definitely got to decide what nationality you're going to be in this picture. This hopping back and forth from high English to low American will give your public the jitters. You'll do well to emulate Anne."

"Oh—Anne!"

"Yes, Anne. She's never once gotten out of character since she started playing the American girl."

"You seem to think rather well of her," Marcia said resentfully.

"I do. I proposed marriage to her today."

"What!"

"I asked the lady to be my wife," Phil explained mildly.

"Well! Did she accept you?"

"No; she's in love with Larry."

"Oh! Now that is too bad."

"Why?"

"He isn't in love with her," Marcia said, a trifle smugly.

"Do you know that to be a fact?"

"Well, if showing a preference for one's society means anything—"

"Then you're aces? But I shouldn't start planning a trousseau just yet. It would be rather humiliating to discover that Larry had merely been regarding you as a somewhat interesting specimen."

"If you say any more hateful things you won't be invited to my supper party after the preview! And Larry is going to invite the guests for me—the smartest people in London."

Phil was stunned. "He's actually agreed to do that?"

"He certainly has."

"Hmmm. What have you been doing to him, Marcia?"

"Why?"

"It sounds as if you'd been letting your hair down and speaking out of turn."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Marcia," Phil said, gravely sympathetic. "I'm afraid you've been revealing your true self to Larry. First, he wants to see me on the set—for a reason you wouldn't understand. And now he's deliberately throwing you to the wolves."

"Do you want to come to my party or not?" she demanded furiously.

"My dear girl, this is the most perfect build-up to the most pathetic let-down I've ever heard of. I shouldn't miss it for worlds."

"Then you'd better stop being funny."

"Most abject apologies, your highness."
"And another thing, if you do come, you've got to promise me something."

Phil's eyes became bright and hard. "Ah, I'm to be a conditional guest—on sufferance?"

"This party means everything to me and I won't have you doing something to make me uncomfortable."

Phil got up. "Yes, I know. I'll try to be the little gentleman." His eyes glinted cruelly as he walked to the door with her. "But as a last humane gesture I think I should warn you that the British have a way of turning social climbers into court buffoons."

As Marcia went out Phil crossed to Stewart's desk and picked up the phone. As he waited he said to himself, "May God forgive me—Marcia never will."

Then into the phone, "What's that? Oh yes, connect me with the cable office. Cable office? I want to send a cable to Hollywood to Mr. Joe Butch."

The lovely drawing room in Marcia's London apartment was deserted except for Larry Stewart, in evening clothes, walking back and forth, smoking a cigarette as he impatiently watched the graceful curve of stairs leading to the upper floor. He was relieved to see Anne descending. Sniffing out his cigarette he met her at the foot of the stairs. "Well?"

"Not a word," Anne told him.

"She hasn't mentioned the picture."

"No. She's only interested in the outcome of her supper party. She's worried to death for fear the guests won't arrive."

"But surely she must realize they laughed in the wrong places—if she expected them to take her seriously?"

"I think she's overcome that the picture received such a tremendous ovation."

"Did they actually like it for what it is?"

"They loved it! It's grand entertainment, and killingly funny. And no matter what difficulties we may have with Marcia the picture will make a million. It'll put you at the top, Larry."

Stewart was pleased. "I say, old girl, that's handsome of you; but you were the hit of the piece, you know."

"I'm good only because of Marcia—there's something about that girl—she has tremendous sweep."

"Oh, come now, Anne, that's being over-generous."

"No, it's being honest. She's really magnificent. She'll be the biggest thing in pictures."

"Really! Well, I'll be relieved when this night is over. I've never been through such frightful suspense."

"Did you see Phil at the theatre?"

"Only for a moment and then he was with some strange little man I'd never seen before."

"He's been acting queerly for the last few days," Anne said thoughtfully.

"You can't blame him for being nervous. He's probably dreading seeing Marcia again. And I shouldn't be surprised if he didn't turn up at all tonight."

"Oh, don't worry; he'll want to be in at the kill!"

"Hmmm. There'll probably be a bit of bloodshed. But I suppose they'll survive it; these Americans are the most amazing people."

"I think they're sweet," Anne said with a contented smile.

"Huh!" Stewart looked at her sharply. "Well, I'll still vote British."

"I've been counting on that," Anne said softly.

"What?"

"I've been counting on your being as thoroughly British as Big Ben, with English preferences so deeply rooted that they could never change."

"But, Anne, surely you didn't think—"

"Yes, Larry, I did—for a time."

"Anne, darling, how could you be so ridiculous!"

"Forgive me!"

Stewart took Anne in his arms and kissed her as the butler softly crossed the drawing room to the hallway. Marcia came around the curve of the stairs. She paused for one shocked moment to view the tableau below, then Lord and Lady Marble were ushered in. Anne and Stewart broke as Marcia, regaining poise, descended the steps to meet her guests. Anne and Larry exchanged a brief glance, wondering if Marcia had seen them.

Marcia, the charming hostess, greeted Lord and Lady Marble. "I'm so happy you could come."

"My dear, all the King's Guards couldn't have kept me away—after having seen your picture."

"Nor I," said Lord Marble. "I've always regarded the cinema as rather stupid. But, my dear girl, you were a treat; and you too, Anne. I really can't say which of you gave the finer performance."

"That's sweet of you," Marcia said graciously. "I'm sure the honors go to Anne."

Ronald Pelton, the explorer, a fine sunbrown fellow, came in with a bright-eyed, rangy English girl. Lord and Lady Marble drifted down to Stewart and Anne as Marcia greeted Pelton and the girl.

"Mr. Pelton, it was so good of you to come and bring Miss Buffington."

"It was jolly of you to ask us," said Pelton. "And I want to compliment you on the most delightfully ironical characterization I've ever seen. Your polo contretemps were dashed amusing."

This was something of a blow to Marcia, but it was quickly passed over by the arrival of new guests. The butler and a maid came with hors d'oeuvres and cocktails. As the guests were seated (Please turn to page 90)."
Shirley invites you—youngsters, oldsters, everybody—to enter her new Screenland contest. New prizes—no hard work—just fun for the family. Join in!

Here is the newest and, we think, the loveliest photographic portrait of Shirley as she looks today, age nine. Beautiful reproductions of this photograph will be included among the prizes, personally autographed by the little star herself. And don’t forget—Second Prize is the original of our cover.

**HERE ARE THE PRIZES!**

**FIRST PRIZE:**
A Complete Wardrobe of Shirley Temple clothes consisting of:
- 3 party frocks (the type of dresses little girls like to wear—and little girls' mothers like to have them wear—on Sundays and very special occasions)
- 2 summer dresses
- 5 back-to-school dresses (useful, of course, but very nice, too.)

**SECOND PRIZE:**
The Original Cover Portrait of Shirley Temple by Marland Stone appearing on this issue of Screenland—suitably framed, a beautiful picture in full color, a perfect likeness of the beloved little star at the age of 9—anyone, man, woman, or child, would be proud to own it

**THIRD PRIZE:**
Another Wardrobe of Shirley Temple clothes consisting of:
- 2 party frocks
- 1 summer dress
- 3 back-to-school dresses

**FOURTH PRIZE:**
Autographed Photographic Portrait of Shirley Temple, to be personally inscribed by the little star herself to one dozen winners of Fourth Prize.

**FIFTH PRIZE:**
Back-to-school Wardrobe consisting of 6 practical—and pretty school dresses

**SIXTH PRIZE:**
Current Wardrobe consisting of 3 dress-up frocks and 1 summer dress

**SEVENTH PRIZE:**
3 summer dresses

**ADDITIONAL PRIZES:**
31 back-to-school dresses to be given as single prizes

Now Please Turn the Page for Rules and Complete Instructions of Contest!
Screenland presents, by popular request, our third Shirley Temple Contest. Yes, the little star is growing up, but so gracefully that she is keeping all her "old" admirers and winning new friends and fans all the time. According to present plans of Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, Shirley's parents, the most famous little girl in the world will, upon completion of "Lucky Penny" for 20th Century-Fox, start on a vacation trip which will take her to the principal cities of the United States, with special emphasis upon Washington, D.C., where she will visit the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; New York, the New England Coast—in fact, all points of historical interest possible. No, it will not be a "personal appearance tour"—but inevitably some lucky people will see Shirley, if only for a glimpse; and will be thrilled to answer Question Number 1 in our contest: "What do you think of Shirley in person?" But if you miss seeing Shirley in person, then answer Question Number 2: "Why I would like to see Shirley Temple in person." State your answer in not more than 300 words. Be sure to read the rules on opposite page. Your answers need not be elaborate. Clarity and cleverness will count, of course; but simply stated answers will carry as much weight as "fussy" entrants. Anyone can enter! Now go ahead!

So many little girls wanted to "wear clothes like Shirley Temple's" that there is now a steady supply of dresses such as Shirley wears. On this page we show you typical Shirley Temple dresses, of which we offer many in our contest.

Shirley swings it, wearing one of her favorite dresses, above. She poses in other models also on this page. Perhaps you will be lucky enough to catch a personal glimpse of Shirley herself as she takes her vacation trip. Then you will wish to write what you think of her "in the flesh," not a motion picture. But even if you don't see Shirley you can enjoy this contest, so get busy right away and write your answer to one of our two contest questions. Below, Shirley in a scene with Charles Farrell from her latest film, completed before her vacation.

Contest, S
New York,

I am entering with my letter

Name
Street Address
City
What's happening to our Glamor Boys and Girls? Trading the Troc for the truly rural? Read and see!

By
Liza

Can you imagine Carole Lombard taking a correspondence course in agriculture? If you can't, better read our story and be convinced.

Left, Lombard, the Farmerette. Below, with Clark Gable on the ranch. Left below, Barbara Stanwyck of the "Marwyck Ranch."

Can a murderer, be a murderer, be a murderer, be a murderer? But I'm my surprise role Lombard, and practically insufficiently admiration. That's something right before coming.

A role repeated with oddling moth, a demean a thing to you, but to me they are very important. Go away, please. I'm deep in citrus.

Time was when a friend could find some very entertaining reading matter in the Lombard living room, the newest biography, the latest fiction, even a juicy detective story with a murder in every chapter. But no more. The table was cluttered with Bulletin 417, "Poultry Feeding; Principles and Practice;" and Bulletin 515, "The European Brown Snail in California," and Bulletin 895, "Flavors of Milk and their Control." I finally decided in favor of "The Continuous Can Washer for Dairy Plants" but relinquished that in favor of "Alfalfa Diseases." You have no idea.

And time was, out Hollywood way, when a movie star
concentrated on her allure, her star sapphires, her exotic perfumes specifically blended to suit her temperament, her Schiaparelli, and her diamond bracelets, and was rarely seen by her public except when, hatted and coated in sables she stepped out of her aristocratic town car—the very embodiment of glamor, success, wealth, all the magic things that human beings long for. But that was before the Glorious Ones discovered the soil! I'm sure Columbus discovering America (or was it another guy?) couldn't have been more excited than the movie folk were when they first sighted land in San Fernando Valley. Such screaming and carrying on! Dirt—which used to be something they read in the lowdown column of a local trade paper—suddenly became something just too, too divine that they could grow things in. Why, it's rumored that several of the girls even broke their long red finger nails pulling up a weed or two in the alfalfa. Hollywood went back to the soil with a vengeance.

The most popular stampede was out around Chatsworth, Reseda, and Hidden Valley. There was something about a rolling hill they just couldn't resist. Here they cut themselves a flock of acres, ranging from twenty to two hundred, and with the assistance of an expensive architect built themselves smart little twenty-six room farmhouses with hot and cold running water, barbecues, bars, swimming pools, and terrible odors from the stables when the wind blew the wrong way. It's really not for fun, they said—having the time of their lives, or pretending to—it's all for revenue. So they planted fruit or feed and stocked up on horses and cows.

Among the movie crowd farming away like mad for revenue out in the San Fernando Valley are Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Paul Kelly, Francis Lederer, Hugh Herbert, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Wallace Beery, Mae West, Edward Everett Horton, and a whole sheaf of writers and directors. Mae West uses her ranch lands for a trotting track. Eddie Everett Horton calls his vast estate "Bell Acres" on account he claims he built it from belly laughs and so serious is Eddie over being a gentleman farmer that he comes into town on Saturday nights to meet with the city fathers to discuss taxes and drainage. His pigs are his pride and joy, and no guest at "Bell Acres" can avoid a visit to the pigpen with Eddie. My dear, bring plenty of parfum and don't wear anything shimmering and sheer.

Barbara Stanwyck has turned her acreage into a stock farm for thoroughbred horses and the inhabitants of Reseda no longer bat their eyes when Barbara and Bob, in dungarees and looking like something the cat wouldn't even bring in, do their Saturday shopping in the local grocery stores. Francis Lederer went in for walnuts and was so pleased with his first crop that he sent little burlap bags around to his friends with
"Nuts to you" labels on them. Someone had to explain to the handsome Czech that some people might get offended. Robert Taylor developed an overhead irrigation system that may revolutionize farming in semi-arid areas. Imagine.

Well, just as they had formerly lost plenty of dough backing the middle dozen in Hollywood night clubs the movie crowd, for the most part, proceeded to lose their shirts trying to grow things that wouldn't grow and breed things that wouldn't breed. They knew their camera angles, but they didn't know their citrus fruits.

Now that's where Carole Lombard was smart. The back to the farm movement hit her right between the eyes, too, and there she was with nothing to do until her next picture script was completed and Clark Gable gone hunting in Mexico, so Carole drove out to the San Fernando Valley and bought herself ten acres of land. But unlike her confreres she just didn't throw a bevy of cows, horses, chickens and seeds at it and expect miracles—not Carole. With all that merry madness, that priceless insanity that's as exhilarating as a double martini, Missy Lombard is at times a very sensible young lady. "What do I know about agriculture?" said Carole. "Nothing. I can't afford a farm just for the luxury. I want a farm that will pay for itself. I want to reap more than a crop of freckles."

And that's how the luscious Miss Lombard of the cinema came to take a correspondence course. Now if I can just meet a murderer and a magician!

"Dear Sir," Carole wrote to the

"Howdy, city slicker!" is the greeting you get from Hugh Herbert, below, on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where he raises prize live stock. Right below, Hugh offers a snack to several hundred pounds of ham and pork chops. At top right, Paul Kelly shows off to Lilian Bond the pride of his Northridge ranch—the mare "Bad Girl" and her colt, "Westwood Boy."

Agricultural Extension Service of the University of California, "I am interested in your correspondence course in agriculture but before enrolling would like to get some advice on the studies. Could you tell me how to lay out fifty acres the most systematically to derive the most from my land? Also could you suggest how to make a farm of this size pay for itself? I would like to take all the courses in farming, so please let me know where I should start and the prices."

And very soon the college of agriculture with a very cheery letter had mailed Carole their pamphlet which included the following valuable bits of information: How to enroll—Each student who wishes to enroll for a correspondence course in agriculture is asked to pay a fee of $2.00. On receipt of the application card and the fee, the first two lessons of the course will be mailed. . . Plan to Follow in Completing Course—On receipt of the first lesson in the course the student should study the lesson until he is able to answer the questions at the end without reference to the text. Then he should write out the answers and mail them to the Agricultural Extension Service. When answers are received they will be corrected, graded, and returned to the student.

"Thank you so much for your prompt reply," wrote Carole most politely to the Service. "I wish to take all the courses that are available with the exception of numbers 17 and 23, Pear Culture and Grape Growing. I don't like pears and grapes. Therefore, if I owe you more than the $2.00 fee please notify me and I will forward by return mail."

You have no idea with what (Please turn to page 86)
The Strange Case of Simone Simon

Can a movie actress have a private life? Here is one answer

A little French girl came to Hollywood, and made a hit in her first film—right, Simone as she appeared then. Today, a recognized personality, she appears with Don Ameche in "Josette," above. And here's Simone herself, at upper and lower right.

The most bewildered person in Hollywood today is Simone Simon. She can't figure it all out. There she was being as quiet and unassuming as a mouse with an inferiority complex, minding her own business, and hurting no one—when pouf! She suddenly finds her private life smeared all over the front pages of the newspapers.

It is said that Twentieth Century-Fox spent $124,000 on billboard ads alone giving the correct pronunciation of Simone's name after the preview of her first American picture in the summer of 1936. But today, in the summer of 1938, Simone would probably gladly give a goodly number of her precious francs if quite so many people did not know how to pronounce it—and print it.

It is all very confusing to the little French girl who crossed the ocean accompanied only by twelve trunks and an English dictionary. In France she had boy friends and everyone said but of course, it is only natural. In France she had temperament and everyone said but of course she is an artiste. In France she was generous to people who worked for her and they said Mlle. Simone, she is a lamb. But in Hollywood she has boy friends and it is considered scandalous; she has temperament and she is called mean and disagreeable; she is generous, and her generosity is far from appreciated. In France she was loyal to her friends, and they in turn were loyal to her. In Hollywood she is loyal to a friend and the friend—but you must have read those newspaper stories which threatened to "tell all." No wonder Simone is confused. It doesn't seem logical.

"I work hard," says Simone pouting those famous lips, "I support myself, I do not meddle in other peoples' affairs. If I choose to have boy friends what's wrong in that! I am not any different in this respect from millions of girls all over the world. Why can't I have a private life of my own in Hollywood?"

That question was asked long ago by a girl named Mabel Normand. And a girl named Clara Bow asked it once, too. And since Clara there have been many other stars to ask, "Why—Why—Why?" like bewildered children. Each new star who comes to Hollywood says, "My career belongs to my studio and my public, but my private life belongs (Please turn to page 80)
Glorifying the American Matron

By Maud Cheatham

It was Edna Ferber who recently grumbled to Billie Burke, as the two friends were motoring to Palm Springs, that she wished to goodness she wouldn’t get typed with those fluffy, flattery roles. Then, she asked her, why she didn’t step out and show ‘em what she could do? Billie’s only reply was a laugh.

“I have to earn my own living,” Billie was explaining to me, “and I’m grateful for whatever comes my way. I feel that my stage experience gives me a technique that I can put to use now that the peaches and cream of youth have passed me by, yet I realize I am in that in-between period which bars a variety of roles; too old for the romantic heroine, too young for characters. Anyway, I welcome comedy and dearly love these dizzy, daffy characterizations. Having lived and loved and suffered, I understand the emotions that come to women and when they face their Crowded Hour. I like to be on hand to help unravel—or stir up, the feminine problems.

“Everything comes in order,” she continued. “On the stage, I portrayed glamorous, exciting heroines, and now, on the screen, I play frivolous mothers—the vague, impractical kind that sometimes act as if they believed the stork brings the babies. These ineffectual, flighty women may seem more or less alike, yet each has her own pattern and it is interesting to work it out. The wife in ‘Topper’ was overly ambitious and silly, but her sense of humor saves her in the end. In ‘Parnell’ my character had a little more depth than I’m usually permitted to have—a relief—and too, I adore costume dramas. The hostess in ‘Dinner at Eight’ is my favorite, because she represents a large class of women who are fine and loyal in their own way, but so selfishly absorbed in trivial interests that they know nothing of what is happening in the lives of their husbands or children. The actress-mother in ‘Everybody Sing’ was completely self-centered in her vanity, and the screwy mother in ‘Merrily We Live’ thought she was being very, very noble trying to save tramps. So you see, the undercurrent of emotion is always different—and it must be carried out consistently, through the entire picture. This is what keeps up my interest.”

It’s amazing how the Pagliacci pace—a laugh born of a broken-heart, becomes the background of our modern comedy. It was when Billie’s world sank beneath her feet that she turned to screen fun-making. Such a little while ago, she was called the “Sauce Piquante” and the Toast of Broadway. Then came her romance and marriage to the picturesque theatrical producer, Florenz Ziegfeld, followed by a few years of happy wifehood and motherhood, of fame, of

(Please turn to page 78)
The campaign continues to turn tender Taylor into Battling Bob! It began with "Yank at Oxford." It goes right on with a new action film in which Bob plays a prizefighter. See how you'll like it.

Action is in order for all future Robert Taylor films. Too much of the aura of "Camille's" Armand lingered around the lad, so M-G-M presented him, successfully, in "A Yank at Oxford," and now follows with "The Crowd Roars," a scrappy cinema in which Taylor is ably assisted by grand trouper Frank Morgan and Edward Arnold, shown with him, center; Lionel Stander, left above; and Maureen O'Sullivan, once more his love interest. Isabel Jewell, with Bob at right, supplies the emotion.
Is It the Gown or the Girl That's Glamorous?

The statuesque, touched off by just the right degree of hauteur in Claire Trevor's pose, as well as her hair-do, contributes more to the stunning effect in the picture above, than the chic and striking gown she wears. And, left, what could be simpler than Barbara O'Neill's peasant gown, for either dinner or hostess? Yet what could be more exciting than the exotic ensemble in which Barbara will appear in "The Toy Wife," new Luis Rainer starring film.
If the quality of credulity in that one about "fine feathers making fine birds" is strained by what you see in this gallery of gorgeousness, blame the reality the camera captures as screen charmers pose in their new finery.

As dashing as the cossacks from which the ensemble inherits its chief style influence, is the trig outfit designed by M-G-M's stylist Dolly Tree for Maureen O'Sullivan, left—very smart, but is it Maureen or the costume that makes it so? There's challenge, but even more lure, we think, as we look (and how can we help it?) at Binnie Barnes in that one-piece zipper dress with fur-trimmed cape and veiled hat, above—worn by Binnie in "Tropic Holiday." It's all very simple, the way Danielle Durieux accomplishes the gorgeously spectacular in that evening gown in "The Rage of Paris," at left above. You'll note the back of the bodice is mainly Danielle, yet it's the most dressed-up sort of formal gown a lovely lady could wear.
The Tropical Touch

Sparkling sun above, Loretta Young to love—Joel McCrea's new screen job is fun. But what, no desert island?

A romantic interlude, right, to do honor to an old Spanish custom. Left, a modern moment on sunny sands. Below, Loretta the Lovely, all alone—but only for a split second. McCrea is all ready to step into the scene with her for "Three Blind Mice."
Charles Boyer and two alluring new girls turn "Algiers" into a field day for foreign charmers. But what, no Dietrich?

Here he is—Boyer the Glamor Man, this time with two fascinating leading ladies: the exotic newcomer, ex-"Ecstasy" girl Hedy Lamarr, and Sigrid Gurie, the "Brooklyn Norwegian" whom you met with Gary Cooper in "Marco Polo." Our top picture shows Boyer with Lamarr; then, left center, with Gurie. Above, a close-up of Sigrid, and at left, two studies of the beautiful and still ecstatic Hedy.
The One-Girl Show invites you to spend a day-off with her at her home, where she previews her new clothes but—believe it or not—does NOT skate!

Start the day with a swim—or at least, with a swim-suit pose like this, left. Then some brisk tennis—or anyway, an ingratiating grin above a white sharkskin play suit—see center, above. Then a slack-suit interlude, right above, with navy blue silk blouse. What's this, above? Just another new costume, apple-green silk frock scrolled in white, saucy white straw hat, and famous feet in green shoes with "port-hole" perforations. And at right, still another—powder-blue silk with white figures, bonnet of blue tied under the chin, "important" new sandals of blue and white wrapped silk.
Sonja seems more clothes-conscious since returning to Hollywood from her record-breaking skating tour. At left above, summer cocktail gown of pleated white silk crepe of which Sonja is so fond that she has had it copied in several colors. Her hat is white suede trimmed with bright navy blue ribbon and veil. Above center, advance view of her latest skating costume which she will wear in her new film, white wool with billiard-green collar, cuffs, and hoodlining. And now Sonja, upper right, dresses for the evening in white chiffon beaded in crystal—her favorite frock.

Sonja gives a dinner party! Left above, the star and her mother in their beautifully appointed dining room, before the guests arrive. At left, Sonja and several of her guests including Alice Faye and Tony Martin. At right, about to go on to a night club with Harry Losee, who stages Sonja’s ice ballets, and Richard Greene. Note that Sonja has changed into another gown!
Look! A swim party at a swank hotel pool, left. Anita Louise, center, is the hostess; her guests, Bill Henry, Mrs. James Ellison, Jimmy, and Glenda Farrell. Above, George Brent points right back as the cameraman aims at him and Minna Wallis. She’s an agent, the sister of producer Hal Wallis.

Let’s hop over to the “It” cafe, where Guy Kibbee listens as Nancy Welford warbles — right. There’s Marjorie Weaver dining over there, center right, with Bill Davis, Hollywood business man. A new word puzzle has Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, and John Mack Brown in its clutches—right, below.

On the Movie Merry-Go-Round
Jump right on, join in the fun as the social life of the screen colony goes round and round on one continual pleasure ride—between pictures!

Previews and parties bring out the celebrities. Rathbone again, above, with Claude Rains and Patric Knowles—Pat's a new proud father. Just below, Jimmy Ellison's birthday party, with the guest of honor surrounded by sister-in-law Grace Durkin, Jacqueline Wells, Carol Stone, Patricia Ellis, and his wife, the former Gertrude Durkin. At right, Don Terry treats Glenda Farrell to a Cine-grille coca cola. At right below, an informal party with the Ellisons, Anita Louise, Don Terry, Margaret Carlisle, Peg Murray, Pat O'Brien, and Basil Rathbone trying out a new parlor game. Lower left, Anita listens to Lanny Ross.
Hail The Heroes!

Tony Martin, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, above—a variety of masculine charm. Right, Jimmy Fidler, once Screenland's Western Representative, now a radio and screen star—see him in “Garden of the Moon.” Left and right below, tried-and-true Robert Young, too much unsung; and Richard Greene, new and a natural.

They're handsome, they're hearty, they're seldom arty—give them a hand!
Heroes all, on this page—pick your favorite. George Brent, top left, rates fresh interest since "Gold Is Where You Find It" and "Jezebel." Allan Jones, above, won new laurels on his personal appearance tour. Randy Scott, left, hero of "The Texans," Paramount's new "epic" of the Rio Grande country. John Payne, far left, was given Dick Powell's part in "Garden of the Moon" when Dick bowed out of the picture—now, Anne Shirley's proud husband is going places. Left below, Dennis O'Keefe, convincing young actor who scored in "Bad Man of Brimstone" with Beery, now with Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss." William Boyd, below, is one of the most popular Western heroes.
It's a Swing Summer!

No posing for photographs without having fun, is the new cry of the movie belles. Such as Jan Holm, pretty newcomer, who swings into the picture, at top left, on roller skates; then poses the hard way, left above, but still laughs. A new shirred silk swim suit compensates Susan Hayward, far left; while Carole Landis, left, lets a palm support her pulchritude. A group of pool loungers includes Frank Albertson, Jane Bryan, and Evalyn Knapp, Arleen Whelan, below, obligingly poses all dressed up when she is really dying for a swim — and unlike most movie pretties, the gal really can swim.
By and dizzy, Hollywood celebrates Summer in its own gay way

Sun-bathing for health, but mostly for fun—Rosemary Lane, top right. You may not recognize the lovely at the right, but it's time you met—Gwen Kenyon, christened "Miss Streamline," scheduled to appear in "Men With Wings," and a sure bet for stardom if we can believe our own eyes. At far right, Bing Crosby, caught in this galaxy of beauty and charm—one grin for the camera and he'll resume his golf on the links at the Lakeside Country Club. Right below, the Lane Sisters on—or off—a bicycle built for four. Rosemary, Priscilla, Lola, and Leota. Below, a baby Myrna Loy — Eleanor Hansen.
Above, Mary Astor and Herbert Marshall in a serial-ette of marital discord, from "One Woman's Answer." Beginning with the first scene and reading to the right: "Now you know very well you shouldn't have promised that we'd go there," Marshall reproves "wife" Mary. He continues: "You're always going against my wishes—I won't stand for it any longer!" Mary comes right back at him: "Don't you dare talk to me like that! I don't have to listen to it and I won't!" And she finishes him off with: "Suppose you understand once and for all that you can't insult my friends?" At left, Anita Louise in a telephone drama: "What shall I say to him? Oh, dear! Hello! What? No, I won't—and that's final!!" At right, what happens when a movie star "buys" a fighter! Dick Powell shows off his newly acquired middleweight, Billy Souse, who has won his last 160 fights. There's nothing in a name in his case, we assure you!

Photo Serial-ettes
Cinema sequences that tell you their own stories

Left, Marie Wilson starts a hard studio day with a stretch, setting-up exercises, make-up by Westmore, and script study with Jimmy Cagney in the studio Green Room. At right, reading from top: Jane Bryan shows how to eat an apple. You just—eat it. What makes this sequence interesting is not that it shows a movie actress eating an apple, but that it proves one movie actress can look natural in the process. It's rare. Now for the star sequence across the bottom of these two pages: A Dog's Life, A Six-Reel Tale starring Faithful Flora. Reading from far left to right: Danielle Darrieux made 25 pictures in Europe, and Faithful Flora, her Scottish cairn, was on the set of every picture. So Danielle consults Flora—who speaks French fluently—"How do you think the lines in my first Hollywood film should be spoken?" "Woof!" says Flora. "Oh, like that?" says Danielle. "Woof again," says Flora—and sits watching while Danielle follows her advice. The picture had better be good!
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Anne Shirley and James Ellison in "Mother Carey's Chickens"
Hidden Glamor

Fanchon Royer, only woman film producer, proves there are other fields than acting for smart girls to conquer

By Tom Kennedy

IN ALL the lively cargo of glamor-seeking girls who are trundled into Hollywood from all corners of the land, you would be hard put to find a single prospective gift to the movies who ever expects to be a film producer. Not that many girls wouldn't like the idea if they stopped to think about it. But who would think about it? A film producer is one to whom everybody says "Yes, mister;" the big boss of a show that's for men only. That's what most everybody thinks. But thinking doesn't make it so, and you needn't be surprised when we introduce Fanchon Royer as a film producer with more than twenty-five productions to her credit.

Make no mistake, Hollywood's only woman producer was no different than her sister fame-seekers, before and since. When she went to Hollywood from Des Moines she had in mind only one thing—to become a star. That was in 1918, and Fanchon Royer was then sixteen, and very ambitious.

One who has had so many extraordinary experiences needs no prompting to call up vivid accounts that form an amazing saga of the woman who has proved that members of her sex can find glamor and great success behind the cameras as well as in front of them. Even so, this particular reporter found the alert, stylishly slim and responsive Miss Royer he interviewed today even more interesting than the heroine of the almost legendary episodes that bring her career up to the latest Royer Production. She knows every trick and dodge, every corner and cranny of that labyrinth of artful business curves and twists that is known in the trade as the Independent Market. However, that is a different story.

The woman producer the picture-goers don't know, is the aforementioned stylish, good looking young matron who rounds out ten years in film production with her newest film, "Religious Racketeers," an expose of fake spiritists, mediums, salesmen of the supernatural—independent producers must get "exploitation angles" into their pictures, because each film must be sold as an individual show, and not part of a group or program as in the case of the so-called "major" producer. Mrs. Harry Houdini, widow of the magician, is the feature of "Religious Racketeers."

"I'm going to present this picture myself, as a special show in most of the large cities," Miss Royer was telling us. That entails renting theatres and managing the whole show herself. "I don't want to sell it out for general distribution and then go back to Hollywood and have nothing to do until I start another production." The fact that such enterprise calls for a wisdom of show business that few of the foremost men producers would care to try their hand at in no way daunts this remarkably able woman. "It will be fun," she says.

She can be equally blithe in telling how just two years ago she came back to Hollywood broke, from Mexico where she had gone to tend business in connection with her productions. Well, she wasn't exactly broke—there was sixteen dollars to take care of eight people: herself, her five children and two employees. Mention of her five children tells you another phase of the remarkable career of Fanchon Royer. Her oldest child, a son, is fifteen; her youngest, a girl, is not quite three years old.

In the lobby of a theatre where she previewed her first picture, Miss Royer heard the essentials of independent production. In the first place she hadn't made the picture with any idea of launching herself as a producer. Fanchon Royer at that time was in a different line of the film business. After playing extra and bit parts in several films, she became the editor of a trade paper concerned with the actor's welfare and viewpoint. From that she had entered the agency business and had several promising young people as clients. One in particular—a dark-haired, blue-eyed chap—did not seem to be getting anywhere in particular. So she decided to make a picture to show producers that this tall, good-looking fellow was a real prospect. She made the picture, and Grant Withers was started on his way. He became an outstanding leading man of the screen and the man who led Loretta Young to the altar for a (Please turn to page 97)
HOLIDAY—Columbia

WELL-NAMED! You take a real holiday from routine cinema fare when you see this brilliant picturization of that stage play which comes perilously close to being a minor classic of our times. Philip Barry's piece has stood the test of time and imitation. George Cukor's new movie version has been skillfully brought up to the minute without ever losing the gallant gusto of the original. Then there's Katharine Hepburn, giving a performance just as poignant and infinitely more polished than in "A Bill of Divorcement"—that motion picture, you'll remember, which electrified us all into thinking that we had something in this weird Hepburn. Like her or not, she'll get you here, as the free soul of the stuffy rich family who finally fights her way to a future-with-fun with Cary Grant. Any girl's idea of a future, I may add, Cary Grant has never been half as good as in this, playing an independent young man with humor and ideas—which do not include marrying for money or security, meaning that sybaritic Doris Nolan loses him to crazy sister Kate. A fine cast plays magnificently, with Lew Ayres scoring a personal triumph which will bring him back to real importance; and Edward Everett Horton, Henry Kolker and Jean Dixon splendid. And watch for Cary Grant's cartwheels!

KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

AS THE sole costume picture of the movie month, "Kidnapped" has the field to itself and emerges as somewhat of an epic. What it would emerge as if it had competition we needn't go into. It's a very free screen translation of a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, sumptuously staged, exquisitely cast. At times it provides a measure of authentic excitement and always it is pictorially interesting; but I am afraid that as a drama it is rather dull. Whether that is Stevenson's fault, or the director's, or the scenario writer's, or the star players', I honestly don't know. There are scenes in which Freddie Bartholomew exercises some of his old-time enchantment on the audience, but only long enough to make us sigh for little lost David Copperfield—why must boys like Freddie grow up? Warner Baxter, one of my favorite personalities, suffers from the most outrageous miscasting of the season as a fiery rebel leader, and since the story is chiefly concerned with his adventures and hairbreadth escapes, the result is scarcely dynamic. I thought that Arleen Whelan was indeed the "sensational new discovery" when I saw her first scenes—until she opened that lovely mouth and began to talk like 18! Janet Gaynor. But she's beautiful.

YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

AN INTERESTING picture which you should see if you are looking for something different in the way of movie entertainment. "Yellow Jack" is an engrossing drama of the fight against yellow fever in Cuba after the Spanish-American war. It is no "Story of Louis Pasteur," partly because an obvious effort has been made to promote a love story between a medical nurse and a devil-may-care Irish sergeant, played by—of all people—Robert Montgomery. Discounting a rather thick brogue which may have been in character but only succeeded in confusing me, Montgomery gives a performance almost as good in its way as in "Night Must Fall"—which was very good, if you recall. In fact, if Mr. Montgomery weren't such an ingratiating personality, he would be more widely acclaimed as an intelligent actor, which he certainly is at the slightest opportunity. You may not enjoy close-ups of jolly little germs at work quite as much as you enjoy watching Virginia Bruce, who can be more beautiful in a severe nurse's uniform than most actresses can in something whippied up by Adrian. Lewis Stone is excellent as Major Reed. Sam Levene and Alan Curtis score. It's a very good picture, with some dignity and dimension.
THREE CHEERS FOR:
"Three Comrades"
"Holiday"

APPLAUSE FOR:
"Yellow Jack"

HYSTERICS FOR:
"Kentucky Moonshine"

SUPERLATIVE PERFORMANCE:
Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades"

NEXT BEST PERFORMANCES:
Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday"
Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack"
Harry Ritz in "Kentucky Moonshine"

THREE COMRADES—M-G-M
IT HAS been a long time since we have had a picture like this. Not since "A Farewell to Arms," in fact. It's no coincidence that the Frank Borzage who directed that memorable war romance also directed "Three Comrades." Both are great love stories; both practically break your heart; but you swallow in them as you swallow hard, and some people even sit through them twice. "Three Comrades" is, I think, a pretty magnificent motion picture—despite its dated story which might have been whipped up by a sophomore with a confused social conscience, its "precious" dialogue involving speeches about stars and snow; its deliberate brow-beating of the audience's already mushy old heart—oh, yes, it's a hanky drama, all right; but it is beautifully directed, perfectly acted, and thrillingly photographed, showing that there may be something to all this Art talk, after all. Frank Borzage, Robert Taylor and Young play superbly three German boys trying to build a life for themselves after the World War. They haven't much of anything except mutual affection and loyalty—until they meet Margaret Sullavan, who has very little except courage, beauty, and humor. Their gallantry as they fight the good fight and face death is tremendously moving. See our Honor Page for more!

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS— WARNERS
THOSE girls are here again, which is no surprise; but this time they have a French accent in their dance numbers, and Rudy Vallee for their inspiration, and Hugh Herbert for comedy relief—although as far as I'm concerned it's Hugh who should be the inspiration, especially as he appears as a Frenchman with beret, though still the same "Woo, woo"—no "Ooh-la-la" for Hugh. The demon Gold Diggers devastate Paris as completely as the plot will allow; but to this observer the high-lights of the whole thing are Mabel Todd's talking dog, Hugh Herbert's aforementioned didoes, Fritz Feld as a temperamental ballet master, and Gloria Dickson as a blonde menace with Bette Davis "Bondage" overtones—better watch this Gloria; she's a striking and original personality, and she gives strong signs of being a Great Actress when she grows up if she doesn't decide to become a Glamor Girl instead. Good tunes are sung by Vallee, best of them being "I Wanna Go Back to Bali." The Schneckel Fritz Band is present to delight those who like Schnickelfritz Bands and such. You'll meet Rosemary Lane again as the sweet girl among the Gold Diggers; and you'll welcome Allen Jenkins, Melville Cooper, and Edward Brophy.

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox
THIS is no review, but an Open Love Letter to my new Dream-Prince, Harry Ritz. I first met Mr. Ritz in "Sing, Baby, Sing," but I did not appreciate his true worth at the time. I must have been blind, to say nothing of deaf and dumb; because while I liked him, just as a friend, I mean, I had no inkling that my lukewarm feeling would turn to frank adoration. This is what has happened, but I have no regrets. I am proud—proud and happy to say that I forsake all others, including James Stewart, Robert Taylor, even Tyrone Power, for Harry Ritz. Maybe it's because Mr. Ritz has two brothers always with him who are almost, if not quite, as adorable as he. Whatever it is, I am Ritz-mad, and if Harry and the boys stay as sweet as they are as the pseudo hill-billies in "Kentucky Moonshine" I am theirs for life—or until funnier clowns are made, which I doubt. As I say, I can't review this picture because I started laughing like a fool the minute the Ritzes appeared and I am laughing yet. I think the whole N. Y. Roxy audience must be crazy too, though, because "Kentucky Moonshine" was accorded more applause than any comedy in a long time—even if some people did come to see Marjorie Weaver or Tony Martin.
Here you meet, actually for the first time, the man who is so unlike the star everybody knows. A personal friend and star reporter lets Cagney's own words and deeds describe "Jim—the most paradoxical figure in pictures"

By S. R. Mook

A study in contrasts! Left, Jim Cagney, the thoughtful, generous, very human chap himself. Below, characterizations marking highlights in his colorful career. Left to right: with Joan Blondell, then a brunette, on the stage in pre-Hollywood days; his first great "tough guy" hit, with Mae Clarke in "Public Enemy;" and a scene from "The Crowd Roars," with Ann Dvorak and Joan Blondell.
PART ONE

The most paradoxical figure in pictures, to my mind, is James Cagney. Nothing about him runs true to form—to the form, that is, you would expect from seeing him on the screen. People outside of pictures—away from Hollywood—ask of Cagney oftener than any other star, 'Is he the same off-screen as on?'

He isn't! There is no other actor whose real character is marked by such a wide divergence from his real self. In his films he is alert, aggressive, pugnacious. Off-screen, he is—but you cannot paint a true word picture of Jimmie. You can only cite incidents to illustrate him.

He is the most absent-minded person imaginable. Many a time I have seen him start to undress, pause with his arm half out of a sleeve when something in an open newspaper or book caught his eye, and stand in that position for fifteen minutes to half an hour while he finished reading what interested him.

There are few, if any other, actors who devote as much of their time to helping other people as Jimmie. He cannot say 'No' to a plea for aid. Once his stand-in came to Jim with a sad, sad tale of woe. The stand-in's brother, it seemed, had got a little light-fingered and taken $100 from the till of the grocery where he worked. If Jim didn't kick through with a century note the brother was doomed to spend some little time in the penitentiary.

"Where does he work?" Jim asked. The stand-in gave an address and, for once, Jim used his head. He sent his secretary down to the address to find out the details. The address proved to be a vacant lot.

There is no one who sees red quicker than Jim when he feels he is being put upon. He approached the stand-in with blood in his eyes. The stand-in quickly assured Jim he had misunderstood him and that the address was so-and-so. Back Jim sent his secretary. This time the address did happen to be a grocery—but they had never heard of the brother!

But that was the one time Jim used his head. There was another time he received a wire from Chicago signed by an old friend: "Desperately in need of $500. Please wire money immediately." As Jim left for work he tossed the wire to his wife (Bill). "Ned is in trouble. Send him this money." But Billie is not as gullible as Jim. She wired $100, stipulating the man should identify himself to the telegraph office. At the same time she sent another wire to a mutual friend in New York where Ned (that wasn't his name) lived.

The telegraph company slipped up and the money was paid to Ned without identification. They promptly received a second wire from Ned: "Sorry you couldn't make it more. Will try to make the hundred do." Almost immediately thereafter a wire arrived from the friend in New York stating the real Ned had never left town and wasn't in need of funds. But the $100 had been paid the spurious Ned. Jim started some investigations and is reasonably sure he knows who got the money. But he has never made any attempt to prosecute the man or to recover the money.

Most actors—more or less of necessity—are self-centered. From their families' viewpoint they are the centre of the universe, the axis on which the world revolves. Their friends exclaim over them, pamper them, flatter them—and baby them. Strangers meeting them pander to their vanity for aren't they (the strangers) meeting a celebrity? The result is that ninety-nine actors out of a hundred are confirmed (Please turn to page 79)
MY RIGHT hand aches terribly—I've been greeting so many screen stars arriving from Hollywood and speeding off others on their way to California.

I had to welcome Dame May Whitty, our grand old English stage actress who calmly travelled West at seventy-one and made such a successful début in films that now she's in constant demand. She has come home to act for Director Alfred Hitchcock in his new spy film, (called over here "Lost Lady," but rechristened for you "The Wheel Spins")—appearing as the fussy spinster who mysteriously vanishes from the cross-Europe express as it races through the Balkans. Paul Lukas plays a famous brain surgeon who also has a reservation on board, and romance is supplied by pretty brunette Margaret Lockwood and Hitchcock's handsome new discovery, Michael Redgrave, acting before the cameras for the first time.

There's a real homely touch on the lot at Gainsborough Studios, with Paul playing poker with the extras between shots and Margaret knitting herself a sweater and Dame May serenely pouring out tea for everybody. "I like Hollywood tremendously," she says. "It's such a quiet respectable place, just like a nice suburb. The people are so intelligent, too. Oh, no, they don't talk about films all the time. They discuss art and music and literature and current events with real knowledge and thought. And when conversation does turn to pictures, you never hear them disparaging another player or being unkindly critical. The Hollywood parties are so pleasant too. Everybody takes such trouble to make you feel happy at home. Yes, I am looking forward to my return to California very much."

Well, with this sweet disposition our white-haired Dame May should certainly be popular on the coast! And who do you think is the actress she admires the most? Her contemporary character veteran May Robson. There's a lesson in generosity.

I got a real warm grip from Director Tay Garnett—how ever is it such a good-looking man is allowed to stay behind the camera? I introduced him to his first cup of British coffee made with boiled milk and as he bravely drank it, he gave me some pithy descriptions of the stars who have passed under his direction lately. He votes Irene Dunne as Hollywood's most hard-working and conscientious lady. "Call her for nine o'clock and she'll be there at eight-fifty-five, word-perfect and smiling." Tay says it will take a motor accident to stop Tyrone Power becoming the biggest male name of 1939 and as for Joan Blondell, "sweet is the only word."

Brown-haired little Lily Pons gave me an excited hug as well as a vigorous handshake when she came over from Paris to sing in London. "I am so very very happy," she announced. "I am in love, you see." Of course she meant the conductor, Kostelanetz, Page Lily in a yellow hat shaped like an inverted pudding-dish with the hollow top part filled with red and blue flowers. The rest of her seems to be usually covered with silver fox furs and glittering jewelry.

Striking contrast to our slim blonde Anna Neagle who walked round the studio garden with me the other morning wearing a plain black skirt, a short red tweed jacket, and not so much as nail-varnish or a touch of lipstick. She was relaxing between donning the elaborate frilled gowns and bonnets in which she plays imperious Queen Victoria in "Sixty Years a Queen" with Anton Walbrook as her Prince Albert again. C. Aubrey Smith is the Duke of Wellington. He's not over-happy these days because he has had to shave off his beloved moustache to keep in character and also he lost his favorite monocle and can't get a new one that fits so comfortably. And he's horribly worried about his cricket field in Hollywood. The floods spoiled the turf so it has to be relaid and C. Aubrey just feels they can't possibly do it correctly without his expert advice.
Meet new personalities, renew old screen acquaintance in this lively account of Britain’s movie colony

By Hettie Grimstead

"Discovery" of the London season is Michael Redgrave, at right. Above, left, Dame May Whitty, who at seventy-one made her screen début with Robert Montgomery in Hollywood's "Night Must Fall" and now is featured in British films. Right above, Kent Taylor, borrowed from us to play opposite Jessie Matthews.

I had to say "Hail and Farewell" in one breath to Wallace Beery who looked in on London for a single day during his travels. Then to a smart cocktail party to greet Marcelle Rogez, exotic blonde star from France who is making an English comedy film before going on to Hollywood. I fancy she will create something of a sensation even there for her tastes in life are emphatically individual. Her bedroom is all looking-glasses. The walls are completely mirrored and the dressing-table has a mirror top and even the bed is made of antique pink Venetian mirrors draped with red brocade and you walk into it up three wide mirror-glass steps. She is taking the entire outfit to California with her so that she won’t feel strange there. (Don’t ask me how Marcelle tells which is herself and which her reflections when she tucks herself up for the night!)

I said "Au revoir" to black-eyed Bebe Daniels off after finishing her film at Warners London studios. It’s called "The Return of Carol Sawyer" and second leading lady is Chili Bouchier, who comes close to winning the title of Britain’s unluckiest actress. After good work in films here, she was put under contract by Irving Asher and was due to go to Hollywood at the same time as Errol Flynn but fell ill a few days previously. Then she recovered and sailed for America with the next Warner talent consignment including Patric Knowles, but got sick again on the ship and had to come back to England and be carried down the gangplank on a stretcher. Now she is due to leave again this summer and is fervently crossing her fingers and hoping that adage about "third time lucky" is true.

One important duty of the London social season is to visit the Royal Academy in Piccadilly and walk through the stately rooms admiring the best pictures of the year. This time the finest portrait is of Leslie Howard and many distinguished visitors pause before it, recent ones including King George and Queen Elizabeth, the Princess Royal, the ex-Queen of Spain, Princess Marie Louise and the Queen of Norway. So if you are a Howard fan too, you are in exclusive company. Queen Elizabeth admires his screen work immensely and some of his newest films have been shown before the Royal house-party in the great Red Drawing-Room at historic Windsor Castle.

Lots of hand-grips for Mary Pickford and Alexander Korda who are both among our constant Atlantic commuters these days. Mary is definitely going to direct "The Bat," a mystery film to be made at Denham Studios this summer and at the same time her husband Buddy Rogers will be here too appearing in a new musical with June Clyde as his leading song-and-dance girl. Another musical is promised from Jack Buchanan, home again, after his seventh months in America, slimmer and more deeply sun-tanned than ever.

With the tennis season in full swing nowadays you can generally find quite a lot of famous folks gathering at Clive Brook’s Georgian house at Hampstead on Saturday afternoon. Stars of the racket such as Kay Stammers and Bunny Austin play with stars of the screen like Conrad Veidt and Anna Neagle and John Lodge, as well as the imperturbable host. Afterwards everybody gathers for tea and soft drinks in the lovely drawing-room which Mildred Brook has just done over in palest green. Her new drapes are jade and yellow printed linen and each of the deep chairs and couches is covered in crushed velvet in a different color—rose, grey, purple, silver or pale pink.

Vivien Leigh gave us an informal sherry party the other evening at her new flat where she has peach-tinted walls and vivid blue paint. You wouldn’t think to look at slender youthful Vivien that she has a daughter five years old—she was only seventeen when she married a London lawyer, though. Charles Laughton was among Vivien’s guests showing off the beard he has grown to play the smuggler in his new film "Jamaica Inn." He really is our most industrious actor.
Baby Snooks Tells Her Age

Author's note: I am not attempting to outdo Mr. Eugene O'Neill or Mr. Maxwell Anderson. No, and I'm not even attempting to abide by the rules of dramatic construction. The playlet about to be unfolded is merely a heterogeneous display of the unexpected and unheralded antics at a recent visit to Fanny (Baby Snooks) Brice's home one afternoon. And so—ring up the curtain!

[The scene: In front of Fanny's home in Beverly Hills—and quite a home it is, too, a resplendent, spacious affair, and oura ours exclusive. The calm of the afternoon and of the setting is disturbed by a screeching of brakes. (That's me coming to a dead stop on a dime. I was due at Fanny's home at 5:30, and here I was about ten minutes late. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had warned me to be prompt, conduct my business in a hurry, and scarm, because Fanny had plenty of work to do. But here I was—late as usual. Anyway, let's carry the scene on from this point.) Ring! Ring! The door opens and a butler appears.]

Butler: Yes?

Fanny: (interrupting) Before you begin, don't ask me how I got my start. I'm pretty tired of that. No one cares anyway.

Mr. Snooks: Miss Brice in?

Butler: Yes, step right inside. (Hat in hand I walk in nervously. The butler leaves me for a minute as he goes to tell Fanny that the nemesis has finally arrived. Then—)

Butler: (returning) Miss Brice will be here in a moment. (Exit) (I look around the house. A beautifully furnished place, dignified in its furnishings, and yet informal in its atmosphere.)

Fanny: (entering) Yes?

Me: How do you do, Miss Brice. I'm Jack Holland, and I am here because I'm supposed to interview you.

Fanny: Oh, yes—certainly. Come right in here. (We enter a playroom. We sit at a card table which has just undergone a strenuous cribbage game.)

Me: Sorry I'm late.

Fanny: (jovially) Oh, that's all right. You aren't really late anyway.

Me: (Out comes my little black notebook, and with pencil in hand my personal excursion into the private life of Fanny Brice begins.) Fanny—(Oh yes, I'm calling her Fanny now, for you can't call her Miss Brice, not when she makes you feel like such an old friend) I want to talk to you about Baby Snooks—for one thing.

Fanny: Ok. Fire away. I can really talk about her.

Me: Well—

Fanny: (interrupting) Before you begin, don't ask me how I got my start. I'm pretty tired of that. No one cares anyway.

Me: All right, but I think everyone is interested in that. (With a businesslike flourish of the pencil and a determined gleam in the eye) What gave you the idea for Baby Snooks?

Fanny: (settling herself for the ordeal) Well, when I was young, I had a great desire to play Topsy. Besides, I always loved to listen to conversations among children. The first thing I knew, I conceived the idea of Baby Snooks—anybody's kid whose constant questions drive the father almost insane. But because she is his daughter, he can't brain her as he'd often like to. In other words, Baby Snooks is nothing but a—

Me: (breaking in excitedly) I get it! Sort of a white Topsy.
Fanny: (amused) Yes, that's it. (Pause) Maybe I'd better interview you.

Me: (contritely) Sorry. I guess I was a little too interested. Well, anyway, Baby Snooks just—

Fanny: (interrupting) Now it's my turn to cut in—she just grew.

Me: (Taking out a cigarette. I needed one then.) Well then, you got your start—(a definite pause follows Fanny's warning look)—I mean that your Baby Snooks was really an outgrowth of your love for children?

Fanny: Yes. And as the idea grew, I became a professional eavesdropper on the quips of any child on the street. After I knew my plan was what I wanted, I took it to Moss Hart, the playwright. He liked it, and Baby Snooks was born with the help of Moss Hart's pen.

Me: But—(Telephone rings. Fanny excuses herself and answers it. I sit thinking up new questions. Finally, the conversation is over and she returns to her seat)

Fanny: What you were saying, Mr.—(she looks at me vaguely). I'm so sorry. I never can remember names.

Me: Mr. Holland—Jack Holland. (To myself) Maybe I shouldn't be calling her Fanny. Maybe I'm not exactly an old friend. (To her) And I was about to say—didn't Dave Friedman write your act for you later?

Fanny: Yes, until he died recently. Dave knew every nook and cranny in Baby Snooks' mind. When he died, I tried to find someone who was familiar enough with the child to write the act as I wanted it. I finally found a young chap, Phil Rapp, and he's doing a great job. (Pauses—looks at watch) Oh, by the way, he'll be here any minute now with the script for this week's broadcast.

Me: That's fine! When did you do Baby Snooks first?

Fanny: In my home, in Moss Hart's office, and—

Me: (again interrupting) No, I mean professionally.

Fanny: Well, I tried her out first on the air on George Olsen's program a few years back. (With an ingratiating smile) I was scared plenty of that microphone, but I'll tell you about that later. Anyway, Baby Snooks went over with a bang!

Me: When did you do it on the stage?

Fanny: For the Shuberts in the 1933 Follies. You know—(Suddenly our conversation is interrupted by the abrupt entrance of two young fellows. They come into the room and go up to Fanny. I merely sat in my chair, cowed and a little disgruntled that Fanny should be so busy just when I had a story to do.)

Fanny: Hello, Phil.

Phil: Hi, Fanny! (Turning to his friend) Meet Mr.—(I can't remember his name now. You see, I was engrossed in my notes—rather in the scarcity of them.) (Phil sits down on couch near table) Here's the script.

Fanny: (To me) Mr. Rapp, Mr.—Mr. Hemingway.

Me: (Looking around wondering if Ernest Hemingway had arrived. Then I felt someone grab hold of my hand and say—"Glad to know you." Oh, you mean me. Well, my name's Holland.

Fanny: (sincerely) I'm so sorry to be so stupid. Mr. Rapp is some writer, Mr. Holland. I'm so sure of him, that he doesn't even submit my script for the Thursday night broadcast until Tuesday. But, you see, he knows Baby Snooks almost as well as I do.

Phil: Fanny, I've written the script all right, but it may need some changes.

Fanny: I'd better read it over with you. (To me) I always rehearse Baby Snooks out loud because that's the only way I can really see whether it sounds all right. (To Phil) Let's go. (A pause in the interview, but a treat for me. I even forgot the story, the pressure for time, as I listened to Fanny read—or rather listened to Baby Snooks tantalize her Daddy, being played by Mr. Rapp. All too soon it's over.)

Phil: Ok, Phil. But the ending's weak. Better build it up more.

Phil: All right, Fanny.

Fanny: Glad you came when you did, Phil. We're talking about Baby (Please turn to page 92)
Hollywood's loveliest young girl gives you gay glimpses of her favorite new clothes—fresh, exclusive designs with ideas for you to follow.

Going traveling? Then look at Olivia's smart travel costume, at top left, designed for her by Orry-Kelly. The dress at beige pebbly weave sheer wool has a quilted collar and belt. Her rolled-brim hat is beige felt. Now, look at lower left, and see the striking combination of gay cotton print and taffeta, of all gay things! The bodice and petticoat are in India print in black, white, and red; crisp black taffeta is used for the full skirt and swathed waistband. There's a circular collar of white pique. Silly, but sweet, says Olivia! At left, the perfect dinner dress for the young girl—chalk-white crepe with gilded alligator belt.
More glazed alligator is used to step up the street ensemble below. The dress, of soft beige wool, has a fitted collarless bolero; the broad pointed belt and exciting bag are of glazed brown alligator. At right, the page boy influence is still with us in this picturesque street suit—high-waisted skirt of sage-green sheer wool is topped by a jacket of navy blue outlined in green. At left below, unusual hostess pajama of ivory wool with tailored coat. At lower right, Olivia in crisp plaid taffeta with tucked bodice of white organdy.
Carefree Clothes for Summer

Arleen Whelan, piquant new starlet, has one of Hollywood's most amusing Summer wardrobes. Above, lounging outfit of Mexican peon influence: crash slacks, hand-woven shirt, enormous straw hat tied on with brightly striped pique. At right, beach robe of very coarse linen with hood and full skirt cinched in at the waist with a belt of hand-woven striped carding. The bodice is deep blue, the hood rust-colored. The costume is reminiscent of the habits worn by California's early Friars. Arleen's beach bag of terry cloth and her sandals of plaited buckskin ore white. At left, black net dinner dress enlivened with mammoth daisies. At top right, cotton evening frock of black pique strikingly printed in white. As for the close-up at top left—perch two Tyrolean figures on a hat peaked like an Alp, and like Arleen you'll be in the height of fashion!
Four of Hollywood's smartest girls pose for you on this page to illustrate their favorite Summer fashions. Above, Shirley Ross in her cool cotton printed in red flowers. Upper right, Louise Platt in her crisp white bolero frock with Roman stripe bodice and sash. Below, Maureen O'Sullivan's casual print in black and white. Right, Gale Sondergaard in her shirtmaker dress of red and white.
Hat Tips from Hollywood

Hats must be amusing, or movie stars won't wear 'em! Above, Janet Gaynor's dashing black felt which adds a per- versely appealing note to Summer costumes. Above center, Katharine Hepburn in a big and beautifully made cartwheel of natural straw. Binnie Barnes, at right above, prefers the more formal mode, and shows you here a dramatic dinner hat of black straw with broad brim turned back in front and trimmed with twin brushes of clustered black feathers. Edith Head, Paramount stylist, designed the hat for Miss Barnes.

Bette Davis, above, wears her three favorite Summer straws for your approval. Left, saucer of fine straw, perfect to top a colorful print. Above, a disc of white straw tied on the head with a broad grosgrain ribbon band in back. At right, "pretty" hat with old-fashioned flowers framing the forehead. Outrageously flattering!
Three views of Mary Carlisle's pet romantic hat of dark blue straw covered with cyclamen pink veiling. Mary's blonde beauty is cleverly accented by a simple dark sheer topped with this quaint old-worldish bonnet. The picture at right admirably illustrates the charming draping of the pink veil. Note Mary's gold oyster shell clip, complete with pearl, as sole accent for dark frock.

Hats must be gay, romantic or dramatic—or Hollywood stars won't wear them!
GARE ST. LAZARE! What a world of bustling activity that name brings to one's mind! That's the station in Paris where all the trains from the Trans-Atlantic boats arrive. The glamorous one's first glimpse of Paris and obviously Paris' first glimpse of the glamorous one. Now, of late years it has been the scene of farewells to Parisian favorites starting off to that Mecca of all troupers—Hollywood. Just the other day we said "au revoir" to two of Paris' own daughters who have scaled the ladder of fame and fortune. They had returned to look the old place over again. Claudette Colbert was born near-by but much water has flowed under the bridges and Claudette has climbed far, wide and handsome since she was a little gamin in Paris. The other daughter was Lily Pons. Claudette slipped into town very much on tip-toe. Hidden behind her married name and dark glasses she arrived from the south of France and until actually recognized on the streets her presence was not known. She wanted a real holiday to enjoy herself and succeeded very well in her efforts for privacy. Ran into her a couple of times at our favorite restaurant and caught her laughing hilariously at Mistinguett in the revue at the Casino de Paris. Of course such a glamorous lady could not escape a party of some sort, so a very jolly cocktail party was staged at the Paramount and La Colbert blossomed forth in all her radiance. She gaily told of her jaunt in Austria—tumbles down the mountain sides at winter sports. Sun-baths on the shores of the Mediterranean and then a final look at Paris before returning to work. After the party she slipped back into her shell, only to emerge at the Gare St. Lazare to catch the boat train.

At the station Claudette found that other Parisian darling, Lily Pons, ready to sail on the same boat. Am sure the tiny song-bird was glad to have the quiet of a boat after her whirlwind tour in Europe. On her arrival, a delegation met her at Havre and decorated her with high honors. She settled a couple of days in Paris and flew (literally) to London to sing in a concert, took flight again to sing in some cities in Scandinavia and then back to Paris to sing in two sensational performances of "Lucia" at the Opera. Then down to her native Cannes to give a concert and receive the honors of the town. Back to Paris again and the day before sailing she gave a merry cocktail party. She was more interested in telling about a christening at which she had stood as god-mother earlier in the day than about her own interesting vivacious little self. Noting her activities one can realize that there was a great deal of truth in the remark, oft repeated during her long engagement to Andre Kostelanetz that she was too busy to spare the time to get married." Possibly the fact that she was finding the time necessary to devote to the nuptial ceremonies accounted for the diva's great excitement during her visit over here. Lily and Claudette made an amusing picture when seen together at the station. Each one's contrasts set off the other—if you know what I mean.

With the Gare St. Lazare still on my mind, it did my heart good to see the flutter of excitement that that first great idol of the screen still creates with her arrival and departure. It's Mary Pickford, of course. She dashed across the ocean to London for a business conference with ex-husband Douglas Fairbanks, Sam Goldwyn, and Alexandra Korda in regard to the United Artists Company, of which she is one of the officials. Mary couldn't be so near to Paris without looking in on us. So over she came, but only to spend four days. The week-end she spent at Lady Mendl's villa in Versailles. As the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are neighbors, they carried out the neighborly feeling by dining at Lady Mendl's. So Mary
did her curtsy to the ex-king and had a long visit with his charming Duchess. Back in town Mary gave a cocktail party the day before sailing. All the gals do it, you see. Mary was all enthusiasm about a cosmetic business she is launching. Guess it's all this activity that keeps the little lady looking so young. I complimented her on how well she looked and asked her how she did it. She winked and said, with a smile, that she supposed it was because she was happy. From the twinkle in her eye I imagine she was thinking of Buddy Rogers. The next day we waved goodbye to her at the station on her way to meet her Buddy and launch her beauty parlors. She should appear in person at her parlors as she is a wonderful living advertisement.

Wallace Beery lingered in Paris a few days, having wended his way up from Italy and the South of France. He quite amused the Parisians strolling about the Boulevards, for he looks exactly like his screen self—only more so, bigger and better. At the station he seemed a bit uncomfortable at the attention he created and was relieved when the train eventually pulled out.

Fernand Gravet always stages a grand show at the Gare St. Lazare for he is one of Paris’ real idols. His last visit was a short one and only for a holiday. Generally on his visits here he has made a French film, so as not to let the French feel he has deserted them completely. A very good idea, that—which is done also by that other French favorite, Charles Boyer. On his last visit Fernand didn’t have the time to make a film, much to the Parisians’ sorrow. Instead he played about his villa at Saint Cloud, overlooking Paris, and at his little country place near Tours. Down there he really enjoys himself with riding and helping in his vineyards. When I asked him what sort of wine he made from his grapes, white or red wine, he gaily smiled and said, “Neither, it’s pink wine we make.” So I was wrong in my guess. It’s a joy to see Fernand stay so unspoiled after his big success in America. He is such an interesting, sensible fellow. Certainly knows his acting stuff for as a child he was a brilliant actor in the theatre and toured the Orient and South America. No flash in the pan is this one. He is a clever artist, too. I have painted his miniature several times and when posing for me he would sit and sketch splendid caricatures of celebrities. Once at a charity performance he appeared and did a series of lighting sketches on a big board. A great success he was. We were sorry to wave farewell to him at the station, but he assured us that as soon as he finished “The Great Waltz” for M-G-M he will return again for a longer time.

Speaking of old-timers, that mean, bad, continental villain of other days, Eric Von Stroheim, is appearing in a series of French films with great success. He hasn’t changed since his Hollywood days and is still the great menace in any language. Saw him working the other day at the studio and his poise and artistry seemed to inspire the other actors. The worse he appeared, in character of course, the better they acted. So menace has its virtue in a certain way.

Also saw another arch villain, extremely continental too, at work. This was Conrad Veidt—who can forget his fiendish face in some of his horror films? When I saw him at the studio he was his old polished self in the setting of the Russia of Catherine the Great. He was making a film opposite Francoise Rosay, called “The Chess Player.” It was interesting to watch these two great artists making close-ups. Madame Rosay is the wife of Jaques Feyder, the director whose film, “Carnival in Flanders,” was such a great success in America and England. I had an entertaining afternoon watching the splendors of the Court of Russia of other days reproduced. The French certainly do well this type of film.

Couldn’t leave the Gare St. Lazare without touching on the goings and comings of Marlene Dietrich. This time it was a coming instead of a going. La Dietrich arrived all smiles for a good long holiday. As she didn’t make a film on her last trip to Hollywood I gather it will be a holiday from studio discussions and conferences. She lingered in Paris a few days to look over the collections of the famous Parisian dressmakers but being a really fond mother she betook herself to Switzerland to see her daughter Maria, who is in school there. No matter where she goes or what she does Marlene is the brilliant, languid center of interest. After completing her current holiday over here, the much-traveled Marlene returns to Hollywood to make two films under her contract with Columbia—one to be directed by Frank Capra.

Two views, above, of Marlene Dietrich in Paris: left, with Director Josef von Sternberg; right, with her husband. At far left, Lily Pons just before boarding the boat train.
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW was only as high as his Aunt Cissie’s elbow when he first came to Hollywood. He used to welcome interviewers, so long as he could see them while sharing a chair with her, and the two of them would chatter along, taking the words out of each other’s mouths and telling jokes on one another. All very informal. But now Freddie is two inches taller than his aunt, and terribly reserved. He resents questions. Possibly his bitter experience in courts of law has something to do with it. At any rate, the sight of a writer is enough to button up his mouth.

“I’m afraid he’s at the Don’t-Interview-Me age,” smiled Miss Bartholomew, as her nephew, in his blue sailor suit, dashed with alacrity back to the set of “Lord Jeff” after a brief: “How do you do?” and “Excuse me.”

“He’ll come back, after this scene, if he sees us looking at pictures,” she added. “He’s quite keen about his camera. A little too keen for comfort—my comfort—at times. I find it a bit exhausting to sit in his dark room for hours, watching him print pictures, or enlarge them, or try out ideas but he seems not to enjoy it unless I’m there to admire and say: ‘How wonderful!’ at intervals.

“He hates to talk about himself. I believe he’s afraid of growing up into a braggart or something. He says he’d rather do than talk. He’s always been quite a one for hobbies. When he was quite little, it was trains. Electric trains that he could set up, or real ones that he could travel in. Then he had a stamp collection. His director in ‘Kidnapped’ gave him a printing press and he spent days printing up cards for Warner Baxter, and others, at a dollar a hundred.
Actor Bartholomew revealed as a boy with a hobby!
Let Freddie, the demon amateur photographer, tell you how to make the most of your own camera craze

"Before the printing press came the candid camera, carpentry, and planes. All three are still with us. We were making 'Captains Courageous' when the camera fever broke out. Christian Rub had a Leica and was very good at making candid shots with it. Really, quite the best I've ever seen. When Freddie saw what Mr. Rub could do with a sail and a sky and a sheet of water, he was enthralled. Such a nice man, Mr. Rub. Always so patient and kind. He let Freddie try out with his camera, and together they'd decide what was wrong with his shots. Melvyn Douglas was another camera enthusiast on that picture and between them they fired Freddie with such enthusiasm that he felt he had to have one.

"A friend in the east came in with me and we bought him a Leica, Christmas before last. Another friend added a dark room to our new house for him. Spencer Tracy gave him an enlarging machine, and someone else contributed printing equipment. So there we were.

"The dark room isn't large, but Freddie built the shelves himself. I mentioned his carpentry hobby? I suppose there are more nails in the dark room than in the rest of the entire house, but Freddie is pleased, so that's all that's necessary. When he's ready to go in for a bit of printing, I have to go down with him, with nothing but a red lamp for light. He's quite critical about his own shots. Always seems able to see how they could be bettered."

Freddie's other hobby — planes — ties in with the camera craze. "I don't know when he wasn't mad about airplanes," sighed Miss Bartholomew. "At first, the studio forbade him to ride in one, and I was quite pleased. But as time went on, more and more people were permitted to fly, and Freddie kept begging to be allowed to try it. Our lawyer, Colonel Neblett, flies his own plane, a private cabin plane seating four or five. One day, he invited us to come down and look it over. I said: 'Now, you're not to ask to ride in it, mind!' and Freddie said: 'Oh, no, of course not!' We went down, and they admired it. They (Please turn to page 98)
ONE of the least-mentioned advantages of a five-acre estate on top of a Hollywood hill is that you can swim made in your fine swimming pool. Katharine Hepburn doesn't bother with either a one or two-piece scanty. But don't grow excited—she is a veritable Garbo when in her dripping and diving mood. The servants retire to the other wing of her mansion, the gardener is ordered to the south section among the tulips, and then Kate dives like a bird. If any candid cameramen can read, and have an inspiration to go up and shoot her in the act they'd better not follow through with the urge. Kate will have the law on 'em, and don't think she wouldn't!

TYRONE POWER has reached that peak of success where he, too, has to get-away-from-it-all. He's been working steadily, and that is no lie because he's been starring both in screen epics and on a weekly radio show. After some 200 days of continuous work, with nary a vacation of any consequence — unless making love to Janet Gaynor qualifies! — he's off on a secret jaunt. He'll be gone all month. He wouldn't tell a soul—except Janet and his ma and Mr. Zanuck's private secretary—where he was heading. If he materializes in your neighborhood, make friends with him. He's really a swell egg. But don't wire Winchell or Tyrone will whisk himself right out of your life.

THAT campaign to save Bob Taylor from the "too beautiful" curse laid on him by New York newspapermen is going full steam at last. His current appearance as a prize-fighter wasn't done with doubles. Bob installed a complete gym out at his ranch home and when he finished training with a real knock-out expert he kept on his new schedule. The lad weighs 173 pounds in his fighting shorts, if you want to get personal, and never looked "beautifier." He wants to climb the Khyber Pass in far-away India next fall. In Hollywood, when they talk about getting-away-from-it-all they really talk! The expense of phone calls from India to Barbara Stanwyck will probably kill this notion of Bob's. But the one role he's been mad to play is "Greco Din," and since Cary Grant got it instead Bob wants to go see the Far East in person while Cary acts against a California backdrop.

ABLE item for the month: Clark's taken up stamp collecting! One of the prop boys explained the fun you get out of saving stamps of all nations and Gable promptly ordered his secretary to carefully put aside all the stamps that arrive on fan mail. Can you imagine Carole Lombard sitting on her parlor floor, calm as a cucumber, pondering the newest issue from Paraguay?

THE girl who bides her time is often wisest. Loretta Young, take a bow! Several years ago when George Brent arrived in Hollywood both Loretta and Ruth Chatterton sighed ecstatically. But Ruth was a sophisticate and a big-shot star and she apparently outdistanced Loretta. George found himself Ruth's leading man by specific request, and he was quickly bowled over by the seasoned Chatterton charm. Came George's marriage to Ruth and ultimate divorce. Time tripped on. Recently Lux asked Loretta to co-star with George
in a radio show. She rather liked the idea. There were many hours of rehearsal. They clicked as make-believe sweethearts. Since they've been dating steadily. She who laughs last is all that might be the best, but there won't be a wedding. George has three divorces to his name and Loretta will only wed in her church.

JEAN ARTHUR had everyone at Columbia guessing as to how she'd behave when she returned to work after her year's scrap with Harry Cohn, the studio boss. There was no grand entry. Jean was quiet and obviously delighted to be back. She used the same kind of old canvas portable dressing-rooms as all the other members of her cast and she watched the others when she wasn't busy acting herself. She wore plain slacks and a white blouse and easy slippers when not in costume. No fireworks—and Jean with such a reputation for being hard to get along with! She isn't, when she's having a crack at a good part, at all hard to handle. Husband Frank Ross has switched from real estate on Long Island to the Hal Roach studio; he has become a picture producer.

WHILE Gypsy Rose Lee is doing her level best to conform with the studio campaign down her burlesque past, and what with her screen name—Louise Hovick—and a trailer complex that's mentioned to every reporter helping to turn the trick, there is only one flaw in the ointment. We hear that when Gyp is entertaining, and there's that pause every hostess hates, she gets out a projector and shows her guests her film recording of her old strip tease stunt.

WELL, the Jon Hall-Frances Langford romance wasn't in the rumor stage long enough to make the heart-throb reporters outguess themselves. It was love from the start; each is crazy about each other, each other's family, and work. Jon, loyal to Frances' artistic medium, played on the radio team when George Raft rounded up the best baseball players to defend the movie men's honor. And Jon hit so many home runs clear over the fence that from the sixth inning on they made him bat left-handed. The new, uncaught man of the hour is Richard Greene. Sometimes Sonja Henie thought she had him on tap. He was her leading man, and you'll remember proximity drew Tyrone Power to her, too. But then Richard, late of London, would take Arleen Whelan to the Tropics for the cocktail hour. So long as the actresses are kept guessing a handsome youth who's star-bound can take his pick.

THE best stories about Hollywood are those that "can't be told." Here are a few which would interest you: the story of how Loretta Young feels about her kid sister Georgianna's insistence upon becoming a movie actress. Georgianna went out and got a role. She is fourteen, the age Loretta herself began playing leads. But you probably won't see much of the girl and Loretta won't discuss why. And then there's the request. It's such a human interest yarn, too, how she's helped them make good in California. But the best one yet concerns two big studio stars who are supposed to be in love with one another. Their love for one another, according to snoopers, has set their studio chiefs in a panic. For both are married, and their marriages have been ex-tolled as the epitome of happiness. A re-shuffling would cause no end of adverse chatter, Guess who?

DON AME Che is nearly always smiling and he has the best disposition of any actor in Hollywood. But recently he was plenty mad. After carefully looking over the various cars, he bought a popular model for his wife. It was the kind she preferred for herself and their two babies. She thought the left rear wheel bumped strangely and wrote a note to the agency asking to have it checked. The car was serviced, apparently. Two weeks after de-
10,000 miles and then have them as new! Honore wrote a top executive of the motor company, telling of the accident and how the agency had not only not checked the wheel but how she'd actually been driving with but two half-tightened lugs holding it. She'd heard that you only have to write to the head man to get prompt action. Her letter was completely ignored. But she wrote a second letter East which evoked an apology and asked what could be done to make amends. "The first thing you can do," retorted Honore, "is read your mail!"

THE marriage of Cecilia Parker and Dick Baldwin had been attended by an advance commotion that surprised the Hollywood folks. There were all sorts of tales about how Mama Parker was agin the match. They said she told Dick never to darken the Parker door again when she found Cecilia coming home with an engagement ring on. When the furor died down everyone concerned stated that there had been no maternal objection at all—and anyway, don't all mothers hate to lose their daughters? The philosophy tacked on to the story of eternal peace during the courtship is rather conflicting. Cecilia and Dick rented an apartment in Westwood and bought their furniture before they decided on a wedding date.

WHEN Olivia de Havilland returned from England recently on the Normandie they showed her latest epic, "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and everyone was surprised that she didn't attend. Olivia didn't sweep in with a gang of adoring shipboard friends because, though she was dying to see the picture, she hadn't the nerve to sit in a small projection room and watch herself emote. The gal is not only genuinely modest but she has a swell sense of humor, too. F'r instance, she's still chuckling over the note she received from Basil Rathbone's "man." When Basil was working with Olivia his man served her tea every afternoon, very elegantly. The gentleman's gentleman requested her autographed photo and when the film was fin-

Youth marches on with a smile. Two of the film colony's favorite youngsters are Mavourneen and Sean O'Brien, above with their mother, wife of film favorite Pat O'Brien. Jane Withers has a great big smile for Henry Wilcoxon, at right, who is playing a principal part in the little trouper's newest picture.
ished Olivia sent it to him. He wrote her in Eric Blore editorial style: “We appreciate the photograph so much and we are so glad you like our tea. We are working at Paramount now, but we hope to see you soon and we shall be very happy to serve tea to you when next we return to Warners.” So the fellow who writes that Blore dialogue has been dishing us a true version of life among men’s men! Olivia says if she had remained in her small-town home she’d never have confirmed this fact.

**THE rise of Dennis O’Keefe is one more proof that Hollywood’s a fantastic place. The other night he was on a double bill, enacting the lead in one picture and being just an extra in the other. The picture in which he was among the mob had been a year in the making, due to Jimmy Stewart’s being ill and RKO having to wait eight or nine months for another chance to borrow Jimmy to finish up. Dennis has celebrated his rise by separating from his wife and leasing Joan Bennett’s Malibu cottage for the summer. Wonder what another year will bring him? Beverly and a blonde, mebbe?**

**THOUGH Travis Banton, who designs all of Carole Lombard’s clothes on and off the screen, declared that veils were passe the girls about Hollywood continue to wear ‘em whenever they want an extra dash of seductiveness. Adrian, the style marvel at Metro, announces that fantastic and grotesque modes are an old racket. “During Marie Antoinette’s time they removed the tops of the coaches to allow for the hair-dresses.” He further states that any woman who appears ridiculous does so of her own free will; he advocates originality but draws the line at absurdities. (Don’t recall those hats he made Garbo wear!) He’s been having fun whipping up extraordinary outfits for the womenfolk of the land of Oz, and you know that Judy Garland has arrived when Adrian is assigned to costume her picture. He sent to his old home town—Naugatuck, Connecticut—for his old school books. As a kid he read the Oz books and sketched costumes for the strange inhabitants of the imaginary land. He wants to prove he was bright even at an early date. From Crawford to Garland—time and Adrian marches on!**

**BASIL RATHBONE is still the best antidote for trite stars. There’s nothing commonplace about him: he does everything with an exciting flair. When he staged that wedding for his son every celebrity in town was invited to the gar-**
Arms and MacMurray! Pretty Ellen Drew is the girl who clinches man, and Fred MacMurray the actor who must convince the audience he just can’t be bothered, for comedy effect in “Sing You Sinners.” John Payne has a trick that intrigues the girls—balancing a balloon, no less—in “Garden of the Moon,” right.

den ceremony. John McCormack sang, and there were 21,000 gardenias used in decorating! Basil sent the young couple to swank Del Monte for their honeymoon. Since son Rodion is but 22 the bride was publicized as 21. But they forgot to tell the gal, so she wrote 25 on the marriage license! The new Mrs. R. is a brunette beauty from Wisconsin who came West last winter to crash the movies. She met Rodion on a skating party at Arrowhead. Basil’s coaching her and has Constance Collier teaching her tricks, too, so watch for a new star—Caroline Fisher. Rathbone, Jr., a graduate of Oxford, has begun a career in the technical side of pictures.

If YOU think kids who play in the movies are backstage brats you ought to meet the “Cockney” boy who teams with Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew in “Lord Jeff.” In reality Peter Lawford, age 15, is the son of a British nobleman who is a lieutenant-general in the British army. Peter speaks 5 languages, has been around the world twice. He has lived in Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Mentone, Deauville, Sidney, Calabria, Tahiti, Bombay, Barcelona, Lisbon, Panama, New York, and—for the past six months—his father has been residing in Hollywood. Peter wrote a letter to Director Sam Wood, asking for a role. It was such an unusual note that he was invited to the studio and promptly signed. But when his aristocratic pals see him again are they going to snub him for turning Cockney on them? Peter becomes Pete, bets they’ll all be jealous of his Hollywood experience.

When Michael Whalen joined Ilona Massey too busy an afternoon recently he decided to take another whirl at mastering the trombone. He went over to Chick Chandler’s for a lesson. They were tutored locally in Chick’s garden with total disregard of the neighbors, when a shower of rocks descended. Investigating, they discovered that Lew Ayres lived above. Lew’s verdict was either shut up or come up and get the true hang of the thing. A trombone is a cinch for Ayres, but he insists on the instrument you bring up anytime.

All that build-up for Sophie Tucker is but a memory already! She was going to be another Marie Dressler, you know. But someone changed his mind and now Sophie has left Hollywood to resume her night-club singing. It was a bitter disappointment to her. Her start at M-G-M was widely ballyhooed, but her departure was handled so quietly that hardly anyone realized she was out until she’d been gone a couple of months. But Sophie at least has a new tag. She has always billed herself as “The last of the red-hot mamas.” Now she tells the nighties to describe her as “Hollywood’s glamour girl number one.” Well, why not?

If Sylvia Sidney right when she is reported to say that Hollywood people don’t know the meaning of friendship? Is it true that when she was in a Hollywood hospital once not a soul would come to see her, even when she phoned and detailed her accident? Well, when a person isn’t a single considerate acquaintance, whose fault is it? Remember the story Sylvia gave once, stating that aside from wanting to please five particular people she didn’t give a hoot whether anyone else liked her? She must have picked the wrong five!

Anita Louise came home the other night and hastily telephoned her mother, “I’ve been awarded a medal!” she cried gleefully. Inevitably late on set, she arrived on time that morning. Before an hour had passed the crew had formally presented her with a huge cellophane medal fancifully labeled, “To Anita—for Being On Time.” Well, a gal who emerges looking as she does can afford to be tardy. The early worm gets the bird—if the boys sight a number like Louise.

Hugh Herbert can’t resist being the playboy of the San Fernando Valley. He’s a Japanese houseboy to everybody who telephones him, including his studio. When the casting office calls him with instructions on how to appear for a scene he tries to stall with the announcement that Mr. Herbert no here. When they insist it’s important the “houseboy” mutters okay, okay, and believes he can locate the box. It was a terrifically successful runaround until Hugh absentmindedly threw in a “Woo woo!” one day.

Leave it to Sid Grauman, who thought up those Hollywood prologues of yesteryear, to find a way to tide over. He can’t present pictures in style until somebody axes double bills. But meanwhile he’s not going to relax. He’s opened the Hollywood Roller Bowl, which he advertises modestly as the world’s greatest skating rink. For a reasonable sum you can skate on a “giant” sound stage at the old Warner Brothers studio on Sunset Boulevard. It’s caught on with the stars themselves, some of whom are wondering if Sid, who also originated the hand-and-foot-print-for-posterity idea at his famous Chinese Theatre, will ask them to make a sitting in plaster as bait to tourists!

For a dozen years Basil Rathbone’s wife has held their marriage the only job. But Basil has persuaded her to listen to the load opportunities knocking on her door. In silent pictures she was very successful as a scenario writer, making more money than he does. Having improved his personality and guided him through the shoals that wreck most actor’s chances, Ouida is resuming her own career. She’s studied up a drama around the life of the great musician Liszt, also a melo for Bobby Breen. You can gather from this how versatile she is. While being “just a wife” she perfected herself as an interior decorator, music lover, hostess, and brilliant conversationalist. She
reads more good books than any other woman in Hollywood. But let's not get started on Ouida. And don't let Basil. He appreciates her, and what more can any wife want?

MARGARET LINDSAY is going to learn to laugh when she's hailed by a nickname—if her fellow workers can do anything about it. A couple of years ago she was irked when Jean Muir used to greet her as "Lindsay." Such abruptness was not what she'd been raised on. Now Johnny Davis addresses her, regularly, as "Target." A pan seems even worse to her than going by her last name alone. But this is what you get in Hollywood.

THE stars are stopped by their kiddies' bright behavior. Gracie Allen gave her four-year-old son Ronnie a disciplinary tap because he was picking the petals from the flowers in her drawing room. "I'll leave home!" wailed the insulted offender. "Where'll you go?" Gracie wondered. "I'm going in the doghouse!" he announced. But that's nothing compared to what Pat O'Brien's been up against. He told his four-year-old Mavourneen to leave the family cat alone (because kittens were en route). Next day no one could locate the child. Ultimately she was discovered in one of the bathrooms, holding the cat. When they asked why she hadn't answered their calls Mavourneen replied solemnly, "I was afraid to upset the cat." And on the following day, when the kittens did arrive, she was jubilant. She believes her pout turned the trick.

GLORIA STUART used to maintain that she'd wind up running a newspaper, for she was a reporter before she concentrated on acting. Now her husband is positive she'll be an antiquarian when her golden hair turns to silver. No, that doesn't mean she'll be an old something-or-other; it means she'll be a dealer in antiques. She "did" her own house instead of hiring a decorator, so successfully bar-gaining for beautiful antiques that several shops have offered her jobs. The collecting bug has bitten harder now. She returned from Ensenada to discover ten unexpected days before beginning a new drama of neglected emotions. She promptly scooted around for an "investment." It materialized as an English cottage, which she decorated and furnished completely. Such antique-trading as went on! She has to trade, for she can't have any more pieces sitting about. Gloria got so enthused she almost moved into her latest creation.

HOLLYWOOD'S first ladies wear gorgeous leis airlifted especially to them via the China Clipper. They strut in gowns direct from Paris. But who'd have thought the movie men would order their shoes clear from Freeport, Maine? Edgar Kennedy started this craze. He introduced canoe shoes, even though he hasn't a canoe to his name. They're oxford's of elkskin, with regular soles but zippers instead of shoe strings. "So easy on the arches," he explains. He never does a slow burn in private life since he made his discovery.

SO Patsy Kelly finally has gone and done it—slimmed. She maintained she didn't give a hoot for a stylish figure. She piled on the nearest clothing, with rare deference for all fashion-mongers. Then no one saw her around town for a while. When Patsy returned she promptly appeared at a night club on the Sunset Strip, and is she the one at last.

HENRY FONDA hardly looks the type, but he has actually been getting away from it all by rounding up cattle. He's been lassoing up a ranch his wife's relatives own near Santa Fe, New Mexico. This, plus the news that Robert Taylor spent his first free afternoon this month helping a neighbor unload two carloads of cows, gives you a hint of what Hollywood's really like. The soulful lovers turn out to be yippee enthusiasts!

MICKEY ROONEY isn't letting acting cramp his fun. "I'll only be young once," he announces emphatically. He's joined the musicians' union and organized a dance orchestra and he's leading it these summer evenings. Pretty snappy, a double career at sixteen. But then he has to work fast. He's announced that at twenty-one he'll turn director!

IT'S a shame, those grimmaces Arthur Treacher is wasting! Someone is pulling that familiar telephone gag on him and he's reacting as though the cameras were trained on him. For the past week his phone has rung at 3 a.m., and being between pictures this is awful. He wants to sleep until a beam of noonday Sun gently awakens him. Instead there's come, with terrible regularity, this frightful clanging. He answers, to stop it. "Is this the garbage collector?" asks a hardly sweet voice. "Really, don't you know," mutters Arthur, "it's going a bit too far!" You might try it on your favorite hate!

THERE is a new heroine at Universal, one Constance Moore, who opines that "Pretty clothes make a girl happy, and are as necessary to a woman's happiness as food and sunshine." Why, Miss Moore, we'd like to introduce you to Frances Farmer. Not to disparage your desire for a nifty wardrobe, but just to let you know that Miss F. would make mince-meat out of you if you talked like that around her. Frances doesn't give one hoot about fashionable clothes. She only bought one evening dress, and that after a year of starvation and under protest and just because the studio made her attend a big dinner. She says a wardrobe would bore her stiff, that lovely gowns and hats and shoes are all tools. All a gal needs to be happy is a chance to use her brains and her emotions. When Frances was being a screen glamour girl for Goldwyn she drove to work in a tawny old Ford, with a sack of wood tied onto the front fender. She took it home for firewood.
The Ups and Downs of Hair

Fashion dictates—up! Beauty and personal- ity dictate—up and down! Choose the best points of each for yourself

By Courtenay Marvin

There are good points to the upward trend—and bad. The good points are that hair up and off the face looks fresh and cool for summer. Bared forehead and temples, unless extremely high, give a charming frankness and clarity to the face. You never get this effect with gobs and loops of hair low over this area. Some of you may remember the time when thinning and shaping of hair wasn’t done and so heavy, flat marcelled loops scalloped the face, far from lovely. A change in part, a change in the direction in which your hair lies, is good for it. A good fashion point of the modified upward movement is that it is vastly more attractive under the flat sailor and Watteau type of hat widely worn. To have these flat, sancer shapes sit atop us and have a long, unbroken sweep of hair well down on the neck looks ridiculous, to put it mildly. The other extreme, the up coiffure that leaves the back hair looking too flat and scraggly, too up and long, certainly isn’t pretty, either. Prettiness is still very, very important. After all, it’s your strongest lure for the male. Men still like pretty women.

Wear your hair up, by all means, if you can get away with it—charmingly. If you can’t, wear it up and off the forehead and temples, compromising with lower softness at the back. Perhaps a soft roll across the back; soft, close-to-the-head curls or a back center part, from which the hair is swirled and made into soft end curls to form a close border above your neck. These three look very well

A RE you a slave of habit about hair styles? That is, do you still wear your hair almost as you did when a little girl? A side part, perhaps, with a soft curling bob? Or are you a slave of fashion to the extent that you sacrifice your best features and your personality, even, to an arrangement that is not in harmony with your face or with you? If you do either, you are missing a big bet for loveliness and charm.

By contrast with the slave type, are you constantly experimenting with your hair to make yourself lovelier, smarter and different? Do you try longish, short, up and down arrangements? Do you really know the best line suited to your face? If you experiment, choose styles according to the silhouette of clothes, shape of hats and contour of face, then you’re on the right track. A new arrangement, which need not mean exaggerated style, is often your best bid for smartness, provided it is right for you.

Of course the hair trend is up, up, and up. It has been gradually creeping up on us for years, but I think it’s reached the apex now. It can’t go much higher, unless we resort to the Marie Antoinette idea with bird nests and little houses atop the head!

Above, Ann Sheridan makes curls via the hairpin method, described herein. Left, Danielle Darrieux knows the appeal of the long, soft bob, while Claire Trevor, right, shows a lovely version of the upward formal trend. Among these is a compromise for your best accent.
with all kinds of hats. The slight back fullness fills in from hat to neck, balances the narrow and is generally attractive. Remember, that for practical purposes, no matter how new, how smart, a style is, if it doesn't do something for you, it isn't good fashion for you.

For evening, when you are wearing a long skirt, hair at the top of the head is often lovely, if you have a facial contour you can afford to show and if you aren't too tall and slim. This is a slimming idea for the short, too heavy girl. Sometimes you can brush your natural curls up and get a lovely, casual effect. More often, you need the brush-set to fix you up–face at least, until you get the hang of it. Watch closely just how the hair is parted, set and brushed; practice a little, and you won't be at a loss when you have to rearrange your hair.

Younger girls still like to follow the general example of Hollywood—the longish bob. It is youthful for the youthfulness—not for the more mature. The long bob, like any other, needs to be thinned and shaped from time to time. With this hair, too, you can have it done up or down, because you have enough to work with, or experiment with it, yourself. Curl it up tight for evening and get a chic effect. Comb it out loose on the beach, and you look like a siren. Twist it softly over your finger for country or casual wear, add a ribbon perhaps, and you look charming. If you are a business girl, remember that the trim line is still the thing.

As to facial line, if wide and round, bring some side hair forward about the ears, which cuts down on face space and makes it look slimmer. If your face is small and slim, your neck long, then you need a longish, soft bob to balance your head with the rest of your body. Lovely Loretta Young used to lament her long neck. A graceful neck that added to the willowy liveness of her figure, but Loretta didn't like it. So she wore low back curls to shorten her neck. Thus the girl with a short neck should keep her hair up off the neck to add length. When your hairline is good and you have pretty ears, show them by all means. If you haven't the ears, letting the lobes show. If your forehead is too high, your temples too bare, here is a grand idea. It's good for everybody, and adjustable to special needs.

Part the hair at the front crown of the head, just as you would tie up the fore-
sexy, her. want a must the was have Billie because, was New was a little glimpsed want Washington, tiny the was stir the new wheels face home, huge grow no a England was career new few C, she she character."

"Readjustments are always difficult," Billie was saying. "Especially for a pampered, luxury-loving woman like myself. I don't take any credit for keeping afloat, for I've discovered that everybody has troubles and I must take my joys and jilts along with the rest of the world. Of this I'm very positive: no matter what her griefs may be, no woman has the right to grow hard. For myself, I've attained a certain serenity, and I'm grateful for comedy, for definitely, it has helped me get back a proper balance."

"A pathetic condensation was that while my husband was so ill in the hospital, I was playing my most tragic role, that of a frivolous woman who refused to face her problems in 'A Bill of Divorcement.' I always wanted him to play comedy, the lighter the better, for he considered it a happy medium for a woman. He was right.

"No one can play comedy without getting a personal uplift, without learning to see the gayier side of every situation. It's like drinking a magic potion that wipes all unhappiness from the mind, leaving only laughter and a light heart. Sometimes between pictures, I catch myself drifting into a serious mood and I'm always glad to get back to the studio and into a new comedy character."

Billie seems destined for romance, with her sweet maturity and youthful vivacity, but she greeted my comment gaily, repeating my question with a laugh. "Marriage?"

She shook her head. "Of course, it is possible, but hardly probable. As we can't look into the future it is wiser never to be too emphatic as to what we will, and will not do, I would never marry unless I fell in love—I don't if one ever loves more than once, and I've had that experience."

Perhaps, more than anyone on the American stage, Billie's youth was filled with romances; many suitors sought her and one of the most ardent was the great Caruso. When he was not singing at the Metropolitan, he occupied a seat in the theatre to watch her in her plays, and with the final curtain, he invariably tossed a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses onto the stage, then rushed to her dressing room to bask in her smiles.

It happened that during this burning romance, there were three college students clamoring for her attention and whenever they invited her to dine and dance, she assumed they included Caruso. This delighted him and while it lowered the boys' enthusiasm, yet she recalls many gay celebrations with this unique combination. Then came the evening when the Great Singer found her alone and proposed to her. Flattered and excited, Billie was still far too thrilled with her own career and her dreams of future triumphs to take him seriously, but she retained Caruso's loyal friendship to the end of her life; and today, his wife and daughter, Gloria, are counted among her intimates.

It was Billie's good friend, Somerset Maugham, who escorted her to the festive ball, one night in 1914, where she first met Florenz Ziegfeld. She was introduced without catching his name, danced with him without knowing who he was, but as they glided across the dance floor, she knew that the Big Romance of her life had come. It was an ardent and picturesque wooing, and a few months later they eloped and were married between the matinee and evening performances of her play, "Jerry."

"We kept it a secret for one whole day," observed Billie. "Maybe, because it was Sunday is the reason we succeeded!"

Billie's father was a famous clown with Barnum & Bailey's, and when he inherited his comedy flair, for most of her stage plays and pictures have emphasized the humorous side. Yet she insists that she always, that she doesn't spontaneously see the comic angle of anything; and she likes to recall that her greatest stage success was in the title rôle of "Becky Sharp," a part, not a comedy.
Cagney, Star vs. Man

Continued from page 55

egoists—not because they are swell-headed, but because everyone with whom they come in contact wants to talk about them (the actors).

Jim has no patience with that sort of thing. He talks about himself only under pressure, and then only to intimates. Although he vociferously denies it, he is one of the few people I know who is more interested in human beings and human nature than in himself or anything else.

Every one of the mannequins he has used in his films (and there has been a different mannequin in each film) has been appropriated from someone he has met. The "Hon-ee" he called everyone in one film was lifted from the conversation of a friend of his, Frank Rowan. The playful pass at a person's chin with his clenched fist in another film was a gesture of his father's. When Jim was a kid and would come home bursting with something to tell, his father used to listen and then playfully say, "If I thought you meant that, I'd, and, at the same time, make a pass at Jim's chin. The fluttering of the right hand he employed in another film was copied from Allen Jenkins' habit of speaking more with his hands than his mouth, although Allen uses both fluently.

Not long ago Jim was speaking to another friend of his—Maurice Leo, a writer. Maurice is quite a character himself. He is witty as the devil and, as if that were not enough, he stutters. On this occasion he had a gardenia in his lapel buttonhole. As he talked and stuttered, each sentence was punctuated by a sniff at the gardenia. Cagney watched him in amused silence for a few minutes. Finally Jim could control himself no longer. "That's a swell piece of business, Maurice," he burst out. "Do you mind if I use it in a picture?"

"My God!" Maurice ejaculated, "you can't open your mouth these days without meeting yourself in pictures!" But, never fear, that piece of business, improved and enlarged upon, will be seen in some future Cagney film.

The hired man on Jim's New England farm is an out-of-doors man. He was raised on a farm and has shipped on vessels all around the world. His whole life has been spent in the open. But he is deathly afraid of insects. As he talks, his conversation is continually interrupted by yelps as a gnat or some other equally ferocious animal lights on his face. Dick Powell is employing that mannequinism in his new picture—"The Cowboy from Brooklyn"—but it was Cagney who put Dick up to it.

Jim must be a gold-rich sales man's idea of a dream come true. He can't say "No" to anyone. In self-defense he has had to turn his business affairs over to his wife and brother-in-law Pat.

With the exception of Spencer Tracy there is probably no other actor in the business who so detests being waited upon or who so enjoys being left to his own devices.

He and Bill knew such tough times when they were first starting in the show business that whenever either of them had work they saved the major portion of their salaries. It was not until they had more money in the bank than they had ever dreamed they would possess that they bought what they considered a huge home. Actually, it is far from being huge—as compared to most stars' houses. Today, both of them are tired of the place. They have a farm in New England—a small place—and, now that he is back at Warner Brothers, they are planning to sell the large house in Beverly and build a much smaller one on some property they bought a couple of years ago.

Speaking of that New England farm, it is the kick of a lifetime to see Jim on it. There is even less of the movie star about him there than there is in Hollywood. They have a large vegetable garden and a flower garden. Bill tends to the flower garden herself and Jim the vegetable garden. This past fall, all the fruits, grapes and cranberries were personally harvested by Jim and preserved by Bill. The house is two hundred and fifty years old, so they set about furnishing it in period. All the furniture has been personally furnished by Mr. Cagney. The paint and varnish has been removed and each piece carefully sandpapered until smooth as satin.

He is almost childlike in his enthusiasm for people and talent. Although he has known Bing Crosby for some time it happened he had never heard Bing on the air until last fall when he was at his farm. One Thursday night as a storm battered the New England coast, Jim tuned on the radio and happened to catch Bing. He sat in entranced silence until the program was finished. Then he rushed for the phone to send a wire of appreciation. The telegram at Martha's Vineyard was closed. The wires were down to New Bedford and Fallmouth. Jim finally put in a long distance call to the telegraph office in Boston, and the following wire was dispatched to Crosby:

"The cows, chickens, horses and hogs for miles around join me in congratulating you and in expressing appreciation of the entertainment you have given us."

It never occurred to Jim he might have saved some money by waiting until the next morning when the local telegraph office was open to send the wire. He had enjoyed the program that night, the wire had to be sent that night.

There is no star so willing—even eager—to tell jokes at his own expense. In New York he went to see Shan Kar, the Hindu dancer. Going backstage afterwards to congratulate him, the publicity man asked Jim to pose for a picture with his star. Jim readily agreed. As the photographer prepared to snap the picture he said, "Shake hands with him, Mr. Cagney, and smile." Jim did. As Jim prepared to leave the stage a plumpish, middle-aged woman bustled up. "How do you happen to get into a picture with Shan Kar?" she demanded belligerently.

"Why, I—I don't know," Jim stammered in surprise. "I guess I just happened to be standing there." "Well, you're pretty lucky, that's all I have to say," snapped the woman.

"I guess I was," Jim agreed mildly.

"I'm a newspaper woman," she went on. "And I thought perhaps you were someone I should know."

"No, I'm nobody," Jim reassured her. He tells another story on himself of a time on the farm last summer when he and Bill had just got themselves new bicycles. Neither of them had ridden since they were kids and they set out along the country road in high glee. As they pedaled, an automobile horn warned them of the approach of a car. Bill drew ahead. Jim turned to look back and, as he did so, his front wheel caught in Bill's rear one and sent him sprawling, arms and legs flying in all directions. Jim, prone, but still laughing at himself, got a frightening worm's-eye view of the approaching truck.

The car came to an abrupt halt and the driver leaped out solicitously. Nothing about the incident tickled Jim so much as the fact that the man succeeded to recognize him and that when he asked for Jim's name—and got it—the name meant nothing to him. (To Be Concluded Next Month)
The Strange Case of Simone Simon

Continued from page 33

many times—so have Claude Colbert and others. Stanwyck and Taylor have had their "weddings" and "fallings out" printed and broadcast so many times that they have become bored with it all. You can blame the press exactly, for after all it is the old law of supply and demand. And you can't blame the fans—if you do you are a dope, for the minute the fans lose interest in you, dear movie star, your goose is cooked.

Simone Simon might as well face it. When you realize that up until her arrival in Hollywood Simone actually did keep her private life to herself you can understand better how utterly confused she really is. Practically nothing is known of Simone's "past." When questioned by the publicity department she said, "My private life is my own." Completely baffled by Simone, the publicity people then turned to the French newspaper correspondents in Hollywood. But they only added to the Simone mystery. She was a well-known actress in Paris—yes. She was famous for always being well-dressed. But that's all they knew.

And after three years in Hollywood Simone hasn't contributed very much more. Her studio biography says that she was born in 1916 in Marseilles, France, and that city when she was ten years old took her to Madagascar in French South Africa with her parents. When she appeared against her secretary at a preliminary trial recently it was established, according to a local newspaper, that she was twenty-seven.

In June of 1931, while sipping coffee on the terrace of the Caffe de la Paix, she was "discovered" by Troujansky, a European screen director, who persuaded her to take a test for pictures. She appeared in a number of pictures, the most important being "In Four Days," and between pictures made several stage appearances. It was when "In Four Days" was released that she won a picture contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and departed for Hollywood. And that is practically all that is known of Simone's "past." Don't tell me an actress can't have a private life—in Europe.

Unfortunately Simone got off to a false start in Hollywood. When her friends in Paris heard that she had been summoned to the Gold Coast they lost no time in telling her, "You can't make good in Hollywood unless you become very temperamental. Unless you become insatiable you will never get to be more than an average actress. Make a lot of noise and people will notice you. Remember that temperamental girls get rounder, taller, and Marlene Dietrich, and the lack of it hurt Ketti Gallian. You see, it is doubly necessary for a French artiste to be temperamental." So Simone made up her mind. It was easy for her to be temperamental. She was already temperamental and Paris loved it. If Hollywood wanted her to be temperamental—well, she could give it to them.

That first day in the cinema was a comedy of errors and good luck. She happened to be living in town, though she is not quite sure what she did that was wrong. "I was alone, friendly, and badly frightened by a strange language," says Simone, "so naturally I tried to put on a bold front. At eleven o'clock in the morning I was introduced to Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who decided my future career. We talked nice things for a while, like the weather and my trip to Hollywood, and I wanted to talk only about my work. But Mr. Zanuck had to lead the conversation and I make certain demands which I did not expect to get and Mr. Zanuck make a big smile. "Simone," he said, "why only what I was going to suggest for you."

"Because this was not what I believe he would say I am defeated for the moment.

to myself." And each new star who comes to Hollywood has found out differently, much to her sorrow.

Now it does seem fair, doesn't it, that a girl who works hard at her career, avoids intrigue and politics, and harms no one should be allowed to lead a perfectly normal life without the constant fear of seeing her name in headlines in the morning papers? A girl in New York—or in Po- dunk, or Minneapolis, or Atlanta—can stay up late dancing and laughing and having a lot of harmless fun with her best boy friend in a night club, she can even get a beautiful glow on from a few cocktails, and no one pays the slightest attention. But just let a glamorous girl do that in Holly- wood and immediately her name, coupled with that of her boy friend, is in all the gossip columns syndicated throughout the country. And naturally each columnist throws in a few choice tidbits of color to make the story better. An innocent little tête à tête over a brandy in the Tropicana has been known to start a public scandal.

"Why can't a girl keep her private life to herself in Hollywood?" Simone asks. Because—her Hollywood friends have tried to explain to her—because there are in Hollywood more than three hundred registered and qualified correspondents, not to mention dozens of gossip stogies and radio commentators constantly on the prowl for a juicy bit. In a city where there are more reporters than stars, naturally a glamorous girl doesn't stand much chance of escaping notice. The simplest thing she does is nation-wide news. If she hides away in her home all the time and refuses to see interviewers then she is accused of "doing a Garbo" and the press, annoyed at being spurned, simply has a lovely time tossing out a lot of suppositions.

Because—Hollywood has further tried to explain to Simone—because American fans, unlike European fans, have an insatiable curiosity about the private lives of their movie stars. When women are gathered together at sewing circles, tea parties, and beauty shops, they don't discuss the New Deal and the Gold Standard; no indeed, they discuss Carole Lombard and whether or not Mrs. Gable will ever give Clark his divorce so they can marry, American fans are not content to know that Barbara Stanwyck thinks about her next picture; no indeed, they want to know what Barbara Stanwyck thinks about Robert Taylor. The minute a new star appears in a picture she belongs to her public, body and soul. And you can be sure that the three hundred plus press will see that the body and soul are served to them with the most fascinating trimmings in the due course of time.

This is all very hard for a newcomer to Hollywood to understand. Even the old-timers still get mad. Just the other day May Robson heard one of the commentators announce that poor Muzie May was surrounded by nurses and doctors in the state of dying, while as a matter of fact she was quite chipper in another room of the R. C. rehearsing for the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Gable has had his death announced in newspapers and over the radio...
Hollywood. I hate it. It's interested in its own self, not in helping people. I have been in Hollywood, and I've seen the way everybody else in Hollywood is crazy. So I stop to think, I shall be very sage—and maybe they will think I am crazy."

Fully determined to have done at last the office that Simone needed, she went to the make-up department where every newcomer to Hollywood must undergo a series of experiences in greasepaint. "I'm a little more like the head of the Westmore dynasty, saw no need for withholding his opinions from this new French addition to his staff," he thought. Simone's hair was badly dressed badly and he proceeded to tell her so while he arranged a new hair-do for her. He explained to her that this new style would help her to "stay up" and "keep away" from the French, and that "stay up" and "keep away" from the French was not in her face. This was too much for Simone.

"This face is not pretty," she shrieked, "but it is good enough for me."

Well, before the sun set on Simone's second day in Hollywood, it was all over the world that she had demanded panthers for shopping and had insulted the great Ernie Westmore.

Now Simone doesn't care for that phrenology about the fortune-teller's hair and so on. But the secretaries are always saying to her. "She's got a temperamental mind, Ernie." Simone was delighted with her and employed her as her secretary to look after everything for her. When Simone went to meet her there she left the secretary in complete charge of her affairs, and immediately upon her arrival in New York, on her return trip, phoned the secretary to meet her there and come home with her. "She had worked so hard for me," said Simone, "I want to give her a nice trip."

But it was not until a few months ago that Simone realized what had happened. Then came the sensational newspaper publicity about the "two gold keys and Hollywood parties." Today Simone is quoted: "I feel sick about the whole thing. I'm terribly sorry. It is such a disappointment and it is all so confusing. I don't know what to say."

No wonder this little French star is the most confused person in Hollywood today. She doesn't think that she has done anything that is wrong. She just can't understand why people should be so interested in her private life that they want to put it in the newspapers. But if she stays in Hollywood long enough, she'll catch on.

stirring until it spins a thread; combine slowly with stiffly beaten egg whites to which salt has been added. Cool and add vanilla. Combine with whipped cream. Pour into the freezing trays and freeze without stirring. This is served with crushed fruit, garnished with whipped cream.

"We sometimes get corn already popped," Ginger told me, "but as a rule we like to pop it in the fire, unless it's too terribly warm. Speaking of popping—when we were building the house, we went in heavily for fire-irons. Mother found some amusing old-fashioned figures in an antique shop; one playing a banjo and one an accordion. We had pokers, bellows and so on.

"As a gag, somebody sent us an old-fashioned bed-warmer—this thing on the wall with the long handle. They used to put live coals in the pan and shut it down and then go over the bed-sheets to warm them before the sleeper hopped in. It looked interesting, so we hung it up here by the fireplace. One day, Mother and I came in to find my cousin Phyllis Fraser, Anne Shirley, and some of the others in the bed-warmer! It seems some bright child had announced that it was a corn-popper, and so it became one. It worked and we all used it in the same way.

The fountain had neat closets filled with glasses and dishes, flavorings, straws and so on. On the shelf behind the pretty poppers were two purple vases, "From the Gelett Burgess verses," said Ginger. Flowers in this room are always either red or white.

Since the installation of the fountain, the Rogers household had no dessert that didn't involve its use.

"Ice cream was always my favorite dessert," said the star, "just as fudge was always my favorite candy. Of course, we serve cakes and cookies. There's a very special cake, called Green Tree Layer Cake, that is more than marvelous. And you haven't lived if you haven't tasted a short bread cookie."

GREEN TREE LAYER CAKE

1 1/2 lb. butter
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
3 squares Baker's chocolate
1/2 cup water
2/3 cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
2 egg whites (beaten stiff)

Cream the butter and sugar a long time and then add the beaten egg yolks. Melt the chocolate and water in a double boiler; then mix it with the milk and add to the first mixture. Sift the flour (use ordinary bread flour) and baking powder together and beat into the preparation. Add vanilla and lastly, the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in three layers for 15 minutes. Use thin green and thick brown icing between the layers (the green on top) coating the sides with the brown and the top layer with the green, tubing on brown "bark" lines over the green.

FILLING AND ICING
Mix 1/2 square of butter and 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar. Mix well and take out about 1 cup for the green icing.

Yum-yum! Nothing like a cooling cone after a hard day working on the set, according to Bonita Granville.
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)

2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 315 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

Mrs. Rogers cut in with a mention of molasses cookies, which should, it seems, be served with peppermint ice cream, and a new Ice Cream Wafer cookie that is a delightful adjunct to orange custard cream.

MOULASSES COOKIES

2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 " ginger
1/2 " allspice
1/2 " cinnamon
2 eggs (well beaten)
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses (Duff's)
1/2 cup Crisco

Sift flour and add soda, salt and spices and sift together three times. Beat eggs well and add the sugar gradually, beating until light and thick; add molasses and blend well, then the Crisco and lastly the flour mixture. Chill, roll and cut (or you can drop them) and bake in an oven at 375 degrees.

April 1935
"Dainty Girls Win Out"

Dorothy Lamour

DAINTINESS IS A CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS. NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS IT

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO INSURE DAINTINESS

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
THOSE need I thinking, the carpenter least his given its breath, a had got would Decatur, with twelve a the As but wasn't, perfectly had was gave harder fireman pictures engaging Black, also did chauffeur. milk the his my was, don't suggestion, quarter the I ventriloquist. am.

MOST OF ALL THOSE YOUNG CHARMS

Beautiful Eyes

Yours Quickly, Easily

Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how naturally dark and luxuriant lashes appear Harmless, tear-proof, non-smudging.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

Liberal introductory sizes at 10c stores. For eye makeup in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

Charlie McCarthy Makes a Slave of Bergen

Continued from page 23

Yet unstainably there it was, fascinating in its suggestion, all but uncanny in its effect.

With this instinctive swaying went an equally suggestive darting of the eyes. It was only when a question, prompted by slow consideration, that Mr. Bergen sat perfectly still. Then he would slightly lower his head over his glass of milk and chicken sandwich and weigh the answer that the concentration which has become a necessity to his work. Even those moments of inaction were brief as a breath, waiting merely on the response of a hair-trigger brain.

After a sip and a bite, this extraordinary individual would be on his feet again, restless and articulate. A sturdy figure, definitely Nordic in the light hue of his hair and the Scandinavian blue of his eye, thanks to Swedish parentage, he stood out above all as an exceedingly facile person. In everything he said and did there was an effortless ease. At the same time, it had about it something of that same illusive detachment, vague aloofness sensed in Charlie and his originator. But something quite new and unsuspected came out in the course of the production that while Bergen holds Charlie in the hollow of his arm, Charlie holds Bergen in the hollow of his hand.

"Although I am happy with the success which has come after seventeen years, it has made me a slave to Charlie," was his revelation. "This success has come suddenly, and with it so much work, that I am snowed under. Not that I'm complaining, for I've every reason to be more than grateful, and believe his success. But the work has grown to such great proportions that I feel the burden, I haven't a moment I can call my own. Every bit of my time is given up to Charlie. I don't have even Sunday to myself. And now that I'm in pictures I get up at seven o'clock every weekday. But I never get to bed till all hours of the night, for I'm up writing what I need for the shows I'm giving two nights a week at the Cooconut Grove and doing the script for my Sunday radio broadcast. It means giving up my whole life to Charlie."

It wasn't, I felt sure, that he had fashioned a Frankenstein by which there was no rest for the weary Bergen. He was paying the penalty of fame so heavily that it was inevitable he should feel the strain. "Making a success is a strain," he confesed, "Take that breakfast scene you just saw. In it I had to speak my own lines, do Charlie's talking for him, be sure his movements were correct. I suppressed Miss Leeds and Mr. Menjou to see that Charlie reacted properly to what they said and did, and drink coffee. That means a lot more than just being a ventriloquist. I like pictures, but I don't feel there's another in me for at least seven or eight months, for they take too much out of me."

Then, too, the lack of an audience makes the work hard, far harder than on the radio, even. With an audience you know right away whether you're funny or not. But in pictures you have to go it blind and know nothing of the results till you see the rushes. If I had only my own part to play it would be different, but doing half a dozen things at the same time makes me realize that Charlie has let me in for a bigger job than I want to tackle right along.

He shook his head reprovingly at his wooden after ego whose own head, with a slick new hair, appeared below the nimbus of movie star, popped perky out of a bag in the corner. Incidentally, that young scamp has three bags de luxe, all lined with green velvets in keeping with Bergen's favorite color as well as Charlie's shamrock name. One is for everyday knocking-around, another for looser jumps on trains, and the latest for all travel, Decatur.

"Getting around used to be an easy matter," sighed Mr. Bergen, "but now that Charlie has made himself widely known in the last year or a half I've got to make myself over. My whole life's changed. In the old days all we had to do was have a bedroom. But now I'm obliged to have a house, butler, a cook, a chauffeur.

And that's only part of it. As I have to meet bankers, lawyers and business men, I'm supposed to be well versed in things they do in order to talk intelligently with them. I'm making an awful stab at it, but how can I know about the things they do and the way they do them? For example, tomorrow I've got to go over a big contract for the manufacture of Charlie McCarthy toys, and frankly I don't know anything about it then a rabbit, on the walk of life.

"Things have just happened with me," he insisted. "I've had no training of any kind, even as a ventriloquist. So far as that goes, it was just an accident. One day in Decatur, a little town of twelve hundred in Michigan, I called to a boy who was coming toward me and couldn't understand why he turned his head and looked back till he explained he thought someone behind him was saying something. But it was too dumb to realize I had unintentionally thrown my voice. A little later I was in the kitchen giving an imitation of an old man when my mother went to the door and opened it, saying she was sure she'd heard a man's voice outside. That set me to thinking, and I paid a quarter for a book on ventriloquism. But I was more interested in a job I got as fireman in a movie house. Then I was promoted to usher, the player-piano, mostly keeping the soft pedal on 'Hearts and Flowers.' I also gave imitations of birds and animals at church entertainments and was given cry 'Cuckoo' Bergen. I didn't do anything with ventriloquism till I was sixteen, when we moved back to Chicago, where I was born. At sixteen I did it a while. I got paid for it at clubs, and managed to pay my way through Northwestern University. By that time I had Charlie McCarthy named. My ventriloquist boy I knew and made by a carpenter from a charcoal drawing I gave him. That's it."

He nodded his head at Charlie's. "Since then Charlie has worn out dozens of bodies, and I've never been able to get another head with the same facial characteristics. That's why Charlie Tito. The insurance. The latest body is made of alunimium—it's lighter. But I work them all the same, with a talk which moves the head and a level of eyes which waggles the jaw. It's all very simple."

All, perhaps, but the rapier wit which goes with it. But, at reference to this, Mr. Bergen beamed. "If you had any particular wit, it's just that I won't use borrowed jokes. I've never considered myself to be an author, but I try at least to be honest, so I write my own material. All of this it, then, trust Charlie to put it over."

I warned him that some of those merry quips had ever got him into a jam.

"That has happened," he admitted, "but
as a rule only with drunks at night clubs who heckled Charlie. He had a pet remark for them, 'One dummy at a time, please.' That usually stopped them. But for a moment one night the situation looked serious. We'd given a show at a private party at the Hotel Astor in New York and I was coming from the elevator with Charlie wrapped in padding from a mattress and one leg hanging out. The house detective and a policeman stopped me, and one of them demanded, "What's that you've got and where are you going with it?" They suspected me of kidnapping a child! Then there was that first time we went to Paris and were held up by customs officials. They didn't know what duty to charge for a dummy, and it began to look as though we wouldn't be able to get by. Then Charlie began kidding them in French. That started them laughing, and we went in free.

Mr. Bergen didn't laugh himself, just smiled indulgently. "For the twelve years we were in vaudeville nobody paid any particular attention to us. We were never a headline attraction, just an act stuck anywhere on the bill. That suited me all right, as from the first I had never gone broke. But as it got cheaper and cheaper with six shows a day, I welcomed the death of vaudeville. Night clubs offered easier work."

As for the great change in his fortunes, now that he is thirty-five, Mr. Bergen said: "I suppose Mr. W. S. Coward was responsible for it. When he went to an Elza Maxwell party in New York where I was one of the performers he was good enough to say I had struck a new note in comedy which was bound to be immensely popular."

All I can say is that I didn't in the least share his discerning foresight. But it was Coward's kindly enthusiasm that got me on the Rudy Vallee hour in radio, and that changed everything for me. I've been
goaded at what has happened since. I still am! I'm surprised whenever I see my name in a newspaper column, and was deeply impressed when a letter addressed to "Edgar Bergen, Hollywood," reached me. I just can't get used to these things. Some of them worry me. For one, I don't think of them.\n
Mr. Bergen made a national figure. All this sudden prominence scares me. I don't think it's good for him. After all, Charlie's just a prankish child, taken as an ideal by children, and I want to keep him that way. I have to think of him as eleven years old. I don't want him to be known for his wise-cracking, but to be accepted in spite of it.

Of course, any fault in that direction rests with me. Perhaps I have led him to express a philosophy, also to speak of travels and romances, beyond his years, although he has travelled everywhere from Iceland to France. But to me he has always been something like a dog around the house. I'm very sentimental about him, and feel it's brittle to speak of him as a dummy. For the same reason I dislike having others touch him. I suppose it's because of our long association——"

A summoning assistant director stood in the doorway. "Go on, Bergen," ordered Charlie, "back to the mines!" And back went Charlie's faithful slave.

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**AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!**

| Director John Stahl, Andrea Leeds, George Murphy, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen. |

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Hollywood Goes Hayseed

Continued from page 32

eagerness Carole watched the mails for her first Course. She sharpened a lot of pencils, bought several notebooks and a drawing board, and on the third day when the postman brought only bills and invitations and suggestions for spending her money Carole sat down and wrote herself an alma mater song entitled "Terra Firma I Love You" in which she rhymed "soil" and "real," "you must" with "humus," and "pollinate" with "how I ate." Fieldlis tells me that I have never heard anything quite so horrid as Carole greatly singing ten verses of "Terra Firma I Love You" at eight o'clock in the morning. (Carole is the only movie star I know who gets up early when she doesn't have to—it's probably because she doesn't want to miss anything.) "But with such gaiety," Fieldlis added, "that even though I feel as sour as those lemons Carole expects to raise. I have to laugh."

On the fifth day, much to everyone's relief, the bulletins she had sent for began to arrive, containing all the personal and most revolting details concerning the private lives of cows and chickens and the avocado. Also, came a map. A big, beautiful colored map of California with the different agricultural sections of the state marked off and numbered. All the numbers were then indexed at the bottom of the map where the California Farm Bureau was most pleased to tell you what kind of soil was on your land and what you could raise there. "The state of California," Carole read with zest, "contains nearly 100,000,000 acres, of which some 30,400,000 acres, or 30.4 per cent, are in farms. Isn't it exciting! Now let's see, where is my land? Here it is—number 45. What does it say, what does it say?" Landowner Lombard had her first big disappointment. It seemed that she had bought ten acres in a section where nothing could be grown!

"It just serves me right," she said later when she had recovered from the shock. "I shouldn't have bought a foot of land until I had taken my correspondence course." So she drove out to the Valley again and this time bought twenty-two acres in the Reseda section which the Farm Bureau assured her on its beautiful map would be most productive.

Clark Gable returned from his hunting trip in Mexico that day and was greeted with Bulletin 599 which says, "The term 'soil type' as used in the soil survey reports implies a soil which throughout the full extent of its occurrence has relatively uniform texture of the surface soil and relatively uniform profile characteristics."

"So what," said Clark with a shrug. "So you don't know what it means. So come on, let's go to the Derby and have dinner. The only profile you know is John Barrymore's and as for 'soil types'—there are plenty of those around Hollywood."

All would have been well at dinner, no doubt, if Clark hadn't ordered an omelet. That reminded Carole of her farm. "I shall have plenty of chickens," she said dreamily, "with dozens of fresh eggs daily. Did you know that hens had batteries? It says so right here in this bulletin. Wait a minute, I'll read you about it. Here it is: 'Hen Batteries. It is estimated that the installation of hen batteries will increase the cost of housing at least fifty cents a bird. However, small units of battery cages may prove useful for broody hens.' Now what is a broody hen? Now I ask you, what has a hen got to brood about?"

Georgie Jessel from the next booth shouted, "A rooster." Carole shouted back, "You should have your mind washed." Clark decided that an omelet wasn't so good after all when you came to think about it. Then he talked her into trying to plant a potato for a while and drove to the drive-in-theater.

On Thursday a burglar arrived and carted off the Lombard jewels, but didn't touch a single precious Bulletin. On Friday an architect arrived with plans for the new farmhouse and Carole was in seventh heaven. It would be a very small frame house, very folksy, and there wouldn't be guests rooms, I might mention in passing but I'm afraid any of Miss Lombard's friends are planning a pleasant old age in the San Fernando Valley. The house will be surrounded by an orange grove, a lemon grove, and perhaps olives and avocados. There'll be a vegetable garden with plenty of home-raised fresh vegetables with the correct number of vitamins. There will be a few chickens, a few cows, and a few horses. And Carole is determined that it will pay for itself. That's why she is taking the correspondence course.

Well, the first course in the correspondence course finally got there, and Carole discovered that it concerned the classification and varieties of citrus fruits. She could almost taste her first orange, sunkissed and handpicked, as she read on and on through pages and pages of citrus. She drew herself an orange grove on her drawing boards—her friends' comments regarding it were most unflattering—and she looked up all the botanical words in the dictionary, most of them. Relations in citrus fruits she discovered are almost as difficult as human relations. She sat up all night, and the next morning was ready to take her examination.

I was really very proud of Miss Lombard. After all, when you are a great movie star you don't have to bother with such horrible things as examinations. And there she was slavery away with pencil and paper when she could be doing something pleasant like playing tennis, or buying clothes, or signing autographs. I was sure she would graduate cum laude from the Agricultural Extension Service. But what questions?

1. Give in outline form the seven agricultural groups listed under the genus, Citrus.
2. Which breeds true (a) Species (b) Hybrid (c) What is a Trifoliate Orange?

Now I ask you, can you answer these questions? Well, neither can I. And, if you must know, neither can Miss Lombard. I'm afraid she flunked her citrus.

"You should have your mind washed." Clark decided that an omelet wasn't so good after all when you came to think about a poor hen, brooding her heart out, having to lay it. So they forgot agriculture for a while and drove to the drive-in-theater.

Another Clark Gable follower! The star and his pet mount, Sonny.
catch up with me and give me my address out to anyone and all, along with other stars' addresses, and then the tourists pour in. Some of them just drive by, others stand out in front and stare, and still more come up and ring the door bell. So can you blame me?

I decided I couldn't. After all Nelson is a very charming person, and his sincerity is so evident in all that he says and does, that one knows he believes his motive is right, and so one agrees with him. Nelson is very tall, a little over six feet, and his hair is a most unusual shade of blond, almost platinum. A close glance refutes any suspicion that he bleaches it, because his brows and lashes are all the same identical shade—and besides, Nelson wouldn't stand for such "fussing." He was wearing a brown plaid suit with a brown plaid tie with a touch of orange, and looked remarkably well.

The sunshine was so glorious outside that Nelson suggested we walk around the lot and enjoy some of it as we talked. I confided I had a miniature kodak under my arm, and that I'd like a snapshot, a candid one, with him for my album. Nelson agreed, and we looked around for someone to snap us. The first person that came along was a studio plumber, but he obliged and set down his tool kit, and focused Nelson and me.

"Take another one for my album, too," said Nelson after the shutter had clicked. And playfully he placed his arm around my shoulder, making me feel very "MacDonaldish" and we blinked into the rays of sun for a second "take."

A studio secretary joined us and linked her arm with Nelson's and we continued around on the lot. Every few feet we'd stop for some M-G-M employee (female) who'd spy Nelson on his busman's holiday and find some excuse to join us. All in all it was very jolly, and the girls at the studio are on good terms with Nelson. He asked each one some friendly question, and you could see the delight and pleasure shine in their eyes at his personal interest.

The sun which had been high overhead started slipping down behind the ridge of palm trees on the West, and the afternoon was deepening into twilight, one of those soft, tropic, lazy summer nightfalls, that happen only in the southland. Nelson suggested that he drive me home. And of course I accepted.

We slipped out the front gate across the street to the parking station and Nelson handed me into his car. It was the same one that had been standing in front of his house earlier in the day. He laughed—and so did I, understandingly. As we drove over the hills into Beverly and thence down into Hollywood, Nelson sang. His driving repertory included grand opera, songs from his pictures interspersed with swing. I sat front seat to a thousand dollars' worth of concert!

Nelson said I should come to his concert, which was to be held very soon, and one of the opening ones on his tour, and that perhaps afterwards we'd go some place and have some supper—and I replied that I thought "stepping out with Mr. Eddy" would be lots of fun.

One morning at Max Factor's Beauty Salon, a call was relayed from my home. "I hope you're not under a hair-dryer or something," said a nice masculine voice over the wire. "Why, it's Nelson Eddy," I exclaimed, and without thinking of the half dozen
Factor people there by me, who made no effort to conceal their interest. All in all our conversation summed up the date of the concert, and that we would come and meet Nelson after it was over.

"We'll go to work on you at once, we'll make a new personality out of you, you'll be beautiful!" said the Factors, who were as delighted at having a Nelson Eddy call come to their establishment, as if they hadn't been dealing with motion picture stars for years and years. However enthusiasm faded when I revealed that my appointment with Mr. Eddy was still some time off.

No one can wear formal evening dress quite like Nelson Eddy. The late O. O. McIntyre once commented: "Nelson Eddy is one of the few who seems at home in evening clothes." With a white carnation in his lapel and his white tie fashioned smoothly on his diamond-studded dress shirt, and the elegant cut of his suit, Nelson, if ever, looked the part of the concert stage. He sang with fervor and sincerity. Theodore Paxton followed with faultless accompaniment. The audience was fascinated. But as most Eddy concerts end, now that he has been, as he says, "Gilded with movie glamour," before the final encore, a general stampede of girls and women took to the stage for autographs. Nelson took a final bow and under a guard was taken off the stage.

Two ushers came down and escorted me through the crowds back-stage to Nelson's dressing room. Mr. Paxton was there and so was Calvin Franklin, his genial concert manager. Two women whom I recognized as society leaders were talking to Nelson.

"But you simply must come," one was saying. "I've invited everyone, and the party is in your honor.

I wondered how many thousands of similar invitations Nelson has had to listen to and accept during the years. Being of a gracious nature he probably lets himself in for a number of invitations that he doesn't exactly relish. And no matter how well people like parties no one likes them every night—and especially being paraded around to meet numerous staring, curious, though admiring people. It's just like liking ice cream, but having it forced on you—so subconsciously tiring it.

"Do you mind if I go stepping to a party instead?" Nelson consulted me, when the two ladies waited. I told him I didn't mind, but I was quite sure that the younger and more attractive of the women would prefer that he attend their party without bringing a feminine companion. But it was agreed that he bring me along.

Ushers were called to escort the two women out of the dressing room through the milling crowds who were trying to get in through the door. Mr. Franklin turned out the lights and there we sat in the dark, while word was given out that Mr. Eddy had left through a secret doorway. Some believed the announcement, and departed. Others sturdily stood by the door, some hundreds of them, while we sat quietly within, noiseless in the dark.

The minutes ticked away into an hour. We twiddled our thumbs. Nelson was concerned about his waiting hostess at the party. But the crowd waited. Finally it was agreed by Mr. Paxton, Mr. Franklin and myself should go out and announce that Nelson had already left. Explanations of disappointment greeted us as we came out of the dressing room. Nelson, however, the guard of ushers continued their vigil at the dressing-room door.

Believing that we were going to meet Nelson the crowd lowered along with us out to our waiting car. We drove away, circled the block several times and waited a half block from the concert auditorium in a darkened street. A half hour had passed when we finally saw a long-legged figure taking leaps and bounds in our direction. It was a Nelson, and rounding the corner a few feet behind were a dozen girls in full pursuit.

Mr. Franklin opened the door and pulled in Nelson, who landed head first on all of our laps, and banged it closed just a split second before the more persistent of the pursuers could grab a leg, an arm, or a coat-sleeve, anything to detain the fleeing Eddy. But our car, whose motors had been running ready for just such an emergency, was put into gear and we were off.

Nelson, out of breath, sat up and began assimilating himself as it were. His hat was awry, a blond strand of hair was dangling down on his forehead which was wet with beads of perspiration, and his shirt front was all ruffled from strenuous running. After stopping his face, with a handkerchief, running a comb through his hair and adjusting his shirt and coat, he again took on the resemblance of the faultlessly groomed man. Only his white carnation was missing. Some woman had grabbed it in his scurry and he ruefully examined his top coat, to find three buttons had been pulled off. That would be discouraging for anyone about to make an appearance at a party.

Just two hours late, we were announced in the drawing room of our hostess. Music and conversation both stopped, while Nelson was taken in complete tow by the two women who introduced him to the other guests. We were late for cocktails, which had been served fully an hour before to precede the buffet supper. We four, headed by Nelson, found the butter's pantry and fixed some ice cream and gingersnaps and drank to each other's health. Nelson refers to himself in the third person, "Nelson Eddy," in relating some of his experiences in motion pictures, and on tours to entertain us. He was telling us about the time he was in Seattle on tour, how he'd retired, only to be awakened by the telephone ringing in the early morning hours. The feminine voice insisted she was Mrs. Theodore Paxton calling from Los Angeles to talk to Mr. Eddy. So Nelson pretended that he was his accompanist Mr. Paxton, and asked...
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THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court, Hollywood star whose fame rises from her realistic portrayals of "hard-boiled" characters, refuses to play a similar part in the English picture for which she was brought to London. Her manager, Phil Burns, evolves the idea of letting Marcia play the titled English character in the film, hoping her unconscious burlesque of the role will make the film a great comedy success. Burns concludes his plan to the director, Lawrence Stewart, and Anne Barrett, English actress, Marcia, striving to rise above her background (her real name is Florrie Butch and her father is a gardener whom she provides for but who is sworn to secrecy regarding their relation), induces Stewart, much against his will, to invite several socially prominent Londoners to dinner at a house she proposes to give after the preview of the film. Marcia has called Phil Burns to see her so he can acquaint him with her plans, as the concluding chapter opens.

Phil and Butch arrived quietly, and stood in the rear by the stairs, unobserved, as they looked upon the gathering. Butch was uneasy but Phil whispered to him to keep up his courage.

Lady Marble held her glass towards Marcia, "A salute to the new rage of London." She sipped her cocktail.

Marcia was enthralled. "That's very dear of you. But I am afraid you're just flattering me."

"Indeed I'm not. You'll be the new sensation. And I owe you an apology. Your characterizations in your American pictures have always fascinated me by their very hardness, and I've heretofore regarded you as a type. I shouldn't have thought you versatile enough to portray such a contrasting part as Lady Mary."

"An actress must play many parts, Lady Marble," Marcia said with condescending graciousness.

Lady Marble hit back with a gentle smile. "So she must. But it isn't only your acting which I must commend. It's your generosity in letting Anne Barrett have the colorful, outstanding part—the kind we English have always admired."

Marcia was stunned. "You mean you really like the type of character Anne played?"

"I adore it. We all do. But we've thought no one could do justice to those roles except you, Americans."

"You think the Americans are finer artists than the English?" Marcia asked, feelingbetrayed."

"Oh, most decidedly,—in those early characterizations."

"Oh! And your permitting Anne to play that type of role in your picture, when it is so obviously your forte, is just another mark of the great artist."

"Really, I—" Marcia began wearily.

"Now, now, no pretty modesties, my dear! Of course we realize that if you hadn't been sure of your ability you would never have permitted her to have such a juicy part while you took a colorless role."

"Colorless!"

"In any hands but yours, Lady Marble assured her hastily, "the part of Lady Mary would have been extremely boring. But you acquitted yourself gloriously while giving Anne the chance to break through and show what a really fine actress she is."

"Wasn't she splendid?" Marcia murmured faintly.

She was utterly charming. And you were brave indeed this evening to lay yourself open to criticism, in playing Lady Mary in such delightfully absurd fashion!"

It was a question as to whether Lady Marble was being serious or subtly insinuating. However, Marcia had begun to think that she was being led to the chopping block.

"I mean, of course, that it was charmingly absurd," Lady Marble said in her most soothing voice. "And what a triumph for you. I've always been an ardent admirer of your work, my dear. But when I heard you were to play an English gentlemwoman—I'll admit it was something of a shock to me. I just couldn't reconcile it with the personality I'd seen in those rowdy American roles. But of course I didn't understand it was to be burlesque."

"Burlesque!" The word hissed through Marcia's tight lips.

"Lady Marble recoiled in sudden shock. "You can't mean you were playing the..."
part straight—that Lady Mary in the picture was your conception of a true English gentlewoman!"

Marcia couldn't face it. "N-oo, of course not; it was only meant to be funny."

Lady Marble broached a sigh of relief. "It was—terribly, and it was such a perfectly devastating idea, having an English woman caricaturing an American parvenu and an American woman caricaturing an English lady, in the same picture. Whoever thought of that was a genius! But, my dear, you must have hesitated at such an undertaking."

"No," Marcia spoke in a strange voice. "I was eager to play Lady Mary."

"What courage you have, and how delicately you handled it! But I shudder to think of how horribly commonplace that characterization would have been in less skilled hands than yours."

"Thank you!" Marcia breathed tensely. "However, you carried it off so exquisitely that it didn't seem as if you were acting at all, but as if you were a person of no background whatever who was making herself ridiculous by trying to be something she could never achieve. And that, my dear Miss Court, is the ultimate in acting."

Marcia's suffering was evident. "You really think it was fine—acting?"

"It was superb! In fact, the characterization was so finely drawn that at first Lord Marble and I had an argument—he insisting that you were playing the role straight. There was a time, about two-thirds of the way through the picture, when you became almost convincingly a lady—to anyone but a lady—but toward the latter part of the story you once more slipped into your delightfully gauche characterization."

"But I didn't disappoint you?" Marcia asked, ironically reproachful.

"My dear, no! At the finish you were even more amusingly ridiculous than in the beginning, as if you suddenly realized you were touting down your burlesque." She glanced at Marcia with quick concern. "I hope you understand just what I'm trying to say."

Marcia's anger vanished swiftly. As, with a faint smile, she regained poise and took command of the situation. "Yes, Lady Marble. I've understood for some time, very clearly, things I've never understood before. But I'm afraid you're giving too much of the credit for my amusing performance to me, when it is really due to the combined genius of Mr. Lawrence Stewart, my director, and to the able assistance of my business manager, Mr. Phil Burns, not to mention Miss Anne Barrett, who wrote most of the story."

"How generous of you," purred Lady Marble, "But where is this Mr. Burns? I've heard so much of him from Anne that I'd so like to meet him."

"You must," Marcia said with a little smile, "He's an astute judge of character. In fact, he has the uncanny faculty of understanding others much better than they understand themselves. And he's always so full of delightful surprises."

"How interesting. Will he be here tonight?"

Marcia turned casually toward Phil and Butch in a way which revealed she had known for some time that they were there. "He's here now, with one of his very nicest surprises. He has brought my father all the way from Hollywood to be present on the eve of my greatest triumph. Phil and Butch must come down here and meet the guests."

Phil and Butch exchanged a look. Butch was ready to flee. But Phil was admirably composed as he urged the older man into the drawing room. Marcia went to meet them, kissing her father. "I'm so glad you've come, darling. How are you feeling?"
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Winning smile! It won Helen Parrish, above, her film contract.

Baby Snooks Tells Her Age

Continued from page 59

Snooks, Now where were we. Mr. Holland? (She beams triumphantly) That's the first time I've remembered a name in months.

Me: We were talking about Baby Snooks' first stage appearance.

Fanny: Oh, yes. Well—(With a grasp ing of my teeth, I heard the phone ring—again. I tried hard to appear nonchalant. I knew I must be calm. But if that phone rang again!—Oh well, Holland, take out a cigarette and smoke yourself into a corner.) Fanny: (on way to phone) Just go right on asking me questions.

Me: (agreeably now) All right, Now— Fanny: (On phone) Yeah. All right When am I going to see you?...

Me: As I was saying—

Phil: (to friend) Think the script's ok?...

Fanny: (on phone) All right. All right.

Me: As I was saying—(Oh, what's the use? No one's listening to me anyway)

Fanny: (still on phone) See you later then. (Hangs up and returns to her seat.)

Fanny: (smiling broadly) Phil, that's an old friend of mine just in from New York. I haven't seen him for months and months.

Phil: About this script, Fanny—

Me: (clearing my throat) As I was saying—

Fanny: Oh, yes. Sorry to keep you waiting. (pause) Where did we leave off?

Me: Baby Snooks on—

Fanny: That's it. You see, in Snooks' case, we merely use child psychology. Nothing is said that an ordinary child wouldn't say.

Phil: (rapidly and loudly) And often we have to throw out a good gag, just—

Fanny: (interrupting and louder. Both are genuinely excited now, and I'm practically insane. Either I don't get any stories, or when I do they come so fast I can't write them down fast enough. Fanny continuing) Just to preserve the character. Even though we know the gag may bring a laugh.

Me: (Silence. I'm writing too madly to talk. Gee! Wish I knew shorthand!)

Fanny: We get letters from mothers suggesting gags to use that their own children have said. Some we can use, but most of them are only funny to their mothers. And, anyway, we must only use stories that will fit a certain situation.

Phil: That's it! You see, we never try to explain why to any question of Snooks'. We merely say—

Fanny: Often, though, Snooks becomes so inquisitive, that we start to explain. Then we're lost—as is her exasperated father. (With a sly grin) Never try to tell a child a building is tall because an architect made it that way. Just say because; if you don't, you'll find yourself explaining what an architect is, and you're apt to wind up describing a brick before you're through.

Me: (After a near collapse from writer's cramp) Is Baby Snooks—

Voice: (from back of me) Hello, Fanny! Fanny: Hello!

Voice: Meet my mother-in-law, Fanny. Fanny: How do you like the new arrival? Did you bring back the sweaters and coat from Mexico for me?

Voice: Yep—where they are! (What was this? The Great Northern Terminal? But who was this new arrival? I recognized her voice and her face. But who was she?)

Fanny: Oh, pardon me—Miss Hovick—

Mr:—

Me: Holland. (So this was Louise (Gypsy...
THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS... "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—it's a chance to charm. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with her. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a second date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she thinks she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have special care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come.

With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl you ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

IT'S MUM FOR ME! HOW CAN ANY GIRL THINK A BATH IS ENOUGH?

TO HERSELF: MUM NEVER LETS A GIRL DOWN! BILLS BEEN GIVING ME A RUSH ALL EVENING LONG!

Use Mum this way, too! Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on sanitary napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Hollywood's version of the coolie hat—modeled by Evelyn Knapp.

Rose Lee Hovick. Now after a few minutes in Fanny's home, I realized why she couldn't remember names. I'd be like asking a train announcer in a depot to remember the name of each person who passed through his gates.

Fanny, (Back to her new clothes) Let's see them! (During the interim while I smiled admiringly and tried to be calm, I watched boxes and boxes of clothes being unwrapped. Apparently Louise had just returned from one of her frequent trips to Mexico. During the long period of delighted exclamations over the bargains—yes, even celebrities get excited over bargains—I sighed heavily, lit another cigarette, and did some cavedropping. It seemed that a big store in Mexico was selling out, and that Louise had practically bought out the place. Fanny's prizes were a beautiful white camel hair polo coat, several cashmere sweaters, and a pair of slacks. Yep, Fanny loves to dress in slacks and a tailored coat. She was thus dressed this afternoon.)

Fanny: (abruptly) What size are these slacks?

Louise: 26 waist.

Fanny: Louise, you know I can't wear a 26.

Louise: Why, you can too. Fanny! You wear the same size as I do!

Fanny: Oh yeah! Me—a 26! (definitely)

No, I give them away! I couldn't even squeeze into them!

Me: Is Baby Snooks—(sounds like a broken record)

Louise: Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize you were being interviewed.

Me: Oh, that's all right. I'm really a nuisance here anyway.

L's Mother-in-Law: You know. Miss Breeze, I guess I'm one of the few people in captivity who has never heard you on the radio or seen you.

Fanny: (smiling broadly) It does us entertainers good to know we're not as popular as we think. (after a pause) Do you want to come to the broadcast Thursday?


Fanny: Fine. Here's some tickets. Every new listener counts! (After several vain attempts to continue the interview, attempts that were always broken into by a new trend of conversation, I sat back and just listened. Finally, Louise and her mother-in-law left. The silence was a shock. I wasn't used to it. So, hesitantly, I began again.)

Me: Do you ever burlesque Baby Snooks?

Fanny: Never. I burlesque my other characters—but never Snooks. She wouldn't be real if I did. I'm very serious about her.

Phil: (No he hadn't left yet. He jumps up) Well, got to go, Fanny. See you later. And I'll work on this script. Goodbye, Mr.—
SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons.

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others ashamed of you or else. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood... and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have solved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny living plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body—before they can get into the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now... 3 cakes daily, one before each meal.

REDDING

WRITE for complete information on our method of reducing controllable fat. Thousands have used this method or didn't give up because you have tried other methods with results. Read how others lost unsightly fat. Names, housewives, office girls, business girls, people from most every walk of life tell how they lost fat. Names, addresses and complete information furnished FREE. Write with confidence, we do not sell anything direct to you. Write Dept., 8338, CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE PRODUCTS, 6630 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Inquire of the local radio music plan—equally economical. INDIANA SONG BUREAU, Dept. N., Salem, Indiana.

NEURITIS

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Dosage: One teaspoonful—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Wagner's. Do not delay. Get trustworthy NURITO today! on this guarantee.

romance and body odors don't mix!

use Hush and be sure

Men love personal干净liness in girls... so don't drink or offend. Every habit Hush will help you sweet and fresh for hours. You'll feel as if you use a new CREAM—Pure soothing skin-cleanser. Filled to deafening. LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 5 days. POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkin, for protection and freshness.

Two fine actresses, ladies, and proud mothers! Billie Burke and Fanny Brice, expert comedienne both, chat on the set.

Me: (As a matter of habit) Holland.

Phil: (Almost at the same time with me) Holland. (pause) Hey, I'm not Fanny. I can remember a name! So long. (Exits)

Me: You're surely busy today. (A stupid remark)

Fanny: Just about as usual.

Me: Well, to go on, you say Snooks went on the air first? Were you nervous?

Fanny: Nervous? I was positively petrified! It was about my first time on the air. During the broadcast, I dropped my script. Pages scattered all over the floor. I didn't know what to do. Finally, while the script was being picked up, I did ribbed to the radio audience—in the character of Baby Snooks. Then, after I had just about collapsed, I got my script back. Ever since that night, I've dreamt the night before I go on the air that I dropped my script in the middle of a broadcast.

Me: Are you still nervous about broadcasting?

Fanny: Not with Snooks. Because I have real fun doing it. But with every other character, I'm very nervous. My cockney English character is going over well on the air now, though, so I'm losing my fright over it. (She curled up in her chair and continued) I used to be very afraid of censors changing my script at the last moment, but never once did a single line have to be changed in a broadcast of Snooks. Now, the censors never look at my script. They know it'll be perfectly all right. Snooks just wouldn't say anything off color. (Fanny looked up—behind me) Oh, hello, Billy.

Billy: Hello, Mom, (It was Billy Brice, Fanny's son. After a few anxious moments—for I was just beginning to make headway with my interview, he exchanged a few words with Fanny and went into the living room)

Me: What gave you the idea to put Baby Snooks on the stage?

Fanny: Ziegenfeld—God bless him—wanted me to do it. I got a lot more laughs out of Baby Snooks on the stage than I must have on the air, because the audience could see the facial expressions, (grimacing almost bashfully—no kidding) You know. I get so excited doing Snooks on the air at times, that people tell me I make the most awful faces and that I even twist my dress as Snooks would. (Suddenly from out of the void—the next room, that is—comes the voice of Bing Crosby. I knew Billy's hobby now—he was a devotee of new records, especially those of Bing's and those of swing) Close the door, Billy. (Door closes. Music fades away)

Me: What was your first real memory of your career? (Aside) Hope Fanny doesn't realize I'm pumping her about her son.

Fanny: (Without catching on) I started in show business doing songs at amateur nights.

Me: Amateur nights?

Fanny: Yes, they had them in those days, too. Well, I won the first prize. But then I broke the cardinal rule of all amateurs and decided to dress up in a blue organdy dress with fittings to match. You see, all amateurs wore their street clothes. With pride over my new outfit literally bursting all over me, I came on the stage at the next amateur night. I didn't get to sing a note. They booted me off the stage. From then on, I wore my little sailor suit—and forgot costuming.

Me: Any more reminiscences?

Fanny: (after a moment) Well, there was the time I was in burlesque. I had a number with a girl who had laryngitis, and I used to sing for her while she mouthed to give the impression that she was singing, too. It was supposed to be a duet, you know. I was so thin at that time that I had to wear symmetricals—in other words, tight under-tights—to give me even a semblance of a figure. On that fateful evening, the strap of my tights broke, and my figure rolled to my knees. Naturally, I couldn't go on. But the other girl, not knowing about my difficulty, had gone on the stage. There, proudly and innocently, she moved her lips, only to be met with complete silence. That was tragic to me then, but I suppose now it has its funny side.
I was beginning to laugh at me. They thought I was going to be funny again. I didn’t know what to do for a while. Finally, I went out by the footlights and merely stared at the audience. Slowly the laughs died away and they knew they weren’t supposed to laugh. I then went back and did the scene.

Me: How did you ever happen to do “My Man” in a show then?
Fanny: Like all comedians, I wanted to try some heavy drama, I kept waiting for my chance, and finally Ziegfeld asked me to do the ballad. Naturally, I was afraid they might laugh at me, but I was too anxious for the chance. I didn’t tell you the rest of the story. (Thoughtfully) You know, it’s a funny thing, but people who make people laugh hate to be laughed at. (I’ve practically in paradise, for I hadn’t been interrupted for the last five minutes—that is, outside of a few hurried phone calls.)

Me: Fanny, how do you like pictures?
Fanny: Fine! I know so little about pictures, though. On the stage, the audience directs your every move, but that camera doesn’t help you out a bit. I want to learn all I can about this business—technique and everything.

Me: Well, I thought you were swell in “Everybody Sing”—and I bet Ziegfeld would have stood up and cheered you.
Fanny: Maybe. But I know Flo would have done that way I did when I saw the picture. A lot more could have been done with my part. There were plenty of rough edges I’d like to have gone up there on that screen and improved on.

Voice: (again from behind me) Hello, Fanny!

Another Voice: (From same position) Hello, Fanny. Got the job at the studio. Thanks a lot!
Fanny: That’s fine! (To me) A young kid I helped get a job in there. (To myself) Are there secret entrances into this place or is this Hollywood Boulevard? (To Fanny) Well, you’ve been a fairy godmother to that fellow, I bet, and you’ve told me a great deal. Sort of makes you godmother to both of us. One more question, though—what are your plans for the future? Do you intend to stay here in pictures?

Fanny: I should say so! I’ll stay here as long as they want me. I’m signed with M. G. M. now, you know. Why, even though I’m working hard, I feel as though I’m on a vacation here. I’m always having a good time.

Me: You’re not going back to the stage then?
Fanny: I haven’t the fever yet.

Me: Well, thanks a lot, Fanny. It’s been swell seeing you! (Getting my hat) I’d like to stay longer, but I know you’re busy.
Fanny: Yes—sort of. (Going towards hall with me) Sorry we had so many interruptions.

Me: Oh, that’s all right.
Fanny: You know, I’m glad you didn’t ask me how I got my start. I hate to reminisce. It’s a sign of age.

Me: (guiltily) Yes—Well—good luck, and see you later, ad.
Fanny: Can you find your way out all right?

Me: Yes. And let me say again I envy you the color in your life.
Fanny: Color? It’s just one busy day after another. You never think of it as color. Goodbye and thanks for calling.

I found my way out. But with extreme caution, I opened the door. I was afraid I might be run over by anotherload of Fanny’s friends who might just be “dropping in.” So I got in my car and drove off, with the “Reminiscences of Fanny Brice,” a real trooper and a swell person, carefully tucked away in my pocket.

CURTAIN

There’s knitted witchery in B.V.D.’s “Daring Deco” maillot. Just a slim length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetting suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, “poured-in” look that modern mermaids adore. Cable halter and belt in rainbow colors. $5.95.

For a more beautiful YOU

...we designed these *B.V.D. beauty-line Swim Suits!

- That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B.V.D. Swim Suits. For B.V.D.’s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B.V.D.’s “Crow’s Nest” skirted suit (right) fits like a dream. It gives you such triumphs of B.V.D. design as the new “Crosstide” stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (all B.V.D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). $5.95.

“Egyptian” (below) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering “Sea Satin by B. V. D.” Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B.V.D.’s exclusive Fantom Skirt — a slim panel attached in front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. $6.95.

The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions of 1938!

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Don't let flat... ugly, unromantic fat... make you look years older than you are! Put it down quickly... get rid of it now with this new, modern method of weight conditioning. It's so easy and you will feel so much better with that extra weight gone.

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So sure are we that you will be delighted with results... that we order to send you your own month's supply. C.O.D. with a guarantee to return your money if you are not satisfied in every way. Think... think... think of no dinitrophenol... no salts. To prove to you that this absolute harmlessness of the THINTAB Method, we will gladly send you a copy of this ethical formula to your doctor upon request.

EXCESS FAT MAY BE DANGEROUS!

Heavy layers of fat often weaken the abdominal muscles, allowing the stomach and intestines to drop, thus frequently causing digestive ills. Insurance companies hesitate to insure a middle-aged person who is much overweight. Don't take chances with your health... get rid of that dangerous fat!

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Reduce those hips, thighs, waist, and under-ever-fat parts of your body this new, safe way NOW! Send coupon today for 41 bottle of 90 THINTABs to—

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

[Table of coupon details]

The Ups and Downs of Hair

Continued from page 77

lock of a child's hair. Brush this hair forward and curl the ends. The way you curl it will give you a variety of arrangements. You may want to curl that hair under, giving a tailored pompadour. This is good for a high forehead. Or you may brush loose curls up, just above the forehead, in the old Lily Langtry manner. The best looks trim; the second, luscious but nice. Ann Sheridan, pictured, has another version. An hour before a date, Ann dampens this front hair with a light wave of friction or warm water, separates it into small strands, makes a pin curl by twisting several times about her fingers, pins down very flat and tight. Meanwhile, she bathes and dresses. When dry, she combs out in loose top curls. Pin curls have always been popular with the younger stars. Time and again, I've seen them busy in dressing-rooms pinning in these little curls, later to have a soft, lovely effect. You can make them anywhere on your head if you have the patience.

The modified upward trend is becoming to the mature face, especially after foreheads. If the back hair is swirled, the ends a soft halo of curls, circling upward toward the front, half covering the ears, the effect is generally smart and youthful. The mature face should never have hair too low or too full at the sides. This line seems to accent age.

Tone, texture, and sheen are still the measuring rods for hair beauty, and they lead us right back to good health. There are too many good hair products today to excuse any of them from anything but lovely hair. Modern shampoos come in many formats, for dry, or oily hair. Many good rinses, or ingredients combined in the shampoos, add a glint of sunshine and sheen without the least altering natural color. Blondes keep blonde in same ways. The straw blonde is going, the platinum gone. Hollywood helped this by putting the natural or ash blonde on the screen. Holly- wood gives plenty of hair helps, good styles and good hair, with the sole aim of making and keeping its stars alluring.

"Do stars have beautiful hair? What about Carole Lombard's?" Many ask these questions. Yes, they do. Stars must, or they wouldn't photograph well. Carole's hair is all you hope, and more—a blonde that is really blonde. Discounting the best in the way of hairdressers, the stars depend upon the simple means available to us. A good shampoo, soap or soapless base, according to needs and personal preference. A corrective tonic when hair misbehaves, becomes too oily, dry or coarse. Advantages set in. A brightening, softening rinse for more sheen and a glint more of color. Hot oil treatments before and after permanents—and most certainly after an outdoor summer. And—emphasis on brushing, for beauty lies that way. If you'd really brush and make it a daily habit, most hair worries would disappear. Really brush, vigorously, sweeping, with a clean brush, gives a beauty that nothing else can touch. The stars know this and every one is a brush. Join the brush brigade. Take sensible care of your hair. Experiment with new hair-dos, but never sacrifice your face to a coiffure merely because it is in and popular. Instead, make the suitable fit for you. Hair still is, as it was in the beginning and ever will be, your very own crowning glory!

Freddie, the Candid Kid

Continued from page 69

Showed him how to start the engine and so on. He was so excited he didn't know what to do. 'Oh, Cissie, do get in and let me show you all the gadgets!' he tried. I got in; they slammed the door, and we were off!

"I scarcely breathed until we came down again. But I don't like flying. Of course, once up, Freddie had to go again. I go with them, if we die, we die together. Nowadays, Freddie is at the controls part of the time, while I sit, stiff with terror behind him. He says: 'Cissie pretends to be afraid but whenever I look back, there she is, enjoying herself!'

By this time, we had opened an envelope full of newly printed Leica snaps fresh from the Bartholomew film, but blown to 4 by 5.

'The best of those are the ones I took on the battleship,' contributed Freddie, edging into the discussion, 'but they aren't as good as they might have been. I should have arranged things so that the sailors were silhouetted against the sunlit water, in the wagging shots. They might have been worth enlarging.'

'Look at this one, when the white boat is against the dark water. That wouldn't be so bad, only it isn't framed right. Same with the little boats bobbing about below the ship. I shouldn't have had the umbrella top in it. Maybe something that suggests a battleship could have been included to show I was shooting down.'

'I like the composition in this shot of the ship on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania—that's the ship we were on—but I don't know that it adds anything to have the man's head down there in the corner. To tell the truth, I didn't happen to see him when I took it. This one of the three cannon isn't too bad.'

'I don't use filters. And I haven't a light meter yet. I may get a meter in time, but I believe you can rely on gadgets too much, and so never really learn your trade. A man with a bad hat has to leave off his stick some time, or he'll never walk. There may be some advantage to filters, but I'm not far enough along yet to know. I'm doing about focus and framing and composition first.'

'Here's a picture of the little plane Reginald Denny gave me, set out in front of our house. It's a poor shot, because there's no contrast and the plane isn't the
center of importance, as it should be.

With a little shout, he picked up another print, his eyes dancing in almost their old fashion, "I'd forgotten this! I tried to take a picture of my own shadow—see? Obviously all wrong, because the genie is quite white, but you can gather what it is. It's a freak shot. I enjoy freak shots!"

He glanced over the shots again and observed that they had had a most interesting time on the battleship. They had visited the admiral—Admiral Claude C. Bloch—and he had let them see everything.

It was most interesting. But no—definitely NO—he wasn’t going into the navy—anybody’s navy. He had "other plans." The "shot book" came back into his face, and he reached for more pictures.

"They say you can’t get cloud effects without a filter," he said, presently. "But there are lots of clouds in these shots of our house. And I hadn’t a filter—I wasn’t even looking for clouds. All I wanted was a picture of our house—and I had to take four different shots to get it all in! The shadows aren’t bad. The difficulty was that the building is so long, you have to take it in sections!"

Freddie isn’t particularly interested in photographing people. He’d rather take pictures of animals, boats, planes or "something happening."

"The trouble is you are never ready when you need to get an action shot," he pointed out. "And animals are so quick, I have two dogs—Conk and Toby—but they won’t stay still. Here’s a shot of Conk just tunneling under the fence, and one of them wading in the mud."

Other camera friends may be thwarted artists, but not Freddie. "I don’t believe Freddie ever drew anything in his life," confided his aunt, when Freddie had been back to the set. "Or at any rate nothing that could be recognized. He often draws up plans for something he intends to make in carpentry, and she told me to me and says: ‘Look, I’m going to make this!’ And I look, and wonder what on earth it can be. But it always seems to turn out all right, although I have to be told what they are. He’s really quite good at carpentry, so he evidently reads his own blueprints."

Three years ago, Freddie would have run after me to tell me another gorgeous joke on Cassie. Today, he bowed slightly, and unsniffily, from the set. Politely. He’s a gentleman, but a reserved one.

**Hidden Glamor**

Continued from page 51

marriage that was later dissolved in the divorce courts.

The picture made, and well-praised, Fan-

chon Royer went about selling it to dis-

tributors. She was interested in impressing one film manager in particular who had 

been to the lobby of the theatre: "I know 

they liked your picture—but an in-

dependent producer doesn’t have to worry 

so much about that, as about getting some-

thing into the film that will make it a box 

office attraction."

From that time on, Fanichon Royer has 

stuck to the "exploitation pictures" as 

they’re called in the trade. As a producer 

she can tell you down to the last dime 

how much a picture cost for story, raw 

film, lighting, camera work, players and 

laboratory work. In her own field, she is 

competing with some of the shrewdest busi-

ness brains the film industry has developed.

That it is not by any means a lick-penny 

business we think we might convey very 

briely by telling you that one of the most

successful producers is a man, still comp-

aratively young, who has amassed a for-

tune estimated at sixteen millions in inde-

pendent production and distribution.

Fanichon Royer doesn’t specialize in those 

DeMille gold bath tub settings or great 

mass spectacles. Nor is she in any way 

concerned with introducing that mythical 

thing called "the woman’s angle." Her films are action 

pictures. The titles of some of her films indicate that. Before "Religious Racketeers" 

there were such thrillers as "A Million to One," "Pilot X," "Ten Laps to Go," "Fighting Lady."

Fanichon Royer: "The only difficulty a woman experiences because she is a woman in this business," she told us, "is that it’s hard to get the heads of organizations you deal with to believe you’re worth bothering with."

"If asked if she thought there were any ad-

vantages automatically falling to a woman producer, she attributed the courtesy she has always had from directors, actors, technicians and laborers on the set to "chivalry." It isn’t dead, she thinks.

Since she started as a business executive by seeing only the actor’s side of it—both as a magazine editor and an actor’s agent—we were inclined to think her complete understanding of the player and his posi-

tion might have something to do with her success in getting along so well with the 

talent. However, it was nice to get to know Fanichon Royer better, and right 

cheering to hear that chivalry is not dead.

They make a good team! Lea Carrillo, that ingratiating fellow, joins forces again with Edith Fellows in "City Streets." Remember them in "Little Miss Roughneck!"
The Gangs of New York
Republic

Charles Bickford in a dual rôle as a vicious gangster and a dashing detective who impersonates the crook to round up his fellow hoodlums. It is a bang-up game of cops and robbers, with a story that moves fast, colorful characters and speedy action. Bickford, Alan Baxter, Ann Dvorak, Wynne Gibson and many others are excellent. Fantastic, but furiously paced crime melodrama with punch and lively action.

Nurse from Brooklyn
Universal

Sally Eilers as the girl of the title brings you around to liking this rather stylized gangster yarn immensely. Her brother has been killed by the gangster who later depends upon her to lure a policeman to his doom. But Sally by that time is in love with the officer—Paul Kelly. The suspense is nicely developed in this situation. These action melodramas wear well. If you like 'em, you'll like this rugged little number.

You and Me
Paramount

George Raft and Sylvia Sidney as ex-convicts who fall in love, marry, and are menaced by their past records. The costars, who make their characters real, might have made this a simple melodrama of force and vitality, but their efforts are nullified by Director Fritz Lang's interpolation of arty camera and sound effects which merely diffuse interest and halt action. A blend of good movie and bad "art."

Good-bye Broadway
Universal

In new trappings we have here the James Gleason stage and screen play, "The Shamons of Broadway." A swell cast of troupers, too, present it: Alice Brady, Charles Winninger, Jed Prouty and other favorites. You can also see Tommy Riga, who does that Betty Lou act in Rudy Vallee's air show. The play about the vaudeville troopers who go into the hotel business is dated but still fair amusement.

Youth and Me
M-G-M

A polished production and ingratiating performances by Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce make this comedy snack most pleasant to take, even if its flavor is familiar and its caloric content light. It's about a very-much-in-love couple parting over differences of opinion—the wife insisting upon continuing her lucrative business career. A promised "blessed event" restores blissful happiness. Very light, but appealing.

The Devil's Party
Universal

More melodrama of Manhattan. A reunion of four men and a girl, all friends since childhood, ends in tragedy when one of them is killed by henchmen of the host, now a gambler. It is an involved piece of plotting but it follows familiar melodramatic lines, and Victor McLaglen, Paul Kelly, William Gargan and other able players are unable to make the characters realistic or the story more than mere routine.
Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum, Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. So, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Harrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasms—"loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to look to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves—and Camels never jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in so many ways, Camels agree with me!"

Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor always tastes just right."

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coldidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Chiswell Dunne Langhorne, Virginia
- Miss Alice Rhetz, Charleston
- Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, New York
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Rufus Fair Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos. People do appreciate the costlier tobaccos in Camels. They are the largest-selling cigarette in America.
ROOSEVELTS MERRY AS MARX BROS.!”—ELEANOR POWELL

HOLLYWOOD DOESN’T WANT YOU! READ WHY
CLARK GABLE

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MYRNA LOY

The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix... Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON • WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO • Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
"PARDON US, SALLY!
WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"

You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

She's doomed to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the other girl that they'll take out. Why should they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would knowingly let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only past perspiration, it can't prevent odor from coming. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor impossible.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even after you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Screenland
Hollywood Fashion
Is Spinach

BY ELIZABETH HAWES

That’s the sensational feature of the next issue of SCREENLAND, on sale September 2nd. Elizabeth Hawes’ name means fashion magic to a million or more American women as well as to an exclusive few since her book, “Fashion is Spinach,” has become an important best-seller. Miss Hawes’ first screen magazine article will of course appear in The Smart Screen Magazine, and it is one of the most daring we’ve ever published. Dynamite done up in a delightful literary package, it will give pause to the highly-paid and pampered star costume designers of Hollywood; it will cause more controversy than any article in months.

You’ll read "Hollywood Fashion is Spinach"—you’ll like it and you’ll discuss it. Make a memo to yourself to go out and get your copy of the October issue of SCREENLAND early on September 2nd.

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As welcome as the show-ers of mirth that make "The Rage of Paris" as refreshing as it is ingrating, is that versatile mimic and colorful personality known as Danielle Darrieux; who can be wistful, saucy, or capricious—as you see in these close-ups adjoining; or delightfully designing and inflexible as in the two scenes with Mischa Auer and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., below. Supported by a clever story, adroit direction and a most able surrounding cast, Darrieux is, nevertheless, the bright particular star of a very pleasing film.

THE long-heralded Hollywood debut of Danielle Darrieux really had to be good. Subject of a long publicity build-up, applauded by reviewers and public for her dramatic portrayal in "Mayerling," the new import from France couldn't just be "adequate." That she endeared herself so completely to the American picture-goers, is a major accomplishment—but not half so remarkable as the display of versatility Darrieux offers in "The Rage of Paris." Here is a girl with flashing beauty and glamor who subordinates her personal attractions to the art of entertainment by the sheer power of acting talent. Fortunate in the quality of the story and direction given her, and to an equal degree in the popularity and ability of her cast-mates, the gifted lady from France fitted herself into the dazzling background in a way that makes her shine brilliantly. We salute a gifted artiste.

To Danielle Darrieux, who makes gaiety more important than glamor, these honors are cheerfully paid for the good cheer she brings in "The Rage of Paris"
GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT!

Irving Berlin

ALEXAN RAGTIM

An American

TYRONE POWER • ALICI
GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times... the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing... glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing... here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago!"

DER'S E BAND

Cavalcade

Eythe • DON AMECE

ETHEL  
MERMAN • HALEY  
JEAN HERSHOLT • HELEN WESTLEY  
JOHN CARRADINE • PAUL HURST  
WALLY VERNON • RUTH TERRY  
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS  
CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King  
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Good humor is at the center of this farce. The characters, played by a talented ensemble, provide a visual feast of comic relief as they navigate through a series of misadventures that are both unexpected and delightful. The Brooklyn setting adds a layer of authenticity to the proceedings, as the audience is taken on a journey through a world of familiar faces and iconic settings.

Astrology, on the other hand, is a serious matter. With the help of a respected astrologer, the characters are able to navigate the complexities of their lives with a newfound sense of insight and purpose. This serious subject matter is juxtaposed against the comedic elements, creating a unique and captivating experience for the audience.

Overall, this is a show that will have you laughing out loud one moment and pondering the mysteries of the universe the next. It's a perfect blend of humor and profundity, and a must-see for anyone looking for a memorable evening of entertainment.
Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor...and the aid they lend to better driving.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?
Inside the Stars' Homes

Sonja Henie entertains you! Visit her home, learn her favorite recipes here

By Betty Boone

The sensational queen of the silver skates is a very different girl at home. At right, she greets you; below, she serves coffee. Sonja fondly enjoys good food and knows how to cook it.

SONJA HENIE is brown-eyed and yellow-haired and her mouth curls up at the corners, even when she isn't smiling. She speaks only when she has something to say, and then her sentences curl up at the ends, too, in an attractive lilt. 

"Fish is our most favorite food," she will say, her voice rising on "food" in a fashion I defy you to imitate. "We had fish pudding for my party last week, but Jean Hersholt and his wife and I ate most of it, because Americans don't care for fish. Isn't that strange?"

"Richard Greene liked it," put in Sonja's mother, softly. "He is English, but he liked the fish pudding. He isn't afraid to try new things—not like some other Englishmen, who wish always to stick to what they know."

We were out at Sonja's, in Bel Air, a Tudor house set in wide and beautiful grounds.

"It's rented only," explained Mrs. Henie, "and even the furniture is not ours, really, but when Sonja stepped inside, she first frowned a little—that was because the entrance hall seems dark—and then as she came into the white hall, she smiled and said: 'We're home!'"

The white hall, from which the staircase rises, has grass paper on the walls, and one whole wall is glass, against which a line of potted plants and bowls of flowers are silhouetted in the sunlight.

"Magnolia blossoms," Mrs. Henie touched one, gently. "There is a tree in the garden and Sonja loves to keep them in crystal vases here. She likes them to turn brown,
HAIR THAT THRILLS! Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene's Frothy Cream. Because this is the world's first genuine fluffing agent, it is now possible to have beautifully fluffed hair that you can wash and shampoo as you wish. Drene doubles in Volume

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

Drene Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair


Screenland 11
"What cleanliness! What luster! with the NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"

Luster-foam’s daintiness, gentle “bubble bath” surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women’s Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a toothpaste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, energized tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C_{14}H_{27}O_{6}S No).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant “bubble bath” (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an awesome, but none the less real miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 “blind spots” between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25c and 40c sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN’S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Woman’s Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against two, the verdict was a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men’s consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women’s results slightly. The comments below are typical:

COULD SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN MY TEETH AFTER ONE WEEK USE OF THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

NEVER SAW SUCH CLEANSING AND LUSTER AS THRILLING LUSTER-FOAM GIVES
DEAR SHIRLEY:

Boo, yourself!

Well, you scared me, so at a safe distance I say Boo to you, too. Meeting you for the first time turns out to be one of the Big Events of a lifetime, and it will take me a little longer to recover; but meanwhile I want to write you this letter which you'll have time to read when you're back home after the grand tour.

Like so many of your fans, who never miss a Temple feature, I thought I knew you. Having watched you grow up to the ripe old age of nine, picture by picture, we were old friends. Oh, yes—I knew you as well as I'd know the neighbors' children—how you talk, what you wear, how you look. So when I finally came up to meet you in person in New York, on your vacation trip, I was merely bouncing in to see that nice, sweet little girl I'd known so well practically all her life. I barged in to the big drawing-room at the Waldorf Towers and there, way over by the window, seated in the exact center of a squasy sofa, was an exquisite little person demurely working needlepoint. She looked up—and it was you. "How do you do?" you said, rising politely and extending a gracious little hand. "Won't you sit down?"

I just managed to make the chair and sat there, just looking. Rose-petal skin, fine-spun silky hair of a reddish gold where the sun struck the curls, inscrutable long-lashed eyes, dainty hands—and the poise of a Manchu princess. Where was that gay, chubby little girl I knew so well? If it hadn't been for those dolls I'd have got up and run out. But the dolls were there—and they were good dolls, regular, everyday dolls, not big brazen bisque beauties. Of course you caught me looking at them, so you explained: "This one is Marsha, after Marshall Field in Chicago, where I got her. The other one may not be pretty, but she is a very good travelling doll—you see, she hasn't any hair, so it makes her very convenient to take care of."

I saw. And I saw the two charm bracelets dangling from the graceful wrist—and you noticed that, too, and came over to explain them. "This one is all from Hawaii—the other, my mother and father gave me—"

and gravely and graciously you pointed out charm by charm. The trip across the country? "I had fun everywhere. But in the dust bowl I felt sorry for the hitch-hikers, who were hotter than I was. Washington was fun, too—"

Then we discussed the theatre, if you remember. "I—am—an—angel," you said in uncanny mimicry of Zorina's melting voice and accent in that current stage hit, "I Married An Angel." I was back interviewing Joan Crawford or some other screen queen and was about to ask you what shops you preferred when the telephone rang. Your mother answered, came in and said: "Shirley, it's Uncle Bill Robinson calling from California."

Suddenly there was a child in the room. An eager little girl, genuinely only nine, in place of the gracious celebrity. A transformed tot scrambled from the elegant sofa, ran, not walked to the phone, and in truly childish treble called across 3,000 miles: "Hello, Uncle Bill! This is Shirley—I'm fine, how are you, Uncle Bill?" And your very wise and wonderful mother looked at me and smiled. She understands everything.

"Is she the way you thought she'd be?" Gertrude Temple asked.

"Yes," I said with relief at last, "she is."

Delight Evans
Private lives in pictures!
You can learn all you want to know about your favorite screen stars by catching up with them as they play. There'll be no secrets left untold if you study these spot shots by our camera prowler.

Personal history in the making! There's romance, there's irony in the shot above, showing that great lover of yesteryear, John Barrymore, with his young wife Elaine Barrie, being greeted at the theatre by today's idol, Tyrone Power. For added interest, the sleek bowed head at lower left belongs to Janet Gaynor—still, despite rumors, Ty's pet star. At right: better take a good, long look at this one! Joan Crawford—knitting at the luncheon table at Café LaMaze— with Franchot Tone, George Murphy (at right) and others. If all reports are true you won't be seeing many more candid shots of Joan and Tone—together.
A good place to catch cinema celebs off-guard is at the races, where they are themselves in spite of themselves! Two genuine people, still happily married, are the Al Jolsons, shown watching the horses run, at right. Ruby Keeler Jolson resumes her screen career in "Mother Carey's Chickens" but she still considers her job as Mrs. Jolson most important. Al is no longer acting on the screen, but he can't help registering excitement for the camera here! Scene, new Inglewood race track, where Al is on the board of directors.

Putting rumors to rest! Bill Powell, reported a sick man, is quite all right as this picture and his best friends will tell you. He's the guest of Warner Baxter in his box at the races, left. Thinner than he used to be, Bill is nevertheless not ailing, and when you see him on the screen again he'll prove it to you! Now for the couple in center above: Mary Astor and her handsome young husband, Manuel del Campo, have confounded Hollywood cynics by making their romantic marriage a real success. Mary is one of the happiest women in the film colony, having licked the jinx of bad publicity—now if some producer will only give her a role as good as the one she had in "Dodsworth."
These pictures tell more about the private lives of picture pets than any stories you can read anywhere! Look them over carefully for the gossipy information they give you.

See Sonja Henie, left above, with Cesar Romero. Their smiles tell you as plainly as a gossip item that they’re stepping out together for fun and not for romantic reasons. Cesar is so much in demand among Hollywood’s famous ladies because he is first of all a gay and good companion, a fine dancer, and a bit at a wit, too. Before Sonja left for her annual vacation in Europe she dined with Romero at the Tropics but she didn’t leave her heart behind her this time; she took it right along, and it’s still in her own possession. At left, a picture that says “Happily married but not bored”—as a congenial quartet composed of Bob and Betty Young, Irene and Allan Jones step out together.

What’s Gary Cooper thinking about as his wife, at right, and her best girl-friend, Dolores Del Rio Gibbons, left, talk about something? Our guess is that the girls are talking clothes and that Gary is thinking there’s no escape from snoopy photographers in Hollywood. It’s a Thursday night—cook’s night out—and that’s why the Coopers and Dolores are dining at Cafe LaMaze. Mrs. Gary, in case you don’t know, is Dolores’ niece-by-marriage, being related to Cedric Gibbons, the lovely Latin’s art-director husband.
The best picture of the month, in our opinion, is that of Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney at right. Reason: they're happy; they don't care who knows it; and they have a right to be happy—because Walt has been honored by no less than three leading universities for his priceless contributions to the art of the cinema with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Disney celebrated his own triumphs by awarding a bonus to all his employees who help him make his world-famous pictures.

Really, we'll be boring you—but so-called glamorous Hollywood is getting to be fairly domesticated, and on this page, anyway, not all for the cameraman's benefit. Adolphe Menjou is so proud of his statuesque wife, Veree Teasdale, that he doesn't complain even when she eats off his plate, which we've known lesser men to object to violently. Cute little Betty Young, right, in stunning silver fox to rival any screen beauty's, stops short as Bob says "Wait a minute—he wants our picture!" The Youngs were snapped as they left the theatre at Helen Hayes' opening night in Los Angeles.
The special story told by the picture at the right is one we're glad to pass along to you—how some actors are never too busy to take part in a show for sweet charity's sake. Dick Powell, between welcoming a little stranger into his home and going on location for a new film, found time to join Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, and Man Mountain Dean in a benefit baseball game. Here are Gene and Dick pulling wrestler Dean to first base.

Doing a little doughnut-dunking are those blissful honeymooners, Frances Langford and Jon Hall, at right. Yes, we know Frances and "Hurricane" have been married several months now, but what with Frances' Eastern personal appearance jaunt, on which Jon went along, and radio work, they're still in the honeymoon stage. Above, Hollywood's next-to-youngest set cameras-snatched in a coffee-and-crullers moment at Sardi's: left to right, Mrs. Tom Brown, Anne Shirley, Phyllis Fraser (Ginger Rogers' cousin), Paula Stone.
More fun at the ball game, left. Yes, that’s handsome John Boles getting set for the pitch, with Man Mountain Dean up at bat—but what Dean doesn’t know is that Hugh Herbert is holding the bat. Trust Mr. Woo-woo to do his part to ball it all up. Now glance to left center and see another young bride, Cecilia Parker, and her husband, Dick Baldwin—close-ups of two nice young people proving that an ingénue and a juvenile can marry, be happy, and still go their separate ways on the screen. Below, the dress that dazzled a theatre audience in Los Angeles, and the quaint coiffure that topped it. The girl? Crawford, of course. Franchot turns in the tickets as Joan poses for the candid cameraman.
What happened when Hollywood's Queen of Taps went dancing attendance on America's First Family!

By
Charles Darnton

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, First Lady of the Land, with Miss Eleanor Powell, screen's leading tap-dancer, as they met in Washington.

"Roosevelts Merry as"

HERE on that vast stage, stripped as herself, quivered a slender stem of girl in practice togs, blue blouse and black trunks, while at one side an open-shirted Cuban band squatted expectantly to strike up its heady rhythms. Then, in momentary hush, the poised figure curved downward, a hand patted bare thigh, a voice coaxed: "Don't fail me now, baby. Be good, and I'll take you home tonight and give you some hay."

At that, throbbing music suddenly going mad, Eleanor Powell went into her dance. She swayed, snapped back her hair-tossed head, crept forward like a stealthy panther, leapt high into the air, brought up abruptly with staggered feet, slithered along in front of each provocative musician to drum out with her toes an imitation of tom-tom or other primitive instrument, flung herself free, whirled dizzyly in delirium, swooned into ecstasy.

Baby, indeed both babies, had been very good and earned their promised alfalfa. It was all as beautiful as her legs, this new dance la conga for her new picture, "Honolulu."

Lucky star, as her story was to prove when she tripped over breathlessly to tell it. It was the story of the one and only vacation in her whole workaday life, a long, happy journey stretching down through sunny waters from Hollywood to the home of that dance, Havana, then up to festive Washington and into the heart of the President and his welcoming family.

But its narrator was not that strange, half-wild creature of the dance. She was, in her naif enthusiasm, like the simple girl from next door come to tell of the wonderful time she'd had. No wonder she was full of it, for only this Queen of Taps could have gone dancing attendance on the President.

Out of a treasure-box came trophies of the White House luncheon and the President's Birthday Ball, at both of which their grateful possessor had been the guest of honor no less. With invitations, place-mark, photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt and herself, letters, notes, was even a cloak-room check, just a number.
“And there’s something else I’m really proud of,” said Eleanor, with a quizzical smile. “I don’t know just how to tell you about it, and maybe I shouldn’t try. You see, the head man in charge of — mmmmm — hall arrangements came to me and said that there were two women attendants who wanted awfully to have my autograph, only they didn’t know how they could possibly get it. I did. So I went right into the women’s rest room to give it to those dear old souls. But they had no book or card, and I had nothing I could write on. For a moment we were stumped. Then I thought of something, and they got it for me. After I’d written on it, I asked them for their autographs, and they carefully wrote them down in pencil on this — or — ” She drew out a scribbled torn strip. What? Well, it wasn’t note-paper!

“This dance I’m doing is also a souvenir,” hurried on Eleanor to cover her confusion. “I picked it up in Havana, then got this Cuban orchestra to come here and play it for me. The real conga, as they do it there, is a barbaric sex dance which couldn’t be done on the screen in its native frankness, so I’m putting taps to it. I went to three night clubs in Havana, and really let my hair down at the Casino, where I did seven or eight rhythmas, the real thing. With me were five young married couples from the boat. That was the first taste of outside life I’d known, except for the four times I’d gone out during my three years in Hollywood, and anyway those didn’t count. This was my first contact with the outside public, real human beings, since going into pictures. It was my first vacation, too—I’ve worked from the time I was
dancing—and it was the first time I’d ever been on a boat. I envied those married couples I got to know there, they were so happy every evening when I called them together on the back deck by rolling a drum. I’m essentially a small-town girl, and they were leading a life which was ideal to me.”

Here spoke the real, the simple Eleanor Powell, surprisingly different from the glamorous dancing star of the screen. Just a kid at heart, delighting in kid things. She took on the new guise of a Cinderella, a Cinderella who for once had known the joys of a carefree holiday, above all a Cinderella who had gone to the President’s Ball in all her dazzling glory.

“What made it all so wonderful,” she gloved, “was that everyone did everything to give me a grand time. It was just one big thrill. I got my first one when five hundred children waited for the boat at Columbia and cried, ‘We want Eleanor!’ I posed from nine till four while they took my picture, and in between shots I kept doing dance steps. A curious thing happened at Guatemala, where a big black diver in a small boat stared up at me with bulging eyes as if he were seeing a ghost and just said, ‘You!’ Then he shuffled his feet to show he knew who I was, and when I threw down a photograph he carefully wrapped it in a piece of newspaper. But at Havana, where five thousand people stood on the dock, no one knew me at first. That was because of my light brown hair and blue eyes, which photographed black on the screen. It was not until I smiled that they recognized me. Then they did something that touched me as nothing else had ever done—bent down and kissed the hem of my skirt. I tried not to let on and pretend I was used to that sort of thing, but I almost swallowed my tongue.”

Even now Eleanor was doing a bit of gulping that had nothing to do with her noonday sandwich. “But what those people didn’t want was for me,” she insisted. “It was simply that, to them, I represented what they stood for—dancing. They live on it. I (Please turn to page 86)
SOPHISTICATED is out!

“SOPHISTICATED is out!”

“The glamour girl is doomed!”

These distressing decrees issuing from Hollywood’s inner sanctums a few months ago sounded the death knell for the bevy of beauties whose presence transformed the film colony into something resembling a Ziegfeld finale. In hundreds of streamlined bosoms, the sad tidings killed the hopes and aspirations of those who brought their treasured gifts to the world’s beauty mart.

Into this cauldron of bubbling aversion to sophistication walked Hedy Lamarr. Sauntering at her usual leisurely gait, she calmly surveyed the situation and immediately flung her own flashing challenge to the formidable edict. From beneath her starry lashes, she issued a dare to those who wanted to put glamour back in mothballs.

But when Hollywood caught one glimpse of the famous European beauty whose wake was strewn with breath-taking adventures, it suddenly forgot its strenuous objections to glamour and hastened to lay its own gifts at her feet. Everyone clamored to see the girl who stirred the political and social circles of Europe into a breathless crisis. Everyone wanted to know the feminine paradox who so casually tossed twenty million dollars to the

Hollywood’s One Real Glamor Girl

Here is a girl whose glamour is real, not synthetic. Hedy Lamarr was born with it, has lived a glamorous life. Read her amazing story

By Gene Schrott
wind that she might fulfill a passionate childhood dream.

Ever since the time she witnessed her first motion picture, Hedy Lamarr was determined to become an actress. Even against the vehement objections of her staid and conventional family and the traditions of a society that looked down upon any career for a woman, she rose finally to achieve what she had set her heart upon some fifteen years ago.

Stories of Hedy Lamarr long preceded her own arrival in this country. Tragedy, mystery and romance are so fantastically interwoven in her young life, it is almost impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. The beauty of the Trojan Helen may have started a ten-year war among the ancient Greeks, but this mere slip of a girl has caused enough disturbance in her twenty-two years to dwarf any phase of ancient history, say contemporary observers of history in the making. They say that because of her, Hitler and Mussolini almost came to verbal blows; that Fritz Mandel, mysterious, fabulously rich, powerful manufacturer of Austria, threatened rulers who are known to take up arms at a far lesser challenge. Even here in America, the courts carried on legal jousts for many months and the press of the nation re-echoed with story upon story involving the young girl whose sensational screen portrayal almost created an international crisis.

Hers is not the customary "from rags to riches" story. The daughter of a Viennese banker, Hedy Lamarr was born with a silver spoon in her mouth and cut her teeth on golden coins. Ever since her toddling days, she has been accustomed to wealth and splendor and despite her constant indifference to money, it clings to her persistently.

With riches trailing her wherever she goes, the tragic spell cast by some evil spirit at her birth seems to stalk her footsteps. Even in Hollywood, the far-reaching effects of the magic jinx have caught up with her. Just as she was completing a scene from "Algiers," she was summoned to the long distance telephone. From Vienna was relayed a message from the caretaker of her Austrian residence. Her home had been robbed of all the rare silver and precious gold plate together with thousands of dollars worth of art treasures. Whatever the mob of vandals were unable to carry off, they mutilated or destroyed.

As Hedy Kiesler, the American movie public is vaguely familiar with Hollywood's newest glamour girl. As the sensational star of the motion picture that rocked two continents, she is more widely remembered. But when

"Algiers" is released, the American public will view the exotic Hedy Lamarr in her first American-made motion picture and her first appearance on the screen since the much discussed "Ecstasy."

Her own life is as exciting and glamorous as any motion picture in which she will ever play. Her career is charmingly and profusely illustrated by her lovely self in every conceivable role a woman can wish to experience.

At the age of seventeen, Hedy captured the heart of a dashing young Austrian officer, who possessed a very strict regard for feminine deportment and whose high-born position frowned at any public display of woman. He looked down upon the theater as a career for a self-respecting woman and scorned it ever more as a background for the woman he loved. Unfortunately for his hopes, Hedy at this time was introduced to Max Reinhardt who was completely carried away by the properly reared and well educated young girl. The celebrated German producer marvelled at her fresh, striking beauty and dynamic feminine appeal. He saw in her limitless possibilities as a great actress and strongly urged her to adopt the stage as a profession. More, he insisted she become his own protege, an honor which in itself would have been sufficient inducement for any woman in Europe.

Little did the seventeen-year-old beauty dream that her hasty decision would bring with it tragedy and riches and the world sensation that followed. Little did she dream that she would soon be designated as the "loveliest girl in Europe" by the world's ranking authority on charm and feminine beauty.

But the young officer who loved her insisted she abandon her budding career for the greater blessings of his love. Being young and (Please turn to page 82)
Signing Their Own Confessions

Showing their true colors in black and white! Read what your pet stars say about themselves when they write their autographs

By Donald Humphries

Whether for good or ill, there is no getting away from ourselves. Our nature is revealed in everything we do and the discerning can sometimes read in the very tones of our voice, in the clothes we wear, in our general manner, the kind of person behind. But more exact in disclosing character than all these is our handwriting. Secrets of the heart and mind lie in how we cross “t’s” or dot “i’s,” spiritual triumphs or defeats are there in the general slant of a line, the mark of the sweet or hasty temper are plain for all to see in the downward loop of a “y” or a “g.”

With no more than a line or two of handwriting, any one skilled in analysis can reconstruct the living personality, with all its good and evil, its small strengths and weaknesses, that produced that particular form of writing.

Perhaps the screen stars don’t realize, and quite possibly they don’t care, but every time they sign an autograph book they give themselves away! The man with eyes to see can read in that hasty scrawl hidden qualities of temperament of which the press agent himself may

You know that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at left, is now one of Hollywood’s most popular leading men—but did you know he gets the “blues” badly at times? His own writing says so. Right, Leslie Howard—we think of him as the sensitive “artistic” sort; but he’s also a bit on the “scientific” side, according to expert analysis of our author.
Louise," right, out as one of the stars who can be accused of consistancy, says the report. An analysis of the signature tells you that as "pretty girl"—you'll find that out in this article.

Claudette Colbert, left, and the autograph that tells you lots of things you'll be more interested to know about the vivacious, witty and appealing glamor girl. At right, Janet Gaynor. You've known Janet a long while, but you've still to learn things about her—they're told in this story.

Study in contrasts! Jeanette MacDonald, right, hides behind that sparkling smile on almost relentless tenacity of purpose. The long cross of the "t" in her autograph, also, shows great energy. Above, Barbara Stanwyck and the signature that tells you that Babs is ruled by her heart, and—but read the article!

Claudette Colbert, left, and the autograph that tells you lots of things you'll be more interested to know about the vivacious, witty and appealing glamor girl. At right, Janet Gaynor. You've known Janet a long while, but you've still to learn things about her—they're told in this story.

be unaware. The success of the star in question may have come from a long suppression of certain traits or the deliberate cultivation of others. It is all in her hand. Her personality may have taken on a new and less candid guise, developing, with time, the appropriate mannerisms. Her hand changes too slowly to deceive. There are others, however, many others, whose natures have only grown stronger with the years, carrying them on to a well-earned success for making the most of themselves.

In studying the handwriting of the stars, I have been surprised in many cases by what has been revealed. In others, my former opinions have only been substantiated. In all cases, however, I have found the existence of certain traits their fans might never have suspected, contradictory traits that emphasize their being no more than men and women and as liable as you and I to conflicts of temperament and a constant need for readjustment.

Anita Louise stands out as being one of the few stars I know who can be accused of consistancy. The general effect of her plain little hand, with its firm lines, (Please turn to page 88)
Are the Stars

Not since that ill-fated week in March, 1933, when the banks were closed as tight as a clam, have the movie theatres of this country been quite so devoid of paying customers. In some of the big fancy emporiums it is said the sports of the town are shooting wild deer. Other theatres, rather than face a cold house day after day, have followed the example of the famous Rivoli in New York City and completely given up the ghost. If they can't shut people in, at least they can shut them out. No one seems to want china, trailers, or a place to neck any more. This doesn't sound like the American public. What's wrong with them? Or better still, what's wrong with the movies?

Mr. Sam Goldwyn, he who likes Quality better than Quantity, has his theory. "It used to be," said Mr. Goldwyn, "that one picture of a double feature would be bad. Now you got to expect both of them will be terrible. The American picture industry better do something, and do it soon."

Mr. Darryl Zanuck, head man of the Twentieth Century-Fox studios, and he whom such charming people as Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie and Alice Faye call "boss," thinks it's something else entirely. "Box-office slump is not due to poor pictures," said Mr. Zanuck, "nor is there any basis for Sam Goldwyn's conclusion that the public is on a picture strike. The record shows that the general public just hasn't as much money for film entertainment as it had a year ago."

All the other producers in town had something to say, too—if there's any publicity with names and photographs going around they want to be in on it—except RKO which was deep in 77B and getting rid of Katharine Hepburn.

But Hollywood simply laughed it off, Ha ha, as Hollywood has a way of doing. And after all, my dear, you can't expect movie stars to get upset over wild deer dying where once Camille gasped her last breath when they are miles away and surrounded by gay flattering people who assure them but constantly that they are the most glamorous; the most breathlessly devastating things that ever
walked in beauty and the affection of fellow mortals. And then came the bolt from the blue. The Independent Theatre Owners, it seems, had something to say. They had theatres to fill, they had kept close tab on the box office records, and they knew exactly what was keeping people out of the theatres. It wasn’t double features, and it wasn’t lack of money. It was the stars. And just so everybody in Hollywood would be sure to see what they had to say they said it on the back page of a popular local trade paper, all boxed in red—which means “Danger” in any language. Hollywood couldn’t have been more surprised if the Pacific had suddenly yawned and swallowed it. And just in case you missed the exhibitors’ blast I think you ought to know a few of the drastic things it said. Maybe you agree with it. Maybe you resent it. Anyway, Hollywood’s in a dreadful fret about it, so at least you ought to be informed.

The ad boldly started, “Wake Up! Hollywood Producers!” and went on to say, “Practically all of the major studios are burdened with stars—whose public appeal is negligible—receiving tremendous salaries necessitated by contractual obligations. Having these stars under contract, and paying them sizeable sums weekly, the studios find themselves in the unhappy position of having to put these box office deterrents in expensive pictures in the hope that some return on the investment might be had.” Imagine being called a “deterrent”—why, I’d rather be called a rodent!

Then the ad goes on to say, and very boldly too, “Among these players, whose dramatic ability is unquestioned but whose box office draw is nil, can be numbered Mae West, Edward Arnold, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and many, many others. Garbo, for instance, is a tremendous draw in Europe, which does not help the theatre owners in the United States. Hepburn turned in excellent performances in ‘Stage Door’ and ‘Bringing Up Baby’ but both pictures died.

“The combined salaries of these stars take millions out of the industry and millions out of the box office. We are not against the star system, mind you, but we don’t think it should dominate the production of pictures. We want the Myrna Loyas and Carys (Please turn to page 78)
A surprise for Hollywood and all who think they know Ginger Rogers!
The real heart-interest story behind the glitter of a glamor girl

By Margaret Mary Joslyn

There is a nine-year-old kid named Lee who lives in an apartment hotel in Chicago. He has lived there for a long time—long before his Daddy died—and all the residents know who he is. But every now and then some strange kid moves in, they sniff each other out in the lobby—and when Lee tells him who he is the kid says, “Oh, yeah?” So then Lee must streak upstairs—he’s too impatient to wait for the elevator—to get the dog-eared scrapbook that he keeps in his playnook behind the davenport, and
been for Ginger, Lee might not be crowning around the house today.

One night, two years ago, Lee did something very unusual. He went to bed early, without protest. A funny noise came from his bedroom. Billie looked at her husband and laughed. "Listen to him snore! He'll saw off a cord by midnight."

By midnight she learned that he wasn't snoring—the funny noise was a rattle in his chest. By morning he had a high fever, the doctor pronounced it pneumonia, and he was rushed to an oxygen tent in the hospital. When his parents brought him home he had a relapse. His fever mounted. He could not talk, he could not eat. Billie sat beside his bedside, anguish and helpless, watching his strength ebb, listening to the fight for breath. The doctor said if Lee lasted until morning it would be a miracle. And then the phone rang. It was a long distance call from Ginger in Hollywood.

"How is he?" asked Ginger.

"Oh, Ginger," choked Billie, and could say no more for fear the sobs would break.

"There was a faint whimper from the bed. "What is it, darling?" asked Billie. Lee held out his hand for the phone."

"Hello, darling," said Ginger.

A tiny smile curled Lee's lips.

"You're not sick, dear," said Ginger. "How could you be? God made all little boys perfect, in His image. You're no different than any of the rest of them. You're going to get well. You're going to eat something pretty soon, aren't you, darling? And then you are going to go to sleep, and tomorrow morning you'll feel fine, won't you, Lee?"

The boy nodded into the mouthpiece.

His mother took the phone. "Now listen, Billie," came Ginger's husky voice. "Lee is going to get well. Believe that he's going to get well. I do. So does mother. He's going to ask for food in half an hour. Have faith that he will."

They talked a while longer, and then Ginger said goodbye, promising to ring every hour.

Billie took up her vigil beside the bed. Her futile anguish was calmed, and with all her heart she tried to believe that her boy would recover. A faint sound came from Lee's bed.

"What is it, dear?" Billie bent over him.

"I'm hungry, Mom," he whispered. "I—want—an—egg—sandwich."

Billie's knees almost crumpled beneath her. She went into the kitchen and soft-boiled an egg. Her hands were shaking so that she could scarcely spread the egg on a piece of bread. She poured out a glass of milk. She carried the food to Lee. He ate every bit of the bread and egg, drained his glass of milk, and fell into a natural sleep. His fever broke, and the next day he was well on the road to recovery!

This is only one of several reasons why Billie adores Ginger, the woman, as well as Ginger, the celebrity. When Billie's husband was in the hospital, Ginger and her mother, who is Billie's older sister, provided the finest doctors for him. They paid his hospital expenses during a long-drawn-out illness. They called Billie almost every day to hearten her. And when Billie's husband died, and they insisted on paying the funeral expenses, and Billie protested, they said, "How can we refill our buckets if we don't empty them?"

Ginger's philosophy, ever since she was a little girl, has been one of generosity, says Billie. She inherits that from her grandfather Owens, too.

One day, reminisced Billie, many years before Ginger was born, a tramp came to the kitchen of their home in Kansas City, Missouri. Lela was in the kitchen with the hired girl. The rest of the family were in the front room. Lela rushed into the parlor, her eyes wide with indig-

(Continued on page 92)
Attention, ambitious girls and boys! In the interests of truth, SCREENLAND asks you to read this story. It may disillusion you bitterly, but eventually you will thank us for it, for it will save you not only money, but heartbreak!

I'll admit you've got what it takes. You're as handsome as Robert Taylor. And you can act. Yes, I'll agree that in that last Little Theatre play you turned in an acting job equal to any of Paul Muni's. Maybe you're a girl. If you are, I'll go for the idea that you've got a figure as lovely as Zorina's. More than that, yours is the kind of a face that has launched an odd ten thousand compliments. I'll agree with your friends that in the last town musical show you were absolutely "tops." Alice Faye couldn't have done those torch numbers with any more appeal. And even Eleanor Powell would have had to do some stepping to out-tap you in those tricky routines. The sketches gave you plenty of opportunity to display your acting ability, and you lived up to your opportunity.

You've both heard the line, "Why—you ought to be in Hollywood!" It is usually accompanied by a slight gasp to indicate admiration and an arch, mischievous look which signifies that it is the finest possible compliment. It is always followed by an exclamation point. As a compliment its significance cannot be denied. But it's a dangerous line. It is responsible for a lot of heart-break and disillusion.

Hollywood Doesn't Want

By James Bowles Fisher

Left, one of the few, very few, lucky "discoveries" of the day in Hollywood: Ellen Drew, picked by director Wesley Ruggles. Below, a sequence showing what happens to a girl who gets a chance in pictures: Cheryl Walker, 19-year-old "Queen" of Pasadena Junior College tournament, is seen by film scout in Rose Parade, auditioned by Paramount, made up by expert, glorified by hairdresser, gowned by wardrobe department, and finally is ready to face the camera. Her career begins. Her future? Who knows?
Perhaps you two have heard this type of praise just once too often. A meaningless but insidious cliché has kindled your imaginations. You’re thinking things that neither one of you would dare say for fear of being thought conceited. You’re thinking, “Why not? Why shouldn’t I be in Hollywood? What have any of those big names got that I haven’t got? What can they do that I can’t do?” And so on. Anyway, you don’t want to stick in the home town and rot. Get out and do something big—that’s the thing!

Well, why not take a chance? You’ve both saved a few hundred bucks. That’s enough for bus fare (it’s cheaper to travel that way) and if you’re careful you’ll each have enough to keep you going for several months. With all that personality and ability you’ll certainly land something in that time. Just one break—that’s all either of you will ever need. Just one break!

And suppose you don’t get something right away. You can’t starve in Hollywood. You can always do extra work. Why, Clark Gable was an extra once; so was Gary Cooper; so was Norma Shearer. And now look!

While you two are busy convincing yourselves that Hollywood is your manifest destiny, I’ll get on with my story. There are, unfortunately, some facts which you...
ought to face before you withdraw your little hoards from the bank and go to the bus depot for your tickets. First, let's dispose of the idea that you may walk into a casting office and walk out with a part. You won't! If someone is needed for a part, that someone will be picked from the ranks of the known free-lance actors. Or the studio will make use of one of its more promising stock contract players. You—an unknown with no professional stage experience—haven't a chance at that rôle. Well, maybe you have a chance. After all, the law of probability must be considered. You have about the same chance of getting the part that you have of winning the next Irish Sweepstakes!

But you might get a stock contract. Yes, you might! But there too the odds are about a thousand to one against you, especially if you come to Hollywood in search of one. You'll be better off if you stay at home and stick to your Little Theatre work. Some day a talent scout may happen along and like you well enough to send you to New York or to Hollywood for a screen test. Of course, that may never happen. But it's still a better bet than to come to this City of Glamor in the hope of being put into stock by one of the studios.

You'll immediately think of some fine exceptions to prove me wrong. For instance, there's Ellen Drew at Paramount. She was a waitress in a drive-in eatery when some executive saw her and got her a test. She made good on her break and was taken on as a stock player. Since then she has gone ahead steadily. Now she is playing the lead opposite Bing Crosby in "The Unholy Beebes." Then there's Dorothy Howes. She was a switchboard operator in Dallas. Someone "discovered" her and now she is under contract to one of the studios. There are others. But not many. If you think you're the next exception and ride jauntily into Hollywood on that assumption, you're defying all the laws of chance and probability.

But you can always be an extra! Can you? Let's see. Central Casting is the place to find out about that. It is through Central that the majority of extras get their calls. It is situated in the middle of Hollywood. If you were here you might be living in one of the many hundreds of seedy one-room apartments in that section of town. And just to give you an idea of the travelling costs—with or without a car—your apartment would be approximately twelve miles from Metro; three miles from Paramount and RKO; about a mile from Columbia; six miles from both Universal and Warners; eight miles from Republic; four from United Artists. And so on. The wear and tear of getting from here to there and back again is something, and the expense of it cannot be ignored.

In the entrance hall of the grey weather-beaten building which harbors this clearing house of hopes and illusions, there is a Sign. It is too prominently placed to be missed. It is funereal both in import and appearance. Silver letters underscored in part with shivering red leap from a black background. It reads:

TO EXTRA PLAYERS—

Hereafter all interviews in person or over telephone with employees of Central Casting Corp., will be discontinued—and the reception room closed until further notice.

Central Casting Corp.

Suppose you have been here two months. Your money hasn't lasted as long as you thought it would. You hadn't figured on distances and the cost of just getting your heads over to Metro, for instance, so that you could bat them against the walls of the casting office. You haven't been able to get in to see anyone. You're practically broke. Now this grim sign—you can't even get inside Central.

"But that sign won't be there forever," you say, "that's just because business has been bad." In other words you don't believe in signs.

(please turn to page 90)
Hang on to your hats, folks—a secretary is about to reveal all! Above, the author with her boss, star comedienne, whom you see in a candid close-up of right—is she too temperamental or too timid for her own good? Upper right, Martha, seemingly hurt by her critics’ many shafts, is consoled by her pet terrier.

"Martha Won’t Talk—So I Will!"

To BEGIN with, I want it clearly understood that I take no responsibility whatsoever for the manner in which this story is likely to turn out. I’m a secretary, not a writer. Up until this momentous occasion my writing proclivities have been confined to the more garden varieties, such as answering fan-mail, jotting down appointments and signing for parcels marked “collect.” So, and I’m giving due warning, anything is likely to happen before this article is finished.

Secretary to a star! Don’t let the title fool you, though. There’s more to it than strikes the untrained eye. Someone started calling their combination shock-absorber, “wailing-wall,” and odd-s-and-ends-taker-carer-of-their-personal-secretary and as yet no one has bothered to think up a more descriptive title. For consider when you spend from ten to fifteen hours a day with your boss, while you may not be actually working all that time, you forthwith become something a little bit more than a mere secretary. "Grief-artist" would about cover the situation, I think, and would add a note of distinction to the position. For when you sign on for such a job you automatically take up the rôle of, (1) comforting pal in times of distress, (2) rejoicing celebrant in each new triumph, and, (3) general all-around utility gal for such minor chores as, (a) seeing that your boss gets to the studio on time, (b) making sure that she gets at least a fair amount of sleep and, (c) seeing to it that she sticks to that weekly budget you helped her figure out when she signed her new contract—and, all in all, being father, mother, older brother, and sort of advisory council, without quite realizing it.

So, as personal secretary to Martha Raye and her pal to boot, I feel more or less responsible for her and this seems to be a fine opportunity to get a few things off my chest—things that have been rumored and even printed about her which are so ridiculously untrue as to be downright farcical—things with which every star has to contend and for which there is no adequate defense. So hang on to your hats, folks—a secretary is about to reveal all!

The article which prompted this sudden burst into literature and which still rankles in my bosom is one which appeared in a nationally (Continued on page 80)
Benign Beef-eater

Hitchcock is a favorite with all actresses and actors he directs. Above, with Sally Stewart, Margaret Lockwood, and Googie Withers. Right, Nova Fibe, "Hitch," Derrick de Mornay and Percy Marmont.

Meet Alfred Hitchcock, English director, who likes his beef steaks medium, but insists upon nothing short of very well done screen entertainment

By Tom Kennedy

At THE precise time that a leading executive was informing fellow film-company men that there was a clinical side to the movie industry's present plight (the debility: "Dissipation"), this reporter was witness to an actual happening during the most recent pea-soup fog to descend upon London, graphically re-enacted in a hotel suite not many city blocks from the scene of the "Dissipation" diagnosis. There's a deeper connection than mere coincidence of time and location in these seemingly anomalous episodes, as we shall see.

However much we, the film-goers, may be reluctant to worry about the movie industry's "Dissipation" headaches, we're in it right up to the last cent of our theatre admission money; and the man who showed what can happen to you in a pea-soup fog is certainly important to all who like good movie entertainment.

The important man is that benign beef-eater, Alfred Hitchcock, English director who started many a movie star on the high road to eminence in Hollywood—though he himself had never set foot in the Mecca of movies until his recent trip to California. Making his show as amusing as it was artfully graphic, the very rotund Londoner (he weighs about 270, though he's only of medium height) hunched his shoulders and thrust his head forward in order that his vision might clear a most generous girth and focus intently at the floor. Meantime, he stepped mincingly, with cat-like caution and motioned with his right hand—to show how he had to guide a taxi in which he and his wife had been riding from a party at Clive Brook's home some six miles outside London, when a pea-souper enveloped the peaceful countryside. Trundling close behind him at a snail's pace chugged the cab, its meter clicking up the shillings Hitchcock would be forced to pay when, finally, he and his wife arrived home.

The humorous dumb-show concluded, "Hitch," as he's affectionately known by every star, scenarist, cameraman and grip who has worked with him, continued his conversation about stars, and the difficulties of the director who produces outside Hollywood to hang on to them, once the West Coast studios nod them an invitation to come on over sometime.

And that's where the connection between "Dissipation" and Hitchcock's ideas for developing new talent comes in.

That there may be no more fretting about this "Dissipation" thing, let us pause just long enough to remember that the executive who pulled the line that made newspaper headlines, was lecturing theatre men about being too prodigal of their resources, reminding them that big pictures don't happen every time Hollywood tries to make them, and therefore should not be handed out two at a time on double bills. That you have been getting too much "big" show at one (Please turn to page 77)
Twelve years ago a long and lanky Montana lad played a cowboy in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Today, a wealthy, world-famous movie star, he picks up boots and saddle again in "The Lady and the Cowboy," a new Sam Goldwyn film. Here he is, above—Gary Cooper, in character. Right, the man himself. We wonder—can a successful star return to an old role? Is it possible for a sophisticated celebrity to play a primitive and picturesque part with all his former zest? It will be interesting to watch Cooper, today, as he plays the cowboy and contrast him with the Cooper shown at left, the shy, lean-faced, ingratiatingly awkward boy who scored one of the great hits of film history.

Can Gary Cooper come back to Nature now?
Obliging Bette Davis doesn’t in the least mind making four changes of costume on a hot day to please the photographer and, eventually, you and your friends. Left to right above—Bette gardens, lolls, watches television, starts off on a hike, all the time gaily garbed for the camera.

Cecilia Parker gladly dedicates her blonde beauty to the good cause of camera art, left above. Virginia Bruce will pose on a springboard wearing a modest sunsuit and a provocative hat and a beautiful smile—but that’s as far as she'll go in the way of camera cooperation. Dick Powell, on the other hand—left below, to be exact—goes into action with a good will, on the sands of Malibu. Louise Campbell, below, gives herself and her dog a dunking.

The Last Pose of Summer

Photogenic Hollywood indulges in one final pictorial fling as the gay “leg art” season wanes.
A "regular" movie star is one who will pose, and pose, in shorts and a smile, for countless "leg" pictures. Even the aloof Myrna Loy goes girlish in the appropriate costume, below, when the cameraman has tracked her down at the pool at her home in Hidden Valley.

No screen Summer season can officially close without a last swimsuit pose by Joan Crawford. Here you have it, at right. Robert Montgomery, less frequently photographed than the Bob Taylors and Ty Powers, grimly gives in, right below. Nelson Eddy races along the beach of the blue Pacific, center below, to please the Metro cameraman and eventually the girls of America. Ann Rutherford, at left below, is only sorry she hasn't a bigger hat to wave at you.
We're headin' for the big round-up with Cowboy Clark—and would you believe it, a cameraman trails right along.

They won't let him play in Westerns, so to satisfy the spirit of the Lone Ranger in him, Gable goes in for ranch life in his spare time. Here he is a guest at Leo Carrillo's first round-up and branding on Leo's 3,000-acre Rancho De Los Quíotes (Ranch of the Spanish Daggers, to you). Pure coincidence, of course, that Clark and Carrillo are teamed in Metro's new film, "Too Hot to Handle." Anyway, Clark had a good time, so did Carole Lombard. Top right, Carole with host Carrillo. Above, at the barbecue following the round-up.
Gable takes a hand—well, anyway, he takes a horse and rides out to get a close-up of the round-up, above. Clark is riding Leo Carrillo's famous horse Sun, who is a movie star himself—you saw him in "Girl of the Golden West" with Nelson Eddy. Below, Clark has just roped an unappreciative calf, who is no movie fan and doesn't care who knows it.

Photographs by Ed. Cronanweth, M-G-M.

And now Allan Jones takes a hand, above. Bet he's not singing "Donkey's Serenade" as he twirled that lariat and landed his calf. Perched on the fence watching Allan is Mrs. Jones, the former Irene Hervey, and just a glimpse of Carole Lombard. The Carrillo round-up threatens to become a major annual event among Hollywood's more rugged set.
Young man in demand is Jim Stewart, and deservedly. He's Jean Arthur's hero in Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You," at right. He co-stars with Margaret Sullavan on his home lot, Metro, in "Shopworn Angel"—see scenes with Maggie at center right and top; and with Alan Curtis and Sam Levene top right.

On all the lots they think a lot of Stewart, and with good reason.

A. L. Shafer, Columbia
From the start of his career, young Power has picked 'em! And he's been picked for big pictures exclusively. Here are new close-ups of the Charm Chap in his three latest roles: left, with Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Center below, with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette," and at bottom left and right, opposite Annabella in "Suez."

**Tyrone's Lucky, Too**

Reserved for romance with screen's choicest charmers!
Above, "How To Lose Your Girl Friend, in Six Easy Lessons," with Roger Converse and Doris Weston. Reading from left to right across the top: 1. Let your girl friend spend the evening watching you manicure your nails. 2. Always take plenty of toothpicks on a date. 3. Eat all the candy yourself—if she wants some tell her it's bad for her figure. 4. Be sure and laugh heartily at your own jokes, no matter how old or "corny." Never laugh at any she might tell—you might spoil her. 5. Practice intricate new steps—on her feet. 6. Always kiss a girl on the first date, whether she likes it or not.

Crazy Continuities!

Jimmy Fidler, above, learns how to take it when he meets Pat O'Brien, with whom Jimmy appears in "Garden of the Moon." Jimmy has never acted before. Pat has never been a radio commentator, but they can try. Pat steps up and tells Jimmy how to improve his line delivery—"more sock, more bang, more gusto. Jimmy listens, until O’Brien, still fresh as the carnation in his lapel, finishes his lecture—and incidentally, gets settled in her new home. Up go the curtains—oops, there's the phone.
Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball, below, demonstrate the best behavior for two screen players forced to co-star in a new picture. Lucille: "So you thought you'd try to steal that scene from me, did you?" Jack: "I didn't have to try." Lucille: "Well, go ahead and rehearse your lines, I'm not listening." Jack: "Now, baby, if my lines were only half as good as yours—" Lucille: "Oh, you told that to Lily Pons and all the girls. But I forgive you." Smack! Now at far right, see Shirley Temple's latest threat, six-year-old Janet Chapman, who can dance, sing, act. "Little Miss Thoroughbred" was her first film.

Our Dance of the Month is demonstrated below, looking from far left on opposite page all ready, Johnny Downs and Eleanor Lynn present "The Rocking Chair Ripper," said to be Hollywood's newest collegiate dance craze—it's crazy enough, combining as it does variations of all the popular steps in one witty dance. Breaking out of the "Time" step, a basic collegiate step, the couple begin a doubling standing still "Peck. Then they "Peck" in wide circle, do a "Truckin'" step, and a variation of the "Time" step, then break into the title step. Follow it yourself in the last four pictures.
No Love Taps Intended

Look—everybody's swinging, with rights and lefts. We dunno who started it; but the Hollywood boys (girls, too), are putting punch in pictures now.
Joan Woodbury doesn’t know much about the boxing business, but she heard you can do things with mirrors—which is precisely what Joan is trying as a pertinent persuader, in her argument with Harold Huber in “Passport Husband,” left. Below, Wayne Morris stands up for his rights, in more scenes from “Valley of the Giants.”
"You Can't Take It With You" becomes a star-studded screen-play—look above and see some of the quaint characters: Donald Meek, Halliwell Hobbs, Mischa Auer, Ann Miller with Dub Taylor—all playing colorful zanies created by the fertile brains of playwrights George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

Never let it be said that Hollywood fails to present exciting new love teams. An inspiration of the new season is teaming Don Ameche and Arleen Whelan—the established star and the pretty newcomer—in one of the new 20th Century-Fox pictures. See them at right. Another team, this one more torrid, is composed of John Carroll and Movita—they clicked in "Rose of the Rio Grande," so they are co-starred again in "Isle of Terror." (Far right).
The parade of big new pictures has started, packed with plot and talent to make you run, not walk to your nearest movie theatre.

More “You Can’t Take It With You” players, performing to Frank Capra’s direction from right reading in, Lionel Barrymore as Grandpa Vanderhof, Samuel S. Hinds, Edward Arnold, and Mr. Hinds with Spring Byington, who plays the eccentrically amusing Penny Sycamore, dabbler in paint and playwriting.

Sonja Henie is a box-office attraction in her own right, but to make her new film even more popular, the skating star is seen with Richard Greene, at far left, and supported also by Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis, as you see at left. Now for the pictures across bottom of our two pages—the all-star cast of “Women Courageous” in action. Claude Rains with May Robson; the three Lane sisters, Lola, Priscilla, Rosemary, with just a glimpse of Gail Page; the family group at lower left; and finally, below, a love scene between Priscilla, baby of the family, and Jeffrey Lynn, new British actor.

Continued on Following Page
A coming new cinema which casts an important shadow is "The Great Waltz," with Fernand Gravet playing the composer, Johann Strauss, and Luise Rainer his sweetheart, Poldi—a scene, at right, below. Gravet and Hugh Herbert, the comedy king, have fun with the old "boneshaker," predecessor of the bicycle, a prop for the picture. At right below, Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette," long-awaited epic. At left below, all-star performers in "Spawn of the North": Dorothy Lamour, the girl, surrounded by Akim Tamiroff, George Raft, Henry Fonda. At bottom of page, Fonda with John Barrymore and Louise Platt.

More Hits, We Hope!
A true epic is "The Texans," with Randolph Scott the doughty hero, dainty Joan Bennett the heroine—above. At left, the endearing character stars of the same production: Walter Brennan and May Robson. At far left, "Mother Carey's Chickens" corners such talent as Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Fay Bainter, and Ralph Morgan. Now will you go to the movies? We're right with you!

"The Young in Heart" boasts of such sparklers as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Roland Young, Billie Burke, and Janet Gaynor (above). "The Unholy Beebes" sounds like fun, with Fred MacMurray and Bing Crosby making music assisted by young Donald O'Connor—at left.
Based on beloved American novelist Gene Stratton-Porter's ever-popular story, "Romance of the Limberlost" has homespun appeal, with Jean Parker playing the wholesome heroine, Eric Linden the upright young hero. Monogram has made here a family film against beautiful natural backgrounds, as our Best Still at right proves. Below, Miss Parker in a pretty pose.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Eric Linden and Jean Parker in "Romance of the Limberlost"
By
S. R.
Mook

THERE is no star whose publicity is as dull as Jim Cagney’s! I have frequently pointed this out to him and explained it by saying that when he is being interviewed he insists upon talking about the things that interest him—philosophy, economics, etc., etc.—instead of himself, the topic that would interest the reader. But he won’t be converted or convinced.

Speaking of philosophy, his delight knew no bounds when he found a bit player in one of his pictures who had read a book Jimmie had been trying to plough through for years. When the picture was finished Jim invited the player to be his guest for a few days at an unfrequented mountain resort while they hashed over the book.

A week or so later found them at the resort, eager to convince each other of their interpretation of “The Message.” The fates were against them. An itinerant shoe salesman, who happened to be week-ending at the same place, spotted Jim. There was no shaking him, and he wasn’t interested in Philosophy. The weekend was wasted. Jim didn’t mind. Although he was annoyed at the time, when he reached home he realized he had come across a “type.” And sooner or later that shoe salesman, with all his mannerisms, will crop up in a Cagney picture.

He is one of the very few people I know who can argue without losing his temper. And there is no one who loves an argument as much as Jimmie. Once, while he was on the outs with Warner Brothers and was under contract to Grand National, I dropped by his house to return a book I had borrowed. I had had a couple of drinks or I would never have had the effrontery to say what I did, regardless of how I felt or how well I knew him. I was aware of the fact that Warner Brothers were eager to bury the hatchet and welcome Jim home. When the subject of his last picture came up I seized the opportunity to say: “Jim, for the love of Pete, why don’t you get wise to yourself and go back to Warners where you belong? You won a court fight, got free of your contract, signed with Grand National, got everything in the world including the sun, moon, and stars written into your contract, and what’s happened? You’ve made a couple of stinking pictures and when you kicked about the stories and cast they said, ‘Same old Cagney, It’s no wonder Warners couldn’t get along with you!’ So you had to knuckle under to prove they were wrong about you. Your judgment was right but a lot of good it did you. You were among the first ten at the box-office when you left Warners and where are you now? You’re kidding yourself if you think you haven’t lost prestige in the year and a half you’ve been away from a major lot.”

Instead of taking a poke at me or ordering me out of the house with the injunction, “Never darken my guest towels again,” Jim spent an hour and a half explaining to me there was something more than good pictures involved—there was a matter of principle.

I mentioned sometime ago that Jim’s brother Bill handles his business. As far as Bill is concerned, Jim’s career is, as it should be, a matter of dollars and cents. As far as Jim is concerned there are a great many other things involved—artistry, keeping faith with the public, pleasant working conditions, not wearing himself out with the public, etc. It was Bill (who happened to be at the house at the time) who (Please turn to page 85)
THE RAGE OF PARIS—Universal

WILL also be the rage of the United States and such of the rest of the world as is still interested in harmless entertainment! Danielle Darrieux is, quite frankly, the first of the Continental wonder-girls to contribute as much ability as beauty and sex menace to our movies. She is by far the most accomplished and knowing of imported actresses, and a lovely little lesson to the Dietrichs who think lure and the Crawfords who think glamour quite enough. Darrieux has lure and glamour in abundance, but doesn’t rely on them. Instead, she depends upon a sure technique which she has taken the time and the trouble to learn; she’s a beauty who’s not too proud to act. Henry Koster has fashioned an enchantingly comic romance of his frail story material, making the chase of a little French girl after a rich American husband positively charming, fresh, and original all the way. It’s deliciously funny, especially when Danielle mixes it with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving by far his best performance as the young man who tries nobly to resist la belle but fails; or with Mischa Auer, also at his best, which you know is tops in temperament humor; or nice Helen Broderick.

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

WHO says they can’t come back? Good stories never date, and this one, first published in 1918, made as a film with Nancy Carroll a long time ago, has true vitality, as M-G-M proves in its deluxe new addition in which costumes may date but emotions, never. Here is no sombre treatment of war, but a nostalgic side-slan in three people in war time, capturing their moods and pinning their reactions to celluloid in a way to hold your attention every minute. Unlike “Blackade,” “Shopworn Angel” is blithely unconcerned with the real meaning of war, but never mind—take it as good, substantial entertainment and you will enjoy it hugely. The “triangle” contains Margaret Sullivan, giving another of her amazingly luminous performances as a somewhat gay gal engaging the affections of Walter Pidgeon, with James Stewart ambling in as Private Pettigrew, ingratiating lad who imparts new meaning to the relationship of the first two. At last Mr. Pidgeon has that rôle he must have been waiting for—he comes to life suddenly and becomes a man worth watching from now on for compelling performances. Stewart? He makes mincemeat of your emotions!

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

AT TIMES so swell that it only annoys you when it is less than that. “Having Wonderful Time” is a baffling exhibit. It starts off in grand style with a radiant Ginger Rogers impersonating with complete sincerity one of the millions of American girls who look forward the whole year to two brief weeks of “wonderful time” every summer. Oh, those first scenes are good! But curiously enough once the plot, and Ginger, arrive at Camp Karefree for that same “wonderful time,” the picture presents difficulties hard to surmount. At times it is truly and wonderfully funny; again superbly sad; but too often it descends to slapstick that aims to be ironic but is only pretentious and painful. I think you can blame Hollywood’s usual reluctance to offend—when the worst and only offense Hollywood can commit is to be dull. Full credit, though, to the amazing Miss Rogers, who seems to understand the girl she is playing and really wants us to understand her, too. We do, thanks not to the scenarist but to Ginger. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives another one of his “best performances”—it’s getting to be a habit with him. Lee Bowman is grand as the “other guy.”
THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Warner

YOUR Little Caesar has reformed—oh, yes, he has—reformed into the inscrutable Dr. Clitterhouse, ten times more dangerous than any crude gangster, and just as much fun. Here's something very new in crime pictures, sure to start a new cycle of sneeze, soft-spoken analytical murderers in opulent settings, sort of the iron-claw-in-the-velvet-glove sort of thing, and I love it. Eddie Robinson—but we'd better call him Edward G. now that he has exchanged mayhem for Mayfair—reveals in his latest role of eminent physician led astray by his own curiosity into devious ways—ways which include meeting Claire Trevor as a gorgeous lady "fence," and her boy-friend of doubtful repute, played by Humphrey Bogart. Before Dr. Clitterhouse is through dissecting criminal impulses among the lower classes he has faced death, distributed it, and gloried in it—and if you think I'm going to let you in on the denouement, to coin a word, you're balmy as Maxie Rosenbloom, who incidentally is a shining ornament to the cast. A surprising picture, brisk, beautifully acted, especially by Robinson, Trevor, and Bogart, and not to be missed, mind you, if you like action.

BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

IF YOU have stayed away from this picture for one reason or another, I suggest that you make up for it right now and search for the nearest theatre still playing it. Walter Wanger's "Blockade" is worth your trouble. It isn't a great picture. It isn't propaganda at all. It is simply a good, workmanlike, dramatic indictment of war—and who will quarrel with a picture like that? Surely you will consider it worth your time to watch Madeleine Carroll giving a real performance, forgetting all about glamour and pitching into her part of a woman caught up in war's crazy whirl—of course she's still beautiful even in an air raid but she can't help that, so give her credit for attempting an honest job of acting. She's a spy of sorts until through Henry Fonda she sees what war does to helpless women and children and, with Fonda, dedicates herself to perpetual pity and a plea to the world to stop the slaughter. There are some good scenes in "Blockade," to balance some ineffectual ones. Leo Carrillo is expertly effective as always in the one comic character written into the piece by the conscientious John Howard Lawson. John Halliday also is excellent.

ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

MOST distinctive drama of the month, marking Charles Boyer's return to "American films after his sojourn abroad, "Algiers" is decidedly different, with a quaint flavor not to be found elsewhere on current screens. Hollywood version of Boyer's European success, "Pepe le Moko," it tells the story of a charming jewel thief who hides from the law in the sordidly picturesque part of Algiers known, we're told, as the Cashab. All is reasonably well as things go there until the advent of a fabulously beautiful Parisienne played by Hedy Lamarra, to whom Charles loses his heart, supposedly hitherto in the keeping of Sigrid Gurie, his native sweetheart. Well, from the moment she steps on the screen the picture belongs to Mlle. Lamarra. Undoubtedly the most breath-taking of all the imported charmers, Hedy has only to be and to look and the scene is hers. Whether she can act or not, I can't tell you; but anyone who can steal attention from the great Boyer has something—in fact, everything. She leads Pepe to destruction, puts Sigrid Gurie in the shade, and will make "Algiers" the most talked-of picture of the season. Boyer is at his subdued best. Joseph Callela is fine.

WHITE BANNERS—Warner

DON'T duck this one because you may have heard it is a movie with a message. All right, so it's a movie with a message. But it is also a fine and worthy picture, and the message is one that won't hurt you if delivered or comfortably ignored if you want to skip it and stick to the human drama instead. Take it as Fay Bainter's film field-day and you can't help cheering. At last Miss Bainter, famous for years as a stage star, comes into her own on the screen as a poignant actress of power and persuasion. When I tell you that Miss Bainter plays a strange woman who wanders out of a snowstorm to put new life and hope into the household of an absent-minded schoolmaster and his disorganized family, you will probably sniff, at my expense—until you've seen Miss Bainter play the part. She endows the Lloyd C. Douglas character with such spirituality and pathos that you're with her all the way, as she regenerates the entire cast and then, her task completed, wanders away—right into a new picture, we fervently hope. Of the cast, Claude Rains and Jackie Cooper are outstanding, with Bonita Granville and Kay Johnson fine support.
Be smart and watch Bette Davis for fashion trends. She's usually first in Hollywood to wear the unusual, and achieves true chic. Above, she presents the "bubble necklace"—globes of hand-cut crystal caught together on fine silver chains. Left, combining plum and powder blue in a spectator-sports suit: collarless tweed jacket combines the two shades, skirt is of light-weight plum-colored wool. Below, two-piece knit dress of cocoa-brown flecked with rose, worn with broad-brim hat of matching brown felt and accessories of dark brown alligator. At right, formal gown of silvery white lame with low-cut bodice—note Bette's costume jewelry of aquamarines and antique gold, important addition to the costume.

Fashion scoop! Bette Davis' stunning Fall wardrobe, first shown here
Required: one cape costume, like Bette’s at right: jacket of gray and green plaid with silver buttons, cape and skirt of gray and green herringbone. At far right, trim town suit of grey wool cross-barred in black, with collar of Persian lamb. At left below, season’s smartest costume: two-piece dress of suede in a soft raspberry shade, with suede hat, bag, and gloves of matching shade except for claret-colored panel in the gloves. At right below, black broadcloth for formal evenings, with American beauty red velvet ribbon used for shoulder straps and looped bodice bows. Bette’s jewelry is a necklace and bracelet ensemble of blue and white sapphires.

Glamour School 9
of Justice Davis
Wilhelm, War.
Elegance for the Evening

At the top of the page, right, is Sigrid Gurie, about whose acting opinions may differ, but about whose beauty and clothes-flair there's no question at all! Sigrid wears her favorite dance frock of navy blue and white printed matelasse with wide, sweeping skirt. Barbara Stanwyck, above, in shimmering gold lamé—yes, lamé is again in the fashion news—topped with a red fox bolero. Right, Joan Bennett's dinner dress of multi-striped crepe with red, blue, green, and yellow predominating, and a bodice of plain electric blue. At far right, Miss Gurie in a hostess gown of dusty-rose crepe, with cartridge pleats at shoulder and waist.
Joan Bennett is admittedly one of Hollywood's half-dozen "Best-Dressed Women"—even by other actresses! At left and below, Joan models for you two important between-seasons dinner dresses so different we're going to describe them for you in detail. The original model at left introduces a plain and printed fabric blend. The bodice of navy and white print is slashed low in front; the skirt molds the figure, and a section of the print is inserted with a circular treatment. Below, classic dinner dress with a scroll motif in white against a black background, cut in a circular silhouette with a short line in front and trailing in back. A belt of the fabric has a double buckle of ruby-colored stones reflecting the tone of Joan's lip rouge. At far left, dynamic Gale Sondergaard in a sheath of flame-colored crepe with monkey fur the amusing fillip. At lower left, Sigrid Gurie's black taffeta and organza dress with one drop shoulder and the other caught with a huge bow.

Some of Hollywood's smartest heroines show you what's new and arresting in "step-out" styles
Oh, Myrna's a Great Help!

Exposing that lady named Loy—a candid close-up by a writer who says: "I wish I didn't like Myrna quite so much so I could hate her!"

By Liza

If you want to be popular in the salons (Printers, don't dare double on that "o") of America, a sort of gay girl at the mere sight of whom men throw their domestic security to the winds, then I heartily advise you get acquainted with Myrna Loy. Myrna has done more for a girl's popularity than French perfume, a glimpse of white flesh under black lace in the moonlight, they tell me simply can't resist that, and Dale Carnegie.

There was a time when I was a social flop in every drawing room from Coast to Coast—maybe I'm only kidding myself, maybe they were just dives—but that was the B.L. (Before Loy) period in my life. At parties I was a regular Alice Adams. No poise, and no partners. And then it sort of got about that that depressed girl in the corner with the wild look in her eyes knew, actually knew, Myrna Loy. Since then I have been the belle of the ball, even as far south as Atlanta, with every dance taken by hungrier-looking males who want to marry Myrna. At dinner parties barely have I sipped my consommé before the hostess murmurs to the tired business man on her right, "She knows Myrna Loy"—and immediately Roosevelt, Joe di Maggio, Hitler, Seabiscuit, and General Franco are completely forgotten while every man at the table turns a lovely Bacardi pink and mutters in his throat like a love-sick school boy, "What is Myrna really like?" I do declare that since I started knowing Myrna I have been invited out to dinner so often that I have actually gotten fat. And sometimes I think that if I have to tell how Myrna is the perfect wife over the roast and string beans once more I shall simply go stark staring mad.

Though I must admit that I am tremendously grateful to Myrna for what she has done for me socially—and she's definitely among the tops with me when it comes to movie stars—there really is a limit. One does have one's own life to lead, doesn't one, and one can't always sit around basking in reflected glory, can one, and in time one gets bored even with Myrna Loy, or could one? So I have decided to give up dining out, from Coast to Coast, for the rest of the summer, and pay a little attention to calories instead of Loyisms for a change, though I know darned well it won't get me anywhere. But even as I sit here contemplating a summer without Hollandaise sauce and Loy my heart bleeds for all those visiting firemen, those eager young men from Kansas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Hawaii who won't be able to swoop down on me during the open season in Hollywood and like hungry vultures demand tidbits about Myrna Loy. And I'm sorry for their wives too, for I have never met a wife yet who hated Myrna, they only envy her, and would give their eyeteeth to be just like her. So just as movie stars have statements prepared for them which they hand out to the press when on tour I am now preparing a statement on Myrna Loy to pass along to all the visiting firemen, and their wives, who won't be seeing me around. I'll take a raincheck on the Beachcomber's zombies, and the Brown Derby's steaks.

Why yes, Mr. Brown, I know Myrna Loy. You're crazy about her? Well, that doesn't make you exactly unique, Mr. Brown. But if you must know, you must. And would you mind passing along what I tell you to

As Liza remarks in the accompanying story, everybody in the world wants to know: "And what's Myrna Loy really like?" It's Hollywood's hardest-to-answer question, but it is answered here in frank and amusing fashion. Above, Myrna with Clark Gable on the "Too Hot to Handle" set, kidding director Jack Conway. Top right on page opposite, Myrna and Clark all wrapped up in their own film. Then there's Myrna at home, as Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., devoted wife and ardent amateur gardener.
all the other Mr. Browns, and save me the trouble? All
right, then: Myrna Loy, I always say, looks less like
Myrna Loy than any actress in Hollywood. Now I don’t
mean to say that Myrna off the screen just lets herself
go. Not at all. But she just doesn’t look like Myrna Loy.
There’s never a fanfare of trumpets and flashlights when
she goes any place, she never makes that famous “en-
trance” so dear to the heart of a movie star, and she’s
just about as noisy as a mouse with inhibitions. Three
different people have told me of seeing Myrna lunch-
ing in popular hotels and restaurants in New York with-
out anyone recognizing her or asking her for an auto-
graph. Right at the next table probably were four charter
members of the Men Who Must Marry Myrna Club,
but little did they reckon, by gad, that their Dream Girl
was within touching distance. I myself have walked
behind Myrna on Fifth Avenue in New York and Holly-
wood Boulevard in Hollywood for blocks at a time and
with all the people seething about her not one has shown
the slightest recognition. It’s Myrna, all right. You really
can’t mistake that cute little turned-up nose, that reddish
hair, and those sort of faintly amused eyes that used to
be called sloe (as in gin) when Myrna was a daughter
of the Fu Manchus. Maybe it’s the freckles that throw
them off. No movie queen, I believe, is supposed to have
anything so human as freckles. Myrna has hundreds of
them. And makes no effort whatsoever, thank heavens,
to hide them.

Or maybe it’s her clothes. She may romp around on
the screen with Mr. Powell and Mr. Gable in something
bouffant and ruffled, or ponder, in divine close-ups, over
the problems of a perfect wife in something sheer and
dreamy and floaty; but immediately Miss Loy steps out of
celluloid she goes in for the starkly simple, straight in line
and conservative in hue. She can’t stand any kind of from-
fron in her personal wardrobe and usually wears smartly
tailed suits or simple sports (Please turn to page 97)
Clamor abroad! Keep up with the stars on their travels for art, and relaxation, in Britain

By Hettie Grimstead

ROSALIND RUSSELL has come to London and achieved the greatest ambition of her screen life here. She told me about it at a cocktail party in an exclusive hotel, her big green-glinting eyes dancing with excitement and the most unusual hat just like two wispy hanks of blue wool on top of her shining curls.

"I've always wanted a man I could look up to for my love scenes and I've never seemed to get one! Would you believe it, I've had to emote in my stockinged feet so that we shouldn't look plain silly! The average Hollywood hero is only as high as my eyebrows, you see. I know it's my own fault for being so terribly tall. But now I'm playing with Robert Donat and I can do the love scenes as they really should be done at last, me all tender and adoring while he towers over me masculine and protective. It's simply grand!"

Measured solemnly side by side, Robert is well over six feet without his shoes, and that's quite a head above Rosalind who can rest her head on his shoulder naturally and comfortably. So that's an excellent send-off for this new romance team M-G-M have created for "The Citadel," the drama of a surgeon's private life which they are making as their second English production at Denham Studios. Rosalind was brought from Hollywood to play the schoolma'am wife originally scheduled for Elizabeth Allan—who's reported to have cried.

Rosalind Russell realized a cherished ambition in London. Our story tells about it; also the latest on Roger Livesey (down to earth fellow, isn't he?) below; Elisabeth Bergner, center, and Edgar Kennedy, upper, and Edmund Gwenn, in make-up for a new rôle, lower right.
bitterly about the change of plans.

Anyway Rosalind is determined to make a good character portrait of Mrs. Manson, and she read the novel from which the film is adapted no less than nine times in the liner coming over. I do admire the girl's enthusiasm for her job. After the stars who tell you how badly they've been treated in regard to stories and directors and everything else, it's refreshing to hear Rosalind say that she likes her company and that Mr. Mayer is the grandest kind of boss and that everybody connected with the studio is always kind and helpful as can be. And she also says she never, never did have a feud with Bob Montgomery. They just fooled around playing tricks on each other while they were making "Night Must Fall." For instance, they had a twenty dollar bet as to which could eat the most ice-cream cones in a day and when Rosalind lost, she paid Bob in dimes stuffed into pineapples. And you just watch out if ever Rosalind does discover which of the Hollywood gossip-writers invented the stupid story that she and Bob had quarrelled before the cameras! Well, that's that.

Rosalind was decorating the Savoy Hotel restaurant in sapphire blue satin the other night, another eye-catching diner being little Mary Maguire. Mary had a fluffy tulle frock exactly matching her chestnut-brown hair and sat in a party including Frank Lawton and David Niven who is visiting his home town once again. Mary is acting with our own blonde comedienne Gracie Fields in "Pleasalilly Circus" with Hugh Sinclair and Roger Livesey as leading men. At least, they get that billing but the most important male member of the cast and the one who gets all the feminine petting at Pinewood Studios is Mr. Asta. Owing to the rabies epidemic in California, the distinguished canine star whom you admired in the "Thin Man" movies has only been permitted to come to London on the strict condition that he meet no other dogs. (Please turn to page 81)
Is Success Spoiling

And all the world gapes at the sudden fine trimmings. The adulation and the money and the love opportunities are enviable. Until they confound and confuse and perhaps destroy the person who stepped ahead so confidently.

Behind the glittering fronts of stardom there are always the sequels. Right now I can think of no case more interesting than Tyrone's. You must remember how swift his rise was. Just two years ago he was definitely a nobody. Just a kid who wanted to be a movie star. Except that Tyrone wanted with more sheer determination than anyone else beginning then.

It was incredible, and yet quite normal, the way he skyrocketed. He had returned to Hollywood, where he had been ignored until he'd gone East and acted on the stage, with a six months' contract. He was assigned a bit in support of Simone Simon. Nothing dull ever happens to Tyrone. At present he is busily completing the central rôle in another million-dollar production, "Suez," having finished the leads in

The popular pose of attractive young actors, at left—with a difference! Tyrone's dog is no pedigreed prize-winner. Below, also popular with rising male stars: the athletic action pose. Teamed with Loretta Young again, this time in "Suez"—at left below. Tyrone with Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—at right below on opposite page.

How is Tyrone taking it? Everything on a silver platter. . . . Has he changed? If so, how? If not, why not? Is his exceptional success in Hollywood spoiling him? And, because he is a young man with a great magnetism and women are instinctively drawn to him, is he trampling on hearts?

Questions, questions, questions. Personal ones. They pour in on the few who know him intimately. For where Tyrone Power is concerned it is seemingly impossible not to be curious. Capturing him, from the feminine viewpoint, is attempting to corner just about the most romantic young man who ever came to Hollywood.

Now Hollywood, of course, does strange things to men and women. It has a flair for making nobodies important. the elaborate "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Marie Antoinette."

I saw him give everything he had to those first short scenes two years ago. He was not, as so many aspiring ones are, unprepared. He looked young and he was young, but he was not a mere raw recruit. He had absorbed everything his actor parents had learned. He had had Hollywood as his goal, always. School couldn't waylay him. He knew, positively, where he would eventually go and for what purpose. So he had trained his speaking voice from childhood and it added the necessary touch of maturity. He was ready when the rare nod from the studio head came. He had done so well in a bit that he was immediately put into a lead.
Tyrone Power?  By Ben Maddox

Check up on the current idol in this exclusive story, discover what he is really like today. Can he take it, or has Hollywood glitter gone to his handsome head? Here's the answer.

Then Tyrone was in a fine uproar. Naturally as ardent as he is ambitious, he was almost sidetracked for sure. Nothing prosaic ever touches him. The one star he had idolized was Janet Gaynor and Janet, queen of the studio, headed the cast! Actually, as a fan, as a nobody, on the outside fervidly imagining himself on the glamorous inside, he had wanted to know Janet. She was more than his favorite, though. Literally, she was his romantic goal. "So how," he confessed, "can I make good with this tremendous break when every time I think of her my brains stand still?" He behaved like a booby so long as she remained on the set sidelines. The most awkward, the dumbest young man who ever was. When the cameras stopped grinding he helplessly put his worst foot forward. He didn't, you see, want to be laughed at.

You might have expected him to have put on a campaign. Ordinarily Tyrone has plenty of daring. Besides, he is a mixer. He likes people. He hasn't a complex to his name; indeed, he is absolutely uninhibited. His own description of himself is accurate. He said to me once, "I've never had any particular regard for rules or conventions. I'd bite a cat if I felt like it!'"

But, nevertheless, with a woman he was abashed. Instead of brahshly pursuing Janet, he ordered gorgeous red roses delivered regularly to her, with no card. When Janet eventually discovered who her mysterious admirer was, and was surprised, it was apparently too late. Tyrone was going around with Sonja Henie.

He lives close to his emotions, Tyrone does, and they are not encrusted with stale nor false cues. He had an overpowering hunch that it would have been folly to have tried to talk to Janet then, and waited—impatiently.

His talent and his zest registered so promisingly that, for his third assignment, he was starred in a million-dollar epic, "Lloyds of London." England's highest paid feminine star, Madeleine Carroll, was signed as his foil. 20th Century-Fox was turned upside down to present this new find to full advantage. And you know the rest of Tyrone Power's story, professionally. He alone, among all the actors in Hollywood today, has never been in a "B" production. Carefully he has been assigned significant, expensive pictures.

"This is what I've been waiting for!" he exclaimed when fame swept upon him within six months after he had started at the studio. Exultantly he admitted his excitement. He openly shared his inner thrill. He could no more have denied his joy than he could have entered a monastery. He was a very truthful, as well as a very eager young hero. So now what is Tyrone like as a person?

He has changed less than any quick success I have ever known. He has changed hardly at all. Only, to be exact, in superficial tastes. I telephoned him, for an appointment. You have no trouble, no delays in reaching him. He remains thoroughly (Please turn to page 76)
"Mlle. Candid"

Olympe Bradna, French and fascinatingly frank about personal experiences her snapshots recall, tells why she loves to kodak as she goes places

Olympe Bradna, at almost eighteen, is all mixed up about life. Round-faced, sun-tanned, beautiful big brown eyes and brown curls, in her trim blue slack suit, Olympe looked like a pretty American co-ed as she welcomed me at her front door. She might be a Hollywood High School girl, doting on football, dating every night—until she speaks.

"You will excuse—everything is, how you say?—a mess! We have just an hour ago come back from Big Bear." Her tongue transposed phrases, and the illusion of a co-ed disappeared, "I am all mixed up inside," she confided, as we settled ourselves on her living room sofa, surrounded by photograph albums, little stacks of snapshots spilling out. "I do not fit in anywhere! All my childhood I traveled from one place to another, always with grown-ups. I never go to what you call regular school, because we do not stay long enough. I learn a little of this, a little of that. Until I come to Paramount, I never have had lessons all at once—do you know what I mean? And even then I have for my teacher Miss Rachel Smith, and I do not get mass education.

"I am all alone with her, and she teaches me wonderfully. The first time we talk, she sits like you here and we begin with women's clothes and before long we are talking of Napoleon, and pretty soon it is designing and then it is geography. I learn so much in two years! But still—I do not know people of my own age! Do you know, I have never been to a football game, nor to anything young people over here do. They talk about who race who—and I do not know what they mean. I like classical music and deep books, and they do not. They seem oh, so young in some ways, and oh, so old in others! What will I do? How can I learn to fit in?" She sighed a deep sigh and in a twinkling changed from grave to gay. "So I forget about life when I take pictures," she gave a little French shrug and opened an album. "It is fun. I like it. See, this is the very first picture I ever take! I was seven years old and my daddy gave me a small box camera. I say to my mother: 'You must pose for me!' We were in Switzerland, but I take it crooked.

"When we were in Charbonniere, France, Mother did take this of my daddy and me. Do I not look saucy? That dress—how I love that dress! It is plaid—oh, so pretty!
—and I wear it and wear it, until at last it is too short and I have to give it up," Her voice trembled into tragic tones. "Charbonniere is a little, small place where one goes to rest. I took there this shot of my mother and father walking along. Daddy would pretend to be reading the paper, although I tell him that is silly. Nobody reads a paper, walking along.

"I have so many pictures of Bobby, my dog. He is fox terrier, eight years old. Here he does the one trick he knows. He is not what you call a smart dog. This I catch quick with my kodak, where he chase the ball into the sea. This is my first picture with that fine kodak, which my daddy buy for me in Switzerland. You do not stop to pose, as you do with a box camera.

"What I want now is those camera that take quick like lightning. Leica, yes. Maybe I get it for my birthday. Yet I want a coupé, too, and I cannot have both.

"This one of Bobby and me, I take after we come to Hollywood. My kodak has one of those, how you say, gadgets you pull up and fix this and that, and then you fly off quick and take your own picture!"

Time arrived for Olympe's buttermilk. "They have me on a diet," she told me, "It is terrible! Me—they say my face is too round. Can I help that? French girls, they all have round faces. Look at Claudette! Look at Simone! Look at me! But no, they do not look. They tell me I must diet and reduce my face. I am starve already. You know what they say? They say I must always leave the table hungry!

"Eat some cherries, please. Me, I cannot have them. I must starve!" With a sigh, she drained her glass and picked up another album. "Pictures take the mind off food," she consoled herself. "I like best to take pictures of scenes. Not people. People must fuss and fix their hair, they do not like to face the light, they are tired standing, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry. I am sick of this. But scenery, there it is. It does not talk back. It cares not how long it waits. Look, these are shots of Central Park—I am proud of them. I work hard. I try to make a frame of leaves to shoot through. And this is the Normandie, the very first time it came in.

"This is not so good. My very first shot of Hollywood, taken from my hotel window. But my most prize scene of all is this storm scene at Big Bear. See the big cloud, and how dark is our cabin, with the tall trees standing still waiting for the rain?" (Please turn to page 93)
BILL WALTERS, Hollywood's shrewdest press agent, hurled his car off the boulevard and up to the high white walls of the studio. His schooled, sardonic eyes were hooded. Before him lay the walled, remote world that was the Mammoth Studios. The tops of palm trees and lacy peppers were visible above the walls: and in the distance, there was a strange tracery of towers and minarets. He honked his horn impatiently, and the grilled iron gates were swung open to him. To one side of a stately white building, Bill swung his car into a parking spot; then he strolled across the lot.

In front of the famous Dick Ramsey's lot bungalow, he paused. He knocked and entered without invitation, calling: "What d'ye hear from the mob, my feather-brained friend?"

From an inner room, a hale baritone called: "Do come in!"

"I am in," said Bill Walters. "About all in."

Dick Ramsey stood in the doorway, smiling genially. "Hi, Bill!" he said. "How's the pest?—and I do mean you?"

Bill grinned. "Thought you might like to know, wise guy, that I just killed another nasty crack about you, in Jake Pilger's column. It died hard—the office was a shambles."

"Swell," said Dick Ramsey, "what did I do this time—rob a bank, scuttle a ship or slap hell out of my old grandmother?"

"Tain't funny," Bill Walters was satirical. "Pilger had a pretty tough item on you and that brunette paint job you're carrying the torch for—pro tem."

"Ruby Lloyd? What's wrong with that?"

Bill Walters considered him with shrewd, troubled eyes. This was the one and only Dick Ramsey, the idol of feminine America. This was the country's premier heart throb, this tall young man, who was almost too handsome, too perfect. Ramsey was young, and he held his dark, arrogant head like a pagan potentate. He moved with the liseness of a tiger, and he had steady, machine-gunner's eyes; the eyes of the rash adventurer, who might Beau Geste into the Foreign Legion on the slightest provocation.

"Take a tip," said Bill Walters, "and lay off. You know what's been going on, and you can't run around with a strip-tease artist, my young and unsophisticated friend. The lady's a tramp."

"You're jealous," charged Ramsey, grinning. "She's a nice girl, with modern improvements. You ought to see her yawn and say, 'I'm tired.' Outside of which, sweet heart, my life's my own and I can handle my own personal affairs."

"That's what you think!" retorted Bill. "The old Casanova build-up is out, Dick. Has the news reached you?"

"Faintly," said Dick Ramsey. "A lug, with ears. lectured about it last week. And don't bother me. I know my public."

"Okay!" shrugged Walters. "Hereafter, I wish you wouldn't be so careful in traffic. You'd be safer in a hospital."

He walked out, his forehead wrinkled in thought. Dick Ramsey, the Big Moment of American womanhood, had never really been in a serious jam; and neither he nor the studio could afford a scandal. He hated to bother the Old Man with this, but it was serious; and as Bill walked along—unconsciously contrasting the glittering beauty of Ruby Lloyd, who appeared at the Swan's Pond Café with next to nothing on to cover her young body, to the blonde beauty of the girl who was always in his secret thoughts—A bizarre scheme began to grow in his fertile brain. By
the time he had reached the Administration Building, the scheme was full grown.

Old Ben Glassman, head of Mammoth, was a simple person, but he was very wise. It was evidenced by the fact that he owned the largest theatre chain in the country and had control of one of the largest studios in the world. Bill made his way straight to the private offices of Ben Glassman, President of Mammoth-Glassman Pictures. The Old Man knew people, and the Old Man would understand.

An hour later, Ben Glassman sat at his immense conference table with his chiefs of staff, gathered to discuss a serious dilemma. From the vast hinterlands came the cry: "Clean up motion pictures!" Powerful societies and the pulpits joined the cry. Films that had cost millions were ruthlessly butchered and more millions were spent on "retakes." The Hays office had issued an edict on questionable material and personal behavior. The industry set up a special censor to edit each film before its release. It was costing the studios millions of dollars and much sleep. And Mammoth had Dick Ramsey, the worst offender, under long-term contract. Mammoth's destiny was bound up in his. So the question at the conference was: "How save him—and us?"

"I have," said Bill Walters, "an idea."

"You might let us in on it," said Ben Glassman, softly.

"Well," said Walters, "you know how they feel about Dick. He's the nation's heart flutterer number one. But—no matter what picture he's in, they look for sexy dirt with a magnifying glass, because of the kind of pictures he's always played in. The guy can't help it if he's magnificently sinister, can he? Dick's a swell guy and a fine actor, and he works hard."

"So far," said Glassman, "you're no Paul Revere."

"Wait a minute, Chief! We built him up that way—a swaggering Don Juan, but now we have to change his personality—on and off the screen."

Markel, ace director, snorted: "Dick's hitting the high spots right now, with some hot number who is singing at the Swan's Pond—name of Ruby Lloyd, fresh from Broadway. Too fresh."

"Well," said Walters, "she's out from now on."

"So what?" asked Glassman. (Please turn to page 94)
DON'T believe these loves have faded. Gable and Lombard, Taylor and Stanwyck, and Power and Gaynor are still as exhilarated with one another as ever. Would-be chislers-in are despairing. Carole's become a sportswoman and a farmerette for Clark's sake, and he's just bought the showiest car in town in deference to her flair for chic. There's no marriage in sight for them because Mrs. G. still does not apparently choose to be exed. A wedding does loom for Bob and Barbara; she's been postponing the step because she must be sure it won't hurt Bob's career to be a husband. When that will be, nobody can find out. It'll be a popular event, be assured, for both are personally considered highly regular.

As for Tyrone and Janet, theirs is a fierce passion which flares so that neither has ever been more fully alive. The joy of living is acute in their eyes. But marry? Tyrone owed allegiance to Zanuck first and gradually they discovered themselves easing out of the marrying mood. They have had time to see that they really don't want to settle down yet.

HEDY LAMARR is the new thrill in Hollywood. Experts rate her the most beautiful woman in town now. She is an exotic such as hasn't been seen since the good old silent days. Nothing prosaic about her! Nor about the house she has rented. Her playroom, for instance, isn't full of slot machines and soda fountains and such drugstore equipment. You feel as though you're in a Continental salon the moment you enter. Over the fireplace there's a very striking painting of Hedy. In front of the life-size figure are symbols of the things she likes—money, jewels, furs, and good-looking men. Behind her are her hates. Judging from the bottle painted so realistically, Hedy's a prohibitionist. Her actor admirer Reginald Gardener personally painted this decoration.

Here's Hollywood

By Weston East

Heddy Lamarr gets a painting of herself done by Reginald Gardener.

Don't believe these loves have faded. There's still as much romance as ever.
MAE WEST wants to go on in pictures, but the deal to co-star her with Gable appears to be off. If it's really fizzing out she'll go on the road again this fall. She can clean up a lot more money in personal appearances. Then she can always return to New York and try the stage.

MOST popular beach house these days is that one belonging to those two handsome bachelors, Cary Grant and Randolph Scott. It's right in the middle of the Santa Monica strand. Every Sunday there's a select crowd, Cary is still dating Phyllis Brooks exclusively, but there's really no likelihood of marriage in the near future. Funny how much like his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill, Phyllis is. Randy is a bachelor once more, having announced the end of his two-year romance with that rich Eastern wife he eloped with so suddenly. The Scott marriage will always puzzle Hollywood. Randy never brought his bride West to live with him. He hasn't made any legal divorce move; he'll likely stay officially unavailable, but personally eligible. Such an arrangement seems to have worked out for Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Incidentally, Ginger is among those happy at Lew's returning to prominence via a new long-term contract at M-G-M. Only she's not happy enough to kiss and make up!

RICHARD GREENE, contrary to candid camera shots which display him with Arleen Whelan and, next time, with Sonja Henie, is not hopelessly mad about either gal. He's just getting the routine build-up. He's a confused and excited young man, literally. This skyrocketing is a magnificent adventure, but it is weird to read that you're the heart-throb of the world when until the discerning scouts noticed you only a couple of English girls seemed to think so. Similar in theatrical heritage and in type to Tyrone Power, Richard is following in Tyrone's footsteps at an even faster rising rate. In another year or so he can actually indulge in a full-fledged romance. Meanwhile, it's fun stepping out with attractive actresses and if you have to get this sort of publicity to click in America Richard will obligingly play ball. Who wouldn't, for his break?

VISITING young millionaires will hereafter be treated more warily by Hollywood actresses who are eligible for matrimony. Ginger Rogers really wasn't, but she and Lew Ayres are definitely separated, though not divorced, Margaret Lindsay, however, was distinctly eligible for a proposal. She's never been married, has no unfinished business. What she would have said remains her story, but when flowers poured in on her everyone thought she'd outdistanced Ginger in the race. When Alf Vanderbilt disappeared from the Hollywood scene snoopers believed he was merely away attending to business. He was. Marriage business. The bride isn't an actress, but a Northern California society gal. He told reporters he'd bring her out to Hollywood—they're honeymooning in the East—next winter. All the film ladies want a look at her. For all we know—Alf's supposed to be worth twenty millions and he's young and Jimmy Stewartish and at least there'd have been considerable satisfaction if a local girl could have said no!

JIMMY STEWART is dating Norma Shearer these summer evenings and is really wide-eyed at his luck! He treats Norma as though she were ultra fragile. The first time he got up courage to ask her out he had to go into conference with himself for days. He wondered if she'd mind his not having a chauffeur and being sort of a simple kind of guy. She didn't mind at all. She can detect a line, having been surrounded by actors for years, and Jimmy's good loser! Streamlined, Patsy Kelly, left, who weighed 170 and decided to reduce, is glad to have the scales say she has lost 45 pounds. Below, the Ritz brothers heckle Movita and John Carroll when the cameraman asks them to pose prettily.
sincerity appealed to her immediately. He's very respectful, and she doesn't think he's an idiot for liking to construct models of airplanes, and while it's not a romance it's definitely a nice arrangement for both parties. Norma, by the way, has completely captivated the new crop of employees at Metro. They marvel at her youthfulness. She has starred for a decade, yet hasn't a line in her face. She deliberately keeps fit, doesn't think or look cheap, never wastes her energy, and those who are coming into contact with her now are finding out what a wise woman she is. She has dignity, directness, and a zest for living, the converts rave. And what they claim is so!

NORMA also has lighter hair. She's a semi-blonde now. Her best pal, Merle Oberon, has adopted the same shade. Norma was so glad when Merle returned, nothing would do but Merle must rent a house right on the beach at Santa Monica within walking distance. Norma sent her own cameramen over to take a home sitting of Merle, and greater devotion hath no feminine star! It's been almost a two years' absence for the English girl, who has done but two British films in that time. She's to divide her time, on eight month terms, between California and London, according to the contracts she's signed. Merle's out of love at the moment, with Doug, Jr., and George Brent (who last month was dating Loretta Young) acting as her current escorts. She insists that when she marries she'll quit her career. Evidently she won't attempt to compete with Norma's record. She brought trunks and trunks of Paris costumes and scads of expensive jewels with her this time, and everybody's gawking.

WHILE the echoes of Shirley Temple's royal jaunt around the country are still yoo-hooing in your ears harken to this little story of Shirley's inherited shrewdness. With papa a banker, and mama already a legend when it comes to effecting canny bargains, it's not surprising that Shirley is following suit. You'll see her wash a dog in her new picture and chuckle at the sequence. She played it to the hilt because she got the studio to use her own dog. Not only use, but employ it. He got a pay check just like the other actors and so earned his new sweater and leash. Shirley's as proud of her financial feat as she is of tete-a-teteing at the White House with the president. It was hardly a quiet trip, what with interviewers and photographers besieging her when crowds weren't, but Shirley's used to being idolized and never gives it a serious thought. Her mother has ingrained in her the idea that the attention is due to her being an extraordinarily good little girl. The responsibility of being ever noble won't dawn on her horizon for another few years.

BING CROSBY got a lot of publicity about being a playboy, but ever since he married he's been a model of propriety. Beaming father of four now, he never gazes at any woman besides his wife. There are two divorces in the Crosby family, however; that is, the initial papers have been filed. Everett, who heads Bing's corporation, has already announced that he'll marry Florence George, his pretty blonde actress client, when his decree becomes final next April. Brother Bob isn't jumping into another love; he's going to resume bachelorhood with a vengeance. Miss George, who's no relation to Gladys, was terribly perturbed when a columnist with a flair for bungling said Everett was going to marry Genevieve Tobin. A retraction had to be run the very next day. Since the Crosby family's religion forbids divorce you can see that Bing is indeed the pride and joy even from that viewpoint!

Night out! Hugh Herbert, who spends most of his leisure time at his ranch, and his wife, snapped when they went to town to attend a recent preview.

HOLLYWOOD husbands still face the problem of how to keep up with more successful wives. Tony Martin may materialize in your sector this month because he decided he wouldn't sit around home when Alice Faye had a new epic on the fire and the studio had nothing on its schedule for him. He assembled an orchestra and is on a ten week's personal appearance tour. Marriage has affected these two less than any other movie couple. Both liked the night clubs before eloping, and both still do, Jon "Body Beautiful" Hall, like Tony, eloped in haste. He's hoping Goldwyn will hurry up and put him to work. A guy can't go on being a son of Samoa forever. Frances Langford's salary is twice ten times what his is, considering her radio talk. He moved into her Hollywood home and since she already had a New York personal appearance line up he went along. Frances is the best draw the big Paramount Theatre in New York has ever had in the way of screen or radio celebrities. What if she's drawing down $5,000 for her week there and Jon's $200 weekly retainer from Goldwyn is downright meanly in comparison? She's a small-town girl from Florida and he's a small-town California man, and it's luv!

EDGAR BERGEN finally decided not to buy a farm in the San Fernando Valley with the rest of the good-earth stars. There's something about ranching that demands a partner, and Bergen is still looking for a wife. So he purchased a home on Tower Road, in select Beverly Hills, and it was to have been a grand housewarming. Only he developed boils! Just shows that even if you're an overnight sensation you can't count on everything going right. Even as to women Charlie McCarthy's voice remains unattractive. He's had a yen for Andrea Leeds for some time. When he attempted to describe his ideal he inevitably winds up by illustrating with Miss L. as nearest to the mark. But she seems to prefer his pal Ken Murray. Bergen is a college graduate and he admires college girls, Miss L. qualifies even in this respect. He did all he could to get her the lead in his new picture, and still they're just good friends.

DEANNA DURBIN's life is now changed for good. First she was moved into an elaborate mansion, with extensive grounds tricked out with pool and tennis court, and now Universal, grateful for Deanna's pictures, has built her a studio dressing-room that is unmistakably elegant. It's Colonial in architecture. Inside it's a regular house.

If you exercise like this—every day—you might become a top dancer. Ann Miller makes it look very easy. Try it!
Henceforth Deanna will take her school lessons and her singing lessons there, her teachers reporting to her. The yesterdays when she could play with the gang, when she could run into the corner drugstore, are fast becoming but memories to her. It's a long way from the unfashionable part of Los Angeles where she grew to adolescence to this present set-up. Deanna isn't taking it too big, fortunately. She appreciates the sacrifice her older sister made for her. If it hadn't been for her sister's insistence upon Deanna having singing lessons, and earning them for her, this magic would never have been. Opera in her eventual goal. Now she has to be worthy of all this luxury and Deanna can tell you it's really no snap. Living up to great expectations is a job.

FRANCES FARMER is being treated with new respect in Hollywood now that she's back after a year's victory on Broadway. When she departed, after a brief build-up, the local sages said New York would slap her down. She had entirely too much independence, could talk far too intelligently, for a girl who was supposed to be just another movie blonde. But in New York Frances was a hit when such people as Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March, established Hollywood names, flipped dizzily. She proved that her passion for acting and her scorn for gaudy Hollywood showmanship was sincere. She didn't want to return to pictures. She was dying to stay on for another play. But naturally Paramount was going to demand that she fulfill her contract, because if it lapsed certainly some other studio would dangle alluring terms before her eyes, Frances and Lief Erickson, her actor husband who was fired by Paramount and who was a moderate hit himself on Broadway, are to play opposite one another in her return film vehicle. They drove West, stopping at auto camps. Hollywood's waiting for further fireworks, some how—when Frances was loaned to Sam Goldwyn, who dotes on his heroines being glamorous—she drove to the studio in a second-hand car.

REMEMBERING dept: Some high school kids were looking at a movie magazine on the beach the other day and came upon a picture of Billie Dove. "Never heard of her!" the sixteen-year-olds exclaimed. In case you have a better memory, here's what's happened to some of the remaining enthusiasm of five years ago. Billie, who earned a top salary and who was a gorgeous brunette, is happily married to a Los Angeles socialite. She has a small son, has recovered from a serious illness, and—

though she's only in her early thirties—her hair is quite white. She used to go with millionaire flier Howard Hughes, if you still can't remember her. But here's more news of ex-raves: Anita Page, just twenty-eight this month, has never looked lovelier. She's married to a naval lieutenant and is entrenched with navy life at fashionable Coronado. Roger Pryor is orchestrating at resorts near Los Angeles. Dorothy Mac- kaill, after six months' futile attempt to re-establish herself in Hollywood, has returned to New York. Her former film partner Jack Mulhall continues to play bits. The Duncan Sisters are making a comeback on the radio in England and you can hear them via shortwave. Bert Wheeler's going abroad for a stage tour, and so is Tom Mix, who, in his late fifties, still rates $2500 a week for a twenty-week tour! Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers are settled at Pickfair after their brief flurry with a rented house. Mary decided not to sell the hilltop house where so much Hollywood history has been made, and Buddy decided not to be jealous of her past. He's been leading his orchestra at Los Angeles' biggest dance

THE "reennement" of Gary Cooper continues at a nice pace. In lieu of the gaudy car he drove before he married, a sedan medium-expensive motor now is his conveyance. He exhibits his pure-bred Sealyhams at the best dog shows, too. The Cooper dogs were flown home from their latest ribbon-winning in Chicago. Fred MacMurray is coming out of his shy shell, also. He mixes with the Tones and the Millands these evenings. His ventures into the sophisticated circle haven't really changed him, however. He has a beautiful home, his wife has recovered from her long illness, and so why shouldn't they enjoy fine music and witty conversation? So long as he remembers his resolution to ship his future children back to the small town in Wisconsin where he was raised, for schooling and escape from Hollywood artificialities, he's not losing his native naiveté.

HELEN HAYES wound up her long stage tour in Hollywood and, to her delight, was royally entertained by Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, and everyone else who could hire her to be guest of honor. She stayed with the Francis Lederers. When she quit pictures she was misquoted about Hollywood and she'd been fearing that she'd not be too welcome. Actually, she prefers the stage because she is better fitted for it; she is quite aware that, photographically, she cannot be tops. She was thrilled at being rushed socially. Since her writer husband, Charles McArthur, is doing scripts again Helen will be in close touch with the studios.

The limbering-up exercises Ann Miller is doing were just a warm-up for her dance in "You Can't Take It With You."
LUISE RAINER and Hugh Herbert had a curious episode happen to them this last month, with Luise the goat. Hugh has always adored her. He can't help doing imitations and one of his best party stunts has been his take-off of Luise. He has to have dialogue, of course; he was getting a lot of laughs so he went on improvising, "And so I met Luise in a downtown store, he ad libbed: "and she said, 'But please do not speak to me—only speak to me on the sets!'" He threw in her typical gestures. One of the guests took it all seriously, went scurrying to a leading columnist who promptly told a million readers how high that Luise had become. She'd refused to recognize a fellow actor, snubbed him like that! No retraction was printed, but now you know what was behind that unfair tale. As for Hugh, he is so abashed, so afraid Luise will think him a monster, that he's sworn off all impersonations and is no longer the life of any party. Luise, since her separation from her husband, has rented a new house in the canyon above Santa Monica. She's just become an American citizen, having passed all the tests for her legal switch from Austrian citizenship.

TOM BECK has a flair for taking out all the new heroines. It was Tom who first discovered how charming Arleen Whelan was, and during her training period it was Tommy who had all her dates. Now there is another newcomer at 20th Century-Fox, one—Chinmuda Duff, who plays opposite Charlie Farrell in Shirley Temple's current picture. Miss Duff is a California girl who was appearing in the East in a play when a talent scout saw her and whisked her into a contract without so much as a screen test. No sooner did she report on the lot than Tom was giving her a whirl instead of Arleen. Evidently he doesn't care who they romance with after they're shot to fame, so long as he can date 'em when they've just arrived in Hollywood.

WHEN Paris picked the world's best-dressed women—in an exclusive poll of the top fashion houses, six American women made the list—not one of them an actress!

THOSE Dead End kids are doing all right off-screen, too! One of 'em entertained his mother at La Canga, the movie colony's exclusive rhumba café, and had all the elegance of Herbert Marshall. Another has dated Loretta Young's fourteen-year-old sister, and the local high school boys who've been dying to sample the elegance of Loretta's Colonial mansion are dumb at this achievement. However, a third member of the imported gang has just spent five days in a Los Angeles jail, which almost com-

stars look on as horses take the spotlight! Barbara Stonewick glances at our camera. Her escort, Robert Taylor, at Barbara's right, concentrates on the ring, where his saddle horse won a blue ribbon. Charity fete! Right above: Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, center, with Mrs. Reinhardt, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Max Reinhardt and Mrs. Joseph Levy, at a lawn party at the Robinson home.

JeANETTE MacDonald is truly a practical person. Current evidence of her farsightedness? She's toting around a little black book, and it's not a diary, either. She hurriedly jots down mysterious notes in the book, which seems to be in whatever purse she's carrying, but what she's doing is preparing for this coming Christmas. Her favorite cameraman likes to fish. Nice camera artists have made Jeanette look like beauty incarnate, so definitely she must buy fishing equipment for him for Christmas.

She's been carefully learning what sizes and colors the prop boys wear, and noting same. What rejoiceing there'll be when the MacDonald chauffeur rolls around on Christmas Eve with just what the subconscious mind ordered! If you envy Jeanette's success, begin emulating her tricks by working out on this one. Then instead of dashing madly for something that's likely inappropriate you'll be a bowing riot when the holidays are here again. An Oscar, please, to this radiant redhead for being the first star to begin shopping early!

WAYNE MORRIS and Priscilla Lane are now discovering how they'll have to grin and bear it now they've become movie stars. Romantically speaking! When Pat tired of Wayne, switched to another beau while Wayne was off on a three weeks' location trip, she thought she had handled the Lane-Morris break-up with supreme skill. But the studio has mess up her plan. The two ex-sweethearts are being teamed anew! The first two times they were cast together they were inseparable, which makes this third time all the more difficult. Now they have a triangle on
their hands. Pat realized how attractive one of Oren Haggland, assistant director, was. Her new heart is tall and blond and young, just like Wayne. He isn't famous, but, among other things, he has a lot more money. He drives an $18,000 Duesenberg! It seems he writes scenarios in his spare hours. Wayne is still on a low salary—he asked for a raise and they said no! Altogether, every day is a new dilemma for the two players. Wayne was so surprised by Pat's walk-out that he hasn't yet begun to date anyone else with enthusiasm. He looks and looks at her between takes, Pat tries to be friendly and casual, not let him know she's wondering where Oren is.

**Hollywood's vacation list:** Free to whoop it up this month, and getting away from it all are Tyrone Power, George Raft, Fred Astaire, Maureen O'Sullivan, Irene Dunne, Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Bing Crosby, Myrna Loy, Jack Benny, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman, Deanna Durbin, Ginger Rogers, Garbo, Joan Blondell, Madeleine Carroll, and Constance Bennett. None of them will lift a finger, professionally speaking. In Europe right now—Astaire, Ameche, Henie, Garbo, and Carroll. In New York City—Power, Raft. The rest are relaxing at home, with short jaunts to nearby California resorts.

**EXTRA-CURRICULAR activities this summer:** Sally Eilers is attending summer school at U. C. L. A., taking philosophy—enrolled under the name of Sally Brown. . . Ann Sothern will take a difficult singing exam in New York shortly—she's been secretly studying for a surprising vocal future behind the footlights. . . Ramon Novarro is going in for scientific farming methods since inspecting his ranch holdings in Mexico. . . Stu Erwin is continuing the lessons he has been giving the trainer who put Taylor and Gable through physique paces!

**Basil Rathbone** gave his best performance gratis this week. He was putting his dogs through their tricks on his front lawn when, suddenly, he was conscious of five heads topping his tall hedge. He was afraid the boys to whom the heads belonged would fall and hurt themselves, so he cried at them to come on over and in. Courteously he sat them down in a semi-circle and continued his dog show. When he finished one of the kids said, "Can we see your house?" Whereupon they trooped through the rooms where Hollywood's most elegant parties are held. "It's a swell dump for a villain!" muttered one of the pleased guests. Basil ordered the butler to serve cake and coles, which was the final touch. The company left in a trance.

**The new surprise in Hollywood is none other than—Patsy Kelly!** Yes, fat and funny Patsy, who didn't give a boot about her appearance, who was emphatically as plain as an old shoe, who laughed at feminine charm recipes. Suddenly, however, she disappeared from town. People finally realized she wasn't working, and wasn't showing up at the night clubs she had haunted. Just as suddenly she returned for a new role. Talk about your transformations! Now that she's reacquired her original figure, and when she was in her teens she was as slim and as good a dancer as her childhood chum Ruby Keeler, she'll admit she was hitting the scales at a regular 170 pounds. She's lost 45 pounds! Actually, Patsy let herself go after the tragic deaths of her two best friends, Jean Malin and Thelma Todd. She believed she'd never possess any glamour, so she ridiculed all proposals that she salvage her figure. But Patsy couldn't go on trying to forget disappointments forever. She snapped out of it, went to a famous clinic and for seven weeks followed the strictest of schedules. She reduced intelligently, exercised, and attended an hour's lecture every day on care of the body. It required will-power, but you should see how happy she is now. Of course she'll still be her same nonchalant self on the screen, but the self-respect and poise she has gained promises a far more satisfactory personal life. As soon as she can get enough courage she'll be buying a wardrobe like Loretta Young's!

**Martha Raye's mad.** Here she's a star and she's bought herself a limousine and a flock of fur coats and a swell house. She's got a chauffeur and a maid. So why, oh why can't a girl have some fun? She heard about the China Clipper and was all booked for Honolulu, to see those beach boys at Waikiki, and then she started off as a blonde to be different from sister Olivia de Havilland, but finally got on the style wagon. Priscilla Lane was the one blonde Lane—for a spell. For months Madge Evans begged Una Merkel to follow her route and go brown; when Una took the step she dragged both her mother and Madge to the beauty parlor and you'll have thought Una was going to have a major operation. Jean Arthur returns to the screen with her own dark hair. So Markene the magnificent, ever the extraordinary, has gone really blonde! After all, it's a good idea if it's an improvement! Remember when Joan Crawford went gilded for six months? That wasn't an improvement, but Joan didn't hesitate to try. The following remain definitely blonde: Madeleine Carroll, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Sonja Henie, Alice Faye, Mae West, Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Maris Jon Keynes, Anita Louise, Claire Trevor, Gladys George, Ann Sothern, Glenda Farrell, Grace Moore, Mary Carlisle, Betty Grable and Phyllis Brooks. Whatever you want to make of them.
COLOR in Your Life

M ANY dirndls, sneakers and slacks are now getting their last wearing. Soon, we'll put them away with a sigh for the good times and informality that spell Summer. Then, we'll turn eagerly toward darker frocks of more formal line, hats of more verve and new bags, gloves and shoes. If any season transition makes a complete change necessary, it is Summer into Autumn. Make-up simply must change along with costume color and line. Many of the pinks must fade from the picture, except for evening wear with pastels or black or white, for the reason that vibrant costume colors need sharper accent in make-up. At this writing, the Fall colors that are being whispered are black, of course; blue as a carry-over from this bluest of years, fashionably speaking; red with a purplish cast—even brown with a purple note and regular brown and green. Before you buy a thing, sit down and think out your ensemble from head to toes. There is one mistake in make-up and costume ensemble that is fatal—the wrong color. You simply can't remed[y] it. Lipstick or hat, if it's the wrong color, it's a white elephant, all right!

Give serious make-up attention to your lipstick. Here is the vivid spot of color on your face. Virtually all of us might well possess two make-up color ideas. We need one for the cool or bluish tones—bluish reds, blues, purples, wines, black and white, though black and white both look well with the warm tones, too. This make-up should be of the pure red or the blue-red type, of which you will see plenty. One Fall forerunner in lipsticks is designated as cranberry red. You'll find this perfect with the costume colors mentioned. If you wear true greens and browns, then the warmer tones of make-up give a harmonizing effect. There's a very new lipstick known as sienna, indicating depth and warmth. In the stick, this looks definitely brown, but when applied to the lips has a changeable quality that seems to melt into your own coloring and give a wholly lovely effect. Also, there is a lipstick actually black. On the lips, it turns to red. This stick is frankly expensive. One of the most interesting lipstick developments has been the choice of two finishes in the same tone, a gay, histrion effect or a soft, subdued one. The small mouth looks well with a highly lustrous...
lipstick because it makes the mouth look larger, while the large mouth seems softened and refined with the duller finish.

Men's reactions to lipstick are interesting because, like nail lacquer, here is something that has aroused criticism and hot arguments. Men definitely like colorful lips but they do not like lipstick so heavily applied that it looks painted. They are utterly distinctive on Cupid's bow lips and carelessly applied lip rouge. Neither do they like to feel that if they kiss you, something will be left on the face. In other words, they seem to prefer a mouth that is lovely and colorful if they concentrate their gaze on it, yet do not want a mouth to stand out above all other features of the face. To get a good effect, Jacqueline Wellee illustrates a simple method. Have your lips fresh and clean of old rouge, then with the flat color of tooned up of your lipstick gently but firmly outline the natural line. Now relax the mouth and open slightly, as you fill in with the blunt part of your stick. Be sure to carry the color well inside the mouth to prevent a break in tone when you smile. Always wipe off old rouge before applying new. Lipstick tissues for your bag or electing tissues do this. Bringing the upper roged lip down over the lower is a Hollywood idea of a good lower lipline. Rouge over the imprint the upper lip makes. Smudging of the leading marks on another's face, a while ago I mentioned a liquid tone for the lips. This is fast growing in popularity. The liquid dries in a second or two, and the rich tones from a deep red to a tawny one and when dry cannot rub off without effort.

Rouge, of course, trails along in a paler tone and is another feature of lipstick. Fortunately, these two tones have been so perfectly co-ordinated today so that you may confidently buy one or the other and its matching counter- parts are available. But they harmonize perfectly. There is, however, one famous little rouge that sells all alone, because it is one of those perfect color creations that just seem to go with everything on anybody. By the way, a splendid method of testing out a new color scheme for yourself is to buy those small make-up envelopes, everything complete, and then if the effect is right to buy the larger sizes as you need them. One particularly good idea is an ensemble of litekeyed to the color of your eyes. Everything harmonizes and the set is inexpensive.

The use of brushes for applying all make-up, even rouge, as Priscilla Lawson shows, is modern. One can have a color effect, slightly, which is the whole trick of a lovely effect. Never over-use rouge; under-use, if anything. Nobody wants apple cheeks. What most of us want—and need—is a glow, a subtle radiance over the upper cheeks, that lights and lifts the face. If you will smile before you apply rouge, you will produce that cushion of the cheeks which, for many, is the correct rouge area. Rouge, applied with an artistic eye, can do something for your features. A stroke should never place rouge in the cheek hollow, as this makes the face thinner. Applying rouge a little forward toward the nose on a round face, is a great line to slant it inward and then to make a little extra back to make the narrow face look wider. A light touch on the chin makes a long face look shorter. If you are the younger, a touch of rouge on the temples in the space just below the eyebrow adds more youth and radiance. This is more or less a French idea. I have seen this effect on Armande Sorel who slants it and plays it so that the air brushes of blue-gray eyes. A fresh, uncremented rouge stuff, like a fresh powder puff, will help make your rouge look like a natural flush of color. Face rouge, to dry skin, is an effective thing. Dusting your skin, bad for your skin and for an artistic color effect. Dry rouge should be

(Please turn to page 79)

Yours for Loveliness
Simple Aids That Pay Big Beauty Dividends

Drene makes hair soft and lustrous

Beatrice Mabie's Pore Cream refines

Above: De Long's new Color Bobs
Below: Duchess of Paris new powder

WHENEVER I see beautiful hair, I like to ask, "What shampoo do you use?" A very large number reply, "Drene." I don't wonder, because Drene neither soap nor an oil, but a special patented process, does seem to make hair more beautiful, lustrous and easy to manage than you ever dreamed. Drene comes in two forms, for oily or normal hair, and for dry, dull hair. A half tablespoon makes a rich lather in cool or warm water; two rinses finish it off in a jiffy. Drene is mild so you use it as often as you wish. It's a splendid idea for end-of-season hair that is dried and generally abused by too much exposure. Drene will help tone it back to soft, shining, colorful beauty. Drene gets a more beautiful you.

Depend upon De Long hairpins or bobs for the best in quality, the highest in style. With emphasis on style, De Long creates Color Bobs, decorative bob pins in costume colors. In red, blue, pink, turquoise, green and canary, these bobs come eight of a color to a card. They stay put and the lustrous lasted. Smart hair touches that hold securely and tie in with a costume ensemble.

Recently, I saw some surprisingly cooing records in favor of Betty Wales Wrinkle Reducer. It seems that practically everyone who tries it, re-orders. It's just that effective. Much of its efficacy is due to the olive and avocado oils that give it high emollient value, so that dry, lined, lifeless skin responds to its richness. This semi-liquid cream should be gently massaged into the skin once or twice daily. It is quickly absorbed and easy and pleasant to use. Since lines and wrinkles take time to develop, time and an effective preparation are necessary to correct or soften them. I believe that this Wrinkle Reducer will do a splendid job, if you will use it faithfully and according to directions. We suggest it with confidence.

Large and coarse pores are the skin woes of many. What to do about them? Two steps are necessary: first, real cleansing; second, contraction or shrinking. For this purpose, Beatrice Mabie offers her Pore Cream. You apply this at night, after cleansing, well over the affected area, then sleep with it on. A whiff of the cream tells you it contains camphor and other medicinal ingredients that actually correct a good part of your trouble. It works to overcome the cause of those distended pores, then to reduce them to fine, normal skin texture. It is helpful for blackheads, also a pore disturbance.

A steam bath is always a means to body coolness, daintiness, and fragrance. You can afford a real shower, too, with the new Duchess of Paris talcums, because the tall cans hold a generous quantity at a minimum cost. This is a smooth, soft powder, fragrant in four lovely scents, Like, Gardenia, Singapore Nights, and Mischief. The daily designed containers make a bright bath spot, as literally spray you with daintiness from head to toe.

Summer is likely to end up with minor skin ailments. May we, therefore, pray to oak and ivy poisoning, insect bites, sun-irritated skin, heat rash, and on and on. When skin misbehaves in small ways, you may always turn to two reliable home remedies—Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They should be "musts" in every modern home medicine cabinet, for their uses are many. For years, they've been depended upon for first aid in so many surface skin troubles to enumerate here, from baby to grandmother. The general procedure for skin ailments is first to bathe gently with Resinol Soap, dry gently and then apply the Ointment. These are medicated preparations, whose definite purpose is to correct a disorder. When your skin seems generally out of sorts, a rousing bathing with Resinol Soap is stimulating and antiseptic and hot water applied to bumps or spots is soothing and healing.

It's not too soon to remind you of a good skin protector, for Autumn winds and foot-ball are not far off. Chamberlain's Lotion, for hands and skin, helps prevent and heal late sunburn, windburn, and resultant roughness. Wonderful for keeping hands smooth, soft and white, and for removing vegetable, fruit and nicotine stains. An all-around excellent lotion for all skin loveliness. An amber fluid that the skin will quickly absorb.

L. M.
Is Success Spoiling Tyrone Power?  
Continued from page 63

cooperative. This is no commonplace char-
aacteristic. It's highly unusual. Tyrone has
his own circle of acquaintances. Tyrone is as
to contact as easy to contact. He still puts him-
self out to please others. He still likes people.

He knows that home
friendliness was a key which would unlock
many doors for him.

He has moved up in his living scale. His
house is vastly more beautiful. It's a
house in Bel-Air, Los Angeles' most exclus-
ive residential park. Who, being able to,
wouldn't choose such luxury? Tyrone
greatly enjoyed it, and so did Mrs. 

When he smiles his good humor is
irresistible. And his eyes narrow with
merriment.

"I want to see the swimming pool and
the gold fixtures in the bathroom" I de-
cleared.

"How embarrassing!" he retorted. "I've
neither. But you can come in, anyway. This
is the first afternoon I've had to stay
home.

We sat in the lady's chairs. "Of course
I haven't bought the place," he added.
"I couldn't afford to. Further, I don't want
to own a home yet. I don't want to build one.
I don't want to settle down. So far, I've never
visited, as I visualize vis-

iting a little hideaway in some warm spot.
Probably not Hollywood, which isn't so
warm!" He kicked at a grasshopper. "I'm
not living Hollywood. It's swell! I was
thinking of the climate. The hotter the
better for me. Well, then, I see myself
doing a play in New York from November to
April. I'm not traveling, I can just sit and
relax at the hideaway."

There is no imminent chance of Tyrone
sitting and relaxing. He won't until he's
established. But he is

itive, and it's a pleasant idea for the
occasional afternoon at home.

A lot of folks don't agree with me," he
insisted. "They want me to settle down.
They contend I should become busi-
ness-wise, too. I'd like to, but apparently it's not
in me. I don't want to. I'm working for enor-
mous income; I never have. Material possessions
for myself have never seemed so wonder-
ful. The biggest thrill I get from what I'm
making is the help others and I
always wanted to send my mother on a
trip. She's been to Honolulu, and she had
a grand time. I've had my grandmother
out here and my cousin Billy is on his
way.

"I want to travel, certainly. But this
will have to come later. When I had all
the time in the world I had no money. Now
I am working steadily. I've just finished
a hundred and two days straight—without
a single day off." His Sunday radio show,
in which he has been starring, took him
one day free from pictures. "But," he
fastened to add, "I'm certainly not com-
plaining! Oh, no! I'd much rather be
instructor of radio gates. It's getting
out there, and nobody cares about you.
I know. I was there!"

Riches are as dangerous as any insidious
enemy of his. Tyrone is whirled from scrap-
ning and scheming to make ends meet to a
star salary from both movies and radio,
could have gone hog-wild. But he has

He knows nothing of business. Yet, so
broke until two years ago, he isn't buying
lavishly or extravagantly. Nor will he end
up penniless. He has his business
in the hands of an attorney who has been
a friend of the family for many years. And
today Tyrone continues to be efficiently
budgeted. He is allowed, personally, thirty
dollars a week for spending money. From
this he pays for all his entertainment, in-

including his dates. He can hardly whoop it
up often at the Trocadero or the other gay
night clubs. And he is fortunate to have a
sweetheart like Janet, who has never
believed in throwing money away, either.

"I had a bunch. I could gamble later,
night."

Tyrone was soon telling me, "I
went down to bowl with the boys. It's a
weekly get-together, you know. Fellow
from the studio. I had only one dollar left.
It was Wednesday and no more cash
coming in until Saturday! So I listened to
a little bird and I won three dollars bowl-
ing. Then we skit-balled and I won three
more. It was lucky, because I had a flat
tire coming home and so getting it fixed
didn't cost me anything!"

He showed me through the house. "After
I'd been here a month I tried to break the
lease. But we couldn't. It seemed too big
for mom and myself. I couldn't adjust
myself, I felt like I was rattleing like a pea
in an oversize pod. So I rented a two-by-
four apartment in the middle of town again
and left mother to be elegant. When there
was no way to set the lease I came back.
I've been working up to the house gradu-
ally. What's really turned the trick was
the stag party I gave while my mother
was in Hawaii. Before it never seemed
lived-in. That broke the ice!"

Tyrone's favorite etchings now decorate
the sun porch off his Colonial bedroom.
"I sleep so much better up here. It's silent
as a tomb at nights. I've never had such
quiet before!" He has wanted to put on
additional weight, and the sleeping help.
Roy and Addie, the colored couple who
run the house, are devoted to him. "They
really take such a personal interest, in
whom it's keen to know they're always here."

He scorches the notion of a chauffeur.
He enjoys driving. He has a big Packard
coup and his mother drives a Buick. The
purr of a fine motor has always intrigued
him.

There are many magazines and books
around. He is anxious to keep posted on
everything that's new and smart and worth
commenting about, and despairs at not
having time to read all he wants to. He
misses the stimulating superlatives. New
York life can offer. He has flown East
twice in the past year for brief holidays.
His long-anticipated holiday trip to Mex-
ico finally was to be realized. "Though," he
grinned, "when I made the definite date
of the flight, I fully expected to find myself eventually
settling for a few days at Catalina!"

One notable way in which he has changed
is that he is not going out to parties as
he did during his first year at the studio. He
was quickly lionized, invited every-
where by Hollywood society. Tyrone
thought it was a lot of fun. But he hasn't
been to a big party in quite the past six
months. Why? Cherchez la femme.

Tyrone has experienced one spectacular
romance. He had gone out with several girls
during his nobody days. His heady first

romance with Sonja Henie began with a
bang and ended with one. They enjoyed the
first flush of Hollywood conquest to-
gether, and were seen everywhere. But
Tyrone can't be run like a clock. He is
unmethithical as Sonja is particular about
little details. Nor will a woman ever
hold him by claiming him. What had
started as a lark ended, according to both
parties, as merely a lark. The chapter is
definitely to be forgotten, Sonja ordered.

He says nothing for publication about
how he feels toward Janet, just as he was
the complete gentleman with Sonja. But,
personally, he is most enthusiastic. The
reason for his withdrawal from the party
lists is simply, that he'd rather spend his
evgen at home or in Hollywood.

Tyrone is extremely emotional. He is
a gay, witty, amusing beau. His leading ladies
find him a fun-maker rather than a self-
centered flatterer. He appreciates the
joke second to no one, including jokes on him-
self. On his last picture, when he wasn't
exchanging ribbons with Alice Faye, he was
sparring with Ethel Merman. She tied a
jacket of his in knots and hid it in the
refrigerator in his dressing-room. He caught
her inside hers, which was on wheels, and
spun her 'round and round to everyone's
applause. But Ethel got more. Tyrone
couldn't find his pants, and presumed she
had spirited them away. So he walked out
the set, where there were several hundred
extras besides the principals, and up to the
loud-speaker. "I want my pants back, Ethel!"
he shouted. She hasn't considered
ribbing him since.

His sense of humor is proved by his re-
action to director Woody Van Dyke. Van
Dyke never recalls anyone's name the first
week on a new picture. "He'd call me
Soony or Lad," Tyrone reminisces. "Fi-
ally it was always either Mr. Gable or Mr.
Taylor." Not to be outdone, tyrone
inquired around until he discovered Van
Dyke's sore spot. And so one day, when a
serious scene was to be made, he cried.
"Oh, Laughing Boy, you mean I should
stand there?" There was an appalled silence.

Margaret Tollichet, the typist who found her place in the movie sun, is basking on
California sands, happy she's to play CAREEN O'HARA in "Gone With the Wind."
Once the noted director directed a film by that name, and it lingered in his mind as a terrible flop. But there was a grim, "Mr. Gable, or Mr. Taylor?"—alias Sonny and Tammy—pulled a muscle.

Leaning back in a comfortable brown chair in his den, Tyrone told me some of his own faults, as he sees them: "Carelessness comes first. About the tenth take, when it's dinnertime, I'm so anxious to be done that I pay no attention to a lot of details that are important. Then, when I go to the preview, I wish I'd been so silly. They inevitably keep that sad take!"

"I'm impatient. I think I get the point right away, and I die at having to listen to long-winded explanations. I hate to waste time."

He wasn't sparing himself. "I really have about as little finesse as any man could have. Romantically speaking. I don't know what's expected of me. I read about midnight suppers and caviar, and about what the well-dressed man should wear. I try to put two-and-two together." He's doing all right!

He can't stand "stiffness. Or anyone trying to flutter sympathy on me." Automatically, he admires "those who achieve." Not ac- complishing is, according to his attitude, awful time-wasting. He not only has found his bunches invariably correct, but he has never been and isn't willing to sit by and wait for what he wants. "When there was no place to go, I made someplace to go. I never could walk aimlessly; I had to head somewhere, for something." He has never been conscious of age, in himself or in others. He learns through curiosity, as well as by reading and-by advice. "I want to be successful and happy now."

As impulsive as they come, Tyrone tempers his enthusiasm when it's wise to do so. "I weigh consequences," he has no faith in depending, idly, on destiny. "Destiny is a dad, if you rely on her. I waited for some- one to show confidence in me. I couldn't find anyone in Hollywood of the same opinion of myself as my own, so I went East and on the stage. That move was my wage."

His sane behavior is due to Tyrone's having foreseen himself in this specific situation. When he was a nobody he studied how the stars who last conduct themselves. He won't slip in his acting, for he recalls how he used to check on the performances of others. "When I was in high school I suffered in a theatre. For five hours on week nights, for nine on Sundays; I earned five dollars a week. And I kept books on the stars. I had a whole system of grading films. The acting, directing, story, photog- raphy—which pictures made the most money at the theatre, which ones we couldn't draw 'em in to see with a noise. I used a regular composition book from the dime store. And when I wasn't jerking cokes, when I worked in a drugstore later on, I was reading the movie magazines in the drugstore news stand." He wanted to see what stars said in interviews. "The honest ones were the most interesting, I thought!"

He urged him to divulge a couple of additional idiosyncrasies. Such frankness couldn't be passed up, "Girls who are for- ever making up drive me nuts. And the type who must take two lights on their cigarettes—they're depressing."

Until he was in his particular niche he claims he wasn't the not of any party. "I never could say a word. Nothing but 'Yes,' and 'No,' and such. I was like a parrot, a feeble one. I expected people to mutter any moment, 'What's the matter with it? Doesn't it talk at all?' But that was only when he had left school and was afraid he'd never get his break."

He swelled like a man wandering out into the back lot and realizing that was where Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers and Charlie Farrel made such epics. Al- though he's so mildly modern, he's roman- tical even to respecting the past. He's taken to riding a bicycle around smoky Bel-Air, for exercise. Recently he has been attempting golf. He's purchased a candid camera and when a cameraman on the set photographed for him with it, and none of the shots developed, Tyrone de- cided to wield it himself. His results amuse him.

He has no say at all on his roles. Though enchanted with Janet, he is popular with men. He is one of the gang not showing-off or splurging. His closest men friends now are his attorney, his man- ager, director Walter Lang, and camer- aeman Pev Marley.

"Hollywood," he concluded, "doesn't seem like a blinding pace, full of unrealities, be- cause I knew it could be all right. And it is."

Spoiled? Sorry. Not yet! He's had the push to go get the career and the girl he wanted. He's had the courage to stay him- self—a warm-blooded guy, generous and democratic. Tyrone is taking the silver platter he found for himself in pretty re- markable style. Considering that he is only twenty-four—1! If he weren't worthy of his opportunities he'd be making a mess of them. He isn't. I think you'll agree to that.

Candy stripes make a cool and briefly chic sun-suit for Francisca Gaol, here giving the cameraman something really attractive to shoot at.
Grants and Sonja Henies, but we want them when we get value, not when they drive people away from the box office. We met up with a situation where the exhibitors suffer for the producers' mistakes. Producers know the stars who attract business because who else has theatre affiliates, and those who do not just have to read their percentage contracts to find out which stars bring in the biggest bids. Yet, some are starting a losing a star, they tie them up for many years with the result that stars continue to receive top salaries far above what box office ratings slide. Sir Francis, for instance, is still receiving many thousands a week from Warners on an old contract. Yet so poor is her draw, she is fairly accustomed. Paramount showed cleverness and consideration for exhibitors by buying off Dietrich's contract which called for one more picture, Dietrich, too, is passing away.

Of the "poison" stars only Mae West, on a highly successful personal appearance tour in the East, had a comment to make for the press. Said Miss West, "Why, the independent theatre owners call me the mortgage lifter. When business is bad they just re-run one of my pictures... The box-office business in the entire industry has dropped off 30%. The only picture to make real money was 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,' and that would have made more money if they'd had me in 'Snow White.' The other maligned Glamor Girls couldn't toss it off quite as flippantly as La West. Their pride was deeply hurt. It's not the same call 'poison.'" Only Kay Francis had a statement for the public, and that was in the nature of an announcement of her marriage at the end of her contract in September, and her retirement from the screen. The exhibitors said that would be just jucky. Hollywood said it's "putting on face."

But let's do a play-back over the careers of these stars who have been so callously dubbed a dish of poison. Every last one of them has been made a star by YOU! The producers didn't thrust a single one of them down your throats. Not a single one of them is a "girl friend" or a relative of someone because you wanted them, and demanded to see more and more of them, that they became stars, with lots and lots of money. That, the public, simply went after them. Swedish girls imported from Europe, and when you saw her age ago in "The Torrent" you probably thought that she hadn't gone out of your sight, with luggage and all, and gone back to Europe long ago, just as Lilian Harvey and Ketti Gallian and other foreign importations have done. You were nuts about her pictures then—why don't you go to see them now?

In a Joan Crawford picture several years ago, you may have played her little dish of poison, but it consisted of a drunk scene that was a knock-out. It was you—not Mr. Mayer—who discovered Edward Arnold and demanded to see him in more pictures in bigger parts. At Paramount several years ago, a fugitive from Broadway played a vaudeville part in a Georgia Holt picture and when she said, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie," you fairly rolled in the aisles, and on the preview cards you wrote, "Let's have more of Mae West." So to please you Mr. Zukor made Mae a star. Kay Francis was practically working for peanuts when she came to Hollywood—she was a stooge in a Marx Brothers picture, and you can't get much lower than that—but you decided that she was "class" and smart and glamorous so you picked her out of a whole shoe of struggling Paramount players, wrote letters and did nip-ups so violently that War-ner Brothers took her away from Paramount at a terrific rise in salary. In the early pictures in which Joan Crawford appeared there were many gals with far more important parts than Joan played, but Joan, even in a bit, appealed to you more than did the stars and featured players and you asked for Joan, and so naturally Mr. Mayer gave you Joan, and you were tickled pink. Well—so what? So, you made them what they are today. So why don't you go to see their pictures? Or do you? The exhibitors say you don't!

It's quite evident something has happened. We don't need Philo Vance or Ellery Queen to detect that. But what? Is the public tired of stars and the star system? Are the stars really doomed?

Hollywood has plenty to say about it. Hollywood—or at least that part of Hollywood that writes and doesn't act—will tell you that the fans are bored with the stars because they don't like too much of too much. Take Connie Bennett, for example. Connie at one time was one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. Women all over the world tried to copy the Bennett look and the Bennett clothes. And then Connie suddenly went very snooty on us, and depressingly social. Every big-wig with a title was entertained by la Marquise. A grand actress is Connie, with a charming flair for comedy, but she just became too-utterly-too for the likes of the common people. They got bored with reading about how much she paid for her clothes and how she entertained Lord and Lady Poop de Doop. She lost that earthy touch, which no actress can remain a great actress without. Rather, it's to see Connie has all the chic and glamour of a star. It's practically ditto for Fred Astaire. Fred can dance like nobody's business, but under tables, everywhere. When he first danced to fame with Ginger Rogers you and I and the rest of the fans simply went insane about him. And then we made that awful discovery. Although born of the people, he had drifted away from the people. It was impossible to do a good "human interest" story on him—the way you can do one on Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable and Fred O'Brien—because Fred seemed to think that magazines and newspapers were just too degrading—and besides his "private life" was his own. The few interviews that he gave he demanded that he obey before the writer could submit them to the editors, and you can be quite sure that by the time he had finished editing them they were all colored. It is said that his marriage into the Social Register was responsible for his attitude. Fred's picture—without Ginger Rogers—didn't do so well.

Marlene Dietrich, they will tell you out in Hollywood, became too engrossed in her glamour and her mirrors, and in that way completely lost the warmth and earthiness she had in 'Blue Angel' and 'Morocco.' Marlene's glamorous beauty, and there has never been a star who could equal it, ran her salary up to enormous proportions—

Time for lunch! Robert Taylor, left, eats his favorite—corned beef hash. Maura O'Sullivan, above, takes a chicken and ham sandwich, wholewheat toast.
But I happen to want to get in my two cents' worth. I want to speak my little piece, and by golly, this is my chance to do so. I don't think it's the stars who are keeping the public out of the theatres. Not directly, I think it's trends. The heavy, the "menace," in my little mouth-shooting-off, is not Marlene Dietrich (poor Marlene gets blamed for everything, even Simone's temperament), is not the producers, and is certainly not the recession. It's trends. People do not remain the same year after year. Their taste in everything else changes, so why shouldn't their taste in movie stars? We once went stark staring insane over Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." The "mad Marches" who were never let off anything simply had us in ecstasies. Today we think "The Green Hat" stinks. The tastes of people change, and that makes trends.

First we had the Mary Pickford trend and everybody copied Mary and her curls. As a welcome reaction there followed the Clark Gable's luncheon usually consists of pineapple and cottage cheese salad. Virginia Bruce, right, also eats salad, of raw vegetables, for her studio lunch.

"flaming youth" trend with Clara Bow as its Jazz-mad leader, and soon the screen was so cluttered up with Bow imitators that everyone drew a deep sigh of relief when the hot-chi girls gave way to the Glamor Era. This was the biggest and best trend of all. Everybody wanted sunken cheeks and emaciated figures and gardenias and romance. Garbo, of course, was the number one Glamor Girl with Marlene Dietrich running her a close second. Joan Crawford, who got her start as a dancing daughter in the "flaming youth" era, now became beautiful, glamorous, and exotic— and more popular than ever. This trend also brought Kay Francis to the top, and Katharine Hepburn and Norma Shearer, and Connee Bennett, Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard muscled in slightly, but they weren't exotic enough, so no one paid them much mind.

And then quite gradually, the public changed. They were sick to death of glamour, gardenias were nauseating, and sunken cheeks were unhealthy. Carole Lombard took a prat fall in "My Man Godfrey," carried on like a crazy nit-wit—and the "screwball" trend was upon us. Most of the stars who had us so busy liking glamorous didn't realize until too late that another era had descended, so naturally as the "screwball" comedies rolled on and on their public forgot them. Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo were practically left out of that entire trend, so little won-

Color in Your Hair
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Color in Your Hair

"Sex is out." The studios have ordered "No more glamor portraits." It's safe to say that we are now in the midst of a "natural" trend and an exotic star hasn't got a Chinaman's chance.

But there is no reason that the Glamor Girls of today should be doomed. Just as they turned to "screwball" comedy three years ago they can now turn to the simple human interest drama that's bound to be popular. Witness, "Test Pilot." A star who's any kind of an actress at all can be glamorous, screwy, or natural, just as her public demands. There have always been stars in the theatre and there always will be. But don't wear gardenias and orchids when the trend calls for daisies and corn flowers.

Now I'm not saying, of course, that all pictures are thus and so. Just as there were good dramas during the "screwball" era there will doubtless be excellent goofy comedies during the present "natural" trend.

Well, this star system is something we can argue about until the cows come home. I've said my say, now you can say yours. Why don't you go to the movies? Are you bored with the stars you yourself made? Is there anything left of the stars or what?

Maybe, after all, Sam Goldwyn said a mouthful when he said, "when you consider that Charlie McCarthy and Snow White are the two biggest entertainment attractions found this year, you wonder if people aren't just tired of people" applied after powdering and cream rouge before, preferably over a cream or lotion make-up. After your make-up is applied, always try to let it "set" five or ten minutes. Believe your face is supposed to be warmer, warmth often deepens color, and this safety idea prevents those shocked moments when you catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror, looking like the big apple, when you thought you were deliberately done to a turn. It's surprising how eye shadows can increase the color of the eyes, though shadow must be muted. The one-tone, the two-tone method is newer. One tone is blended over another, or one tone, such as a gray-blue, used over the lids, then a very lightened blue of green-blue superimposed just above the lash line. All very lovely and colorful when applied skillfully.

Powder is truly the veil of illusion that blends make-up into a flower-like effect. Even your most beautiful of stars has that shiny, unfinished look before powder is added. There is no reason for rubbing powder into the skin, as many do. This is bad for the skin and gives a harsh make-up effect. Always press or fluff it on, and with young faces fingering will do. When all your surplus. You will notice that Dorothy Moore has folded her flat puff over to reach well into the nostril curves. These, plus eye and cheek corners, are often left untouched and so have a half-powdered look. Powder shades must remain more or less as they are to match skin shades, though as you get into the cooler colors your tan and burn fading. This probably means a lighter powder tone. I believe the fairish look, no matter what your natural coloring is, should be to stay. If you're using a too light powder but one with an enlivening undertone that gives the skin life. Few skins, except the naturally florid, are enhanced by flat tones.

A peep at the future nail lacquers shows many in the true red and bluish red group and in lighter versions of these basic tones. These, like lipstick, can be keyed up to your costume. Of course there will be warmer tones, too, for browns and dullish grays. The idea of harmonizing lacquer and lipstick will be as a plus factor. The gold and silver sequin polish that made its bow last winter will probably continue to have favor for everything, and a lovely idea, when the metal tone is not the same shade as your skin or jewelry. Then there is a pure white polish that is dramatic for certain types of tanned, or dark-skinned hands. White, however, is lost on the pale hand. This hand needs color.

The artistic use of make-up seems as much a fashion point today as an accent to beauty. Beaded lashes, scrunching lips, deeply rouged cheeks are a rarity, yet practically everyone uses make-up. Now and then I meet "I don't use make-up." I always think this is just too bad. The lack of small touches for better looks marks that girl as out-of-date, as far removed from make-up as from make-up. She fraudly advised this girl to use makeup-lightly before interviewing her prospective boss. The girl took the tip gratefully and turned the job against high competition.

Color is so important! It not only makes you look but also feel alive and alert. These are two priceless assets that are fast replacing glamour and cold beauty as attraction points.
syndicated gossip column and which bore the title, "Has Martha Raye Gone Hollywood?" It went on to say that Miss Raye was now insisting on closed sets—that is, that she was barring all visitors from the set. This if true was a significant point. From all indications, she had suddenly gone up-stage or snooty.

I suppose that a person is said to have "gone Hollywood" if he suddenly has high-lat, snobbish, temperamental, cocktail crazy, or just plain ahol. Nobody seems to be very positive on the subject. Somebody has said that the picture is "good" today you can count the actual snobs on one hand. That's not hard to understand. Why should he? Whether you believe it or not, it takes more than average intelligence to be a successful actor or actress, and intelligent people aren't in the habit of insulting the very public upon whom they depend for a livelihood. But to get back to the dread "Hollywooditis" virus that was said to have caused Martha to close her set to visitors. It happened this way: I know because I was there. During the filming of "Mountain Music" last year the script called for Martha to do a rough and tumble adagio dance with a team of professional dancers. At the end of the dance she was supposed to sail through the air and get caught in a chandelier. She refused an offered double for the strenuous stunt and flew into the dance with characteristic Raye enthusiasm. Time after time she was flung about by those professional strong-arms and time and again she hit the chandelier with a crash only to come down in a nose-dive before she could secure a firm hold. In the finished picture it appears simple enough, but before that scene was finished Martha was very nearly a hospital case. After several tries she had the visitors on the set in hysterics. And Martha was, quite naturally, becoming a trifle embarrased by all those awkward spills in front of so many strangers. Finally the director suggested closing the set for the duration of that particular sequence. So the set was closed for that one scene and the next day it was open to visitors as usual.

Now, I wish some kind-hearted soul would tell me with what action such a one could possibly be construed as being high-hat or snobbish. Yet the very next day the item appeared in a widely read newspaper that Martha was now insisting on closed sets and went on to predict an early obscurity for such a display of temperament! But her friends will vouch for me when I say that Martha Raye doesn't know what the word "temperament" means. And if you doubt me just ask any of the electricians, prop-boys, cameramen, or extras who work with her daily and they will tell you that she is the picture of the perfect lady they think of her. To a man they'll tell you she's tops. And that really means something no matter how hard up for copy the gagsmith may get.

And another thing, now that I'm getting sort of into the swing of it: One of our better-known movie radio commentators only a few weeks ago practically had a nervous breakdown right over the air because of something he'd unearthed about Martha that was, so he would have it, one of the most heart-rending cases of mental anguish, guess what it was! Her EXTRAVAGANCE! According to his dire prediction Martha Raye would practically have to go broke to get married. And she practically has.

The cats meow—for starlet Kay Winter's, their pretty mistress.

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fully announced to a jittery public that Martha's sudden zoom into the upper-bracket salaries had done something pretty drastic to her common sense and that she was indulging in a spending spree that was no less shocking to his aesthetic soul! But to be fair with him and just to ease his agitated mind of any apprehension he may honestly feel toward Martha's future financial security, allow me to give out with the grim truth. And let the rubies fall where they may. Certainly, Martha went on a spending spree. And a good one at that. When she had recovered from the shock of signing a long-term contract with Paramount at an almost unheard of figure, at least to her, she went right out and did exactly what you or I would have done had we been in her shoes. She bought flocks of clothes, she bought two cars, one for herself and one for her mother, she gave parties, she rented a house at the occasional. But to hear Mr. Radio Commentator tell it you'd think that Martha was in the habit of strolling down Hollywood Boulevard and passing out ten-dollar bills just for the fun of seeing the eyes of the century blink.

Next I learned that Martha Raye had suddenly gone snobbish. Imagine my utter amazement at this choice new rumor! I s'pose it's wonderful when you can catch a snobby attack of lunacy you're seeing Martha exactly as she acts off the screen the greater part of her waking hours. She lives under three suits but high-bred life—life, people, pictures and most of all, herself, is nothing but a gag. Now can you truthfully imagine a person to whom the screen is so low a thing as she's ever get started. Now, as you already know, Martha is essentially a singing comedienne. When you saw her carrying over the screen in a course that suggested something like developing a sudden attack or snobbery? No, neither can I. Least of all Martha Raye.

Out at Paramount there is a certain young girl who, all unbeckon't to her, owes her life to Martha. For months she had been suffering from chronic appendicitis, but could not get the necessary time off for an operation. Martha heard about it quite by chance, arranged for her hospitalization, paid all the bills and her salary was well under the figure that was present in various stages of sobriety, depending on the state of their nerves. At the height of the festivities, along about midnight, a famous director was heard to say, "Where is Martha Raye? I crave a dance with the comely lass." Well, everyone within earshot immediately started grabbing each other about for the results. It seems as though the place was so cluttered with celebrities, both minor and major, that one star more or less was a virtual impossibility. The director who looked and looked and the orchestra kept right on playing and the famous director, not being used to waiting around very long, for he was there on special request and let it be known in no uncertain term that he by gosh wanted a dance with Miss Raye. And right now!

One of the minor celebs—he only practi-
London

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So when he isn't on the floor he retires to a private estate fenced off among the trees and flowers and plays around with sanitary rubber "bones" and barks at all the people who crowd outside to watch him.

Little Elisabeth Bergner paid her respects to him the other morning, and Asta only opened one sleepy eye at her, then rolled herself round and went into dreamland again. The epic Austrian star of the blonde bob and the haunting brown eyes, playing a double rôle in a new film called "Stolen Life." She plays twin sisters in love with the same man. He marries the selfish pleasure-seeking one and when she dies in compromising circumstances, the other, gentle sister goes to the husband to keep him from going to the police. That certainly seems something fresh in movie stories!

Edmund Gwenn has a new type of part, too. After his recent illness he went for a vacation voyage in a freighter and spent six weeks at sea. The day he came back he signed to star in a film called "Penny Paradise" and found he had to go right back aloft because he plays the captain of a Liverpool tug-boat bringing the great Atlantic liners into dock.

Talking about liners, I hear that the Queen Mary's pink gymnasia was shanked from end to end when young Tommy Bupp rehearsed his broncho-busting yells coming over. Tommy certainly shook me when I went to watch him with British comedian Will Hay in "Hey, Hey, U. S. A." Something with a toasted head and a freckled face grabbed me and burst out: "Say, I'm Tommy and I'm fourteen years old and I'm in seventy-five films, there's five with screen credits and I started in 'Our Gang' and I been with W. C. Fields in 'It's a Gift' and why are your automobiles so crazy and my folks just bought a new ranch in the San Fernando Valley it's north of Hollywood and I'm raising horses there and—"

And then Edgar Kennedy took pity on me and called Tommy back to the set, and when I'd been revived with a cup of tea I elicited that Tommy is making screen history by being the first American boy actor to be brought over for an English film. He's the number one of a Chicago gangster millionaire, played by the untamable Edgar, and Will Hay is the English tutor engaged to teach him etiquette and such.

After his favorite role of Ruth Chaterton, and after we'd been discussing her it was startling to go back to town and learn she had just arrived in England herself by visiting trip. It seems she's been a busy girl in London, frequently spied on by Noel Coward who is among her greatest friends, until Paramount have her new dramatic film all ready for the fall. The first news we had was hearing "This Man is News," set in a newspaper office, with Valerie Hobson and Barry K. Barnes as rival reporters.

Her former romantic interest is a polo hero in Alexander, Korda's army life color film "The Drum," when a character said the game was "an Indian invention, an English amusement, a French sport and Russian passion." Well, that bit of dialogue has been sticking in the Korda memory so persistently has he now bought a scenario called "Cataclasm" which is all about polo in the three countries as named, Sabu, the little Italian boy, will act in it Korda has refused to loan out to R.K.O. until winter. (They really wanted him for "Gunga Din" as a beginning.)

Korda's great white studios house another unconventional picture. A film of the moment, a story of life in a girls' reformatory called "Prison without Bars." It has no recognized stars but just a lot of clever young character actresses. Korda made one very ugly and others acting cripples and criminals. There is no glamour, no dresses beyond the drab uniforms, and no love-interest or such mas-interest except as a social reference. Korda is producing it under conditions of secrecy and averts it will startle the world with its new technique and impressionistic photography.

It looks as though Sonja Henie may have a competitor in Hollywood this fall, for Britain's loveliest skating champion, Marie Helena, is going to California to skate for the films. Marie is fifteen, her real name being Mary Turner, exquisitely slim and dainty with sparkling black eyes, and with long golden hair piled high. She was three years old. She's a singer and ballet-dancer, too, and proud owner of one of the greatest quint collections in Britain at her London home.

Producer Herbert Wilcox has changed his mind about allowing his golden-haired American wife to escape London, Ward in the film about the life of Admiral Lord Nelson. Now Leslie will star by himself when the production takes the floor and be supported by Diana Wynyard making a come-back to the screen as the beautiful Lady Hamilton with whom the famous sailor had such a passionate and tragic love affair. You won't recognize a girl you knew in "Cavalcade" and those other Hollywood films of a few years ago. Diana has changed her personality completely during the interim she has spent in the European stage. Now she seems taller and more stately, her figure plumper and her hair a darker brown, dressed in a Caribbic costume but colder. She looks like to have her forehand in front. She is still unmarried, living quietly with her parents at their country home near London, spending her leisure riding and gardening, her special hobby.

So now Anna Neagle's next appearance will be in a picture based on the life of Marie Lloyd, the comedienne of fifty years ago, who was then known as "the Halls"—vaudeville-topliner to you. She was a vivacious high-spirited lady, singing songs considered rather naughtily in those days, so that portraying her will be a mendacious change for Anna after her two successive films as Quent Victoria.
ambitious and possessed of a burning desire to realize the one dream that carried her through rigid days of strait-laced conventions, Hedy tried to make her Austrian nobleman see light. She knew what she wanted from life. She was tired of the stifling luxury and the meaningless pattern that made up her days and nights.

Her young man pleaded. Hedy reasoned with him. She tried to show him he was fifty years behind the times, that he was living in the twentieth century and not in the dark ages. She showed him there was room enough in her life for both love and a career. She pledged him her love but she wanted to share whatever talent she had with the entire world. But he could not see Hedy’s argument. He threatened he would not go on if she did not abandon her career, Hedy, familiar with the situation as so often repeated on the stage, thought her young handsome officer was merely repeating lines he had heard. In vain, she remonstrated with him. Then realizing the futility of her passionate pleadings, she sent him home and told him to return the following morning to discuss the situation further.

The next morning he was found dead—a bullet in his brain!

From that day on a tragic pall that few people can understand has seemed to veil her life. If Hedy Lamarr’s eyes have a deep cast of sorrow in them, it has been put there by the great disappointment she suffered so young in life. If her voice carries a shaded nuance of tragedy, it is because a handsome young man used to love to sit at her feet and listen to it for hours at a time. If her laughter seems a bit overcast by unreality and she seems to be feigning gayety, remember that she still carries too deep a scar in her heart to laugh sincerely. Wherever she goes and whatever she does, she cannot escape the constant haunting image of her dashing young sweetheart.

No matter what she does, Hedy Lamarr will never be able to forget him. She is sure that if only he had returned the following morning and listened to her, everything would have turned out happily. As it is, she feels the weighted burden of her cross more strongly every time she sees happy couples walking down the street together or holding hands in the moonlight. She looks at them wistfully—even enviously—realizing all this might have been her too.

To keep herself from constantly thinking of the great tragedy that darkened her life and left her floundering about hopelessly, she threw herself furiously into the one means of forgetting—work. She arose early every morning and worked until she was no longer able to stand on her feet. She studied dramatics, music, diction and all other related studies that would aid her in becoming a proficient actress. And the more she was inclined to think of her erstwhile handsome suitor, the greater would be her concentration on the only thing in life she now wanted. When stage and screen offers came her way, she did not hesitate about accepting them. Anything that kept her mind occupied was welcomed as a refuge. Meanwhile, her beauty was attracting the attention of European society and she was much sought after at social functions and gatherings where the cream of the most distinguished men of the first world was parading in all the charm and suave poise especially fascinated the impregnable Fritz Mandel, the mystery man of Central Europe. Though she refused to see him for many months and she shamed his attentions in deference to her deceased lover, Mandel became too insistent for Hedy to hold out against his impassioned wishes.

When she completed her assignment on a picture called “Symphony of Love” and returned to Vienna to rest and relax, Fritz Mandel immediately resumed his whirlwind courtship and succeeded in breaking down the last shred of resistance. Though she knew she would never be able to love anyone else with the same depth and sincerity as her first love, she accepted marriage as a safeguard against her vast loneliness.

The honeymoon of Hedy and her millionaire husband was marred by one thing. The obscure film which she had made in Czechoslovakia before her marriage was released. Her husband heard about the generally undraped manner in which she was required to disport herself for the realistic interpretation of the story. Everybody else heard of it too! Then a storm, of which Hedy was the innocent but none-the-less dynamic center, swept across international boundaries. Reports from widely separated world capitals told how Fritz Mandel, desiring a demure, conventional housefrau in the accepted Austrian tradition, tried to suggest the film; how he dispatched his agents throughout Europe to buy up all the prints and photographs of his wife; how he spent over two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. But a few of the prints eluded the hands of his agents, apparently, and under the title, “Ecstasy,” the picture created a sensation wherever it was shown.

Germany barred the film. Mandel and his powerful friends expected similar action in Italy. But the expected “sympathetic” echo from the opposite pole of the Rome-Berlin axis struck, instead, a jarring and unlooked-for discordant note.

In Italy, Mussolini had decided to stage a gigantic exposition of motion picture art. He invited all the committees of the world to submit their best product. Czechoslovakia submitted “Ecstasy.” This was to be a purely artistic display in which blue-lipped censorship and limitations must bow to the sovereignty of art. And the grand prize was awarded to the Hedy Lamarr film!

All this time agents were still busily buying up the prints of the picture. The men managed to trickle through and find its way to New York. But it got no further than the harbor. The Federal men seized it in the time of decency and the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Law. The print was destroyed by the anaesthetised customs men who put it in the same class as those garish calendars one found in every hardware shop.

Another print was sent over. The case went to the courts. There were many decisions—pro and con. Mrs. Morgenthau, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, saw the film and didn’t find it obnoxious—merely a trifle too bold for our carefully guarded American morals. But when Judge Learned Hand saw it and made minor changes the film would be safe for the American people, we were at last permitted a view of Europe’s glamour girl. In the meantime a frugal Hedy had turned to her husband’s wishes—just as a good wife should—and retired from the screen. But it was rumored that as she sat in her palatial mansion, entertaining the elegant throngs of distinguished visitors, her thoughts were continually drifting back to the world of motion pictures. Within her was a young girl who had been trained in oil paints and cameras, for the excitement and lure of the world of make-believe. Now, she had neither an interest in life or the happenings in the modern world. She was an American, and she was not interested in Europe.

The great void she was striving to fill again threatened to completely engulf her. Finally she sought a divorce so she might continue the career which meant more to her than all the money in the world.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lost no time in signing her up when they discovered her interest in acting. They planned an elaborate debut for her in America, but to Walter Wanger goes the honor of presenting her to the public in his first American picture, “Hedda.”

A smartly dressed girl, once a lover of glittering jewelry, of seasonal pleasure trips to the Alps, to North Africa, the Riviera and to the gay distant cities, the alluring Hedy Lamarr now admits she finds more of a thrill in living in America.

I have heard that in America money is a god and an actress has no time to fish in a glass bowl with curious eyes spying on her all the time,” says the girl who could have sat back and enjoyed the wealth of her marriage, “but I still believe it is true. In Europe, a successful actress is expected to live elaborately, have many servants and ‘promenade’ all dressed up in her Paris originals if she is to impress herself with her position. In America, the center of all glamour, I find many of the most famous...
Now—Apply Vitamin A

the "Skin-Vitamin"

Right on Your Skin

For years we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That’s all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on my skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this vitamin.

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It’s the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond’s Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond’s Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond’s, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond’s Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond’s contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most people don’t know these facts about Vitamin A and the skin...

First Published Reports
In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond’s Creams
Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

1. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

2. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. In improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin absorbs and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

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people in the world going about unnoticed and wholly unsuploved by their reputations and success. Instead of pompous, self-satisfied people, I have found many sincere artists who work hard and play enthusiastically. Everyone is busy. Everyone is planning for the future.

"I haven't heard from the actor who considers his picture career his life's work. Joan Crawford and Frances Thomas are planning operatic careers; a number of actors are fearful of becoming directors, others have producing ambitions. One girl told me she wanted to become a talent scout.

"Hailed by Hollywood as the most glamorous of all glamor girls ever to set foot on California soil, Hedy Lamarr readily disproves the theory of the beautiful being dumb. No keener brain functions behind so beautiful an exterior. Her world is all alert and her soft hazel eyes burn with a cold intoxicating fire. There is a searching look in them as if she were endlessly seeking something she can't find. Her flawless white skin is a perfect foil for her deep rich black hair. She is five feet seven and her one hundred and ten pounds are rhythmically proportioned to delight the most discriminating connoisseur.

"Her own simplicity is almost breathtaking. She is thoroughly and unexpectedly unpredictable and therefore extremely fascinating beyond all bounds. Nothing she says or does interferes with her that calm, self-assured girl whose beauty is almost fatal, makes you feel it. You cannot help predicting that she will leave her footprints in the history of motion pictures, because people who see her cannot easily forget her. She clings to one's memory shallows, like some rare perfume. You cannot help recalling her ever little gesture, the movement of her tiny flower-like hands, the characteristics of her face and its meaninglessness in itself, but collectively making up the strange appeal of Hedy Lamarr.

"Even beyond her startling beauty you can baboom the clear, analytical understanding that this foreign star has deeply secreted within her. She makes you think of strange, exotic romance under the stars, of soft nights and the distant strains of haunting music. She conjures up the spirit of adventure and invites thoughts of love, just as Myrna Loy suggests sophistication or Greta Garbo innocence.

"She says things with her eyes that words cannot hope to express. But her manners and bearing make you stop to wonder if beneath the glamour of her beauty lies the timid heart of a naive peasant girl rather than that of a lovely lady who can disturb the peace of entire nations.

**DJER-KISS**

**(Pronounced Dear-Kiss)**

**TALC**

By KERKOFF - PARIS

**DJER-KISS**

**(Pronounced Dear-Kiss)**

**TALC**

By KERKOFF - PARIS

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**FISH PUDDING**

- 4 cups of boiled fish
- 3/4 cup of boiled fish
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup of milk
- 3 eggs
- Sugar
- Pepper
- 3 eggs

For the pan—1/2 cup breadcrumbs

Melt the butter and stir in the flour, add the milk a little at a time and let it boil slowly. When it has cooled somewhat mix it with the finely chopped fish, spice, etc., and mix with the eggs one at a time.

Pour the mixture in the pan which has been buttered and sprinkled with bread crumbs. Bake in a medium oven one-half or three-quarters of an hour. Serve it with melted butter.

"In Paris, they have marvelous food," said Sonja. "I like everything they have here. Oysters have a special salty taste there that is perfect. Their vegetable soup, too—do you know, they cook each vegetable separately so that each one keeps its own distinctive flavor, and at the last minute they put them all together with seasoning.

"How those people can cook! Their sauces are magnificent. Oh, boy! There is one—Bordeaux sauce. We serve here sometimes. I will let you have that."

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**BORDELAISE SAUCE**

Wrap 1/2 cup sliced beef marrow in a piece of cheesecloth, place in a small pan of boiling water and poach until softened. Place in a small saucepan 2 tablespoons olive oil, 6 finely chopped shallots, a sliced clove of garlic; simmer five minutes, add 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar and 6 tablespoons water, and reduce one-half; add 1 cupful of bread crumbs to it; it boils; simmer at one point until the sauce will mask a spoon, skim and stir out; add the marrow and a seasoning of salt and pepper.

Sonja is fascinated with the parties people give in Hollywood. "You know at home, we have dinner and we dance afterwards, and that is all," she told me, her voice rising. "But the girls in America are invited for cards and we go and play cards all evening. But here, they play games, or do stunts, or have fortune tellers, and everything is going on, I do not know how to play games yet, so I have not tried."

"I thank fortune tellers would be fun," said her mother. "I like it, if it is all for fun, Sonja always laughs. She does not believe anything they say. But she does not believe anything they say in the papers about her, either. Would you believe, they say she is going to marry Cesar Romero?"

Sonja laughed. She murmured that Cesar came to her house way Ethel Mer- man—was that devotion? Sonja isn't ready to marry yet. She won't let herself get involved. When she marries, she will give up her career—and she means it.

"I am old-fashioned. A wife's job is enough," she added, with a vigorous nod.

There is love interest in her life right now, Cesar and Richard Greene and others come to her house, and so do Ethel Mer- man and Alice Faye and Tony Martin. Richard is the best "indications" player she knows.

"Indications a game," she elucidated. "You indicate with pantomime or acting some phrase suggested. Like charades, only you can talk. I do not like that.

We went in to see the playroom, an intimate little place with English sporting prints on the wall and a map of the world under the bar.

"You can tell where everything is happening," she pointed out. "Every day I look

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**INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES**

Continued from page 11

or duck—we use apple and prune instead of the bread dressing you have here. With spices, it gives a taste we like.

"But it is fish we like most," put in Sonja. "There is a dish of stuffed baked fillet—oh, boy! I know how it is done. I know how to cook. I do not have time, but I know.

"You take fillets of haddock or flounder and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Put them in a greased shallow pan with stuffing between each fillet—then are made of bread crumbs, with minced onions, chopped green peppers, parsley and celery salt, moistened with a very little water and one beaten egg. After you have secured the fillets with toothpicks, you pour Campbell's tomato soup over the fillets and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour."

"Here's that fish pudding we spoke of," said Mrs. Henne.
to see what country has now changed and where the headlungs are happening.

The dining room has murals painted by a Hollywood artist and dainty satin-striped chairs.

"It is not very large, so we do not have big dinners—but we would not have them, anyway. I like to entertain outdoors, with the pool and the tennis courts and snapper on the terrace. We serve special ham sticks that you might like, and hot Mocha."

**HAM STICKS**

Wrap paper thin slices of highly seasoned ham around thin bread sticks. If you have not bread sticks at hand, cut stale bread in sticks one-third inch in diameter. Brush with Crisco and bake until golden-brown. Then wrap with the ham, which must be very thin. Spread the ham with Gullen's mustard before wrapping, if mustard is desired.

**HOT MOCHA**

Mix 2 tablespoons Baker's cocoa with a little cold water. Add 1/2 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt. Cook gently for five minutes. Add 1/2 cup strong coffee and 1/4 cups of Borden's evaporated milk. Heat and serve.

It was decided that I should see Sonja's room, although, she assured me, it wasn't exactly right for her personality, because of the color.

"If I should stay in this house, I'd do it over," she observed.

In a small alcove is her collection of tiny Dresden figures, found in places all over the world. Delicate dancing figures, exquisite flower girls, romping children—and across the way a mullkin in knee breeches playing a miniature piano.

"These are really mine," she explained. "I take them everywhere. When they arrive, I am home!"

Pretty Peggy! We mean the lass above, Peggy Moran, of Warners.

**Cagney**

Continued from page 51

ended the discussion. "Dick," he said, "you're being disagreeable as hell, you know. And it's barely possible you could be wrong."

"No, he isn't," Jim interrupted. "He's a friend of mine and he's telling me about things as he sees them. I appreciate his honesty and frankness."

One of Jim's outstanding traits is that he cannot bring himself to admit he was wrong. You know from his actions he realizes when he's been wrong but he'll never admit it in so many words. He has never said he made a mistake in leaving Warner Brothers. I'm sure he had legitimate grievances. He's too intelligent to walk out of a lucrative contract without justification. But I know, as an outsider, that more time, care and consideration were spent on Cagney pictures than on any others that went into production on that lot.

When things were settled Jim told me, "That first meeting with Jack Warner was accomplished with annoyingly little strain. I walked into his office, held out my hand, and said, 'Well, here's that troublesome ham again,' and he said, 'Glad to see you, Jimmie. It's been pretty dull around here since you left.'"

"Then we sat down and talked things over. It's funny how you work at a place for years and are sure you know a person inside and out. Then something like this happens and you find you didn't know him at all. Since I came back things couldn't be more pleasant."

Most actors are interested primarily in themselves. Jim is interested primarily in others. The number of people he has "gone through" in his years at Hollywood is appalling. Once I taxed him with it and he indignantly denied it. "You have an exaggerated idea of my intimacy with the people you mention," he said.

But I haven't. He reminds me of a passage in Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." The White Monkey was a painting. The monk sat there with an orange peel in his hand, staring vacantly into space. He had sucked all the juice out of the orange and there was nothing left but the rind. He couldn't understand it.

That's the way with Jim. Someone interests him and he has to be with him constantly. He can't understand it when that person wears out. He has drained him dry of everything interesting, without real-
I'm amazed at being told that in the movie houses there it takes four hours to run a picture of mine, because they rewound parts of it again and again. What the audiences want to see, over and over, is the dancing. For that matter, that's what I wanted to see in Havana. They could understand that, but they couldn't understand my neither smoking nor drinking, and hardly being able to, I, a professional dancer, had never taken a drink of liquor or smoked a cigarette. I tried to make up for it by dancing everything. But when I got to a place where a voodoo dance was performed and a goat killed I couldn't take it. Just the thought of that poor goat was too much for me. Instead, we all went to Mr. Bacardi's establishment. He gave each of us three bottles of his famous rum, twenty years old and from his private stock, and said if I'd come back by way of the Panama Canal I would give me a fiesta. There was no more dancing that night. But in New York I danced every night till five-thirty in the morning. They'd really missed me.

"I was really playing the Hollywood actress, flouting evening gowns and sporting the blue-gray fox cape my mother gave me. But in the daytime I wore the plainest sort of dress and tap shoes, then went around making thirteen—my lucky number—personal appearances at theaters where I'd worked in vaudeville. Watching at the Pitkin Theatre in Brooklyn was a high school band with a banner which read, "We're for Eleanor Powell!" The people at those houses were old friends, and because I played there as a kid they felt they had put me in pictures."

When I wondered whether Eleanor had felt the same way in Washington, she admitted: "At first, in the White House, I was afraid it would be rather stiff and very polite. Then I heard Jimmy Roosevelt shout, "El!" His voice boomed through the corridors. I was dying, for I saw his mother coming towards me and didn't know how she'd take it. But Mrs. Roosevelt was very sweet, saying: "I've been wanting to meet you after all I've heard from my two sons who know you." You see, I'd known Jimmy and Franklin for six years when I was dancing in New York being rushed in and exclaimed, "Gee, El, I hear you're going to have lunch with mom!" At the luncheon I found him on my left. "Mom," he burst out as if in surprise, "look who I'm sitting next to!" The little devil had got his mother to put him next to me. He's full of swing, and if he wasn't a Roosevelt he'd be a saxophone player. Before we'd touched a bite, Franklin whispered to me, "If the chicken's tough don't mind, El. The food here's terrible."

"How was it?" I bluntly demanded, interested to know what sort of table they set at the White House.

"Don't ask me," protested Eleanor, "I was so nervous and excited that I didn't notice. It was all I could do to string along with Franklin. He's the limit. But there was one thing I did notice that all the colored servants were addressed by their first names, I saw some of them peering through the door at me. So did Franklin, who said, "Why don't you take me out into the kitchen and have you dance for them—something hot?" I'd have liked nothing better. But what I was waiting for was the Lincoln mattress.

And I was waiting to hear her tell it of. "There wasn't anything set about it," she said
Eleanor, "I was glad of that—it made me feel more at home. After luncheon we were going through the lower floor of the White House when Mrs. Roosevelt inquired, 'Would you like to meet the President this afternoon?' Then she led the boys and me into Mr. Roosevelt's study. My heart was in my mouth. There behind his desk sat the President, just finishing a newsreel. When he caught sight of me there was a funny look in his eyes, and he called, 'Cut!' Then, smiling that wonderful smile of his, Mr. Roosevelt said to me, 'That was for you. You see, I know something about your business,' said. Then the President told me, rather severely. 'Miss Powell, young lady, I want to talk to you later.' Ah-ah! That didn't sound so good. I said to myself, 'He's heard of me with his boys!' After a while Franklin said, 'Dad wants to talk with you now.' I was scared stiff. We all went into his sitting-room. The President shook hands with me, then asked abruptly, 'Which son of mine did you know first?' Jimmy. I replied, shakin' in my shoes. 'I might have known it!' remarked the President, with a twinkle in his eye. He looked at me a moment, then asked, 'Well, now that you've met their old man, they don't mean anything to you, do they?' 'Not a thing,' I told him, grabbing his hand and squeezing it. 'Hey, don't break in Jimmy, you don't cut me out like that!' The President laughed, then began asking me about my work. When I told of the technical part of it, about my taps being dubbed in, just as music is dubbed into pictures, Mr. Roosevelt said, 'Amazing!' Turning to Jimmy, he asked, 'Can you imagine that?' As we went on talking, I suddenly heard a great commotion behind me. Looking around, I saw Jimmy and Franklin wrestling on the floor. 'So you thought you could take her away from me, did you?' snarled Jimmy. 'I didn't think, I knew I could!' yelled Franklin. And they went at it again, making out they were having a fight about me and rolling over on top of each other, while Mrs. Roosevelt stood over them and cheered them on. The President threw back his head and roared with laughter. I never saw such a playful family—they were as merry as the Marx Brothers.'

Fun in the White House had evidently meant giving their astonished visitor a good time. "I surely had it," agreed Eleanor. "They were all so human that I loved it. When things had quieted down a bit, the President said to me, 'Miss Powell, I never saw anyone dance with the spirit you put into it. After seeing you in a picture I've always felt just like getting up and dancing myself.' That was the greatest compliment I'd ever had, and from the greatest man. Then Mrs. Roosevelt suggested, 'Now we'll have our pictures taken, but on one condition—that we sit on the floor. We're not Hollywood stars in this family, you know.' So we went into her room and had some taken that way, the two of us plumped down, and it was a lot of fun. Afterwards Mrs. Roosevelt sat by the window and talked of her magnolias, saying, 'In summertime this is the most romantic spot in the world.' That was another side of her.

In her "homesy" view of the White House family Eleanor had obviously seen various sides of its members. "That night we were with the President again while he was making his radio address. Then we went to the Birthday Ball. At it I danced everything I knew, even the chuck-a-boo. Finally, at three in the morning, there was the Golden Plate Breakfast. When it was over, the orchestra played a waltz and I danced all the time of two hundred officers. It was a beautiful end of a beautiful time," concluded Eleanor, putting back those holiday treasures into that Pandora's box. Or was it Cinderella's?
well-made capitals and a uniformity in the slope of the letters, is that of calm simplicity. A logical mind with good reasoning powers is shown in the letters being always connected with correct orthography and the high clear capitals imply a quiet self-respect that keeps her advancing steadily from one thing to another, always correct and always as the result of a deliberate plan. She is a sane, wholesome girl who is in no danger of losing her head, friendly, self-confident, and ambitious. A bit of a sceptic, perhaps, and troubled only with the blues, her consciences gift for hard work will undoubtedly carry her even further, while her amiable disposition and an innate movement of the small "o's" in a trusting, credulous nature. The wide upper loops, everywhere marked in her writing, is evidence of sensiveness and a ready response to music. The tightly closed loops on her "a's" and "o's," however, show a contradictory element of caution that must have saved her often from her general impulsiveness. The unceasingness of her lines points to a carelessness in detail that must often have required her own clear head to adjust.

The dominant quality about Gary Cooper is his will-power. The firm line beneath his signature denotes a forceful, positive personality. A frank, outspoken nature is revealed in the "a's" and "o's," which are always open at the top. He has a friendly spirit and a generous one, but some measure of conceit is disclosed by the size and sweep of the capitals and by the fancy flourishes with which he draws pen from paper. A good mind constantly applied to his problems by a strong will are weapons good enough for any career.

Jeanette MacDonald presents an interesting study in contrasts. The born fatalist—just look at her descending finals—she has, nevertheless, an almost relentless tenacity of purpose. The long cross of the "i" is evidence of tremendous energy, as well, and an aggressive determination. Luckily, like Claudette Colbert, she has a bubbling sense of humor. Her tightly knotted, "a's" and "o's" are the mark of a secretive nature, while her small letters tapering off at the close of each word reveal a fund of tact coupled with a shrewd business sense. I see in this hand keenness of mind, a restless temperament that is kept ever on the go and a generous, spontaneous nature, a truly stimulating personality.

Note the beautifully rounded, well-spaced letters of Joan Bennett and you will realize at once that, despite the plan in the beginning, the sign of an impressionated, critical nature, and the hooks on both ends, that reveal indomitable will and an active spirit that is inclined to conversion, an essentially clear, sane personality. A logical mind and a conscientiousness about small matters adds to the feeling of self-respect, the personal pride, that one sees in the hugh, well-formed capitals. Her "n's," so like "u's," show her to be easily adaptable to circum-
Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest
woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

0NE lesson life teaches a woman is
the need for complete intimate
daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman
whose love and companionship he seeks
as his dream of feminine loveliness...
fresh and exquisite at all times. But,
without realizing it, there are times
when even perfumes, baths and beauty
aids may fail to make you attractive—
if you neglect the practice of feminine
hygiene. Many experienced family doc-
tors know that this neglect has wrecked
the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most
personal way. Be sure of complete
exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol"
method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol"
disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol"
has been used in many hospitals and
clinics for years as an effective anti-
septic douche. Directions for use are
on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for
feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper
dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no
harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful
germicide, active under practical conditions,
effective in the presence of organic matter
(such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread
because of low surface tension, and thus virtu-
sally search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" 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.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength
no matter how long it is kept, how often it is
uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands
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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the
many uses of "Lysol."

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Hollywood Doesn't Want You!

Continued from page 32

Men Love Peppy Girls

If you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this:

It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and giggle who attracts men. Men can't stand cranky, listless women.

So in case you need a good general system tonic remember this:—For over 60 years famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots, has helped Nature tone up delicate female systems, build up physical resistance, and thus help calm jittery nerves and give more pep and zip to really enjoy life.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. W.L.W. Mondays through Friday.

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don't gamble with body odors—after every bath

Hush

use Hush and be Sure

You're unsure of personal dainties for him? Long for that hush when you use HUSH. Use HUSH in your wash for all a complete, lasting type:

CREAM-Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dres fabric. LIQUID—Instant, perfect 24 hours. Regular, for 1-3 days. Powde For men: Sandalwood, Jasmine, Almond, Musk. Keeps free from dust and flies. 25c, 50c, 10c size at 10c counters.
Well, here's a case in point—just one of hundreds. A few years ago one of the studios was hunting desperately for just the right girl for an important part in a picture. Many girls had been tested. Finally, on the recommendation of the casting office an extra girl was given a test. She was exactly the type needed and the test proved that she could act. She was called in and offered the part. Then the trouble began.

If the studio had selected any one of the free-lance actresses who had been tested, the salary involved would not have been an issue. The studio was prepared to pay an extra dollars a day or five hundred a week. The part was an important one and worth that amount. But this girl whom they now wanted was an extra. Many times in the past she had worked in the studio for ten dollars a day. That made things different! When she asked for seventy-five dollars a day (and she based that amount on the information she had been able to get in regard to the established salaries of three other actresses who had been tested) she was offered twenty-five. She could take it or leave it. And the inference was that if she left it—then it might be hard for her to get extra work in the future! She took the part. She turned in a very satisfactory performance.

And after that did she go on to bigger and better things? She tried. When she got down to her last dime she went back to extra work. Since the day before the Guild had swung into action she was able to return to the extra ranks.

Today at another studio a scene is being shot. In that scene there are twelve young women all fogged out in fancy evening attire. All twelve are free-lance actresses and they're each getting fifty dollars a day. There is nothing important for them to do—a piece of business here, a piece there. No dialogue. Among the hundreds of pretty girls on the extra list there are certainly twelve who would have proved satisfactory for this job. But last week when the director was thinking about this scene he made it quite clear to the casting office that he did not want extras—he wanted actresses!

You see, once you become an extra you are branded. You may still feel individual. You know you've got looks and talent. Sometimes your vanity ambition makes the blood fairly pound in your head. That's the way you seem to you. But to the studios you're merely a piece of animated scenery. In case you've forgotten, you can't even get yourself established in the extra ranks. The "closed shop." Remember?

Then how does anyone get into pictures? More particularly, how can you wangle it?

When Hollywood's young actresses are not busy playing parts in films, they are busy being made-up and posed for glamour pictures. Very apt people with all the required lines of beauty is blonde, stately, alluring Ethelreda Leopold.

Well, you can make a name for yourself on the stage. Then Hollywood will come to you. Or you can stay at home and trust to luck that a talent scout may be around some time when you happen to be playing a good role in that Little Theatre show. Then you may be offered a test and later a stock contract. If that happens—then "go to town."

Meanwhile think this over when you think about Hollywood in its relation to you. You're not wanted if you come here looking for fame and fortune. And about those new "discoveries" that you read about all the time—you hear a lot about them when they're discovered, but you never hear anything when their options are not picked up!

Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!

THe most priceless and perishable charm a star— or a cigarette—can have, is freshness. No effort, no expense, is too great to guard it. For if it fades, down goes "box office appeal."

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty, so dryness, dampness and dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is double-sealed, in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

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Ginger's Secret Heart

"Continued from page 29"

nation. "Dad," she cried, "there's a man in the kitchen asking for something to eat, and the hired girl won't give him anything!"

Mr. Owens marched out into the kitchen and instructed the hired girl to give him as much food as he could eat. An hour later, the minister who lived next door, tolled up the steps of the Owens' front porch. "Mr. Owens," he said, "your maid told my maid that you fed that tramp. The man described Mr. Owens very well; he's just a lazy good-for-nothing who won't work."

"Maybe he is and maybe he isn't," retorted Owens, "but I'd rather feed a hundred men who don't deserve it, than to turn one away who does. And another thing, Reverend Blank, anytime you feel you can't afford to feed a man who comes to your back door—just send him over here. I'll manage, if you can't!"

There were five daughters in the Owens family, and all of them were talented. Lela, future mother of Ginger, was the writer in the family. Billie admired her extravagantly for her ability to put her thoughts into words. Lela was quick to redden. She kept to herself, and at seventeen she started a national newspaper furore because of her indignant protests against the hanging of two boys. The details of the hanging pained her, and she wrote about it in poems and songs. It was Mr. Owens' dream that Billie would someday gain fame in the Metropolitan opera, or on the stage. He encouraged her to continue her practice so many hours a day that she finally ran away and got married to escape from a career.

But we're getting ahead of the story. In the meantime, while Billie was still a little girl, Lela married Ginger, christened Virginia, was born in Independence, Missouri, July 16, 1897. As a child, Lela was separated from her husband, and took over the task of raising and supporting her baby. For a time she worked as a newspaper reporter, and she kept Ginger beside her desk in a crib in the office.

One day a friend asked Lela if he could borrow Ginger for the day. Lela consented. Later she was amazed to see pages and pages of loving pictures of the baby. Lela was indignant. "I wouldn't allow a baby of mine in pictures," she stormed.

Lela had decided to make a newspaper game to seek her fame and fortune in New York. She found a job as manager and promoter of Baby Osborne, famous child star of that time, who is Ginger's stand-in pictures today. Lela had no intention of grooming Ginger for the stage.

Billie says that when Ginger was about nine years old, she went with Lela to Kansas City for a visit to her grandmother. Lela bought her ticket, paid for her meals in advance, arranged for her safety with the Trander's, and paid five dollars to spend. "You can do just as you please with this, Ginger," she said.

Ginger arrived safely in Kansas City to meet the Owens assembled at the station to greet her. "Oh, grandmama," she burst out, "my mother gave me five dollars to spend just as I wanted to. The train stopped in St. Louis and I saw the newspaper department store. Grandma, I saw the most beautiful sewing basket there! It was the prettiest sewing basket you ever saw in your life. I'm going to pay for you. It cost a whole DOLLAR. But then, I thought to myself, a dollar is a lot of money. And then I thought how much you'd love the sewing basket. But then I thought of all the stockings that dollar would buy me that Mother wouldn't have to pay for. So I didn't buy you the sewing basket, Grandma."

Lela always discussed her financial condition with Ginger, from the time she was a child, sitting beside her mother on a bed in a furnished room in New York. "She didn't do this to burden her," said Billie, "but to help her understand why she should be denied the things that other little girls take for granted. When Ginger understood exactly how much money there was to spend for room and board, she was restricted to going without dolls and ice cream sodas."

Lela remarried, and moved with her husband and Ginger to Texas. When Ginger was fourteen, she entered the local Charleston contest. She won, of course. After that there was no holding her. She was given a contract of nineteen weeks in vaudeville. Ginger was afraid of her father and hurried her to appear with his orchestra in Chicago's College Inn. Lela bowed to the inevitable. If dancing was the child's bent, she would not oppose her.

Billie was living in Chicago when Ginger made her first appearance at the famous College Inn. "Night club applause that is hot to get," says Billie. "Even then she was a cautious, skeptical, saving, and sensible child. She thought her engagement with Paul Ash was just a break. She didn't have any ambition to succeed in wearing the clothes that Lela had sewed for her back in Texas, walking out to my house to save carriage, and going without her cream soda.

From Paul Ash she went to Broadway to appear in "Girl Crazy." She scored in that, and has continued to hit the bull's eye since then.

If Billie wanted to, she could leave her pulmanette apartment in Chicago and live with Ginger in Hollywood. She could send Lela to school with her. But Billie stays at home in the afternoon in the sun on the beach, and have her dinners served by a butler. But Billie prefers to roll out of bed at seven, battle bears with untrained dogs, and drink countless cups of coffee to save up enough coupons to get Lee a Charlie McCarthy doll, free. She could live in luxury if she liked, but she said that what you earn yourself tastes better—a statement revealing an Owens' trait that explains quite a bit about Ginger's character, too.

Billie, who is rather short, grew tall, slender, brown, long, hair. She is 5' 5" tall, has above average height of age, refuses to live in the lap of luxury with his gorgeous grandchild. He prefers his own little house quite near her, and his own garden, gardener, but no gardener. He refuses to stop working, and at present he is working on an invention which looks startlingly good, according to reports from the local office. "I manage to do well draw designs as cut paper dolls," Billie reports him as saying.

While Billie told me these facts about Ginger and her family, I could not help but notice a little apartment. I looked at the conch shells, souvenir of Pacific trips, on the Chicago bookcase, at the pictures of Ginger on the wall, at the gay touches which made this bright apartment different from the hundreds of other one-room furnished in residence hotels. I looked at Billie's very expensive fur wrap and gold hosecoat, selected for her by Ginger and Lela. I looked at Lee's alert face, suitably proud, and primped to add as much as her face could hold. The talk. I thought of the seventy-five-year old grandfather in California—with his dreams for his five daughters so richly realized in Ginger. And for the first time, I think I understood the meaning of the phrase—"The radiance cast by a star."
“Mlle. Candid”
Continued from page 65

love Big Bear! Here is my daddy with his fish-catch. I am what you call a tomboy. I love outdoors. American girls love outdoors, too, but somehow it is not the same.

The turning pages brought back a flashing smile, “I love records! I cannot keep away if I see one. Here are pictures of three since I came to this country. How I adore elephants. See, this is a white camel; it is very rare. I took him in Newark.” (She pronounces it “New-ark.”) “You will laugh! Here is a shot I took in Cannes. In France, we do not do as you do over here. Here, you sell everything in one store, but there, we have one store for sausage, one for perfume, one for hats and so on. This was a sausage store, and the man had a cat. He fed her sausage when she would ask for it. Outside was a street hydrant, and when the cat was thirsty from her sausage she would go there and drink. It was cute. Quick, I snap the picture!”

Olympe’s favorite picture is a shot of Montmartre Cathedral near her home. “Home pictures make me homesick,” I think. Look, this is our dining room in Paris, with the collection of plates from all over the world. We will soon send for those plates, because America is my country now.” The thought of dining rooms brought up again the thought of food. “This diet,” she complained, with a pout, “it will not make me look different. Why do they want everybody to look alike? I cannot look the same as Marlene Dietrich or Carole Lombard or Joan Crawford. My face it is the wrong shape. It is round. If I starve my body, my face will not care. And I’m so hungry!”. A little-girl giggle broke through the complaint. “This is me at eleven, lighting my Christmas tree. I had so many gifts. It was heaven! Do I not look little and young?—But here I am at fourteen, all grown-up. My fourteenth birthday at Chicago.

“This is Eleanor Whitney and Johnny Downs when we were on location in Santa Barbara. But the picture does not take my mind off life, because it was one of my very first films and I was unhappy. I do not like to remember. I told you, I am mix up inside! “Oh, look, this is an Indian woman at Albuquerque. There she sat at the station, and when I point my camera at her, she cries: ‘No take picture!’ and cover her head, ‘It is twenty-five cents!’ she says. Quick, she puts up her red umbrella, so I cannot see her. I run and get the twenty-five cents and give it to her, and oh, then how she fixes her hair and her shawl and fix her little pots thus and so, until I am tired. But it is good? It is good that somebody makes camera so we can have pictures to remember by, to take up our minds. Then we do not feel so hungry and so mixed up!”

Avoid Offending
Girls who “get ahead” in business are always dainty. They wear Lux undies after each wearing. Lux removes perspiration odor—guards colors.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali.
Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the economical big box.

---for underthings
Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 67

"Okay, Chief! Dick will become engaged. Reform. We'll smear it all over the press—Love's young dream claims famous Lotario!"

"Engaged to who?" demanded Silverstein, sales manager. "Are you nuts, Bill? That won't help."

"Wait," demanded Walters. "We've got a little girl here who looks like apple blossoms. We farmed her out to Atlantic this last year. She's clean, with an immaculate innocence. Platinum hair—a real blonde angel. Hollywood's Vestal Virgin, Jean Taylor! She's made money for us and for Atlantic, but we need her back here now. She and Dick—get it?—her angelic fairness and his sinister darkness—"

Glassman snorted suddenly. "Go on," he commanded, "maybe you're sane, after all, Bill. What else?"

"Well, Jean's been doing sweet young parts. The kid's good and she's won a big film man. She's jake with the press, the public, even the Hays office. We make a test shot of her and Dick—and I've a hunch it'll be something special. Those two belong together like ham and eggs, Adam and Eve—"

"Liver and onions," said Markel. "You're crazy—"

"He isn't," said Glassman. "I'm getting the drift."

"Sure!" said Walters, eagerly. "Plenty ballyhoo—love's young sweet dream—an engagement, flowers, romance, jewels—we can pay for a few, see? Jean's typed, so we pick out a clean love story and cast them opposite each other. It'll give Jean a crack at real parts if it works out, and we establish Dick in a puristized part, opposite her. The public sees them; it reads that they are engaged and crazy about each other. Bang! Goes Dick's reputation as a Don Juan. He's fallen for Hollywood's spotless, unblemished little angel, and she for him, so he can't be so terrible, get it? You'll have everybody pulling for him. Human nature."

"Go on," encouraged Glassman, tersely, eyes slitted.

"A couple of pictures opposite each other, a sweet love story rolling in the papers. Dick's hotela roles are forgotten and he's set again. After a while, we stop the publicity and people forget about the engagement. If they're big box office as a team, they can go on together; if not, they go their separate celluloid ways."

"It's worth a try," nodded Glassman. He turned to Markel: "Dig up a script for them—a love story, and shoot a test scene."

"All I want," said Markel, "is one love scene between them and I'll give you the answer. I want to see how they fit into each other's arms, how they kiss. Some couples just click—some never do."

"Pick your own shot," said Glassman, "but the engagement sticks. I'll have a talk with them right now."

It proved a difficult and trying interview for both Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey. At first, they both objected, violently, but Glassman was patient. He explained, carefully, with a deadly reiteration, what it meant to both their careers; Dick would rescue his reputation and go on to greater triumphs, in new roles; Jean would costar and get her big chance. In the end, Glassman lied his way. He always did. Both accepted the engagement finally as an extra role that had to be played, off-stage. The engagement was to look real to everyone. Jean was not even to divulge anything to her mother, with whom she lived. At noon, the three separated abruptly. Dick nodded to Jean with unfathomable eyes. Jean thoughtfully went to her newly assigned lot bungalow.

The test shot was chosen by Markel with a shrewed eye for values: movement, suspense, sustained excitement, and fruition. The scene was the interior of a fashionable church, and a cathedral hush brooded over it. From somewhere an organ whispered softly. There was a fashionably-clad assemblage of extras, and their eyes were on the tall young groom, who was waiting at the altar. Dick's eyes roved the aisle, an authentic eagerness flaring on his handsome face. Suddenly, the organ crashed into the Wedding March. Here comes the bride!

The heads of the watchers turned. A stir swept them. On the arm of a gray-haired man came Jean Taylor, the bride, a vision of all the lovely feminine fantasies that ever came into men's dreams. She had a head like a gilt jounell, and her slim, perfect body moved with the poise of a dancer. The luminous, sherry-colored eyes flew to meet those of the groom, widened with some nameless glory and wonder, and dropped. The organ went with a sad joy. All eyes were on now. The bride. She reached the altar. For a fleeting second the eyes swept the entire brilliant and aestheticalized décor, then she looked at the tall groom. He stood very still, as if afraid to breathe, an avid flame licking up in his blue eyes and taking possession of her. Their eyes met with a seeming impact, almost physical. A timeless sec-
new-type ice deodorant
is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

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the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you put it on,
leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

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three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in
texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its
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Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective,
greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to
offensive odors and embarrassingly costly perspiration stains.

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enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the
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postage and packing for generous introductory jar
of Odorono Ice.

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Jean Taylor sat at her dressing table, ensnared in thought. She was to get her big chance, co-starring opposite Dick Ramsey—a price! And she smiled, tightly. She was to help rescue his screen personality by a false engagement, because she had been publicly accepted as the embodiment of elfin virginity; and that was to lend sanctity to Dick's supposed fascination for her.

Her life was a young bitter hurt in the scarlet curve of her lips. Ever since she had first seen Dick Ramsey, two years ago, laughing, roistering, fighting his way across a screen that seemed to have blown out of all the world. She could fill her heart and her soul to the exclusion of all else. And when he had kissed her, in the test shot, something had awakened in her heart and become reality. And now, this ironic false engagement! To further both their careers, even her mother, the timid, the proud, the sacrificing and unloving, had helped put her career out of her reach. Her mother had pinched and saved and given Jean dancing and singing and dramatic lessons; and at eighteen, there had been that chance with a third-string starlet from Hollywood, in San Francisco. She didn't like to think about that. It aroused too many painful memories. Finally, they had come to Hollywood.

It wasn't a talent scout, but Bill Walters who had noticed her, one day, in the casting office, waiting patiently to present her extra slip from Central Casting. Her orchid-like beauty, her slim, perfect body, had registered on the sharp-eyed Bill.

"What's your name?" he demanded, without the formality of an introduction. "We'll have to do something about you. Had any experience? Come up to my office, I want to talk to you."

After that, she had been put on the payroll for a few weeks at a salary that allowed her to live, and she had attended the Mammoth Dramatic School. She looked at pictures, heard lectures, and she took a course in intimate acting, which included the Winged Victory of Samanthoe and Cellini's Perseus. This, she was told, was so that she could learn the arts of staging and waiting. She was trained with the upper breastbone and lower thorax well forward. The instructor said that if the winds of mussel were held as in the Winged Victory, the rest of her physique must follow.

But no one in the studio seemed to know that she was also—actress Bill Walters. Then, a signed contract, at Atlantic Films, put in a bid to borrow her—at a flat rate—for a year, and Mammoth had gladly let her go. At the old films, she had clicked and had made a hit in two pictures. She was "discovered." And now, she was twenty-two, and Mammoth had "discovered" her. No one told her to her face that she was being discovered as often as North America. Co-starring opposite Dick Ramsey! It seemed incredible. She was still giggling, as Dick Ramsey had the Hollywood rhythm, was in step with the fastest, smartest crowd, was leader of a glittering set. He was the screen idol of every young girl. And she was going to be his leading lady! Her mind was filled with a wide, swelling music.

Someone knocked at the door. She remembered that she had dismissed her maid.

"Come in!" Dick Ramsey stepped into the bungalow, dressed for the street. She felt again that blind stir in her blood as his blue-gray eyes enveloped her. Some quality of life and energy seemed to pour from him.

"Well," he said, an aloof friendliness tinged his magnetic smile, "we're off! The show's on! Walters is releasing the news of the engagement in the afternoon newspapers. I suppose the correct thing for us to do is to put on a good act?"

"Why not?" she shrugged.

"This will be proclaimed to the world as romance, and we're to be the touching young couple. And, of course, she understood why women of all ages fell for him, but his blue, ironic eyes held such a guarded stillness against her."

And Dick Ramsey added, dryly, "to further your success and my career." An unreasoning anger caught at her. He didn't have to be like that! He could try to make it pleasant.

His eyes went blank, but he smiled, engagingly. "I see you aren't keen for elaborate intrigue. However, we agreed to put on an act. I'm afraid I must be cheerful about it. One crack from a columnist and we're both sunk. It'll be awfully thin ice."

"Should be fun to skate on," she said, recklessly.

His smile warmed. "I begin to have more respect for us. We may, after all, combine business with pleasure."

"Pohk," she agreed, "just enough to serve as a counter-irritant."

"You mean," said Dick, his face tight and locked suddenly, "Ruby Lloyd? We can be friends. I have thought we have things in common. Hollywood seems to remember the wrong things."

Jean shrugged. "It's none of my business, really. No one ever explains in Hollywood, Mr. Ramsey."

"It will save a lot of wear and tear if you'll call me Dick, and I'll call you Jean."

"Naturally," she agreed.

"Of course, in public, it'll have to be 'darling.'"

Hearing the word on his lips, she smiled, tremulously. "Handy word! Used mostly when you forget a name. Part of the act."

"Part of the act," he nodded. "Glasgow's giving us an engagement party, later, at his home. Friends. I know I ought to do things with a bang! There's a defect in this dandy little scheme, however."

"What?" she asked.

"I bet our magazine and Mammoth explain our engagement if it got out we both have contracts forbidding us to marry? I guess they didn't think of that. Oh, well—be a good little girl and come to lunch. On with the show, eh?"

"Right! On with the show! If you'll give me a few minutes to dress."

"Belle of the ballroom," he agreed. "And thanks for letting down the drawbridge." He smiled, nodded and left.

The next day, the news broke. Dick Ramsey, the film canor's moppet, forsook all others, was engaged to that platinum churl, Jean Taylor! As the weeks passed, the publicity build-up was enormous. The news was on the new co-starring picture, and love scene "stills" from it flooded the newspapers and the screen magazines. Dick Ramsey, now a romantic lover, had accomplished a most right-about-face. He wanted Don Juan any more. Love had accomplished a miracle.

Jean was seen with Dick constantly, in every Hollywood bright spot. They were devoted to each other. A striking couple, was the verdict; one to make the gods jealous. Their new picture was coming along with contempt pervading the set. It revolved in a make-believe world that had a hardly discernible dividing line from reality. Only when her mother's eyes filled with tears of happiness did she turn her suave, avuncular, bearded face to say, calmly, with a smile, "You're a better mother, too, than I'd have had in love with her."
They left, the next morning, in a private plane Dick chartered. As in a dream, she knew she was going to Yuma; hours later, in the parlor of a Justice of the Peace, she heard herself making the ritualistic promises with a sense of unreality. It developed, then, that Dick's name was Richard McKay, not Ramsey; and she gave her as Jean Holvard. No one would recognize those names as belonging to the two Hollywood stars.

Dick hired a car and they drove to a little town that sleeps on the desert, near Yuma. In the tiny stucco hotel, Dick registered. They had a pretty corner room, with Colonial furniture and gay wall paper. It was warm, and Dick opened all the windows.

"Why don't you get into something cool?" he asked; and when she stood, hesitant, poised, he added, swiftly: "I forgot to get some cigarettes. Back in ten minutes, darling!"

When he came back, she was in green silk pajamas and a silk robe, coiled in a chair, her cheeks flushed, her eyes humid and a little frightened.

He closed the door carefully and stood looking at her, "Mrs. McKay," he said, softly, "you're the most beautiful little wife I ever saw!" He picked her up out of the chair and sat her on his lap, like a doll. "Jean," he murmured, "you're so little, darling! So sweet! You look like a child."

"I'm twenty-two," she whispered, with a catch. A vast tenderness engulfed her. This was to be their immortal hour of enchantment, transcendently achieved and laid away on a shrine somewhere within the spirit and the mind.

"You're not like the average girl of twenty-two—or like a movie star, darling. Your mother's kept you so sheltered, so unaware of life. You're so little and innocent, so virginal, darling—you make me tremble."

A deep, hot scarlet swept her face suddenly; a dim memory leaped within her. She heard herself stammering, blindly, in a sudden quixotic need of truth: "I—I suppose that I should have told you before, Dick—not that it really mattered—I mean, this has all come so fast—I've been married before!" She stopped.

Through the stricken silence she heard his bewildered voice say, very quietly: "What?" To Be Continued.

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(left) In tennis frock
(right) In formal dinner dress

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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. She's Mrs. Franches Tone
2. Her's "The Wife"
3. She's a star in "Rascals"
4. Co-star of "Blockade"
5. Part of a blacksmith's equipment
6. Charlie Chan
7. Late
8. Masculine nickname
9. Belief
10. One's sheltered side
11. Not so old
12. Otherwise
13. Star of "The Divorce of Lady X"
14. To turn
15. Answer (abbr.)
16. He's featured in "International Crime"
17. The mother in "In Old Chicago"
18. "...Tide..." with Frances Farmer
19. Star of "The Prisoner of ZENDA"
20. Noticed
21. He plays "Robin Hood"
22. A great big plant
23. To take food
24. Dunkey
25. Luminous circle
26. Sign foretelling the future
27. Void, not valid
28. Not so tight
29. Knock
30. A Shirley Temple picture
31. A female pig
32. Compass point (abbr.)
33. A wasteband
34. Alexander in Alexander's Ragtime Band
35. Mast
36. Star of "Angel"
37. Musical instrument
38. She's featured in "Nurse From Brooklyn"
39. What you hear with
40. "...Vivacious Lady"
41. Major Reed in "Yellow Jack"

DOWN
1. He's co-starred in "Three Blind Mice"
2. "...You Only Live..."
3. To revoke (a legacy)
4. Walter Huston's wife
5. Note of the scale
6. Exorcism
7. A famous Russian czar, "The Terrible"
8. "Everybody ---" with Farnie Briases
9. Sweden Croome in "Little Miss Broadway"
10. The comedian with the "Wide Open Faces"
11. Change
12. You have this at your fingertips
13. Finishes
14. Monk's title
15. Mrs. Joel McCrea
16. He's featured in "Marie Antoinette"
17. Raised
18. In Chicago
19. One of the "Sinners in Paradise"
20. Period of time
21. What you see with
22. Any male movie star
23. She returns to the screen as "Marie Antoinette"
24. "...Four..." and a Prant
25. A dress shirt front
26. Greek letter
27. "Ingetox in Marie Antoinette"
28. Not so fast
29. That girl
30. Chinese measure
31. That's devoted to
32. Shade trees
33. Male offspring
34. He's featured in "Jezbel"
35. Danger
36. Scarp
37. French plural article
38. Holes in the ground
39. Bitter medicinal plant
40. To harvest
41. Volcanic production
42. The finest
43. Natural minerals
44. A sliced-skinned woman
45. Of the matter, in law
46. Sphere
47. To set
48. Steamship (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
1. CABLE SHELL ATOM
2. FLA DISCAR BLADE
3. ARMSTR (which goes into production this fall) she will become a mother—and that's all I know about that.
4. Now, I really have to go, Mr. Brown.
5. I have an appointment with the hairdresser.
6. No, I don't want another chocolate eclair.
7. No, I can't have dinner with you tonight.
8. I don't meet your brother Elks.
9. No, I can't tell you anything else about Myrna Loy.
10. What's the hour anyway?
11. Hello, Mr. Brown; you've made me miss my appointment. It's times like these that I wish I didn't like Myrna Loy quite so much so I could hate her!
IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT’S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! Cagney meets O’Brien! And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!

BOY MEETS GIRL
FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT
Starring JAMES CAGNEY PAT O’BRIEN
Presented by WARNER BROS.

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY
FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN
Directed by LLOYD BACON
SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK
FASTEST WAY TO SMOKING PLEASURE VIA Chesterfield They Satisfy
Hollywood Fashion Is Spinach!
by Elizabeth Hawes
The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN ARTHUR ★ LIONEL BARRYMORE ★ JAMES STEWART ★ EDWARD ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER - ANN MILLER - SPRING BYINGTON - SAMUEL S. HINDS - DONALD MEIK - H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA
“This explains it—
I’m letting ‘Pink Tooth Brush’ spoil my smile!”

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA
AND MASSAGE

Ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed, aren’t you? You
knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had
warned you. But you wouldn’t follow good ad-
vise. You thought you were
different—that you’d get by! What a shock
to find you didn’t! You’re regretful now!
How miserable to feel that your own careless-
ness has put your smile in danger.

But now you’re wiser! Now you’re going
straight back to your dentist! And this time
when he stresses special care for your gums as
well as for your teeth you’re going to listen.
And if he again suggests the healthy stimu-
lation of Ipana and massage—you’re going to
follow his advice.

No Wise Person
Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you’ve seen that tinge of “pink” on your
tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him de-
cide. Usually, however, he will tell you that
yours is a case of gums grown lazy and ten-
der—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chew-
ing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He’ll
probably suggest that your gums need more
work and exercise—and, like so many den-
tists today, he may suggest “the healthful
stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is especially designed not only
to clean teeth but with massage to help the
health of your gums as well. Massage a little
extra Ipana into your gums every time you
clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is
aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to
become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your
drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage
as one helpful way to healthier gums,
brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins
admir ing attention.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND
THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!
The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette... glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of... her historical history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden. A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!

NORMA SHEARER - TYRONE POWER
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s Finest Motion Picture
The Private Life of
MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
Glady’s GEORGE • HENRY STEPHENSON
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNTER STROMBERG

NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"

ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE
The New Dons of California!

And we don't mean Ameches, although we admit that Hollywood could do with a few more like Don. What we're talking about is the new invasion of movie stars—right into the heart of the California country where the great Dons used to ride. It's Hollywood aristocracy now which rules and rides, and in our next issue we will tell you all about the great invasion of movie fame and money into the fastnesses once sacred to mighty names of long ago. It's a romantic story—romantic as any which has ever come out of Hollywood. Read about Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Barbara Stanwyck, many other important stars who are following in the footsteps of the old Dons of California; see new, exclusive pictures of their domain.

Do Famous Stars Spoil Their Children?

That's a question we are often asked. The world knows and appreciates the sweetness and unspoiled simplicity of such famous movie performers as Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers; but it is still curious as to the children of noted stars. It must be a temptation to spoil these treasured youngsters, Bing Crosby, for instance—are his much-publicized sons real kids, or pampered pets? Well, we'll be telling you in a fresh, informal, and honest article in the next issue.

Don't miss November Screenland, on sale October 5th.

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Paramount Discovers the Gol-Darndest Family in the U.S.A.

"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.

MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners." When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray) and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just another Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, buckety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being...
the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for "Ma" than all the rest put together. For it's Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and rides the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has "Ma" reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. No siree, sir, you can't beat the Beebes. And you can't beat Paramount and Paramount's Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest comedy of the year...which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes...Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript...If you're wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait'll you bear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount bits: "A Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don't Let That Moon Get Away."

"You're not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells 'em "Sing, You Sinners."

"You can't call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family unites against a very common foe.

Bing Crosby • Fred MacMurray
"SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew • Elizabeth Patterson • Donald O'Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY Wesley Ruggles

"Ma," Boss of the Beebes (Elizabeth Patterson)
Uncle Gus Beebe (Courtesy the Crosby stables)
Mike (Small fry) Beebe (Donald O'Connor)

CALL YOUR THEATRE
ASK THEM TO LET YOU KNOW WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES ARE PLAYING

SCREENLAND
To Norma Shearer, for her magnificent "Marie Antoinette"

T IS one thing to play a Queen and make her majestic, regal. It is quite another thing to play a Queen and make her a real person, a flesh-and-blood woman, to be loved and pitied. To Norma Shearer all honor and applause for achieving in Marie Antoinette a characterization not only impressive and commanding, but poignantly appealing. As the radiant young girl, as the disillusioned woman, and finally as the unbearably tragic victim of the guillotine, Miss Shearer gives a superb performance that grows in dignity and beauty as the long and lavish picture runs its course. A splendid return to the screen she has graced so long, and definite proof that she is indeed the First Lady of the films, "Marie Antoinette" will live. Hauntingly tender love scenes make "Marie Antoinette" a romance to be long remembered. Right, Norma Shearer as the Queen, Tyrone Power as Count Axel Fersen.
HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!
Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA

"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

"The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen... in a role that's the soul of romance!"

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post Story by N. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new songs: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."
A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT

After your bath, don’t fail to give underarms Mum’s sure care!

WHAT a wonderful lift a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can’t protect you all evening long. Underarms must have special care—that’s why smart girls, popular girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of past perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours to come—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening’s over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a second date and a third—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you’ll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it’s gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
IF you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

True in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed., and Fri. See your local newspaper for time, WLW Mondays through Friday.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR

NOW, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks in gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNTONE does it. Guaranteed harmless, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Impeccably rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT
AT 5 AND 10C AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Latest, and best, of one of the very best series ever. Andy, has his troubles trying to raise money to buy a car for twenty-five dollars to take Polly to a dance in style. Mickey Rooney gets laughs at every turn as the boy he is making all America's young brother. Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker and Judy Garland make up a swell cast. Excellent.

I'll Give a Million
20th Century-Fox

Here's something! A comedy with a really novel idea turned into a brisk, spirited and hilarious procession of amusing events by grand acting and expert direction. A millionaire known to be posing as a hobo makes the Riviera a heaven for tramps—all get royal treatment, because each might be the rich man. Warner Baxter, Peter Lorre, Marjorie Weaver, outstanding.

Love Finds Andy Hardy
M-G-M

Mother Carey's Chickens
RKO-Radio

A vehicle—which means Shirley Temple, star, must bring to the full force of her trouping talents, with song numbers and dance routines added, in order to pull the story along. She is an orphan adopted by down-and-out actors and saves them from dispossession from their home by a grasping landlord. George Murphy, Edna May Oliver, Jimmy Durante score hits.

little Miss Broadway
20th Century-Fox

Aerial stunts, as real as they are thrilling to read about in the papers, reflect in one's attitude toward films about aviation, with the result that when a fairly good story like this plays against a background of daring in the skies the audience reaction is sure to be favorable. Richard Dix, Joan Fontaine, and Chester Morris are all good in melodrama that has its stirring moments.

The Affairs of Annabel
RKO-Radio

Pounds lighter but still funny. Jack Oakie co-stars with Lucille Ball in the inaugural effort of a new series about an actress and her press agent. It is comedy of the surefire brand and seems certain to please everybody. Lucille Ball, with her best opportunity so far, makes good on the high promise of her previous performances. She fences cleverly with Oakie for laughs.
Ramon Novarro continues on the comeback trail, but this seems more interesting as the debut of Margaret Tallichet, for whom great things are promised, and who well may live up to the rosy prospects. She is pretty, has a definite personality. The film? Fairly interesting account of a romantic artist who finds the girl of his dreams but likes her young sister better.

Passport Husband
20th Century-Fox

Stuart Erwin as a swain who becomes a convenience when his light o’ love, exotic dancer, Joan Woodbury, must marry a citizen or go back where she came from. There are other complications, when Joan’s two “big shot” admirers would like to see her widowed so they could get the pinball game factory Stu inherits. It is unpretentious comedy well played and directed.

Boolean
Paramount

Some perfectly swell scenes made in the Malay jungle almost, but not quite, obliterated by a silly yarn about one of those tribal princesses about to be sacrificed. Both the animals and the human actors ought to picket Hollywood as unfair to troopers. They’re in it to stay—the spectator can look from screen to ceiling and await the next feature; it’s bound to be much better.

Little Tough Guy
Universal

Grim, but no more so than “Dead End” and “Crime School,” in which Billy Halop and the other “Dead End” boys appeared, this is at times gripping melodrama realistically concerned with how young fellows veer toward careers in crime. Halop is starred; plays ably as the lad embittered by the conviction of his father for murder. Huntz Hall, Marjorie Main in a good cast.

“Hands can have such Compelling Charm” says Ann Miller

(A lovely Hollywood Star)

“A MAN CAN’T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands”, says ANN MILLER®, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.

*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra’s “You Can’t Take It With You” (A Columbia Picture)

Your HANDS can be helped to adorable Softness!

DON’T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

Supplement that moisture by using Jergens Lotion. See how soon your hands become lovely! Two fine ingredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping — helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are adorably worthy of love. Only 5¢, 25¢, 10¢ . . . $1.00 for the special economy size . . . at any beauty counter.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
Mail this coupon. See—at our expense—how wonderfully Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

Name ___________________________ (please print)
Address _______________________

SCREENLAND 13
Salutes and Snubs

REBEL REFRAIN
Gary Cooper
He's "restrained." Not he among those Actors who believe in "giving." They must hold a mirror under his nose, To see if he is still living.
Ann Aventure.
Washington, D. C.

CYCLE-SATED
Will Hollywood, please for goodness sake, forbear to inflict on a much too over-fed public any more carbon copies of "My Man Godfrey"? The original was so good, it deserved the greatest praise, but Hollywood's flattery of repeated imitation is neither praise nor praiseworthy, and after "Bringing Up Baby" and "Fools for Scandal" the time has come for somebody to call a halt, because the "Godfrey" formula has been worn too thin and the public Likewise.
H. T. Williams,
Glen Rock, N. J.

THOSE ANVIL-CHORUS BLUES
To be faddish is human, I suppose, but after all doesn't it get tiresome the way Hollywood commentators, professional and gratutious, pick up the chorus and sing in unison? A few months back it was all "Yea, Eddy!" so far as Nelson Eddy was concerned. Of late the vogue seems to be an anvil chorus for the baritone of the screen, radio and concert stage. Why all the topical talk about Nelson Eddy's lack of acting ability? He is acting as well in his recent as in his first films, and singing better, if anything. Eddy is good, very good, according to the box office.
Carlene Bass,
New Orleans, La.

TAYLOR TROUBLE
I don't like Robert Taylor. Want to know why? Well, it's because you just can't get a seat in the theatre when his pictures play. The box offices as well as the rest of us have Bob keeps on making lots of pictures.
Mary Crowley,
Ludowici, Ga.

SALUTING STEWART
Nothing like an early start. So here's my nominee for next year's acting honor award - James Stewart, who by his sensitive and sincere performances in "Of Human Hearts" and "The Shopworn Angel" puts himself out in front of the younger actors. He possesses a trait rare in actors - he is always believable.
Virginia P. O'Donnell,
Union City, N. J.
INTO a psychiatrist's chambers streams an endless tide of life's misfits. The lonely... the bitter... the repressed... the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"

Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You've hit it, doctor, I'm lonely... desperately lonely," she sobbed. "Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want me. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere... see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love... love... love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

Today she is one of the happiest and most popular girls in our little city, and soon will marry a well-to-do Easterner who simply adores her.
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Come along to Wendy Barrie’s gay Hallowe’en party,
complete with pumpkin pie, bobbing for apples — and
the Big Apple!

By Betty Boone

Three roses march in pairs up the
curved walk leading to Wendy Barrie’s front door. The house is an English one, with a double peaked roof, and the first time Wendy set eyes on it, she knew it for her own. “I was driving down this street on my way to the studio, a little over a year ago,” she told me, “when I saw this house. It had a sign on it — OPEN — but it was too early for anyone to be there. I peeped in the windows and ran around it crying: ‘Here is my house!’ to myself. It was six o’clock in the morning and the real estate office that handled it wasn’t open, either. ‘I’ll call them from the studio,’ I thought, and dashed on. I couldn’t get to the telephone until noon, and by that time the house was taken. Was I upset? It turned out that my best friend, the wife of a studio executive, had got in ahead of me. She was quite mad about the house, too, and wouldn’t give it up, I used to be invited to dinner there, and I was furious because they didn’t know how to arrange the furniture properly. I would move the chairs around and tell them what was wrong, but they wouldn’t listen. Always I knew it had to be my house. I never felt like a visitor. When they put a double bed into my bedroom instead of the twin beds, I was terribly indignant. But after a year, they had to go to England, and they were scarcely out of the place before I was in, bag and baggage. And here I am!”

“The first thing that occurred to me on my possessive tour is exactly what would occur to you, darling. Just look at this dining room! What does it say? — Why, ‘Hallowe’en!’”

Wendy’s right. It might have been made for a Hallowe’en party. White congoelum on the floor, with a slim black border, white
serve pumpkin pie. I hate it, but most Americans love it, and I want my guests to be happy!" She laughed and her eyes crinkled up into slits that showed off the length of her lashes, in that Wendy way. "George makes marvelous pie. He'll tell you about it." (George is Wendy's cook and chauffeur.)

**PUMPKIN PIE**

Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until thick and smooth with 1 cup of sugar, add to them 2 cups of cooked pumpkin that has been pressed through a sieve, 2 cups of milk, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground mace, and ½ teaspoon nutmeg (all the spices are Burnett's). Mix well, stir in the stiffly beaten whites of 4 eggs and pour the mixture into a pastry-lined pie tin and bake until firm in a hot oven.

"Did you ever dip apples? I never did, but we're experimenting. They call them 'taffy apples' and I can't imagine what they're like. But I'm told one can't have a Hallowe'en party without them. Or without popcorn balls!"

**TAFFY APPLES**

| 1 cup brown sugar | sugar |
| ½ cup water      | 2 tablespoons cider |
| 1 cup granulated | vinegar |

Boil all the ingredients until they spin a thread. (218° F.) Color the syrup red, unless you are using bright red apples. Use wooden skewers. Coat the apple well in the syrup. Pierce a cardboard box and let apples stand upright with skewers through the holes, so as not to mar the glass, until dry.

**POPCORN BALLS**

Measure 4 cups popped corn and spread closely on a greased slab or cookie sheet. Cook ½ cup Duff's Molasses and 1 teaspoon butter, stirring occasionally, until it reaches the soft ball stage. Pour syrup on corn and mix well by folding over and over with spoon. Grease hands with butter and shape into balls. Do not press too tightly.

"I think we'll make it a costume party.

(Continued on page 93)

chairs with orange seats, a white table with a unique black glass top, and orange drapes over the white curtains at the windows. "You should see that table at night, the only lights being candles that reflect in the black glass!" she gloated. "I've never had a Hallowe'en party in my life, so I'm going to get a thrill out of this one. I've been making a centerpiece—look, pumpkin filled with these red flowers from my Oriental tree, and oranges with faces. I adore making faces in things. Yes, certainly, I'll

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for Your Hair

IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.

Drene is so different from other types of shampoo, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—light, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinse of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give soft, lasting permanency.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug department 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

**drene**

Shampoo

REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

SPECIAL for Dry Hair

**This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glimmer, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.**

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME...
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE...
THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAINTY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way—forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR

with
JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!
Dear Old-Timer:

How does it feel to be a pioneer, anyway? Well, you don't look like a veteran of the Hollywood wars, and that's something. In fact, when facing a camera it's everything. And so I congratulate you, Young Doug, on completing your 15th—don't count 'em—year in this heavenly, hectic industry, and looking, feeling, and acting better today than you ever did.

It's something of a record, you know. And something of which to be very, very proud. I don't mean to get all misty-eyed and sentimental, but I can't help cheering your unique career. Unique because you are the only one practically born and brought up in the movies who has weathered every storm and tempest, including front-page marriage and romance, without ever letting all the glamor interfere with your job.

I remember, I remember the first time I met you. We'll skip the date, shall we? Anyway, you were very young; you were trying hard to overcome the handicap of being the son of a famous father. You were well-mannered and very much in earnest, so courteously about a good notice I gave you; but there was all the time a twinkle in your young eyes, and I thought, "Can this be an actor with a sense of humor?" Then when I saw you again, much later, you were the very new husband of the very colorful Crawford. I was the embarrassed audience of one of the bride and groom enacted real-life love scenes, just for me; and I was wishing the interview over when I noticed, once again, that twinkle in your eye. All was still swell.

Another time and another meeting. This occurred at what we might call the Noel Coward-Lunt-Fontanne period in the life of a young actor. You were pretty pompous, as I recall, about poetry, great acting, and England; you were pretty bored; and there was positively no twinkle in your eye. It was mutual. I remember thinking, "I was wrong about this lad," and resolved to stop watching you getting more bored, more elegant, more mannered both on and off the screen. And then you fooled me. You began to grow up, and nothing has stopped you since. You produced pictures in England; you stopped elevating your eyebrows at reality and got down to work. Result: Hollywood, which hadn't concerned itself much with the fate and future of another Fairbanks, held out its arms and enfolded you to its broad if businesslike bosom. Every good role in town was offered to you. You picked the right ones to play, each different: amusing escapist for Irene Dunne, smooth sophisticate for Darrieux, down-to-earth idealist for Ginger Rogers. Now you're a bright shining light in a picture also employing such grand trouper as Roland Young, Janet Gaynor, Billie Burke—and I hear it's the best thing you've done, "The Young in Heart." Off-screen you are a charming, poised, very handsome fellow, an international eligible, a suave escort for famous beauties. On-screen you have few rivals for brilliant versatility. Most important of all, there's that twinkle in your eye. I hope you always keep it.
Panorama of picture town! Camera shots to let you see for yourself private life romance and celebrity news in the making.
You're seen with such charming ladies—if you're Reginald Gardiner; above with Joan Bennett and Crawford and Hedy Lamarr. Did he enjoy himself at that polo match?

Speaking of polo, you’ll always find Spencer Tracy rarin' to get into the thick of a match. Spencer and Walt Disney, another polo enthusiast, talk between chukkers.

Constance Bennett was in a particularly merry mood when called to the microphone at a preview, but her companion, Gilbert Roland, center, and Fredric March seemed startled when this flash shot was made. Below, Anna Shirley, Florence Lake and Ginger Rogers in a chummy conference, at the recent Motion Picture Horse Show.

Preview! Above, Gary Cooper, wearing dark glasses to shield his eyes from the glare (there's plenty on the sets where Gary's making "The Lady and the Cowboy") attends a premiere with his wife. Below, Joan Crawford and Jack Benny are mutually interested in the program of events in the horse show held at Will Rogers Field.
Picturing stories behind the biggest story of the new movie season! Norma Shearer's return to the screen was celebrated with hearty gaiety at this party at the Trocadero. Left, you find Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer), Basil Rathbone and Charles Boyer at one of the tables. Center left, Spencer Tracy, James Stewart (standing) and Norma, as Spence and Jimmy congratulate "the first lady of the screen" following the preview of "Marie Antoinette." Below, Loretta Young was escorted by Writer John McLain, thereby giving his fellow reporters a new couple to watch for romantic developments. Paul Muni and Franchot Tone with honor guest, Norma Shearer; bottom left, Jeanette MacDonald, Norma and Gene Raymond, merry trio; bottom right.

All Photographs
By Len Weissman
Luise means it! Max Reinhardt, who gave Luise Rainer her first opportunity to become an actress, receives well-wishes from the now famous screen star on the opening of his Work Shop, Reinhardt's newest artistic endeavor, right. At the race track! Center below: Director Wesley Ruggles, his brother, Charles Ruggles (also a bit famous in films), and Wallace Beery snapped at the races. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have a good time, as usual, at a festive party in a popular Hollywood cafe; right center. Leo Carrillo was a pillar of needed strength, when Penny Singleton and Helen Mack tried to keep their feet on the ground in the Hollywood Roller Bowl, bottom left. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy attending a recent film premiere, bottom right.
FRIEND, male, came in suddenly and found me surrounded by dozens of shiny pictures. “What in the world is that?” he asked.

“More and More Glamor from Hollywood. Want to see?” I answered between hysterics and despair.

“Bette Davis is one who usually dresses alright,” he said picking up a batch of Miss Davis’s pictures.

“Yes, the top one is ok—but please look at the next.” “Don’t judge so hastily,” responded my friend, “maybe it’s the part she’s playing.”

We turned the picture over and regretfully noted that, while Miss Davis’s newest picture just then was “The Sisters,” the photo was “For Afternoon Wear.” Miss Davis’s hair was protruding largely from a small coal scuttle which had been turned upside-down on her head and to which someone had appended a three times life size rosette or flower. Her afternoon costume was completed by a little two piece printed number which looked as if it might be seen any day at $3.75.

I don’t mind picking on Bette Davis (although I might choose two dozen others) because she does have good clothes in general. Probably the press department told her she had to have Fashion pictures done that day and she raked up some old things out of the closet and obligingly posed, looking as bored as she felt. I’ve seen pictures of Claudette Colbert wearing evening clothes in which I feel quite certain Miss Colbert would never be caught dead except before the camera. Miss Crawford was represented putting up a brave front in enough silver fox to give her a good backache. And More and More lovely ladies slid through my hands, beautiful and well-built ladies, disguised as Movie Actresses. Loretta Young, one of the more beautiful to my mind, reached a high point in a taffeta negligee with some toless, high-heeled galoshes zipped up over her ankles, “Specially designed boots of bright green suede,” the cap called them. I called them Spinach and sat down to contemplate the entire subject.

The subject is complicated. All Fashion is Spinach to me, and certainly Hollywood provides some of our best. Fashion in women’s clothes is the costume which is here today and gone tomorrow, the dress where trimming has taken the place of line, where tricks have supplanted usefulness, where the desire for something NEW has entirely overcome the aesthetic wish for something beautiful.

Alongside Fashion there exists that thing called Style, the functional, useful, anatomical, beautiful answer to what a certain woman can best wear at a certain time, in a certain place. Stylish clothes are here today and tomorrow and, in fact, until they fall to pieces. There’s plenty of Style in Hollywood, as there is almost everywhere in the United States. Obviously it doesn’t catch the eye of the press department. It’s too stable for them to see—or perhaps they just don’t know enough about it to be able to write it up, except when it shows the legs!

The most stylish and really swell pictures of clothes that come out of Hollywood are off-screen sport clothes. A detailed study of eight movie magazines leads me to believe that it isn’t the beauty and factionalism of these clothes that gets them into print. No indeed. It is because they are shorts that show legs, slacks that swathe hips, and bare shoulders, simple bandanas tied over well-turned breasts, simple bathing suits that show off delightful shapes. Gentlemen of the Hollywood press departments, there are many many clothes that build up a girl’s glamor and never show a bit of skin. Many of these clothes, in fact, don’t show every line of a girl’s anatomy. Are you living to a large extent in the long-past era of Theda Bara and the sequin robe? If you are living in the past, Press Agents, the stars aren’t. The designers aren’t. And neither is the public.

The whole Hollywood clothes picture seems to have got caught in a vicious circle which nobody has the time
Fashion Is Spinach

Is it true what Elizabeth Hawes says here of Hollywood Fashion? Most daring feature SCREENLAND has ever published, it's also the best reading. Let us know what you think!

or energy to break. Maybe nobody dares try a change. Maybe it's true what they say about Hollywood, that it's such a world by itself, people who live and work there are not quite like the rest of the United States.

I had a very sad experience a few years ago which would lead me toward that conclusion. I once dressed a girl who was my pride and joy. She picked things out of my collection with an eagle eye for the style which was going to be all over the place,—three years later. She dressed simply, and she had glamour alright. She had so much glamour that she got her movie job, dressed in her simple clothes. She rose, quickly.

After she'd been in Hollywood two years and I'd made her some off-stage clothes from time to time, she decided she didn't like my clothes at all any more. That's alright and doesn't make me mad. I said I'd do some special designs for her, what sort of thing was she thinking about. Do you know what she was thinking about? She was thinking of a sequin robe she'd had in her last movie, a sequin robe with a white fox cape. She was thinking about Glamor as Hollywood runs it up.

Unluckily for me, I lost my sense of humor at that point. I should have made her a sequin robe to end all sequin robes and a white fox cape that would have smothered her. And then I should have made her a stage version of an off-stage glamorous dress. Instead of any of that, I just let her walk away. But it gave me a good deal to think about. The Hollywood star has an awful problem. She must be glamorous. She must have clothes that will show up on the screen. She hasn't much time and her available designers are as much under the Hollywood spell as she. She ends, 90 per cent of the time, in a fine version of Spinach.

The few movie ladies I know, the very few for whom I ever do any clothes, have made a great impression on me. They shed their movie glamour like lightning when they leave Hollywood. They get special clothes for real life, good clothes with good lines, subtle clothes. In Hollywood, when they aren't in front of the camera, they wear the best of sport clothes, gay, simple, functional. Why don't they put up a fight and get themselves stage versions of the same kind of clothes for their films?

Do they really think the public likes Spinach? If the American public liked Fashionable Spinach, French clothes would never have been successful in the United States. Many French models may be wrong for our lives here, but in basic design they are beautiful clothes. If the American public liked Fashionable Spinach, they wouldn't spend 75 per cent of their time in simple sport clothes. They wouldn't wear cotton evening things in summer. They wouldn't keep shops like Best and Co. making money. They wouldn't have made a best seller.
out of 80,000 words I happened to write on the subject,—or written me as many letters.

Sure, when the public goes to a movie, they want something a little more extra than routine life. They want better clothes than they can afford, perhaps, and more of them. They want the clothes heightened in effect. They want 150 per cent of beauty and sex appeal. But they don't want green suede boots and seven miles of silver fox. They don't want sugar sweetness and a thousand yards of tulle ruffles. Do you, public? They laugh, some of them, and others try to copy the movies and get laughed at—or look cheap and tawdry in the five yards of tulle which mass production allows for a copy of the thousand on the screen.

Since I have such a high estimate of the public taste, since I firmly believe that movie stars themselves have perfectly good taste, at whom are we going to throw this ball of Spinach? I would blame the stars for not making a stronger stand. I would blame the public for not booing and tearing up chairs in movie theatres, and I think all of that might have some effect, especially if the public would scream. But looking around for a real scape-goat, my eye has to fall upon the Hollywood designers.

It would be a ticklish business for a New York designer to criticize one from Movie Land, so thank heaven I don't feel like doing it. The only Hollywood Designer I've met is Adrian. He has all my sympathy and no blame from me for whatever may go out under his name. He told me a little story that goes like this: “What good would it be for me to make a wonderful dress for a certain star whom I will call Mabel? Every time I do anything for her, she cuts off the skirt and puts a bow in her hair.”

Oh, Adrian, I know just how you feel. But Mabel also has my sympathy. Once someone convinced Mabel that she was the cute type and that she should, therefore, cut off her skirts and put

Here are hand-picked Hollywood Fashion examples—Spinach, or Non-Spinach? Read what distinguished designer Hawes says of them, without prejudice, fear, or favor

Hawes speaking:

“Bette Davis, looking very un-Spinachlike in a simple suede outfit. The hat is silly, but why not?”

“Wendy Barrie” (far left) “in simple, functional tweed.”

“Betty Grable.” (Left, below) “There's nothing nicer than a sailor suit.”
When a book called "Fashion Is Spinach" became a best-seller, it proved that the women of America are vitally curious about what's Fashion-right. See what Hawes says...
Hearing that Glamor had turned on its detractors in Hollywood and was making them eat fricassee of crow, I invested in a theatre ticket the other evening and took a good look at Hedy Lamarr. Hedy, as you all know, is the smoldering femme fatale who does a pretty bit of luring of sad-eyed Charles Boyer in the American version of “Pepe Le Moko,” now known as “Algiers.” And judging from all the celebrating at the various box offices where “Algiers” is breaking records, Hedy is also doing a pretty bit of luring of the entire population.

Never in my time, and my time is your time, have I known the press to become so extravagant in their praise of a film actress. Absolutely no restraint. They’ve called her everything from a new Garbo and Dietrich to a sultry charmer—we haven’t had a sultry charmer around since Pola Negri—and the word “exotic” which had fallen on evil days, no self-respecting reporter would touch it with his typewriter, they proceeded to restore with a flourish to perfectly good standing!

As a leader of the Anti-Glamor group—I was planning to lead my army in through Brentwood and Holmby Hills and make merry with a lot of Rolls Royces, false lashes, and silver foxes—I was quite upset to hear about Hedy. Here I’ve been wearing my fingers to the bone lately, especially on key “s” which doesn’t register unless I fairly knock the daylights out of it, writing long dull articles about how Glamor was as extinct as the dodo, and gardenias and tuberoses were too, too silly, and the so-called Glamor Girls ought to get wise to themselves and either give up completely or acquire some of that natural earthiness of Myrna Loy and Sonja Henie.

Freckles, I gushed, were the thing, and unless you had the pink cheeks of an ice skater you might just as well hide your head in shame. And this lolling about on a chaise lounge in something by
Schiaparelli, really now, how absurd—one should be out hoeing corn or roping steers.

And I must say the Exhibitors egged me on in my folly by publishing a blast heard round the world (they tell me Marlene heard it in far-off France, and was tres depressed) to the effect that some of our glamorous personalities were just a lot of poison at the box office. And then they published a list of the favorites according to box office receipts and the only members of the girls' team were Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Sonja Henie and Myrna Loy. Those girls sort of reek of health and good clean living—and anything but glamour. No wonder I was taken in. Glamor is dead, I wrote with priggish delight, never having had any.

Then along came Hedy. And a diet of crow. Hedy of the soft voice and wanton eyes is a Viennese actress and her one claim to fame, before her arrival in Hollywood about eight months ago, was that she had appeared in "Ecstasy," a European picture, without benefit of Schiaparelli, or any old rag. She has lovely black hair, which is quite a relief in the land of the bleach and the henna, and fascinating hazel eyes that take to close-ups like a duck to water. She is five feet seven and weighs 108 pounds and is just about the most breathlessly beautiful actress we've ever had on the screen. She is twenty-three, the daughter of a Viennese banker, and the ex-wife of an Austrian munitions magnate. When she popped up in Hollywood quite unexpectedly with a Metro contract it was hoped, by quite a number of the feminine stars, that she would not be able to master English. But she did.

Well, as soon as I saw Hedy giving Charles Boyer the come-on in that languorous manner of hers I knew she had made a liar out of me. I knew that Glamor was just about as dead as a barrel of dynamite with lighted fuse. And I also knew that I'd better do a right about face quick like a flash. So hold your hats, here we go again.

I have decided—and nuts to you, Mr. Exhibitor with your poison stars—that that fatal allure, which we call glamour, is most necessary to the movie industry. It's the only thing that makes movie stars interesting, sort of sets them apart from the rest of us, as it were. Here we were in the biggest slump that Hollywood has ever had, with nobody going to the movies, well, practically nobody, and all the stock-holders yelling what's wrong with pictures and why doesn't somebody spend two bits and see Robert Montgomery—and then in the midst of the excitement Hedy Lamarr walks across the screen and immediately the line forms on the right! What was wrong with pictures, it seems, was their lack of glamour.

The glamor in a picture is always supplied by its star, and what with the stars in Hollywood all gone hayseed and healthy these days naturally we can't expect anything but beaucoup wholesomeness. Now wholesomeness has its place in the—in the—well, there must be some place for it, but not in Hollywood. It sort of stunts things. Time was when all the big stars were just as exciting as Hedy, and like mysterious creatures they showed themselves only at night dripping with sables and mascara. Hollywood was fun in those fabulous days when thousands of gardenias were ordered for a simple little supper party, and extras threw rose petals for Gloria Swanson and her marquis to walk on. Then someone, darn 'em, discovered health. And immediately all the little stars who had been having such a good time ruining the inner linings of their stomachs with mixed drinks and rich foods went on a diet, went on the wagon, and went on something terrible about health and good clean living.

Those gay irresponsible people of the theatre you've read so many merry tales about (Please turn to page 34)
FRANCOIS VILLON in the person of Ronald Colman rises from his seat in the Fircone Tavern, and looks down at the gaunt faces of his boon companions. His beard is matted, his face is dirtstreaked. Unrecognized in a corner skulks Louis XI, all ears. "If I were king—" cries Villon.

You've come to do a story on the picture. You cherish a sneaking hope that in the process you may be able to snatch a word or two with Colman. For to write about "If I Were King" and leave him out is to play "Hamlet" minus the prince. Yet if Colman were king, he could be hardly more inaccessible.

You may deplore but you don't resent his inaccessibility. You soon learn to distinguish in Hollywood between players who throw up smoke-screens for effect, and those whose reserve is genuine. Colman is shy, not only of the press, but of the world in general. His instinct is for withdrawal. According to Frank Lloyd, producer and director of "If I Were King," he's the most unobtrusive of actors. "He never objects, he never argues a point—now and then he'll make a quiet suggestion—so rarely, so quietly that it always carries weight, and so," chuckles Lloyd, "he gets his own way as often as he wants it."

He's more comfortable inside himself than in contact with any but his intimates. On the other hand, there's nothing frozen-faced about him. Courtesy is as instinctive as reticence. Cornered for an autograph, he looks not forbidding but apologetic, much as if he were about to murmur: "And now—er—won't you give me yours?" Even as he eludes you, his smile begs your pardon—but elude you he will.

So day after day you stalk him. You don't really mind, for there's plenty of excitement along the way. The trail blazes with color—of atmosphere and personalities, of lines that sing and action that stirs your blood, of sets and costumes that transport you back through
Crashing the set of Hollywood's most brilliant production, we give you Ronald Colman without reserve, as his fellow actors know and like him best.

The ages to a richer and wilder day—all mixed up with the color of twentieth century Hollywood—a bewilder- ing kaleidoscope of brilliance which, through Frank Lloyd's ordered mind, will emerge to take its triumphant place—
I'm telling you—beside his "Cavalcade" and "Mutiny on the Bounty."

You can't sit for five minutes on the set without catch-
ing fire. You love the story to begin with—you who have read it or seen the play or even thrilled to the rhythm of that matchless marching song that takes you by the throat, that has you shouting "And to hell with Burg-
gun-dy" before it gets through with you.

There they all are—your Villon and Louis, your Kath-
erine and Huguette, your scum of the Paris gutter and your silken traitors of the court—but with a difference. They don't talk the hightown claptrap of creaking me-
drama, but the everyday speech of the everyday people of their time. It's rousing, it's rib-tickling, it's lyrical at times, it's natural always. Lloyd has long wanted to make this picture, but on two conditions. First, he would have no one but Colman to play Villon. Second he would have no figures of bombast strutting across his screen, but believable humans. He got Colman. He got Preston Sturges to write the screen play—"my cornerstone and my beautiful framework," he calls them.

You may wonder at the choice of Basil Rathbone for Louis. You think of Louis as a crooked little man, having nothing in common with the aquiline splendor of Rath-
bone. "Watch this scene," grins Lloyd. He climbs to the camera boom, high above the heads of the glittering crowd that throngs Louis's throne room for its first glimpse of the new, the mysterious Grand Constable. You'll be struck by the absence of tension on any Lloyd set. The director is celebrating his twenty-fifth year of suc-
cessful movie-making. Being a kindly man, he has no stomach for blistering. Knowing his business, he has no need for it. His ease (Please turn to page 76)
Salute to the Quints

Photographs of the Dionne Quintuplets
Copyright 1938 NEA Service, Inc.

Just as five times five make twenty-five, so the five girl babies who came amazingly alive on a wintry night four years ago in the northern reaches of Ontario now make significant the quarter-century jubilee of a screen actor in sunny Hollywood.

"You wouldn't think," fondly reflected Jean Hersholt who rejoined the Dionne Quintuplets in the making of their third picture, "Five of a Kind," "that the birth of five little girls away off in Canada could possibly have had any effect upon an actor playing parts in Hollywood, but it meant no less than my own rebirth. Life, at least professionally, really began for me when those wonderful babies came into the world. All of a sudden, by the magic of the quints, I became a distinct personality. I realize this more than ever now that it gives special meaning to my twenty-fifth Hollywood anniversary."

Surely the happy occasion called for some sort of celebration in honor not only of Hollywood's most beloved character actor but of world-loved Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette and Marie, those budding mam'elles who made human history in the very act of their creation. And it was fittingly at hand when their patron player glowingly raised not a rousing bumper but a tiny wooden whistle worn as a charm on his loop ing watch chain and blew it five times in salute to the quints.

"Emilie gave it to me," he explained, proudly showing the tooth-marked toy which seemed to
bring her and her famed duplicates into the room with us. Letting the simple token slip back to its moorings, Mr. Hersholt disposed of his mellow kindliness, together with his equally mellowed proportions, in a capacious leather chair and brought out his pipe. Memories mingled with the curling smoke.

"It was a much better way than any other to make the public kindly aware of my existence after all these years. Altogether, counting my five-years' experience in Denmark," his rounded accent carrying back to his native land, "I have been in pictures for thirty years. For a long time it was pretty bad, but now great good fortune has made this the best time of all for me. At the start I had little hope. But America had become the Promised Land for actors, so naturally I wanted to come here. That was a comparatively easy thing to do, as the Scandinavian Line was glad to give an actor passage on one of its ships in return for his entertaining the more remunerative passengers with readings and impersonations. When I finally reached Hollywood I had just five dollars in my pocket. Part of that money was spent in street car fare from Los Angeles to Inceville, beyond Santa Monica. At the end of the line I found to my dismay that I had to walk two miles and a half along a hot and dusty road. That made me feel and look foolish, for I had followed the custom of European actors by wearing a frock coat, spats and derby hat, and carrying a cane. But it was my clothes that got me a job. When the dazzled casting director was assured they really belonged to me, he said he would give me fifteen dollars a week. He hired my clothes, not me. But I'm afraid that if I'd been dressed like that on my trip to Callander for the quint's first picture I would have been mobbed."

Laughing off the impossible idea, Mr. Hersholt approached the turning point in his career with actually blushing modesty. "I might have been vain enough to think I was chosen for the part of Dr. Luke in 'The Country Doctor' because of an unusual talent. But that wasn't it at all. It was just luck—and there's a lot of luck in this business. Thanks to the quints, I'm probably the luckiest actor in Hollywood. I was a last-minute choice simply because the studio had to have somebody in a hurry. Will Rogers would have had the part if he had not been killed six months before the picture was ready to start. Then it would have gone to Lionel Barrymore if he had not been tied up with other engagements. Henry Walthall, Walter Connolly, Grant Mitchell and others were also considered. I never dreamed anyone would have me in mind. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts one afternoon when I got a call at M-G-M to go over to Twentieth Century-Fox and see the casting director. I didn't want to go, but was advised to do so as a matter of courtesy. On the way I talked to myself, saying they probably wanted me for a lousy part and deciding I'd refuse it. I could hardly believe (Continued on page 80)
From Peanuts to Pictures
Bob Burns roams Memory Lane to bring himself up to date in an interview crammed with honesty and humor
By May Mann

B OB BURNS says he was just as happy when he didn’t have a dime to his name as he is today, thereby disillusioning me (I’ve always harbored one of those dreams about a rich uncle leaving me all of his wealth). Bob told me that would only prove burdensome—so now I don’t have to worry about whether any of my uncles get rich.

I was visiting the set of “Arkansas Traveler” over at Paramount when I caught Bob between “takes.” I asked him to make a date for an interview. I wanted to know if a person who’s never had any, can be twice as happy when they suddenly realize a lot of money. I knew he had been as poor as a fellow could be—from the money-in-the-pocket angle. Surprisingly Bob replied in that serious way he draws his words, “Well, like my Uncle Fud back in Arkansas would say, there’s no time like the present if you want to talk to me.” He looked around helplessly for a place for us to sit down, but just try finding a chair not in use on a movie set—even when the owner’s names are painted in bold white letters on their backs. Bob took another look around, then he grabbed me by the hand and marched me right off the set. We found a plank on a saw-horse facing a corner of the stage strung with electric conduits and water pipes, not very atmospheric, but within ear-shot of the director’s call.

Bob seemed eager to recall those good old days when he was poor as we sat there on a pine plank with nothing to distract our attention in the walled-in corner.

“I never was so happy in my life as when I used to sell bananas down in New Orleans there on the water front. I think I made about twenty-five cents a day, and on good days a dollar. Food was cheap. A fellow could fill himself right full for fifteen cents. I had plenty of time to go hunting and fishing. (Please turn to page 82)
"Men With Wings" are the ones who go places, so Paramount sends Ray Milland and Fred MacMurray aloft for big new film.

The aviation picture to top 'em all is "Men With Wings," which encompasses the great flights since the Wrights' and catches up with Howard Hughes' and Corrigan's history-making hops. Rivals in air and love are Milland and MacMurray, with sky-records and Louise Campbell their prizes. Right, Ray; above, Fred—and with Miss Campbell. Below, the stellar trio. You'll see them in Technicolor, too.
Beauty Still Beckons

Exhibitors may wail, producers may worry while awaiting the public’s nod or yawn; but whatever happens, Hollywood will be ever-beloved for girls like these!
One of the most enchanting sights ever to be seen on the screen will be Loretta Young in her role of the Empress Eugenie in "Suez"—pre-view closeup of her, below. Vastly different but also very alluring is Alice Faye, at top left, smilingly surveying her opportunities in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "The Dawn's Early Light." Now, gazing at panel to left, you see Gloria Stuart, top, Lynn Carver, left, and movie-newcomer Nancy Kelly.
Mammy! Dick Powell goes to town in "The Hot Heiress," enlivening romance wherein he woos pretty, winsome and grand actress Olivia de Havilland, with such added attractions as this corking impersonation of Al Jolson. Here you have it: black-face, dynamic gestures—and you can almost hear Powell’s voice boom out songs with that Jolson “sock.”

Cheer Up, Exhibitors!

Those box-office blues will be gone with the whirlwind of gaiety and glamor when these swell shows hit your screens. Such fun for movie-goers means crowds in your theatres.

The girls with the smiles that will win favor of the fans! Left, fun and feminine charm are coming at you arm-in-arm, as Marie Wilson, Ann Sheridan and Margaret Lindsay swing into view as the trio that makes entertainment go round and round on the screens that will project "Three Girls on Broadway."
Honey at the box-offices is just another way of saying Sonja Henie, above, with her bunny partner in a novelty skating number in “My Lucky Star.” Those Gay Nineties recalled by the very athletic Joe Brown, top, will be gay nights at the movie shows when “The Gladiator” comes to town. Howls of laughter are going to make your theatre the big noise of your town, Mr. Exhibitor, when you get such celestial clowns as the Ritz Brothers, right, in “Straight, Place and Show,” and the three Marxes, below, in “Room Service.” Cheer up! You’ll bust right out laughing!
So the Triangle
Is Eternal After All!

The trusty trio reappears in "Suez," and to good effect, too. The Man, the Maid, the Other Girl—here they are again, and welcome, when they are played by such a Man as Tyrone Power, such a beauteous Maid as Loretta Young, and such a piquant Other Person as Annabella. Left, a studio portrait of the three—for real action see picture at lower left of our page. Below, Loretta wins—at least for this closeup.

Not forgotten, but neglected in recent screen cycles is the dear old Problem Trio—just as good today as it ever was, if we can believe what we see.
Triangle set to the haunting strains of Johann Strauss' music presents Gravet as the composer, Mlle. Korjus as his prima donna, and little Rainer as the wistful other lady. This romantic drama of old Vienna offers Gravet a stronger rôle that he has yet essayed for American screens, while the golden voice of Miliza Korjus, known to radio listeners of the M-G-M hour but hitherto unheard from the screen, is said to be a treat worth waiting for.

The charming temptations of Monsieur Gravet in "The Great Waltz" are Luise Rainer and Miliza Korjus—Brunette versus Blonde
What, even lovely little Olivia de Havilland is allowed to lose her temper for screen purposes! Above, she rebels against bed-making in a big way, all for "The Heiress." Left below, the amazing "Dead End"-"Crime School" boys as they appear in Warner Bros.' big new melodrama, "Angels with Dirty Faces."

Is Screen Going Sadistic?

Anyway, there are shocking, socking, powerful pictures on their way to you and we'll wager you'll award them big box-office honors.
And here's the Angel making the Dirty Faces—otherwise Mr. James Cagney running the gamut of sinister expressions for his new starring picture. Jimmy, actually the most amiable of gentlemen, manages to make us cringe as he blazes through a range of macabre emotions. A jolly little operating-room sequence enlivens the new Kay Francis film called "Unlawful." Below, two scenes showing the suave Miss Francis in her dramatic new rôle. At bottom of page, the Fight of the Month, between Charles Bickford and Wayne Morris. As Wayne is hero of the piece, we can't explain the scene at lower right—you'll have to see "Valley of the Giants" for yourself.
Birthday of a baritone! Nelson Eddy's natal anniversary celebrated on the "Sweethearts" set. Co-star Jeanette MacDonald loaded Nelson's arms with presents from all—and Director Van Dyke asked him for a match! Around from top right above, you see highlights as Nelson cuts the cake. That's Ray Bolger coming back for too many helpings. Then Nelson opens his present from Jeanette—a cocker spaniel with five pups—celebrating the fifth Eddy-MacDonald co-starring screen musical.

Strictly Personal Histories

Below: Director Jack Conway to Clark Gable: "Planes will buzz overhead, bombs will fall like rain, buildings crash. Want a double for this one, Clark?" Gable: "How you talk! Start your action." Then Clark as a newsreel man in "Too Hot to Handle" goes to work. Next, congratulated by real newsreelman Norman Alley, who filmed the sinking of the Panay. Then, rest and refreshment.
Fisherman's luck! Robert Benchley's patient and exhaustive research revolutionizes the sport of angling. If you can't get away to wade the streams, or get seasick on a fishing cruise—just do it at home. You see, he catches one. Doesn't know just why, but decides to find out what a fish has that makes men so anxious to catch him; goes into the matter with scientific thoroughness, proceeding bit by bit to an analysis of the subject, and proving beyond all doubt that a fish has bones.

Amiable antics behind the screen, caught by cameras intent on being candid about celebrities during time out from acting.

Right number but wrong guess! Dennis O'Keefe caught in the clutches of gallantry—left to right across pages below. "Ah, here's the number that pretty little number gave me today. Five cents for three minutes. Huh, I only need three seconds to sell myself into a date. Wait! Sure! Oh, hello. This is Dennis. You know, you're going to dinner with me tonight. What? I'm late? Hey, how many fellows did you give that phone number to on the set today? Oh, just Tyrone and me, eh? Goodbye. Five cents, three minutes! I ought to get my nickel back plus interest."
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Claire Trevor and Wayne Morris in "Valley of the Giants"
DENHAM'S huge white studio buildings are a hive of activity these days. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook and Aubrey Smith are shooting the sequel to "Victoria the Great" and on the stage beyond theirs you meet cool blonde Edna Best—who is still Mrs. Herbert Marshall—acting in Korda's all-woman film about a girl's reformatory called "Prison Without Bars." In the Korda offices they are already hard at work preparing for the big new historical film in which Merle Oberon will play when she returns from Hollywood this winter. It's "Elizabeth of Austria," a romantic adventure woven round the young wife of the emperor Franz Josef when Vienna was at the height of its glory. Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh will be seen in it too.

When you see a grumpy-faced man in ragged clothes walking in the country lanes around Denham you don't know whether he is a genuine hobo or a distinguished actor from "The Citadel" just taking a stroll between scenes. The new M-G-M film has the poverty-stricken setting of a Welsh coal-mining valley, and even Robert Donat and Ralph Richardson have to wear the roughest cheapest clothes. Bob's collars go into training for a day before he dons them, crumpled under a heavy weight, and his greasy shapeless hat was bought for a few coppers in an East End slum market and had to be sterilized before he could put it on. "It's just the kind of hat Spencer Tracy would enjoy," Bob declares, Spencer being his greatest admiration on the screen.

Rosalind Russell, too, appears in a wool skirt and carelessly old sweater with her chestnut hair untidily ruffled. Rozzie has been doing some ambition-realizing herself in London; she has always adored antiques and her Hollywood home is full of them. Now she is living in an ancient thatched farmhouse near Denham and everything there is antique, oak furniture and pewter bowls and oil lamps and even the china she eats off. "Sort of place I've dreamt about," says Rozzie, and doesn't mind a scrap if she knocks her head against some low ceiling beam that can't be raised because it's too old to stand moving. With her sister Mary Jane Russell who's visiting her, Rozzie makes expeditions to buy quaint chairs and period silver and twisted brass to take home to California. She often goes to the famous Caledonian Market in North London, searching the hundreds of open-air stalls and shops with the crowd. Mr. and Mrs. (Please turn to page 56)
MOST important picture of the new season, and definitely not to be missed, is Norma Shearer's lavish vehicle for her return to the screen after long absence. It's a weighty vehicle, at times as heavy and unwieldy as the lavish costumes, rich with historical trappings, often smothered in its own magnificence. But when the incomparable true drama of "Marie Antoinette" is allowed to emerge from all the gold and glitter, it becomes a fine and honest film, and in its latter scenes very nearly a great one. Thanks to Norma Shearer's passionate sincerity in playing the name part, her picture almost always rings true. That it falters occasionally is no fault of the star's, nor of her splendid supporting cast; it is, I should say, the fault of the director—the salty talents which made "The Thin Man" so exciting are not precisely suited to realizing the terror and tragedy of the life of Marie Antoinette. Shearer's is a thrilling performance, from the first scenes as eager girl through disillusionment to the supreme horror; and she is helped by brilliant Robert Morley, incredibly good as the unfortunate Louis, Tyrone Power, Joseph Schildkraut, all the others are excellent.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

HOORAY, McCarthy is here to stay. If you were troubled by doubts about "The Goldwyn Follies" that Charlie's place was on the screen, see him again here, and change your mind. He has stiff competition, even including a definite rival, called Mortimer. Mr. Edgar Bergen's new dummy to keep Charlie in his place, if possible; but the McCarthy wit and aplomb win, as usual. Here's an unusual and thoroughly delightful picture. It has an Idea, a real Idea, despite a slight leaning toward certain aspects of "Stage Door" and "Mad about Music." But the direction of John Stahl is so sympathetic, the esprit of the blue-ribbon cast so infections that you will enjoy every minute of the show. Adolphe Menjou plays with his consummate ease a vain and philandering stage and screen star confronted by a problem daughter, Andrea Leeds. The problem is how to keep her a secret, so she poses as her father's "protegee," to cause complications involving Andrea's dancer-romancer, George Murphy, and the father's fiancée, Ann Sheridan. Bergen and McCarthy are here, there, and everywhere. Bergen coming into his own with a real role neatly played.

REVIEWS

Reviews of the best Pictures by

HAROLD LLOYD'S best comedy—and where have you heard that one before? From me, of course; and from every other reviewer. It may be because Lloyd's films are few and far between; it may even be because he uses his best situations again and again, in various guises; and that we're all howling at practically the same gags we laughed at the last time. I don't care. I know I had a good time at "Professor Beware." I know you will, too; and that's what matters. Lloyd himself—and this is serious—is definitely funnier than he has ever been. I mean, the actor himself, and by himself, gets more laughs than ever before. He comes closer to achieving a real characterization, as the shy young Egyptologist whose chivalry makes him a hunted man—hunted by the police and wanted by The Girl, who this time is Phyllis Welch, and no girl to run away from if I can judge by audience reaction. Miss Welch is a sort of miniature Margaret Sullavan with more humor. I think you'll be seeing more of her. The Big Chase is simply terrific, one mighty howl. A grand cast includes Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn, with the inimitable Mr. Stander particularly priceless.
**MOST IMPORTANT:**
"Marie Antoinette"
"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

**MOST CHARMING:**
"Letter of Introduction"

**MOST FUN:**
"Professor Beware"

**FINEST PERFORMANCES:**
Norma Shearer, Robert Morley in "Marie Antoinette"
Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Bergen-McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction"
May Robson in "The Texans"
Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars"

**SURPRISE HITS:**
Phyllis Welch in "Professor Beware"
Wally Vernon in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
Jane Wyman in "The Crowd Roars"

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**ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20 Century-Fox**

MIGHTIEST of all musical movies, Irving Berlin's "American Cavalcade of Song" is just that. It isn't a "musical" according to accepted movie standards—no big girl numbers, but there's a big "boy" number. Oh !

**THE CROWD ROARS—M-G-M**

ROBERT TAYLOR gets his hair mused again in "The Crowd Roars," and I hope his detractors will now be satisfied, because I hate to think of the screen's most convincingly ardent young lover doomed to play nothing but college athletes and prize-fighters for the rest of his career. Did the "legitimate" theatre public insist upon John Barrymore replacing the tights of "Hamlet" with pudgils' trunks? Is Robert Taylor as good an actor as Barrymore was? No! Then why not give the boy a chance to try? It's just as bad to "type" him in rugged rolés as in Armand. Now that that's over, consider "The Crowd Roars," a good if formula film, with Bob as an earnest and honest young prize-fighter, ducking squared-circle politics; Edward Arnold as the slick fight manager, and matchless Frank Morgan as Bob's father—a great big fat rolé for Frank, who makes the bragging, bibulous fellow a real character. Maureen O'Sullivan, herself inevitably "typed" as the wholesome heroine, plays her routine rolé with spirit and as much conviction as possible. Jane Wyman will surprise you with a gay and vivid performance as a scatterbrained Southern belle, accent and all.

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**THE TEXANS—Paramount**

THE biggest Western of them all! It has everything every big Western has ever had, and a little more—cattle stampedes, Indian fights, prairie fires and floods, even a dust storm. And each cataclysm is super-colossal, probably spoiling you for mere gigantic Westerns ever after. "The Texans" turns back to the reconstruction period following the Civil War for its theme, and intimately concerns the fortunes of an old Texas ranching family which leaves its homeland to make the long trek with its cattle to the nearest railroad in far-off Kansas. Their trials and tribulations on the year-long march make up most of the film's drama and excitement. If you like superb scenery on the screen, and I do, you will warm to the sweep and grandeur of many camera shots, and secretly appoint the cameraman the particular star of the occasion. Of the cast, it is the so-called "character" performers who score, especially May Robson and Walter Brennan. Good to see Raymond Hatton again in a rolé worthy of his talents. As for the co-stars, Randolph Scott and Joan Bennett, I have liked them better in other pictures. Miss Bennett has that Bergdorf-Goodman look throughout.
IT WAS bound to happen—the return of John Barrymore, with Elaine, to the New York stage. When its foremost actor left that stage as the greatest Hamlet of his generation—and there’s been none to equal him for fifteen years or more—he left a place that no one else could fill. Ever since his memorable exit there has been a hole in the theater as big as the side of a barn. Meanwhile Broadway has had something in common with Nature in that it, too, abhors a vacuum. From time to time it has called frantically to its idolized prodigal, spending his talent like a sailor on shore leave, and hopefully prodded the fatted calf. Yet apparently veal could not tempt the Barrymorian appetite. What, then, had he found in Hollywood so vastly more to his taste?

"Fish," muttered the confirmed angler, spearing the trout on his plate.

"Why, Jack!" cried Mrs. Barrymore, gone native becomingly in blue flannel slacks and sandals. "Do you think you should say that?"

"Perhaps I shouldn’t," was his dutiful reply. "To be quite exact," turning to me, "it’s fishing. I’m crazy about it. Even so, it may be unseemly to put fishing above acting on either stage or screen, thought I daresay no end of Izaak Walton’s rheumatic followers would string along with me hook, line and sinker. I take it you want the truth about Hollywood’s long hold on me, and as I am nothing if not truthful I cannot let a poor fish keep me from telling it. I might have gone back to the stage, like Cincinnatus dragged shrieking from the plow, after my first year here had it not been that by some miracle I caught a swordfish. From that eventful day to this I’ve been hanging on in the desperate hope of catching another. That is the whole and entire truth, even if it is a fish story."

With all deference to my piscatory friend, I could not quite agree with him. It still remained for him to confess his reason for at last deciding to reappear upon the scene of his former triumphs. "Elaine," he accordingly disclosed, "is mainly responsible for my return from Ella—with, I hope, not the usual result."

"I should hope not!" gasped the cause of it all.

"She has been trying to get me to go back to the stage.
for years," went on Mr. Barrymore, "till finally the time has been definitely fixed for November. I haven't set foot on it since playing Hamlet in London. Just how long ago that was I do not recall, but I think it was directly after Lord Nelson's funeral."

Danger of choking to death on trout bones, which doubtless would have highly delighted my fanciful host, hastened me to ask him whether the play he would do in New York was a tragedy. "No, thank God!" he fervently replied. "It is a comedy called 'My Dear Children.'"

"I found it for him after reading hundreds of plays," was the interesting news from the distaff side of the house.

"In it," pursued the recipient of this wifely boon, "I am to play an actor who has been married a lot of times, as is sometimes the case with actors, and Elaine will play one of my daughters."

"Said Mrs. Barrymore: 'I am tremendously excited about it. It will be my first New York play.'"

"Said Mr. Barrymore: 'I suppose it might be called our professional honeymoon.'"

"What a nice thing to say!" glowed the grateful bride.

"Elaine is intensely interested in the theater, and every time I tell her to do anything she asks why," he was proud to say. "This is very stimulating. It helps one's powers of invention. She's a good actor. We've done a lot of things together on the air, where her Lady Macbeth was so good it made her a star in her own right.

"It was only natural to wonder whether they would be co-starred in the forthcoming play. "Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Barrymore. "Jack will be the only star."

"I'm not so sure of that, nor do I care," was the rejoinder of the best actor of them all. "I was terrified when first made a star. I'd been playing light comedy parts, as you know, and when I turned to serious work in Galsworthy's 'Justice' I was panic-stricken to see my name in big letters on the board in front of the theater before the play opened. 'Wait till Tuesday night, anyway,' I begged the management. Then I got a strip of paper and pasted it over my name."

"Jack's so modest!" marvelled Mrs. Jack.

"Not so damn' modest," he contended, "but I know that only an audience can make a star."

"I've noticed it again," she insisted, "now that I'm in my first film play with him, 'Hold That Co-Ed.' I play a reporter."

"Even as reporters have been known to play her," reminiscently murmured Mr. Barrymore.

What I had noticed was that matrimonial history was repeating itself. John Barrymore acted with his first wife, the former Katherine Corri Harris, on the stage; appeared in a play, "Claire de Lune," by his second, the one-time Blanche Oelrichs, who chose the pen-name of Michael Strange; co-starred with his third, Dolores Costello, in pictures; and now was to be seen on both stage and screen with his fourth, Elaine Barrie. Naively, I was curious to know whether he had found that acting with his wives made his work more difficult. "Not at all," he said, glancing hopefully at the bones in my fish. "You forget who the actresses really are and remember only the characters they play. Nor does domestic association take away in any degree from the romantic interest of an audience. Indeed, I think it enhances the effect. This has been proved on the stage, at least, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Sothern and Marlone, Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott, and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine, among others."

Mrs. Barrymore was sure, "It lends enchantment to love scenes."

"It likewise keeps the home ties binding," reflected her deeply thoughtful husband, "with the inevitable, if somewhat Spartan, result that the married actor goes right straight home with his wife from the theater every night."

Tactfully silent on this disciplinary aspect of marital co-operation in the histrionic art, Mrs. Barrymore was satisfied to say, "Ever since meeting Jack it has been my ambition to play with him on the New York stage."

"And do you know," he demanded with an incredulous lift of his trained eyebrow, "why she wanted to meet me? It was because she had seen me on the screen in 'Sven-gali!' Having fondly imagined (Please turn to page 91)

Still the fascinating fellow, this Barrymore, above. At right, scene from the latest film in which you will see him—"Hold That Co-Ed," with Marjorie Weaver and George Murphy. You'll enjoy John as a college football coach.
The public and the newspapers unwittingly played Cupid, with startling dramatic consequences on the lives of two very famous screen stars

By S. Gordon Gurwit

Illustrated by Georgia Warren

(Please Turn to Page 94 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter)

CHAPTER II

The scarlet stain ebbed from Jean's face, leaving her sickly white. A devastating humiliation and embarrassment shrieked from every shrinking line of her body. "It was so unimportant to me," she whispered, miserably, "I'd forgotten—"

Dick said: "So you've been married before!" Very gently, he picked her up carefully and sat her down in the chair. He strode to the window and stood looking out on the desert, his broad back to her.

Her tongue was clumsy with emotion. "It's—not what you think," she said, faintly.

He whirled. "What am I to think?" he said, with the harsh effort of a man for whom the magic of the hour has vanished. "A previous marriage isn't a crime, of course, but you could have told me!"

"It hurt her lips to move them into speech: "It—I'd forgotten it—it meant nothing—why should it matter—"

"Spiritual values, perhaps," he went on, gruffly. "I never dreamed—you looked so young—so virgin. All my life I've dreamed that when I married, my wife would be an unawakened girl, on the threshold of life. I wanted to be the first in her life—" he stopped. He had spoken with the unconscious fury of jealousy whipping through him. She was so little, so crushed, so beautiful sitting there, and he knew that no man ever quite forgives the memory of the man who has a claim on the past of the woman he loves.

"But you don't understand," she said, in a slow, wrenched voice. "I—I—really never was married—I mean—"

"What do you mean, in heaven's name?" he asked, bitterly.

"I mean that I never was his wife, Dick. I married without really understanding what I was doing."

"You're—divorced?" The grim savagery of his voice was that of a man who finds some-
thing he loves mutilated and spoiled for him.

"No! My mother had the marriage annulled!"

"Where is your—husband?"

"He's—dead."

"Dead?" echoed Dick. Silence fell for a long heartbeat in the room. "You loved him, I suppose?"

She shuddered. "No, no! I was just a child, Dick! I was hardly eighteen. He played Romeo in the little stock company where I got my first job. He was much older, but he was good-looking, and I thought it was wonderful that he would pay any attention to a child like me. He was beastly and a drunk, but I couldn't see it then. But my mother saw it. She took me away from him five minutes after the ceremony."

A storm of dry, tearless sobbing shook her. He stood looking at her and something wept inside of him and howled with an impotent anger. She glanced up at him once, little and white and clear-eyed with honesty. Suddenly, he knelt at her feet. He reached out and touched her knee, and she recoiled as with shock.

"You have to listen!" she cried, passionately. "I won't have you thinking—"

"Yes," he agreed, in a level, controlled voice. "Suppose you tell me about it, Jean."

She told him, with difficult tears, with hands shaking, crumpled into an utter anguished intensity: It had been her first chance on the stage; the glamor of it had blinded her. It was only a third-string stock company, but Myles Tracy, in Romeo's doublet and hose, had filled her eyes and imagination; and when he had suggested that they get married, she had consented. She had been only a child in years, and she had taken things like a child, grabbed what she thought she wanted, snatching at her first romance.

She had married the handsome actor, knowing little about him. But her mother had found out a few disturbing things and had followed them and taken her away immediately after the ceremony. Romeo had first shouted and stormed at her and her mother, and finally had laughed and consoled himself with another girl. The marriage had been annulled. She had never seen Myles Tracy again. Her witch's had been confined to a ceremony, a ring, and a kiss.

"You didn't live with him as his wife?" asked Dick.

"No!" she stormed. "If I had, don't you suppose I'd have told you? It was all so unimportant, afterwards—like a forgotten part in a forgotten play—something as unreal as a nightmare."

"Yes, I see," nodded Dick. "You say he is dead?"

A shiver raced over her. "Yes," she said. She and her mother had both seen the San Francisco paper. Myles Tracy had died, horribly, in a blaze of a cheap boarding house fire. He had been identified by parts of his clothes and a few papers that had escaped the holocaust. She had never seen him again after the night her mother had arrived at the Justice of the Peace's office and had taken her home.

The storm had died from Dick's arrogant face, leaving it tight and controlled, although his eyes were honest (Please turn to page 94)
Created expressly for camera-glamor, Sonja's new screen costumes are previewed for you here.

Designed strictly for film effect is the great little star's latest wardrobe, worn in "My Lucky Star." Center above, all-white ensemble with coat and cossack hat of white lamb's wool; the two-piece white dress has multi-colored vestee and belt. Boots may be back in high fashion favor if Sonja has her way. Left, suit of beige woolen, the jacket heavily hand-stitched in white and fastened with tasseled buttons and heart-shaped belt buckle. Upper right, brief leopard coat with muff to match. In place of the time-honored galoshes Sonja prefers soft leather boots. Like the idea?
Blue, Sonja’s favorite color, is often used in creating the skater’s screen clothes, even though her pictures are not yet filmed in Technicolor. At left above, blue fox is used to top a fitted coat of medium blue, with wide belt and lacing on coat front in navy blue. Her halo hat of navy uses hyacinth blue as a head band to frame her blonde hair. Center above, smart coat of gray krimmer—colorless, notice? Her matching fur hat has a saucy bow. At right. boots again, white mittens with bright red embroidery, and a boldly plaid swagger coat of navy and white bring out the school-girl spirit in Sonja. Yes, “My Lucky Star” is a campus story, and you’ll see Sonja’s best ice ballet in it.
Sprightly chic is the theme of the screen capital's style picture. See Shirley Ross, at left, stepping into the new season and Paramount's new film, "Paris Honeymoon," wearing the new light fur, the revived beret, and smart shoes of perforated black suede with scalloped sides and gored back. Center left, Shirley in tweed top coat, her shoes the "Stroller" styled of soft calfskin with side strap. Far left, she's all in suede—coat, bag, gloves, and shoes of two-tone black suede.

Shoes worn by Shirley Ross styled in Hollywood by Jolene.

Hollywood Fashion Steps Into Fall

Lucille Ball enlivens her new suit with heart-shaped felt hat, frivolous gloves, and, of all things, a new gadget called the cigarette pipe. Ellen Drew, the pretty newcomer, is pictured at left in a campus suit of black and white pin-striped serge with blue velvet-bound pockets.
Irene Rich, who makes a welcome return to the screen as Deanna Durbin's mother in "That Certain Age," poses in her new screen clothes. Left, she wears an intricately draped turban of navy silk jersey with the new height in front. Below, evening gowns of citron crepe romo, perfect for the chic matron, with its shirred center panel opening into soft folds, draping into a harem skirt. The briefest of bolero jackets is held in place with jeweled clips. The corsage of feather flowers is in shades of violet, fuchsia, wine and yellow. Far left, Miss Rich's black dinner dress has gleaming gold belt, clips, and bracelets. At left below, Binnie Barnes in the popular chunky coat of blue fox.
Get a Load of Merle!

By Elizabeth Wilson

I n a lifetime of admiring actresses—and I started at children's matinées in the old days when twenty-five cents bought a seat in the balcony and a chocolate nut bar, and if there was anything I liked more than actresses it was chocolate nut bars—I have never met one more worthy of my wide-eyed fan admiration than Merle Oberon.

Now I don't mean that Merle is a great actress in the dreary sense of the word, because she isn't. And I don't mean that she is a great actress in any sense of the word, because she isn't. I merely mean that if I were an actress today, and I would have been if I could ever have uttered two consecutive words without stuttering, I would be frightfully jealous of Merle Oberon. Because she's everything I'd want to be. Because she's everything a grand person should be. If I were Norma Shearer, or Marlene Dietrich, or Kay Francis, or any of those movie stars, I would invite Miss Oberon to dinner some night and over the filet mignon I would quietly slit her throat.

To me—and to thousands of other fans too, there's nothing private about this—Merle is the most sincere actress on the screen. She doesn't go in for attitudes, camera-hogging, mugging, or up-staging, and there isn't the slightest bit of affectation in her entire body. When she plays a normal, unsophisticated young girl as she did in "These Three" and "The Dark Angel" she doesn't trip over her false lashes while she impersonates a grande dame condescending to be simple. To those who know Merle personally, and I have the good luck to be one of those, she is also the most sincere actress in Hollywood off the screen. When she asks you how you are feeling you know that she is really interested in how you are feeling, and while you describe that peculiar pain in your head you had last night she isn't giving you a prop smile while she thinks shall I change the color of my nails and try bangs in my next picture. There is as little conceit about Merle as a normal human being can possibly have. In a place that is simply stifling with the Narcissus-complex you have no idea how refreshing it is to know that Oberon girl.

Unfortunately there is something depressing about sin-
Close-up of an enchanting lady,
la Oberon of London and Hollywood

certainty, though there certainly shouldn't be, and I am always reminded of an actress who starred in many of Hollywood's better pictures some seven or eight years ago. She simply exuded wholesome sincerity. She was sincere till it hurts. One night while she was appearing in a Broadway play she received a note back-stage that John Barrymore was in the audience (this was before Ariel) and would like to take her out supper-dancing after the performance. She was quite thrilled over a date with the great John Barrymore and scrubbed her face until it shone, twisted her hair into a tight knot, and fairly exuded sincerity and good clean living. When John called for her and found her devoid of all powder and lipstick, without a mite of the footlight glamor he had fallen for, he was rather taken back and said most abruptly, "You wouldn't go out without your panties, would you? Well, why go out without your make-up?" And with that he left her flat. Now when I speak of Merle's sincerity, I mean nothing like that. She believes in giving you herself just as she is, without any tricks, but what a pretty bit of femininity she is. John Barrymore would never have walked out on Merle. She would have met him looking fresh, provocative, and alluringly feminine, in something decidedly chic—and it's a safe bet that some time during the evening she'd get lipstick on his shirt front, perhaps during a crowded moment on the dance floor.

Merle's sincerity is so beautifully mingled with excitement that its wholesome curse is completely removed. She is the only star who blends sincerity with excitement. Sort of afternoon tea with a shot of brandy. Just when you point your finger at her and say there is the most un-complex person in Hollywood, she suddenly becomes thrillingly unpredictable. That's the great fun of knowing Merle.

Like all human beings Merle is a creature of moods and her friends classify them as her sentimental mood, her gay mood, and her Coronado mood, the latter being the one that intrigues me most. Merle who is usually so sweet and considerate, at times can become so stubborn that you'd like to slap her down. It was quite some time before her friends knew about the Coronado mood and we were all going about saying my, my, it's swell to have a disposition like Merle's, she never gets cross or impatient. And then one day Merle who had rather go fishing than eat, and she likes to eat, rented a boat over a week-end and invited the most famous of the fisherfolk in Hollywood to go fishing with her off the Coronado Islands. There were the Errol Flyynns and the Nigel Bruces and Brian Aherne and several others noted for their prowess with rod and reel. Well, hardly was the boat out to sea than the waves started tossing about restlessly, and one by one the fisherfolk turned pale and retired to the cabins below. Merle was getting madder and madder. Here she had planned this elaborate fishing trip—and everybody was fading out on her. "Merle," gasped Brian (Please turn to page 90)
He Dared to Marry!

Jon Hall defies Hollywood's unwritten law that no young actor with his way to make should wed. Here is his first interview since his happy marriage to lovely Frances Langford

By Dora Albert

When six months ago a magnificent figure of a man towered across the screen in the spectacular, breath-taking "Hurricane," we all thought a new star had been born, and waited breathlessly to see what Jon Hall would do in future pictures. Screenland wrote of him: "'Hurricane' belongs to Jon Hall, young Greek god who turns out to be poetically sensitive, imaginative, intelligent—at one leap he takes his place among the Taylors, the Tyrones, even the Gary Coopers; and I think he is already head and shoulders above most of them."

Then, to our astonishment, the Greek god faded from the screen, and there were no future pictures. Instead, there were all kinds of rumors as to why Samuel Goldwyn was allowing Jon Hall's fame to dim with the passing of months. There were all sorts of conjectures as to what the bronzed young giant himself thought of this treatment—"he must be furious at being kept off the screen this long," people said.

"What a fool he is," muttered the Hollywood wiseacres, "to allow Samuel Goldwyn to treat him this way! Doesn't he realize that he is flying in the face of every rule for success ever discovered by Hollywood?"

Then Jon Hall flew in the face of still another unwritten law of Hollywood—that no young actor with his way still to make in the world should get married, for the studios believe that to millions of women a young, unmarried man is a far more potent box-office attraction than any married man could possibly be. That is why there has been no marriage between Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, though they have been in love with each other for years; and why there were no wedding bells, even when the Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor romance was blazing like a four-alarm fire. So convinced is his studio that if Tyrone married it would hurt his drawing power at the box-office that a clause has been written into his contract forbidding him to marry for a certain number of years. In a recent published interview, Tyrone asked, "Why should I marry? I want my career more than I want anything else in the world, and I know it. I'm in love with it. It's all the romance I need."

Why then did Jon Hall, with only one fine picture to his credit, "Hurricane," defy the Hollywood edict? And what does he really think of Samuel Goldwyn's allowing him to remain off the screen for so long a period?
When I asked him my questions, he flung his great sprawling length into a chair in a dressing room at the Paramount Theatre in New York, where, without receiving one cent for it, he had made two personal appearances because his wife was singing there and he preferred to spend as much time as possible with her.

"I don't think people will like me any the less because I got married," Jon told me. He waved an eloquent hand toward the open window, from which we could view the huge throngs of fans who had gathered on both sides of the street to catch a glimpse of Jon and Frances. Just before our interview, a shabbily dressed girl in a faded blue dress and a cheap straw hat had come into the theatre with a flock of autograph books, to gather autographs for the waiting fans outside. "Mr. Hall," she said, "I respect you because you don't let the studios push you around. When you and Miss Langford wanted to get married, you got married, and I'll like you for that all your lives."

"I think that girl is typical of other movie fans," Jon Hall said. "But even if she weren't, if the fans really resented actors getting married, it would make no difference. Just because people are in pictures is no sign they can't live, and love is the greatest thing in life. In a world which in many ways is rotten with corruption, where there are millions of unemployed and the shadow of war is everywhere, what else is there?"

From the next room we could hear a woman's voice—Frances' voice, calling out "Johnny!" Nothing else. But Jon understood. The partitions between the dressing rooms are thin, and she had heard him. "Frances doesn't like it when I talk this way," he said. "You are being very frank," I said, "perhaps too frank.

"I know," he said. "You could misquote me, you could roast my hide alive by saying the wrong things, but I can't be anything but frank and I've met you before and, besides, I trust you."

To anyone who has met the conventional Hollywood actor, who has listened over and over again to the same dull platitudes, Jon Hall's frankness stands out in startling relief. No wonder he has been called Jon "Hurricane" Hall. It isn't only because he made a picture of that name; it is indeed as if compared to most other men, he has the devastating force, the power and vitality of a hurricane. Much of what he says cannot be quoted, because he is so honest, so realistic and so forceful in speaking of conditions in the world today that his conversation is fairly packed with dynamite. In a world of little men, he seems big in every way—he is so tall he makes every chair he sits in seem fragile, and his words have the devastating sound of truth. And while he spoke his smoky blue eyes were stormy and I thought of Terangi in "Hurricane" rebelling helplessly against

Frances and Jon willingly pose like this for the photographers—they're happy newlyweds and don't care who knows it! Read our story for same and refreshing slants on the Langford-Hall romance.

think that's grand and makes possible a companionship we couldn't have if our ages were very different. I have known Frances six months—long enough to know that we will love each other forever. I honestly believe that long after my "baby" [his pet name for her] and I are dead, our love will go on. Why shouldn't love go on forever if it is real love and not mere infatuation—the cheapest kind of love, something which shouldn't be dignified by the name of love?"

There is one of the most romantic stories in Hollywood. A handsome cosmopolite, who had traveled extensively and been educated in one of the finest universities in Europe, Jon was pursued by some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and his name was coupled with the names of Hollywood's foremost sophisticates. Then one day he was chosen to appear in a dramatic sketch on "Hollywood Hotel," a radio (Please turn to page 87).
SAMUEL GOLDWYN makes pictures just to please his wife. Eddie Cantor is authority for that statement, and it is probably true. Almost anything can be true about Sam Goldwyn.

As for Darryl Zanuck, his three children are three reasons why his company makes so many films about children. Each producer, consciously or, more probably unconsciously, makes the kind of pictures that interests him. He would be no good at any other kind.

The much-discussed Goldwyn is a terror to work with, they tell me; but writers and directors, as well as actors, would do anything for the privilege of fighting with him. William Wyler says he gets along with Goldwyn because he can yell just as loud as the producer—sometimes a little louder. He stays with him, in spite of the scenes, or perhaps because of them. Sam has an artistic conscience, the director admits; and an artistic conscience, like any kind of conscience, is the rarest thing in Hollywood.

Willie Wyler is still a little amazed when he remembers that conversation with Goldwyn. He was called in to finish a film someone else started, “Come and Get It.” The producer, always elegantly dressed, always emotional, told him he wanted a good picture. Mr. Wyler agreed. That was not enough for Mr. Goldwyn. He wanted a great picture; he must have a great picture. If necessary, the new director was to discard all of the footage already recorded and start again. Money was not to be considered. “At least within reason,” Mr. Goldwyn insisted. “I don’t care whether the picture

Walter Wanger likes to produce films with an appeal to the intellect but also knows what’s good “box-office.” Right, Mr. Wanger on the set discusses production details with director John Cromwell, and his star, Charles Beyer.
You know them by the pictures they make. Now read our fascinating story and find out why they make the pictures they do

By Eileen Creelman

makes money or not. But I don't want it to lose any. Or at least not too much.”

Mr. Wyler, who had heard of the Goldwyn furies, was still skeptical. He would do what he could with the recorded footage. The producer returned to his argument. He didn't want to go broke. He was scared of that. His best friend had been Florenz Ziegfeld. He is still the business adviser of Mrs. Ziegfeld, the screen's

Billie Burke. He had watched Ziegfeld's last years on Broadway with dismay and sympathy. He was terribly afraid of losing everything. But he didn't need to make any more money. He had enough for his wife and enough for his son and enough for himself. He wanted something left to make more pictures.

Most of Hollywood's top producers try to be light-hearted in discussing their work; but never Sam Goldwyn. He fretted for weeks because he could not find the right person to play opposite Ronald Colman in his first talkie. He hadn't decided then, way back in the early days of sound, whether vision or hearing was most important. He rather thought sound might prove to be. Anyway, he was willing to listen to anyone's opinion. He even forced people to give him advice, insisting that they look at screen tests or meet new personalities.

He did know exactly the right actress for the part, later played by Joan Bennett. That ideal was Frances Howard, the slim red-haired Irish-American girl he had married back in 1925. Frances Howard was on her way to stardom then, with a brief and promising stage and screen career behind her. She gave it all up contentedly to marry Goldwyn. It has been, in spite of the difference in ages, in spite of the (Please turn to page 89)

Alexander Korda, left, has put British film production on the highest level it has ever known. He produced "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth" and "The Ghost Goes West," discovered Merle Oberon and other stars.
Joe E. Brown
Camera-Hunts
History and Humor

If you pose 'em, they look it. I usually try to get them to playing or doing something. Here's a strip of Mary eating her dinner and some of Kathryn in the garden, and again the two with Guy Kibbee's little girl, Shirley. "Here are the dogs. Dogs are like kids, you have to expect action from them, but now and then you can snatch a decent shot. We've tried calling, throwing balls, humming, and so on, but just sneaking up on 'em works out best."

Don, the second son, strode in. "You ought to be in bed, Dad," he protested.

"I know. It's all right, son. Thanks, just the same." The comedian opened another box, and Don, after a worried look at me, retreated. "Sweet, huh?" grinned Joe E. "Now, here—what I mean by historic is this shot of me before the door of No. 10 Downing Street, the home of England's Prime Minister. Ralph Ince took it with my camera and he was so excited that it's a little blurred, but its value lies in the background, so it doesn't matter."

"Ralph took several of me. Some at the Paladium Theatre in London when I was making a personal appearance, directing the orchestra and doing acrobatics with the Five Talo Boys. Of course he used what lights there were and shot from the wings, but they're good.
The beloved broad-mouthed comedian gives valuable advice to his fellow camera enthusiasts

By Ruth Tildesley

"Here's a humorous shot: First we have a shot of the changing of the guard at St. James' Palace, London, and then we have what I call the tourist's view of the same scene—the backs of people's heads. Look—this is one of the King's own horses, in the royal stables. See, he knows something's going on. And these are three of the royal footmen, with cockades in their hats. Notice how the cockades show against the white stone. But that wasn't planned. They just happened to be sitting there.

"I like this of Neil Hamilton, as I caught him looking around as the guard passed. There are several shots of Ralph, one with Bette Davis and Ham Nelson, her husband, over at Windsor Castle. I like these for the historic interest.

"He took this shot of Neil and me before Queen Victoria Monument just as the guard passed Buckingham Palace, and at the same time, or right after, rather, I got this of the guard passing. See, a loyal Englishman is raising his hat, a woman is whispering to her child what it's all about, and two kids are suddenly seeing me.

"The worst feature of touring England is that the fans know all picture people, and almost mob you for autographs, yelling for all the rest to come along. Nee, of course, wouldn't have them stop—but oh, what an end to getting pictures!

"But for real difficulty in taking pictures you must go to China.

"They tell me I'm the only American cameraman (amateur) ever to get shots inside the Sacred City. I set the guards up to tea, rice cakes and so on, and some of them remembered seeing me in pictures, so we got chummy. Then I took out the camera and asked if I could use it—so somehow they let me, I got a few stills. Here's one of the Winter Palace. But you miss the colors, I think."

Don came in again. "You know you ought to be in bed!" he worried. "Yes, son, right away. Run on." The comedian pulled down another envelope. "This is Man O' War last year in Kentucky. The great Man O' War; there's history there, too."

Then the comedian looked at his son, got the import of his repeated glance of admonition to rest.

"O.K., son," he said. "I'm bound for bed."
Here's Hollywood

CAROLE LOMBARD, success of 1937, has certainly had less luck this year until now. She nailed the privilege of choosing her own scripts but she chased a dud. However, she's finally working after a six months' self-imposed vacation. Her splashing publicity stopped because of her attachment to Gable. We hear Rhea Gable may yet give Clark that divorce. Carole became an outdoor type to be his perfect pal, and now she has to take up golf. She doesn't want to at all, but he is bent on taking a lesson a day. It is, she sighs, at least more exhilarating than stamp collecting—which had him last month.

ROBERT TAYLOR, switched from a beauty to brawn, is surprised at the very notion of his studio coming to his rescue. So he claims. But the original Taylor was the zippiest dresser in Hollywood, given to the smoothest in masculine trimmings. Now that he is adroitly cast in harder roles it's evident he's playing ball and who wouldn't for $4,000 a week? He is laying off scarfs and those tricky jackets; in fact, he hasn't bought a new suit in a whole year! Bob still prefers to be well tailored and some days he wants to go on a buying spree something awful. But in the proverbial nick of time he recalls that overwhelming pay check!

IS IT just luck with that Bing Crosby? He takes everything with such nonchalance. He's never had a singing lesson and he's still top crooner. He never worries or hurries except to a golf course. He's golf champ of Hollywood. He was a dizzy playboy but he reformed after his marriage—and they tell girls not to marry men in the expectation of reforming them! Bing is not only the father of four sons, but he won't wear that bit of a toupee except when Paramount is filming him. Now his latest feat is this new radio contract he's signed. He is the only radio star who wants but one air rehearsal. This new contract, to go into details, is for a straight five years with no such catches as options. It will bring him $250,000 a year. Bing works hard, but never strains himself. He has a brother who business-manages him. So what? Bing won't give out any stirring transformation tale. He can't explain himself. Let the other disappointed ones fiddle with self-analyses. Altogether, sighs Crosby, relax!

THOSE "big four" separations in Hollywood had their individual flavor, each couple sparring true to type. Joan Crawford had long indignantly denied the Tone trouble just as she had denied leaving Doug, Jr. She kept a good deal, drove off alone in the night, and in general reacted violently. Franchot staggered it at night spots, the embodiment of gentlemanly woes. Wonder if Joan ever heard that tale about Franchot long-distancing a fiancée he left behind him in New York? It was said this girl was broken-hearted at being informed she was out and Joan was in. The Richard Arlen divided up their fortune placidly enough. The Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez divorce was no joke. During five stormy years together Lupe had twice be-
fore gone to a judge about Johnny. The former whoopee queen tried hard to tame Tarzan, but he was as untamable as she herself was when Gary Cooper loved her. Or can't you remember that far back? The Jack Oakie-Venita Varden separation took place without much ado—it was announced by Jack's studio press department.

NEW homes have been obtained this month by Richard Greene, Mickey Rooney, and Judy Garland. Dick modestly rented a small farm house over the hills from Hollywood, and brought his mother over from England to keep house for him. Judy, being more set, bought a ranch home. But Mickey Rooney is the one. He has purchased an eighteen-room mansion in ultra Del Ray; it quite dwarfs the nearby residences of Loretta Young and Carole Lombard. Mickey has his private swimming pool and playroom. He really required something appropriate, insomuch, as he's had his valet Sylvester for some time now. He is deceased the place to his mother. This elegance is a far cry from the burlesque theater on Los Angeles' main street where Mickey's father is head comic. This theater is advertising papa as father of the famous kid star who is "a chip off the old block."

ANNE SHIRLEY, luckily, has been a career girl all her life—so she can understand and be tolerant toward the ardent fans her husband, John Payne, is so fast accumulating. Johnny, a Cary Grant with a Ray Milland polish, knows his Annie still loves him as dearly as when they were honeymooning. For when an admirer mailed him a live baby duck he had to build a pen for it right smack in the living room of their modest apartment. "Love us, love our duck!" exclaims Mr. P. to all visitors. He's hoping the duck's personality will captivate someone soon. Annie's most Myrna Loyish about the whole affair so far. But he has a fear she may be secretly tiring of "the little stranger."

JUST to keep you straight on the juvenile situation as we go to press: Tom Brown and Natalie Draper have quite forgotten their first-year grief; Richard Cromwell currently has a swell Broadway break, as Lord Byron in "Bright Rebel," the first Sam Harris play of the new season; Eric Linden is equally lucky in London, where he is in "Golden Boy" on the stage. The oldest "son" of "The Jones Family," Ken Howell, seems to be stepping into the juvenile top spot. He is no longer confined to The Junes. And are the Hollywood girls curious about him! Note to them—your competition is a young number at the beach where Ken lives.

EVEN though Shirley Temple did sight-see so much that she was laid up in Boston with a cold, she's not going to be an old stick-in-the-mud stay-at-home. The travel bug has her. When she completes her current comedy of the Gay Nineties—lookit, Mar West, Shirley's reviving your pet period!—she'll set forth on a tour of Great Britain. Darryl Zanuck arranged this when he was across last July. Now do you suppose he's fixed it for Shirley to curtsy at Buckingham Palace? She called on President Roosevelt at the White House, so the King logically is next. There is an old English tradition, however, which forbids the presentation of actresses at court. So far Madeleine Carroll is the only movie star to ever turn the trick. She made the grade by closing the play she was in for a full week. Then she entered with society as the wife of a prominent socialite. (Her husband, Captain Astley, is that.)

GOSSIP is vigorously trying to make a great deal out of Glenda Farrell's dates with Randolph Scott. But neither of them is serious, Glenda has a wealthy admirer in New York City and a couple of would-be husbands "on ice" as she puts it—in London. The snorkers might go down to the Palomar, Los Angeles' biggest dance hall, and see Glenda whirling around with a good-looking dark fellow. (He's her son, aged sixteen.) What you really should learn about Miss Farrell is that she was dying to go to Europe last summer. Picture engagements prevented, so she sent her housekeeper over on a five-months' tour. Glenda bought her beautiful streamlined luggage, some snotty clothes and paid all the expenses.

HERE'S how that flock of foreign importations are doing. Authentic raye—Hedy Lamarr. She had to wait six months for her break; then, scoring sensationnally, she became the toast of the town. Danielle Darrieux will probably be just as permanent a favorite. Anna Bella is still a question mark—she's been sent to England to star there in two pictures, Dolly Haas is most apt to be the next definite raye. She was brought over from Vienna a year ago, and fired before she ever got a chance. But an important new company has been formed by agent Myron Selznick and Ernst Lubitsch and these canny men have chosen Dolly as their first star. That's pretty much of a guarantee. Isa Miranda, expensively prepared for fame by Paramount, is Italy's most popular actress; sudden illness has postponed her debut here. Miliza Korjus, operatic blonde is liable to cause some bad moments at Metro among the other prima donnas. The first time Joan Crawford over-heard Korjus practicing Joan stopped dead in her tracks to ask whom that voice be—

Baby Snocks—pardon, Fanny Brice—signs the register of famous names on the list of preview celebrities.

The crowds turn out to view the celebrity parade of important previews. Above, a fragment of the huge sideline gallery watching the stars arrive. Below, Henry Fonda and his wife, snapped at the microphone in the lobby as Hanks sends greetings to the "great unseen audience."
longed to, but curious! This songbird professedly lives in yesterday. She won’t read the newspapers, doesn’t want to know what’s going on except right around herself. She reads about the lives of great musicians and composers exclusively—!

**Hollywood** is just one big, happy family—in one respect at least. And proving it on the grandest scale ever tried by any industry to please its public, is the movies’ smashing campaign to make the public realize how much they’re missing if they don’t attend picture shows. What is the best of the whole ambitious campaign is the opportunity it offers everybody to compete for prizes totaling $250,000—which is a lot of money. The quarter million that will be shared by a number of clever and fortunate picture fans, will come from the “Movie Quiz” contest. It’s open to everybody—so you’d better get in line. The contest takes the form of a questionnaire on some 90 to 120 films issued between August 1st and October 31st. Opening on September 1st, it continues to December 31st—so you’ll have time to make the right answers and get your entry in well before the deadline. All you have to do is ask for a free copy of the “Movies Are Your Best Entertainment” brochure at any film theatre box-office in any territory where you happen to reside. Then get out your pencil and start in writing the answers to questions about pictures released during the specified period. The whole plan strikes us as a grand idea, and we want to join in the chorus of congratulations the public will accord the movie industry for this beneficial piece of great business enterprise.

**What** they do with their first movie money is always revealing. John Garfield, shoved into stardom after one picture, sent his wife the plane fare to Hollywood as soon as he was sure he was staying.

**Returning** to Hollywood now: the K. Edward G. Robinsons from a month’s investigation of the Latin fascinations of Mexico City: Dolores Del Rio, back from there too, only it was a trying trip for her—her father was ill; Claire Trevor reporting in from her Hawaiian honeymoon with radio producer Clark Andrews; Clark Gable in from a hunting trip to Idaho; Sonja Henie back from Norway where she flashed fourteen trunks full of new clothes as she diplomatically salved surprised feelings at her becoming an American citizen; Madeleine Carroll back from the gayest of European fun—she was all over London, Paris, Rome, and the Riviera in magnificent style; Kenny Baker and Rosalind Russell back from London—they merely worked, Kenny in “The Mikado,” Miss Russell in “The Citadel.”

**Harmony!** Charlie Ruggles, always ready to try anything once, gives out with a song, while Bobby Breen, with whom Charlie is playing in “Breaking the Ice,” plays an accompaniment, lower left. Here’s how! Edward Arnold and Mischa Auer (looking more Russian than usual behind that beard) wish each other luck in “You Can’t Take It With You.”
Greeting Hope Hampton! Above, the blonde beauty who retired from pictures to become an opera singer, is returning to the screen in "Road to Reno." Hope is seen above in a scene with Helen Broderick and Glenda Farrell. Right above: Deanna Durbin, Melvyn Douglas and Irene Rich, acting a scene for "That Certain Age.

The racing season goes on and on. Chronicled Hollywood Park had quite a closing day when Joan Bennett arrived with her ex-husband, producer Gene Markey, instead of with her current beau, producer Walter Wanger. Now it's smart to run down the Coast to Del Mar, where Bing Crosby is the "chief cheese." Pat O'Brien proved he was a right guy when he responded so nobly to the broke neighborhood kids who park atop his wall at Del Mar for a free view of the track. They explained the cement was hard and would he mind if they made it more comfortable? Mrs. O'Brien knew immediately there was no more use trying to be swanky—she knew Pat couldn't say no.

Keep your eye on this new beauty, Lana Turner, because she's going to be another "natural" and it will be satisfying to discover her early. M-G-M won't state outright that Lana is being groomed for Jean Harlow's spot, but indications point that way. In person, Lana, who got into pictures two years ago by walking across the street from Hollywood High School to get a milk shake and was seen by a producer, is beautiful and spirited. She regularly wore a blonde wig when out dancing with a boy friend who preferred that shade. But now she is formally engaged to Greg Bautzer, discriminating young Hollywood attorney, who lets her sport her own hair. She confesses she will marry him next year, when she'll be nineteen.

George Brent swears off flying and women, but he can't stick to his oath very long. Since he skimmed dangerously low over some high-powered wires two years ago, he hasn't been flying much. But now he has invested in a brand new airplane and he bravely keeps it in the stall Amelia Earhart used to park hers in. When he was on location at the Navy Training School in Pensacola, for an air picture, he struck up a friendship with some Brazilian flyers who were there for pointers. They want him to fly down to Rio and promise to turn their gay city upside down if he will. Right now George is phoning Merle Oberon these nights and not Loretta Young, whom he phoned last month. His third ex-wife, Constance Worth, is trying her acting luck in London—where his second ex-wife, Ruth Chatterton, is being extremely lucky at it.

Don't think Hollywood is turning dull. There's always something incongruous going on. At Warners this month they have outmoded that old gag about movie actresses perpetually starving. Almost every heroine on this lot is desperately scheming to gain weight. Bette Davis is consuming extra milk by the quarts, literally. Olivia de Havilland has her compacts full of malted milk tablets. Anita Louise, so fragile, is taking cod liver oil. And skipping to M-G-M, where glamour has reigned supreme, there is Our Gang running wild regularly. Also, the newest Metro and is one Ann Morris, jumped into leads from little theater experience. Ann is proudest of her technique at roping and branding steers. She beats her boy-friends at golf instead of night clubbing, and what's more she efficiently runs any type of sail boat. She publicly dotes on peanuts and pickles instead of caviar and is taking piano rather than coiffure lessons. Shades of Crawford!

Getting all wet, and not too happy about it (there were 24 of these drenchings in one day's shooting), Andrea Leeds, left, takes the full force of a stream from a hose to look realistically rain-soaked in "Youth Takes a Fling."
Keep in Circulation

Good circulation is one secret of a lithe figure, good skin and lustrous hair. It's a social asset, too

By Courtenay Marvin

Perhaps you ended up the Summer in the pink—literally and figuratively. You may still have a trace of too much sun or a few vagrant freckles. They will fade, and rapidly, if you use softening creams and perhaps a mild bleach to help condition your skin. In spite of the marks of sun and too dry hair, these are temporary and may soon be overcome. You have something else, too, I think, and this is something you must keep. Probably, it is better health, from a season of more exercise, fresh air, play that has made you more graceful and agile, and wider interests that give you more joy in living. Keep these, and you have the very foundation for beauty, charm and attraction. You will have to work to do this, for the cold months ahead, especially for the city dwellers, bring upon us a sedentary existence, if we don't use some energy and imagination to prevent this.

Practically ever star I ever talked with, and every young, aspiring hopeful for Hollywood, too, starts her day with a beauty cocktail. It is either a tall glass of water, cool or warm, into which is squeezed the juice of a lemon, or a tall glass of grapefruit juice. This is taken immediately upon arising and is not a part of breakfast. Its purpose is to awaken you internally, to start stomach action, and is a great aid to clear skin. If you will sit down and sip this slowly, the effect is just that much better. Make this Rule #1 in your plan for more beauty.

There's another simple eye-opener that helps start a good day, by stirring up that circulation that is naturally sluggish after those inert hours of sleep. And this is half a dozen great big stretches in bed. Throw back your covers and stretch just as hard and just as far as you can. Arms, legs, torso, even fingers and toes. After you've done this, you'll feel like getting up and attacking the day with vigor. Of course, if you're doing some special exercises for a graceful waistline or slimmer hips or better posture, now is the time to get busy. And, of course, also, everyone of us needs exercise. But there are ways of getting it other than the regulation exercises. If you know how to move normally with speed and good action, you can get your exercise that way. If you don't, then you'd better exercise according to pattern and counts. A brisk walk, for example, if you really let yourself out, your muscles relaxed and swinging along rhythmically, will build plenty of figure beauty; and so will dancing, if your posture is good. That means erect but relaxed shoulders, freedom through the spine, so that your body moves as easily as a reed in the wind, though not a gyration may be evident in your dancing. Then there are the games and sports, like badminton, ping-pong, roller skating, swimming and so on, which do a beautiful job of exercising you and coordinating muscular movement, so that whether you are a very tall girl or a pee-wee, naturally of sound, substantial build or the Dresden china type, you will build grace and proportion your figure. For proportion is so important. You have a good figure, according to how you are proportioned, rather than whether you are large or small. You can be a beautiful size eighteen or twenty, or by the same rule, an ideal twelve or an eleven. The figure that is a worry is the one that is out of proportion—heavy hips on an otherwise slim body, or a sunken chest or some

Four steps to lustrous hair by Lana Turner. First, massage to stir up circulation. Second, application of hot oil. Third, steaming in the oil. Fourth, a soft, young coiffure.
such definite and very real problem. Good circulation is essential for hair and face beauty. Circulation does two very important jobs in this respect. It carries the nourishment throughout the body and it carries away the impurities. It is the very foundation of beauty. If your hair is of good texture, normally lubricated, then color need not concern you too much. You can make it beautiful through the steps illustrated by Lorna Turner. Massage and brushing are your two steps for better head circulation; Here is the way to massage the scalp. Spread the fingers over the scalp, then rotate firmly those fingers, so that the scalp moves over the skull. Work up from the back of neck over the head. You will feel your scalp grow warm, if you are massaging properly. To ease this operation, and to keep the arms from tiring, try resting the elbows on your dressing-table, and allowing the weight of your arms to strain. Brushing, of course, is a milder form of scalp massage, but it exercises it, just the same. Ask Hollywood what it thinks of brushing, and you'll find every star either brushes or has her hair brushed daily.

Face skin, of course, is the point where good or poor circulation is most evident. If it's good, you will have a fine, clear skin, whether or not there's any natural color there. Then the veins will be dull, and you may be prone to dryness, oiliness, blemishes and large pores. For if your blood were circulating rapidly and evenly, your skin would be correct, then you wouldn't have these conditions. Thoroughly cleansing, which often means a little vigorous, is one way of arousing that skin. Now and then we find the paper-like, delicate skin that really can't stand this treatment, but these skins are rare. Most of us do very well with a good rough face cloth or a common complexion powder to cleanse and water, plus cream. The two belong on every face, according to need. When you use that cloth or brush, use it this manner with gentleness but thoroughly in rotary movements, and give special attention to your nostrils and chin curves. Use your cleansing aid under the skin is pink and glowing. You happen to be using a cream, don't just put it on and take it off. Apply it and use gentle but firm upward strokes with your fingers, circular movements, and don't stir up circulation. There are some good circulation creams to be used after cleansing to help increase circulation to throw off impurities and clear the tone generally.

There is another way of circulating that solves many of the problems of life. That is social circulating. I don't mean making a big social calling, but I do mean enlarging your circle of friends and interests. Now and then life deserts us all. Things happen to make us feel for a time that our interests narrow down. Then there are no interesting dates and the telephone doesn't ring. No matter how beautiful or pleasant your work, you do need and come upon us all from time to time. There are ways out. Call up the old friends and see them again. If a dearth of boy-friends is troubling you, give a party-giving. If you don't know enough to invite for the girls, ask the girls to bring their escorts. This puts you back in circulation, perhaps. You can add to the fun by inviting them; they'll probably want to entertain you. And so the telephone will ring again.

If you want action in your life, often you must start it. Good circulation helps.

**Yours for Loveliness**

**New Frills for Fall—Seen and Unseen**

One of our real hair problems is to arrange that permanent or natural curl into a soft design as we comb it. For years, I've used a cold curled iron, but here's something better. Sta-Curl Comb, combining comb and curling device with which to give your hair a perfect curl. Sta-Curl Comb is a strand, grasp with clip on comb, roll, tight or loose, as you wish, spread a bobby pin, insert in groove of comb and slip out of. Comb and curl are detachable, purse-size, apartment, and together, and very, very, efficient. Fine workmanship on both and Sta-Curl Comb costs very little. For girls with curls, this is a find!

**DRI-DEW** is a new deodorant and non-perspirant in cream form from the labors of Dr. A. E. Novak of our own Dri-Chem. It's a white, non-greasy, non-irritating and odorless, it's a fine product for the boys, also. It bears the seal of approval from laundring and dyeing and cleaning associations, which means it cannot harm fabrics. It keeps perspiration a secret, and I know you'll like Dri-Dew.

**BATHASWEET** is our old friend for a bracing beauty bath. It gives the bath an enchanting fragrance and softens the hardest water. That makes your bath infinitely more cleansing and refreshing. Bathasweet comes in a Garden Bouquet or Forest Pine. Three of these two fragrances can be had in a new de luxe, giant-sized cake of milled soap that fluffs into a rich lather, refreshes the skin and makes the bath a glorified cocktail. You'll love the new Bathasweet soap, as well as the Bathasweet bath powder, as much as I do.

**PERFUME** is a spell we weave to enchant. No doubt about that, and no doubt about the scintillating, brilliant spell you weave with Caron's Can Can. As sparkling as the nights of Paris, dynamic and potent remainder of all that is charming and bewitching is this fragrance, Can Can, named after that famous dance of the Paris music halls. I can't do it justice in words, but a drop can do full justice to you, for it is an unspoken invitation that draws admiration, a desire to know you better, because it is provocative of beauty, brilliance and wit. Wise girls will make a mental note that what they want from their best beaux for Christmas is Caron's Can Can. Bottled as both a Caron creation, in lovely, bejeweled in a dainty lace collar, and boxed to perfection. Can Can comes in senior or junior sizes to please all.

Look at Lucien Lelong's new Duvetyn pomade lipsticks, if you want to make new discoveries in lipstick tones and efficiency. Gorgeous tones, each stick sealed for your protection, and three "testers", besides.

C. M.

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Real-Form Pantie Girdles give that streamlined silhouette. A fine and comfortable starter for that Fall outfit. Smooth as a glove, skin soft, Real-Forms seem part of the wearer. Washable as lingerie.

A smart coiffure is a night start for Fall. Sta-Curl Comb, combination comb and curler, is one to that "just done" hair look. Easy to use and easy to carry. A grand gadget.
communicates itself to the company. They respect him for his mastery over his craft and love him for his genial humor. A trace of the burn he brought out of Scotland at the age of nineteen still clings to his speech. And every male who crosses his path is addressed as "laddie."

From his eyrie he waves to Heather Thacker on her throne. "How are you, queen? Hot? Never mind, it's hotter up here."

Rathbone is about to present Colman to his audience. Over a blue velvet robe he wears a cape embroidered with the lilies of France. Lank locks of hair straggle under a cap. If one of the skull caps affected by Louis XIV it's me hoodwink cap," he informs you later. For the moment he stands tall and erect. In a tuft of gray, and gray, silverlined cloak flung back over one shoulder, Colman stands beside him. A hairdresser comes up to adjust a stray lock of his wavy hair. "What are you doing there behind my back," he murmurs. "Cutting it off for a keepsake," the hairdresser answers. "Go home with you, Mr. Rathbone," she chides him and slips away. "Roll 'em," they go into action. For a moment your eyes stick to Colman, insulting the general with a grace so exquisite and a humor so subtle that that gentleman hardly knows whether he's being insulted or complimented. Then your startled attention is caught by Rathbone—a Rathbone transformed, steepled and musing, rheumy eyes peering from under the hooded lids of a wicked old vulture, shriveled mouth twitching, ancient voice cackling approval of his Grand Constable's thrust. Until you see it, you won't believe it. But do, you'll be likely to agree with Rathbone that this is the first real part he's ever had to play.

He met Lloyd one day at the Santa Anita racetrack. "What are you doing, Basii?" "Playing Tybalt," "What do you mean, playing Tybalt?" "It's what I've been doing for the last two years and a half—leaping from behind and yelling 'Ah-h!' I'm desperate, Frank. My kingdom for a winner!"

"How about a horse called Louis XI in a race called 'If I Were King'?" "Don't pull my leg, I'm just giving it. I'm not pulling your leg. Do you want the part?" Rathbone's eyes were glittering, his tongue roved over his lips, his hands went out, fingers twitching. "Gimme, gimme, gimme," he babbled.

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If Colman Were King

(Continued from page 31)

English as Colman, he's Colman's exact antithesis—as effervescence as the other is restrained. "My impulse is to walk up to people, his is to walk away from them. He's typically British in his reserve, I'm typically un-British in my lack of it. I talk like one of those machines that someone's forever putting a nickel into. I've known Ronnie off and on for fifteen years, and I've never known him to be anything but gracious and pleasant. But he's learned the art of superbly minding his own business, which encourages other people to mind theirs. Me?—well, you see, I'm talking about Ronnie, which isn't my business, so I will now shut up." Rathbone's a camera friend. What had really shut him up was the sight of Frances Dee, a vision in cloth of silver, waiting beside a courtier in a scarlet cloak for the cameras to roll. He leaped into the scene to take a shot of the vision.

Lloyd had first pictured Katherine de Vaucelles as a queenebly black. He tested several and found them wanting. "I finally decided he'd be my padrino. I picked my padrino face on the lot was Frances Dees. Of course she's neither blonde nor stately. I could have wigged her but I have a prejudice against losing a beautiful type by seeing one of their favorites change color. So I tested Frances as she is, and gave up my blonde without a quiver. She's a joy to test for. She's not polished, and I'll show you another face in Hollywood with more breeding, I'll eat Basii's skull-cap there."

Villon catches sight of her across the crowded throne room and makes his way to her. He addresses her in language that exceeds the formal courtesy permitted a stranger. He all but makes love to her under the noses of the court. Brows lift, friends gather. The scarlet-cloaked courtier clasps his hand to his sword. A tricorne flits across Katherine's face, then she lifts it, grave and beautiful, and deals with the audacious intruder herself. Mr. Lloyd is right. She'll make a prouder, though not an arrogant, Katherine. She'll make you understand what it's most important you should understand—why Villon adores her.

The day wears on. With Colman in every scene, hope fades for today. "Come tomorrow night," they tell you. "Night shooting's always a little more informal. It's easier to let the hars down."

You arrive at 8.30, to be told that Colman took his departure at eight. This is no trick. It's nobody's fault—least of all Colman—that the schedule had to be changed at the last minute. You feel decidedly flat, but you swallow your disappointment and stick around for the night shooting.

This is the Court of Miracles—a square in the shums of Paris, where the riffraff is feasting on food and wine released by Villon. Theanging howls of tum- blendow houses look as if they were about to collapse under the weight of carousers. Fires burn in the open. Huge sides of beef being roasted over hollows in a scaffold twelve feet high, Lloyd shouts: "The man who's flashing the dagger—don't do that, laddie." There's a roar of laughter as the laddie tugs at the tail of a bearded patriarch. The scene goes on. The crowd mills round and round, shrieking, tipsy, gnawing at loaves, flinging their heads back for them. "Long live Louis!" they yell. "God bless the king!" "A ver-ry good tale!" calls Lloyd. "Print it. Thank you, Relux."

Now comes a group of Villon—five men and two girls—tattered, dishevelled and roughtongued like the rest of them. One girl sits perched on a hoghead—her vivid, brooding little face lighted by a pair of blue-green eyes, a tousled mop of bronze curls falling over her forehead. The other, a merry-eyed blonde, has just flung a cascade of ale across the stage and hered her virginity into question. "Toughen it up, Jimmy," Lloyd directs her. Jimmy is Alna Lloyd, the boss's daughter, named after his, for who she says, after she grew tired of hearing her referred to as It. She served her apprenticeship as an actress with little theatre groups and on the road. Once, she says, she went to New York in vain for a job. Then came a letter from her father, asking if she wanted to work with him on the production end of "If I Were King."

"Before that he'd always said, 'Oh, just come and stick around.' But this time, being away, I got it in writing—a regular contract. A regular contract!"

I sat in on script conferences, helped with casting, research, costumes—right through the whole thing. Of course I wanted a part, but I didn't ask for one. I thought I was right for one, he'd give it to me, no matter what anyone thought. And if he didn't, he wouldn't, no matter how much I wanted it. It was on my birthday he sprung it. 'I've got a present for you. How would you like to play Colette?' I just whooped. It's Jimmy who tells you that Villon and his colleagues have been tagged by the irrepressible Rathbone, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. "And if you think Mr. Colman doesn't have more to do, don't listen to this one. 'You see, daddy's always yelli-3Sing about people being late, so we cooked up this scheme. We got back from lunch very early one day, turned off all the lights, and hid behind the scenery. All but Colman, who sat at his desk in the trial room, with one little blue spot burning over his head. It happened that was the day daddy picked to be late for the first time in his life. He'd been lunching with some executives and they got lost and left him and the ferryman in the end. Because by the time he got there, poor Mr. Colman had fallen asleep. There he sat with his cheek on his hands, and in comes daddy to this perfectly silent set, doesn't know what to make of it, sees Colman, walks over to him, touches his shoulder, says: 'Ronnie—come, my dear, let's have a cig.'—and he's reproachful at the same time. Colman jumps up, shouts 'long live the king,' then we all jump up and yell 'long live the king!' He gives me a sweet look and polishes it off. 'Nice work,' says daddy, and Colman sighs like the father of seven chil- dren: 'Yes, dwarfs will help you, Franklin—just a little dopy. Which made the whole thing practically perfect."

The other girl—the one with the blue-
Scores
More Dates
Re-dates!
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Dick Powell, Jack Benny and Ken Murray get hot trying to make good as instrumentalists in an impromptu band organized by Tommy Dorsey, right, conducting.

8 drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

green eyes and the face that has something both sweet and smoldering—is Ellen Drew. One day an agent saw her and asked her if she'd like to be in the movies. "Would you?" she returned wearily. In stories, of course, such things couldn't happen. In Hollywood they do. She was signed for stock at Paramount, and for two years stayed there. Then Wesley Ruggles saw her in a studio play and cast her for a part in "Sing, You Sinners." She didn't know that Frank Lloyd had seen her in the same play till he sent for her and said: "I'm going to test you for Hugette." She turned white, her knees wobbled, and all she could manage was a "thank you." She went on location with the other picture. Meantime Lloyd summoned a few of his fellow-workers to a projection room one morning. "I want to show you something," he said. The test was run, the lights went out, Lloyd turned in his seat. "What do you think?" "Swell!" they roared in chorus.

"That's what I think, too." Ellen, having dinner with the company, was called to the phone. As she slipped back into her place, Fred MacMurray eyed her sharply. "What's the matter with you? Look as if you'd seen a ghost." "I'm going to play Hugette," she said, buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

She met Colman for the first time when they made a costume test together. He told her he'd seen her original test and thought Lloyd had made a perfect choice for the part. "Here I was, two years ago, wrapping up candy," she broke out impulsively. "You'd think I'd be paralyzed, working with Ronald Colman. But you don't stop to think it's Colman, He doesn't let you. He's so completely simple. He doesn't make a fuss about anything. Even when he blows his lines, he doesn't get excited like the rest of us—just says, 'I'm sorry' and does it again. And he's been so heavenly kind to me—taught me so many little things without making a show of it. I'll never forget the first important scene we were to play together. He smiled as he passed me and said so that no one else could hear: 'This is going to be a good one for us. This is one we're going to pull them out of their seats with.' It was like a shot in the arm—and, oh, he must have known how I needed it!"

Which is all grist for your mill. Only you still haven't talked to Mr. Colman. Only you still haven't asked Mr. Colman how his rehearsing or Mr. Colman has simply melted into thin air. Eventually Mr. Lloyd takes pity on you. "We're making just one short day trip to town. Come in at two and I'll see that you get to him." He's as good as his word. He nails your quarry, and your quarry greets you as affably as though he'd been looking forward to this for days.

"What would you like to know that I can tell you?—I've been wanting to play this part for years. I suggested it once to Mr. Goldwyn, but the suggestion didn't take. Then Mr. Lloyd came to me and said: 'Will you play Francois Villon for me?' My impulse was to jump at it, but I felt a qualm or two that needed soothing. You see, it's not an absolutely set-up story in the same way as 'Tale of Two Cities' might be. The old stage play was theatrical, I felt that the screen version, without sacrificing any of the drama, should be made more plausible. For myself, I didn't want to go slashing about with a sword and striking attitudes. However, I needn't have worried. Mr. Lloyd explained how he meant to have it treated, and that Preston Sturges would work along that line. So I signed up gladly, and sailed into it. Sail's the right word, too—perhaps breeze is still better. It's gayer than any other version I've known—rollicking, as Villon was—and real as he was, even though this adventure wasn't."

He flicked at his brown velvet cloak with its emerald lining. "I tried to do what I could for reality by taking some of these elegant costumes home and wearing them round the house to get the feel of them—a little hard on the household, but they bore with me. I thought it might keep me from strutting about here like a dressed-up popinjay. I grew my own beard for the early sequences, too—another ordeal to watch, for a dirty, scrubby head it was. No, I didn't mind—not beyond the first week, when it proved a little tickly. Of course, it curtails one's social activities just a little—" he said, smiling broadly—he, whose social activities are confined to a circle of friends who'd remain untruffled if he grew a forest on his face for his own good reasons.

The scene was called. It was brief—action without dialogue—Villon fleeing from his enemies in the palace, and finding sanctuary in the room of his love. They shot three or four takes in about ten minutes. "Thank you, Ronnie. That's all." Catching your eye, he lifts his brows in helpless wonder. "I don't know what they're thanking me for. It's very polite of them."

What you're hoping, only it's nothing so tangible as a hope—what you're wishing for, and dreaming rather, is that he'd come back and talk some more. But by now a photographer has him in tow.

"I'm so sorry," smiles Mr. Colman. You know exactly how sorry he is. But it doesn't matter. If Colman were king, he could do no wrong. So far as you're concerned, Colman is king.
made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious

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Salute to the Quints

Continued from page 33

my cars when told it was that of the doctor who shared the fame of the Dionne Quintuplets. I realized this would mean much more than a part to any actor, that it would definitely identify him as in the public mind with a world event. But there wasn't anything sure about it so far as I was concerned. Henry King, the director, thought I might look it well enough, but he was afraid Mr. Zanuck would object to my Danish accent. I was sure he would. So, with no hope at all, I went back to Dr. M. Just as I walked into his office, at the 8:45, Mr. Mayer, at the telephone, said, "Here he is now, you can talk with him." It was Twentieth Century-Fox wanting to know if I could be ready to start for Callander the next day. That was my luck—they didn't have time to think of anyone else.

Taking the reassuringersholt at his word, his was an emergency call, very like the one Dr. Dafoe had on that startling night that set telegraph and cable wires humming the world over. "There was no time for a thorough test," he went on. "But at eight that night they made a quick test of my hair." Something would have to be done about it if I were going to play all like Dr. Dafoe. But there was no time for it. When we got there it was twenty below, with a heavy snowstorm falling—marvelous!"

There spoke the true Scandinavian. But I was anxious to hear more about the impromptu doctor by the grace of Hollywood. That's the way I felt, anyway. I admitted Mr. Hersholt: "The only thing for me to do was meet Dr. Dafoe, and I was terribly nervous. I didn't know how he would take it. I had come one day a short time, about ten or twelve weeks, from Callander, and, quite aside from the weather, I had cold feet. When I got to his office the doctor was busy with a patient. He took his little waiting room trying to work up nerve enough to face him decently. At last he came out, and we both looked at each other— I couldn't scare up a word to say to him. He didn't know me from Adam, but after sizing me up he remarked, "So you're the fellow." That was all. Then he kept looking at me, and I was thinking. It was a wholly impersonal thing for him, but a tough spot for me. I couldn't talk pictures with Dr. Dafoe because he didn't know and couldn't handle me, and there didn't even know that Garbo was alive. He said the only picture he had seen was 'Sunshine Susie,' made in England ten years before. As 'Sunshine Susie' didn't exactly warm things up, I made a quiet sneak out, where twenty below seemed almost tropical."

Happily, Mr. Hersholt now warmed up to the point of telling of his first meeting with the quintet. "I saw them five minutes before we started working next morning in the hospital nursery. There they were, all in their cribs, so lovely they put a lump in my throat. With Dr. Dafoe standing out of sight, Dorothy Peterson and I were ready to play the first scene with them. 'Don't handle them too much,' the doctor warned us. I lifted two of them from their cribs to a bed. They played with my mustache at the pencil in my pocket, and weren't at all frightened. Because of my make-up, I thought they took me for Dr. Dafoe. They were then only a year and half old. From then on we were careful never to work with the babies longer than fifty-five minutes each day, not counting Sundays. Dr. Dafoe saw to it that we never exceeded that time even by a second."

There was no mistaking Mr. Hersholt's deep affection for his little friends. It was evident they had crept into his heart to stay there. "It was not until we went back to make the second picture, "Remoin,'" that I was able to identify them. By that time they were all gymnastic and lived to climb. I know they climbed all over me," he laughed. "We had lots of fun when we weren't working. Emilie liked best. She always smiled and reached for me. One day she pulled out my watch and broke it. But it was only a dollar watch, and I let her keep it. Afterwards she gave me her wooden whistle, putting it in my mouth for this to blow, then into my pocket to make me understand I was to keep it. Even Dr. Dafoe was now very friendly, talking books and sharing my first child's data."

What must the good doctor have said, I wondered, on that eventful birthing when he himself had had no rest. "That's what I wondered," agreed Mr. Hersholt, "one day I asked him. He told me, with the arrival of the fourth, then the fifth baby, he said, 'Gosh! Now that isn't small-town, what is?'"

As for the illustrious parents, Mr. Hersholt had enjoyed the honor of meeting Papa Dionne, but not Mamma Dionne.

"It was one day on the lot I met the father," he related, continuing his saga of the fertile North. "Papa Dionne had driven out to where some of us were working and was sitting in his car. He had discussed as John Qualen had made him look on the screen. I walked over and said, 'How do you do? How do you do?' he replied, without much as much as a smile. 'It is a beautiful country,' I remarked. 'Yes,' he said. 'You have beautiful children.' 'Yes,' it is cold,' 'Yes.' Then I gave up."

I was interested in all, aside from the babies, said Mr. Hersholt, "was the place itself. Here was a village of five hundred souls that suddenly seemed like a city. I was struck by the fact that there was never a day with less than six thousand visitors, and on one day while we were there the number grew to thirteen thousand. All were alive. I thought of my country and left. We were part of the show, at least the side-show, finding ourselves attracting attention as 'Movie actor from Hollywood.' I never felt less like an actor in my life. It was all tremendously real to me. What gave that place world significance was the great number of newspaper correspondents. One day there were twenty-three of them. The publicity man had taken Miss Peterson and me out to a picturesque wooded region to be photographed. Floumn--detour through the great trees, the motorists ahead of them, I fell into a ditch. For two minutes I was knocked out completely. I felt a sharp pain in one leg and was afraid I'd broken it. Unable to move, I lay there thinking. 'Well, this settles you. You've been given the chance of your life, and now you've lost it. Oh! And the picture.' When I was taken back to the hotel at North Bay twenty-five or thirty newspapermen made a rush for me. There was news stopping them from taking any stories about the accident, so I had to telegraph my wife not to worry, that I wasn't seriously hurt. Dr. Dafoe took care of me, but didn't say much about it. For that matter, he never said much about anything. When we went back to make the second picture I asked him what he thought about the first one. 'Very good,' he said—not a word about me."

Good-naturedly dismissing this rugged indifference to cinematic art, Mr. Hersholt cooly added: "Dr. Dafoe has said later that 'Five of a Kind' will be the last picture that the quintets are allowed to make. But I hope not. I can't help loving those kids and wanting to see them and hear them. They're lovely babies, and they brought me wonderful luck. And whether it lasts or not, I'll always have my lucky piece."
You'll like this new Hollywood Make-Up

Powder... You'll marvel how your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin. It creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours... one dollar.

Rouge... Created to individualize each type of beauty, there's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge to impart fascinating, lifelike color to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly... fifty cents.

Lipstick... Yes, Max Factor's Lipstick is super-indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain lovely for hours. Moisture-proof, too, it keeps the lips a uniform color through every lipstick test... one dollar.

Filmland's Make-Up Genius Creates Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony Shades for Your Type

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead... you'll look lovelier with color harmony make-up to enhance the attraction of your own colorings. This is the make-up secret of the screen stars—originated by Max Factor—and now you may share it with them. Permit Hollywood's make-up genius to suggest the correct shades of powder, rouge and lipstick for you personally. Note coupon for special make-up test.

New! Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream... 55¢

A sensational new kind of cleansing cream for dry, oily or normal skin.

Max Factor * Hollywood
things. "I never had to be a hobo," he

"I heard that a big power and light company was figuring on putting in a termi-
nal sub-station to generate power in
Idaho, so I caught a ride in a bogy and
went up to the construction outfit. On
account of how I had some education, they
made me the foreman of 75 men. They
made all foreigners—and I had to talk to them
through an interpreter. Well it seems my
orders was plain greek to them, so I had
to learn to talk. I was curious how
I got on to the knack of talking their
language. I never could figure that out.

"Then the company made me manager of a construction boarding house. I had to
plan meals—good filling ones for 30 cents
per man, three times a day for 300 men.
I used to go down to the markets and buy
three bushels at a time. I got out a cook-book
and learned how to saw off steaks and
chops as good as any butcher. Those were
happy days—and what hunks of steaks a
fellow could eat!

"Out in the west they have lots of church
socials and dances, and they always wel-
come strangers who come to the community
to learn the dance for a week to those
church supper's and dances.
I fried chicken and pots of beans and
hot biscuits we'd eat! And then the home-
baked pies and cakes and home-made
ice cream. I could freeze a freezer full of
cream faster than most. In fact, I got to be
definitely a champion. Sometimes the girls
would bring the baskets filled with lunch,
and the men would bid for them. I was
usually pretty lucky—in getting a good-
looking girl and a good lunch basket both.
But some of the men would sure draw
lemons!

"Then I went up into Idaho where I
made about two dollars a day. There isn't
never a more cheerful or hospitable bunch
do people. They didn't like a fellow because
he was supposed to have money—they just
liked you because you was a fellow and
any pretense of being more. Then I got
a hankerling to travel about again—and
I did. In the course of events I wandered
back to Salt Lake City and I met a pretty
girl, again. Gee, was she pretty! She was
singing in one of the cafes, and I used to

From Peanuts to Pictures
Continued from page 34

S C R E E N L A N D
Never mind if your budget is limited! Here are styles you can easily afford...yet so smart that they will be worn at Lake Arrowhead, Hollywood's fashionable mountain resort.

It's Jolene, famous fashion observer, who brings you the glamour of Hollywood in shoes that interpret the advance styles worn by the screen's best-dressed women.

Insist on Jolene Shoes this fall. You can save money by asking to see Jolene's latest fashion creations at $3 to $4.

For the name of your Jolene dealer, write direct to Jolene's Studio, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

SHIRLEY ROSS
Featured in Paramount's New Picture

PARIS HONEYMOON says:

"It's a fashion scoop, Jolene. Shoe styles in Hollywood combine fashion with glamour."

JOLÉNE FASHION SHOES ARE DISTRIBUTED BY TOBER-SAIFER SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.
ELOQUENT EYES...

Kurlash makes eyes speak volumes—frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you naturally curvy lashes... longer, darker looking... expressing your personality. Try it—$1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. B-10, receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc. Rochester, New York Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BIBLE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Razin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, rank and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn’t get the case. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

go in there to eat just to hear her sing, and get a chance to talk to her. I figured that if I was an actor we could team up and I'd get acquainted with her. So nights at the hotel I started writing up an act.

There was a couple of musicians who were down on their luck, and when I was off shift I got them and the girl together and we rehearsed the act I had written. Finally we decided to form a vaudeville troupe. We called ourselves The Smilers and a Nix—I was the Nix. Well, sir, we got engagements in all of the show houses around and then there was none left, and our money ran out.

That didn’t discourage me none. I got a farmer to let us ride with him in his spring wagon up to a little town called Logan. We hung about a day and then on his buggy. I got a megaphone and went around the city streets advertising the show at the top of my voice, and I got a bang out of the kids. They followed me around like I was the Pied Piper.

We got an engagement at the showhouse. Then the girl—she was a beauty—and made a beck in Salt Lake City. Anyway the second day she walked out. That left our show without much of an act.

"It was haya-keel. Rest of our show went to work in the hay fields. Fact is, I slept in them. One night out there under the stars I was wondering what I could do for I had been monkeying with a couple of pieces of pipe, humming through them, and I got the idea of making me a bazooka. Well, sir, I went right down to the gun store and made one for fifty cents. The beauty of my invention was that whenever it got broken I could get any plumber to make me a new one.

"After dark I lay out there in the hay figuring up tunes I could do when I had an act. I called it 'Harmony Hobo.' I played all the little towns in the west. Then I hit it out for home to see my folks back in Arkansas. Yes, rode the rodeo."

At this point a property man interrupted us to tell Mr. Burns he was wanted back on the set. "Now don't go away," he cautioned. "I'll be right back." He was gone for almost an hour. I could hear him and other members of the company as they acted a scene.

"A swell fellow, Bob Burns," commented the property man as we waited. "He takes everything very serious—even himself, despite all of that humor he's noted for. When his first pictures died in six years ago, it just about broke Bob up. He was awful fond of her, I guess. For a whole year he went around here as sad as could be. But now that he's married again, he's happy and singing all of the time and specially since the new baby came. He brings more visitors on his sets than anyone around the studio. Most of 'em are from Arkansas. All those folks he writes about in that newspaper column of his come out here to visit him. I have an idea that's one reason why he built such a big house—so he could make them welcome. Have you ever met his new wife? Gee, she's pretty. Blonde, with the nicest ways. She was Harriet Power, you know, and I can tell you they're real pals." But before the property man could tell me more Bob came around the corner and resumed his seat in the reading chair. He continued right where he left off. "No, sir, I was as happy as a fellow could be in those days, but I'm not so sure anyone could be. When I got home everyone was enlisting to go to war so I went up to Chicago where I joined the Marines. Well, after I got my professional commission, so I got out my bazooka—took it to a plumber to fix it and went to New York to try being an actor again. I got a job in New York in the night clubs. And when I got a hearing in one on Broadway, and got signed up for a few weeks—I had my first taste of real fame. I made quite a bit of money for a fellow like me, but first thing I knew there I was down in New Orleans, peddling bananas. But I had too much acting in me to stop, so when I couldn't get another engagement I organized a company and went to Atlantic City. It went along pretty well, then I got a chance to get back into vaudeville.

You know life's a strange thing. I toured all over the country—and twenty years later I found myself back in Logan, the little western town where I'd invented my bazooka out in the hay fields. I was playing 'Soda-Pop,' the black-face with the Gilmore Circus, and I went out and told the audience that it'd been twenty years since I'd been in Logan. I was in twenty years and apologize for my act. The manager didn't like that so well—but the audience was tickled at such a remark."

Well, here we are bound for California. When I couldn't get another engagement, I got a job in pictures doing bits. Then Bing Crosby put me on his radio show—and you know the rest.

"Money doesn't make happiness. It's nice for folks to think you're being successful, but she—"I was just a happy where she was poor and didn't have more than a dollar in my jeans, as now, when I can write out checks and know that the bank won't refuse 'em.

"But you can buy anything you want, do anything you want, have anything you want, when you have lots of money," I interposed.

"But that's where you're wrong, and that's why I've been telling you all this," Bob reminisolated. "Anyone who has his health, his freedom, his family, his house, his dog, his cat, his wife, his children, his friends, his entertainment, is living, is not poor. He's rich and doesn't know it. And he sure ought to be happy."

Glamor Gets a Face Lift

Continued from page 29

have now become a lot of dreary sun-worshippers. Those grand gals who once in gold lame put on a court act in glittering drawing-rooms now spend endless hours in bathing suits tossing their chassis on the sands of Santa Monica midst flies and fles. You may possibly see some of the stars in the wood now unless at least six of your guests are on some kind of a frantic diet. Cooks get awfully mad when they sweat over a batch of heavy syrupy soups, knowing they'll have to cut back on the sugar, dehydrated vegetables, vegetables and meat, but as to their slimness, they'll never talk about it, but the girls do cut down on meat and some say they like the diet."

Moving pictures, those quaint old things, have practically become a side line with most of the stars. They are far more interested in their athletics than they are in their screen careers and had rather make a hole in one than a hit in a star's career. Name of a star and I'll tell you where his or her real interest lies.

It's no secret that Bing Crosby had rather play golf and read books than have施工 on the screen. Clark Gable likes to get his pictures over with as quickly as possible so he can go duck shooting, fishing, or build a dream house. Clark and I had a long talk last summer. We talked about the effect of motion pictures on our lives and how we like to spend our leisure time when we're off the screen. Clark said he thought the movies were the most fascinating business in the world. He thinks they're the most interesting and challenging business in the world, and he hopes to continue working in them for many years to come. He said he preferred to be a star in the movies because he could earn a lot of money and have a lot of fun doing it. He also said he liked to work with other stars and to have a good time on the set. He said he enjoyed working with Clark Gable and Bob Burns, and he said he would do it again in a heartbeat.
club she shot twenty-four clay pigeons out of twenty-five, and Carole uses a regular gun too, one that would knock your shoulder right out of joint. She’s quite a deadly tennis player and often gets up at seven in the morning, much to the distress of her Bel-Air neighbors, to practice her serve. Irene Dunne is another of the girls who gladly gives up those heavenly hours of early morning sleep to get in a couple of rounds of golf before the sun warms up. Irene is a hole-in-one.

Another elegant golfer is Ruby Keeler who can make strong men weep by the straightness and distance of her drive. And boy, can she sink them. Ruby has much rather give you an interview about golf than about herself. Joan Crawford swims like a Weissmuller, and so does Norma Shearer. Norma doesn’t take to sun much, but Joan schedules her day so that she can have so much time every morning for a sunbath. She and Cary Grant have the best tans in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers is another of the mermaids but is even better at tennis—the way she can whack those balls is really something. Claudette Colbert, whom we used to call “head-in-the-pants” because she was such a sissy she stood in one spot on the tennis court without budging for an entire game, now flies through the air like the man on the trapeze and lost nothing in the shape of a tennis ball get by her. Claudette’s chief interest, however, is skiing—a little something she does exceedingly well, and will talk about until you fall down in exhaustion.

When Olivia de Havilland first took up archery (inspired by “Robin Hood”) she shot an arrow into the hoof of the cow next door, but she has improved since then and can now pick you out a bull’s eye any time. Olivia never drinks because it is bad for her, and never fails to eat because it is good for her, Patsy Kelly and Jack Oakie, the last of the old guard who said I like food and by golly I shall eat food, weakened not long ago and both of them took off more than forty pounds by walking and dieting. Patsy, whose only exercise consisted of walking to the studio commissary, for a couple of weeks walked as much as twenty miles a day. It gets ‘em all sooner or later. Tennis becomes a career and walking becomes a business. And everybody’s wholesome.

Everybody except Hedy Lamar. Thank goodness for Hedy. I decided that I must see Hedy and warn her about Hollywood—never, never must she go in for health. She must keep that mysterious sultry charm, that lovely thrilling glamour. Why, I might even encourage her to have sunken cheeks. So I called on Hedy. She immediately asked me if I would have a Scotch-and-soda and that cheered me no end—here at least was someone who wasn’t afraid of ruining a liver by taking a drink. “My butler is out,” said Hedy. “I will fix the drinks.” Charming, charming, I thought. And then I saw Hedy fix the drinks and my face fell. She filled two tall glasses with shasta water, and I mean filled and splashed a few drops of Scotch in each. Why, that exotic creature doesn’t even know how to mix a drink!

But that wasn’t all. I wasn’t to be let off anything. She promptly invited me to have a swim, and when I refused suggested a game of tennis, assuring me very naively that she was quite good at both sports. “And walk,” said Hedy, “I adore walking.” Well, dear reader, all I can say is that Hedy who looks so alluringly wholesome in the Casbah is far different from the real Hedy Lamar. And I’m convinced that health is here to stay.

 Relatives, real and reel. Anita Louise, Bette Davis and Jane Bryan, right, relatives in “The Sisters,” are visited by Bette’s real sister, at star’s left.

**HERE’S LONESOME LOU**

**KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO**

—She thinks the bad breath ads mean you!

**ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?**

DON’T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT—AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON’T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW!

**TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECOMPOSING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN Crevices BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN’T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THAT’S WHY...

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

“You see, Colgate’s special penetrate ing foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!

**LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE’S...**

IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I’LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!

**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate’s!

**SCREENLAND**
Adolphe Menjou have been there several times too, buying curios for their collections back home in Hollywood.

Darryl Zanuck and his pretty wife Virginia went shopping around London along with Darrylin, Susan, and Richard, who politely told me his poppa was "something in a studio but he doesn't know Snow White anyway." The Twentieth Century-Fox executive spent most of his vacation playing polo and he has also been making arrangements for Shirley Temple's visit to England next spring. She may play in a film on her company's lot at Pinewood Studios where they are now completing "Piccadilly Circus" with Grace Fields, Mary Maguire, Roger Livesey, dancer Jack Donohue, and Mr. Asta. The latter has turned very temperamental since he crossed the Atlantic. Maybe he doesn't think our climate so good as California for he's fought his stand-in dog, refused to eat his stew and eye bread lunch one day, and barked quite rudely at Leslie Howard.

And it's not as if Pinewood gardens haven't the greenest old lawns and shadiest trees even a terrier screen star could want. Brian Aherne was exercising round them the other day, with his wide grin and a vivid sea-blue jacket exactly the same color as his eyes. "Fancy you noticing me?" he laughed. "People seldom do. I travel all over America but the fans never tear my clothes to shreds like they tear Clark Gable's. I only had a crowd once and then I discovered they'd mistaken me for Gary Cooper, who was around those parts too." So I consoled him by making him escort me to lunch in the great oak-panelled studio restaurant once the saloon of the liner "Mauretania" and transported to Pinewood in pieces for reassembly.

James Fitzpatrick looked in at Pinewood the other day with his bride Lesley—"giv- ing her a real live travel talk on London," he said in the famous deep-throated voice. Clifford Odets came along another afternoon and had tea and a few words with our natives, not forgetting pretty little Nova Pilbeam, who seemed to find his quick staccato chatter most entertaining judging by her gay laughter. You'll soon be seeing the eighteen-year-old star in another thriller film called "Death of a Ghost" and handsome Michael Redgrave will be her leading man.

Michael was prominent at the party given to Brunette Margot Lockwood to celebrate her marriage to a London businessman. She was especially delighted with the cabled congratulations she got from George Arliss who really gave her her first big chance in his film "Doctor Syn." Margot is charmingly unaffected, knits her own jerseys, seldom wears make-up off the screen and goes in for gardening in a practical manner which means doing all her own digging and planting. Her current picture in production at Gainsborough Studios is "Rob Roy" based on Sir Walter Scott's classic novel of wild adventure and romance in old-time Scotland—it's Princess Elizabeth's favorite book, by the way.

When I stopped out dining and dancing in the West End the other night I got lots of up-to-the-minute fashion notes from the screen girls I saw. There was exotic young Vivien Leigh dramatizing her ravishing hair with green chiffon draped Greek style and belted in gold, and Elizabeth Allan demure as ever in frilled pink tulle with wee rosebuds in her curls. Gertrude Niesen had a backless ice-blue satin and ropes of pearls, while saucy blonde Lilli Palmer fancied sheer black net with long transparent sleeves and handsome Barry Mackay for her escort. Lilli starts work soon in "Girls Must Live!" and Barry is going to sing and dance with Jessie Matthews again in her musical now called "Climbing High." At supper-time I spied Raymond Massey and his sweet-faced wife Adriana entertain- ing a party including Tamara Geva with a cape of ostrich plumes and Noel Coward and Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye. Nearby was the loveliest young thing I'd seen for ages who turned out to be seventeen-year-old Corinne Leach from Paris. She had a sensational success in her first film in France so Alexander Korda promptly signed her up and she makes her English-speaking début as a girl criminal in "Prison Without Bars." She has wide,able dark eyes and infectious rippling laugh and the true French chic in clothes—nothing smarter on the silver floor than her black satin with round off-the-shoulders neckline and scarlet roses pinned in a bunch at her waist.

It was in a far less exclusive café—an Italian spaghetti joint in Soho, to be honest—that I met Charles Laughton and Eila Lanchester eating steaming risotto and planning their next two films ahead. They never seem content to worry about one at once like other producers, Charles is currently playing Mr. Davey, the parson-smugger of "Jamaica Inn" which Alfred Hitchcock is vigorously directing and pop- ping in some new touches for which his Hollywood visit inspired him. After eating, Charles and Elsa went off to a little local theatre to see a Fredric March picture—they are both in the huge and log cinemas for special premieres they can't dodge any- way. Elisabeth Bergner is another star who likes to sit unknown in the cheap seats though she has never been persuaded to watch herself on the screen as yet.

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**What a Marvelous Difference**

**Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!**


**Why Let Pale Lashes and Brows Spoil Your Charm?**

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scrappy brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You will be surprised to know that ladiness that can be yours, so easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, either solid or cream form, will make your eyebrows and eyelashes look thick, long and luxuriant—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky, and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in unbreakable containers are sold at the reach and ask and woman—at all 10c. stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.

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**THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

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**SCREENLAND**

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He Dared to Marry
Continued from page 65

program on which Frances Langford, a shy, quiet girl with deep brown eyes and a wistful, tender mouth, sings regularly. Almost at once he fell in love with her. But though he had been sought out by some of the most sophisticated women in Hollywood, when he himself was in love he hesitated to ask for a date, because he had no reason to believe that Frances was at all interested in him. Then, as luck would have it, his sister, who had in the meanwhile met Frances, said to him, "Do you know who's coming over for dinner tonight?" When he heard it was Frances, he broke another engagement, so that he might be at home when she came. This time their meeting was less formal, and he managed to get up courage enough to ask Frances to see him again. Soon they were seeing each other almost every night. When, for business reasons, he was away from Hollywood for two weeks, he missed Frances Langford more than he had ever dreamed he could miss anyone. Shortly after he returned to Hollywood, they eloped, using their real names of Julia Langford and Charles Locher in the hope that they could keep their marriage a secret. But it is almost impossible to keep anything a secret in Hollywood, and so four days after their marriage, the story leaked out.

Stars now! Jane Bryan and Ronald Reagan get top billing, in "Girls on Probation."

"Samuel Goldwyn was very much hurt that we hadn't taken him into our confidence," Jon said, his eyes twinkling, "but he sent us a bouquet of flowers anyway."

It was typical of Jon that when he decided to get married he got married, and did not stop to weigh what effect it might have upon his career. When he was first offered a contract by United Artists, elated though he was to get that contract, nevertheless he stipulated, "I will sign nothing unless it is understood that my private life remains my own." You see, he was familiar with the studio practice of building up eligible young men by asking them to be seen with famous feminine stars. Dozens of young men, eager to get ahead in Hollywood, have allowed their studies to dictate to them with whom they shall be seen and with whom they shall not be seen, but Jon was determined to have nothing to do with this mockery of real love for publicity purposes. "If I go out with anyone," he said, "it will be because I like her and for no other reason."

Pretty smart... But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

She succeeded in Business
...but Failed as a Wife!

She thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault... in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why "Lysol" is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol" 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.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.,
DEPT. 188-S, BLOOMFIELD, N.J., U.S.A.

Send me free booklet, "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
"If anyone had asked me to take an actress out so as to get my name into the newspapers I should have flatly refused," Jon said. 

"Had no job depended upon it, I would have said, provided the girl were nice, 'All right, I'll take her out, but you'll have to dress her up in my style, providing me with Rolls-Royces to take the girl out and orchids to shower upon her, because there's no use doing anything less.'"

This was the kind of argument he put over to Samuel Goldwyn, however, because he never asked me to do this, although almost every other studio in Hollywood does require it of a newcomer.

I asked Jon if he had any rules by which he was to steer the frail craft of marriage through the shoals that beset it. During our talk, Jon's olfactory sense got into high gear. We were shopping for a hat with the bird. I paid more money for it than for any other hat I ever bought," she said.

"It was a sky-blue hat with a veil tied under the chin, and a decoration that looked like a tiny yellow bird in its nest. I thought the hat was beautiful, and so did my friends, but when Jon laughed at it, I began to dislike it and I never wore it again."

"Why don't you wear it?" Jon said. "I think I'm beginning to like it.

"I couldn't wear it again," Frances laughed, "not after the funny thing you called it. You said it looked like a hen's coop."

Chic! Janet Gaynor has it in a suit designed by Omar Kiam.

"Will Frances go on with her work?" I asked.

"As long as she wants to," Jon said. "It's part of her life, and to stop her from singing would not be fair, for people who are gifted should use their gift as they were intended to, to give pleasure to those who can appreciate it. So long as her singing brings Frances any happiness, I want her to go on with it. When she wants to retire, that will be all right with me, too. But regardless of whether she works or not, I want to be the man with the long trousers."

"I think it's every man's duty to pay his wife's expenses while reason. Frances will be living in my home, wearing the clothes and jewelry I give her. So far as I am concerned, I hope she puts all the money she makes into the bank. If, however, she ever wants a definite luxury which I cannot afford, I will figure the cost."

"I consider it purely a matter of luck that I have a job. If Goldwyn had not needed someone to play the role of Terangi and if Joel McCrea had not refused the role and if William Wyler had not directed my test as ably as he did, I would never have gotten the chance to play the part."

"My" success, he felt, was due to the fact that he had offered two excellent positions, but I got those offers only because the people who made them were friends of mine."

"As day by day the 'Hurricane' was reduced to the screen, and when he does, you will find him a more exciting actor than ever, for if a man's no good without a woman," how can an actor reach his greatest heights till he has found the woman he loves?
Producers Are People
Continued from page 67

Goldwyn temperament, in spite of their contrasting backgrounds, a most happy marriage. Frances seems to have no regrets about her abandoned career. She has thrown all her interests into those of her husband, whom she finds amusing when he is temperamental, and always interesting.

Sam himself tries to make pictures that she will like, taking her opinions very seriously. He would have liked to have her play in the Colman picture. Maybe, he admitted, she would have liked to play in it too. But Sam again was a little scared.

"Everything is so perfect this way," he said. "I don't dare take a chance. Maybe it would be all right. I don't know. Maybe. But it's not worth taking a chance."

With all the fortune he requires already accumulated, Sam Goldwyn is making pictures because he likes to make pictures. He is making the kind of pictures he wants, important films, usually serious dramas, always with a perfection of detail and atmosphere that is the Goldwyn trademark. Sam, Polish born, and once the best glove salesman in New York state, wants perfection in everything, and he'll yell until he gets it.

Darryl Zanuck is another who makes the pictures he likes. His studio likes to call him dynamic. For once, the expression fits. Zanuck is wiry, tense, restless. He never seems to relax. Conversation with him is a form of exercise. Zanuck strikes back and forth across the room, gesturing nervously, sometimes hopping atop a desk, or perching for a second on the arm of a chair. He never stays anywhere long. His vacations are as restless as his workdays. He shuts up the studio for several months each year and takes to travel.

This summer he spent in England, playing polo. Arthur Caesar, speaking of Hollywood executives, once murmured, "From Poland to polo in three generations." But Darryl Zanuck, born of a Swiss father and an American mother, hails from Wahoo, Nebraska. He was born there just thirty-six years ago, on September 1, 1902. Into those thirty-six years he has crammed an adventure and work. His characteristics, so noticeable in 20th Century-Fox pictures, developed early. He was only fifteen when, adding three years to his age, he went down to fight Villa in Mexico. He had a hand in the World War in France. Returned to the United States, he ignored his small stature and became a longshoremens. He had to earn a living somehow. Over in France, he had been on the staff of the A.F. newspaper, "The Stars and Stripes." That started him writing. Between jobs as a longshoremans and bouts as a professional prizefighter, Zanuck wrote.

He is still writing. Out in Hollywood they will tell you that 20th Century-Fox writers are only stenographers for Zanuck. But when you repeat this to Zanuck, you'll have to listen to a lot of language. He has the best writers in Hollywood, Mr. Zanuck will assure you, with emphasis. He works with his writers, but he does not dictate. He has too much respect for writers. And everyone is probably right!

Zanuck, once affectionately described by an associate as "our miniature sabre-toothed tiger," spends his days in story conferences. He is a grand idea man. He gets ideas everywhere, from newspaper headlines, biographies, from the lists of best-sellers. Those lists are a big help to him. Keyed up to an amazing sensitivity about public taste, he says that books are always far ahead of the stage, that he studies trends by finding out what people read.

Although he has a finger in every scenario, Darryl Zanuck tells the truth when he speaks of his respect for writers. Ria Tins, the dog, was his first star. Those old silent films made him a producer. Mr. Zanuck is willing to give other scenarists an equal chance. Almost all his associate producers have been writers.

And as for the unconscious influence of the three small Zanucks, that can be seen in the special interest taken by the 20th Century-Fox chief in any picture with a juvenile star, Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are both on the same lot, Mr. Zanuck says he is frightened of Shirley: she is so extraordinarily intelligent that she overawes him. But, when he's not snapping out an idea for a fast musical or a topical drama, Mr. Zanuck is working out suggestions for one small actress or another. He spends more time on the children's pictures than any others.

Walter Wanger is quite another proposition. A New Yorker, educated at Dartmouth, long accustomed to wealth, he would like to experiment with controversial subjects. Occasionally he does produce one, a "Blockade" or a "Gabriel Over the White House." He likes intelligent films. It was who made "Private Worlds," But he fills in his schedule with money-makers, expert commercial jobs that bring in the funds with which to take chances. Probably the best-looking of the producers, certainly the most fluent in speech, Walter Wanger can talk a highbrow film with the best of them. He is shrewd enough not to live up completely to his conversation. He can talk of a Theater Guild of the Cinema; and he's made films no other producer would attempt. But, with tongue in cheek, he can turn out program pictures.

Daryl O. Schinzke, another of the independent producers, is unique in Hollywood. He is a producer's son who has grown up to be a producer himself. From childhood...
Selznick was trained for his job. Even while attending Columbia University, he worked in the publicity department of his father's company. He went from there into the story department of another studio. His interest in scenarios is still one of his distinguishing characteristics. Years of writing and editing have made him respectful of other people's ideas. His films, "David Copperfield," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Prisoner of Zenda," are marked by their fidelity to the original novels.

Selznick married to the daughter of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production head, Louis B. Mayer. His brother, Myron Selznick, is a highly successful agent. The Selznick family born and brought up in the industry. But David Selznick's vacations are spent attending the races at Saratoga with Jock Whitney.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., son of Universal's former head, is also a Hollywood child grown up to be a producer. At the age of nine he was, unusually, an assistant to his father. Many a director can remember the time when Mr. Laemmle turned to his small son and asked his advice. At the age of twenty-one he was placed in charge of the studio.

Alexander Korda, puffing away at a two-dollar cigar, will admit readily that he was a flop in Hollywood. Once a newspaperman in Hungary his first pictures in an old barn near Budapest. He could not quickly adjust himself to Hollywood methods. Discouraged, he tried London. There he got his first directing parts. Sometimes directing such films as "The Private Life of Henry VIII," sometimes engaging such directors as Rene Clair for "The Ghost Goes West." He is, with all his outlook and his humor, a sophisticated wit that the Hollywood of silent film days did not relish.

Hal Roach, rotund in spite of his polo playing, goes back to the early days in Hollywood. He left Elmlira after graduating from high school, and struck west in search of adventure. He found it, prospecting in Alaska, playing cowboy from time to time, movie cameras, becoming assistant director on slapstick comedies. He still likes slapstick. That early training clings even to his latest and dressiest films.

Jesse L. Lasky's son writes poetry, gets it published too. Mr. Lasky himself, for years Paramount's production head, is a dreamy sort, provenongorous guess from his independent films. He began his career as a musician, playing a cornet in bands before trying vaudeville as an actor and producer. He was among the first of the big Hollywood producers, turning out fifty and sixty films a year. Now that he is on his own, he enjoys gentle, sentimental pictures, often rather poetic, like "I Am Suzanne" and "Zoo in Budapest." Music is still important to him, as "The Gay Desperado" proved. Those years in Hollywood have not undermined his distaste for the stereotyped. He does not, like his son, write poetry. He tries to film it.

A term as Paramount's production head seems to be a training-school for independent producers, who had been in charge of the company's newsreel for several years, now makes some of the Bing Crosby and Mae West pictures on his own. He has always had little time intent upon studying audience reaction. To his amazement, he has discovered that most of the audiences of Mae West comedies are women. His only explanation is that women want to find out what Mae West has that they haven't got.

In the big studios even associate producers may have to accept unwelcome assignments. But the independents — and Darryl Zanuck, although head of a big studio, is closely associated with the filming of each picture — turn to the stories they like and understand.

Get a Load of Merle
Confirmed from page 63

Aherne with a hard look in his eye, "tell the captain to take the boat back to the shore—at once!" "I won't return to the shore," snapped Merle, returning the look, dogged and redolent with the excitement of his trip to catch fish, and I'm going to catch fish. There's no such thing as seasickness, really, it's only mental. If you go below I'll never forgive you." So the boat coasted Brindisi on deck, completely green, fishing like mad and mumbling, "It's really only mental."

Lucky are you if you can catch her in her sentimental mood, for Merle wasn't born an O'Brien for nothing and when that Irish blood starts boiling she simply gives her all to the sentiment-tender. She is a skilfully found frolic, the first crop of a hat will read volumes of it to you for hours at a time. Whenever she finds a bit of verse in a newspaper or magazine that she likes she cuts it out and pastes it in a scrapbook. If she likes you very well she gives you a book of poems, and don't think that you will get by with a polite little thank-you. No indeed, sharing the whole book.

Two years ago she gave me a beautiful volume of collected poems and practically every time I have seen her since she has brought it out! It's much more than I ever imagined in the collection. Some day I'm going to break down and read those damn poems.

Many things have touched her very deeply, her rather sheltered life, but two things stand out. So deeply was she touched by both of them that tears come to her eyes when she tells you about them. One of them happened some years ago when one day she was used to go to market every morning with her mother, whom she called Mumsie, and who died only a short time ago. Every day an Indian coolie boy, about nine years of age, would rush up to them and offer them his basket in which to put their purchases. He seemed such a bright little fellow and so devoted to Merle that her mother gave him a job as house boy. Just to be near Merle seemed to be all he asked of life. When she was sixteen she left with her mother for India and the little coolie boy with tears running down his dark cheeks was the last face she saw as the train pulled out. He bounded the small-box and when next she heard from him there was a letter from Merle he would seize it jubilantly and stand behind her mother's chair while she read every word to him. Months passed and one day came a letter saying that Merle had decided to stay in London—and would never come back to India. That day the little coolie boy quietly disappeared and has never been heard of since.

And then there was last Christmas in London, a rather gay Christmas, for Merle has many friends in England, and very few of them connected with movies or the theatre. Early Christmas morning there arrived a large box of roses from one of the leading stars. "I was out at the out- gang at the studio," Greg, and Eddie, and Mac, and Ali—the boys at the Goldwyn studios, who handle D'Andrea, the lighthouses, and the props, on Merle's pictures and who are supposed to be the most hard-boiled people in captivity, "Just think," says Merle about the roses, choking, "they remembered me on Christmas and I was six thousand miles away."

The devotion of the people who work for Merle is really extraordinary, it would be good to rate such amazing devotion out of a group of people who are famous for their disinterest, particularly in stars. If a columnist takes a crack at Merle the entire studio rises in rebellion, and the boys simply beg Merle to let them take a swing at her.
(You don't see me making any cracks—
I've seen Eddie and Mack and All.) Equally devoted are her servants—and I can well understand why after spending a Sunday with Merle recently in her Santa Monica beachhouse. She had given the day off to the two maids, "poor dears, it's so far from the movies down here at the beach, I like to give them plenty of time off. And to her chauffeur and his wife and family she had presented a box at the polo matches. Consequently Merle had to do all the little housewife chores herself.

When she's in her gay mood there's no gal funnier than Merle. She can't stand a "life of the party" sort of person and you never find Merle making an exhibition of herself. She likes people who tell amusing stories and make her laugh, and Merle's little dinners usually include David Niven, George Cukor, Reginald Gardiner, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who can always be counted on for merry anecdotes. Merle's stories are never cruel or vicious (though like the rest of us she loves to "dish" Hollywood dirt) but are usually jokes on herself. She likes to make you think that fans never recognize her and she can't resist telling how at the gala opening of "Marie Antoinette" the fans gathered around the car and seeing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., they immediately yelled, "There goes Doug and Marlene Dietrich." Director George Cukor is constantly playing gags on her, but she loves them. Recently, among the guests at a party she attended was a certain writer in Hollywood who has been none too gentle in the things she has written about La Oberon. Cukor sensed the situation at once, dashed up to the writer, and begged her to have a seat "right here between Merle and me, oh, you know Miss Oberon, don't you?" And before Merle or the writer could make pretty talk Cukor, enjoying himself immensely, added, "Merle, I think Miss—

is charming, I don't see why you called her an old cow!"

Merle is very warm and affectionate with her close friends but she simply can't get used to the Hollywood way of kissing and screaming "darling" at people you hardly know. "I became absent-minded at the Trocadero one night and forgot to kiss one of the producer's wives there," says Merle, "and the next morning six people called before breakfast and wanted to know why I snubbed So-and-so. By noon it was a feud and the next day it was served to Hollywood over breakfast in the lowdown column of the Hollywood Reporter. Now, I kiss everybody who looks like they expect to be kissed." (Boys, the line forms on the right.) "When I first came to Hollywood," Merle continued, "and people I had barely met and didn't even know by name called me darling I thought I must be frightfully fascinating and that the entire town was in love with me. But I soon caught on."
GULBRANSEN

MINUTE CONSOLE PICTURES

America's Smallest Scene-Artist

Written on July 8, 1925

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Please provide the missing part of the text. Without the complete text, it's impossible to accurately transcribe or generate a meaningful interpretation.
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 17

Rather interesting, costumes in this house. The thing I adore about it—it's so comfortable, so livable, and yet so pretty."

We wandered from the living room, where yellow love seats face each other across the white hearth, to the adjoining sunroom. Wendy's piano, laden with new music, dominates this room, but there is a couch in flowered yellow especially favored by Wendy's guests.

"We'll hang apples in these doorways," planned my hostess, "and we'll bob for them in tubs on the terrace. We're going to do the Big Apple out there, too, as a contest. We're having prizes. I've just had such fun doing in my last picture 'Outside the Law' with Eddie Robinson at Columbia Studios. He's marvelous, that man. I thought when I heard I was to be in his picture: 'He's a big star. I wonder how we'll get on?' but he's grand! He might be the head electrician. He never puts on. You should hear him do his imitation of a Yiddish professor reading the Encyclopedia! We die!"

"Anyway, Eddie and I do the Big Apple. They put spots on the floor so we will land in front of the cameras at critical moments, but Eddie—he gets lost in his art and it's up to me to pull him and haul him into the right spots. There I am, beaming at the audience and trying to do a Charlie McCarthy at him: 'Turn right. Over this way!' I never had so much fun in behind."

We left the terrace, a wide bricked place furnished in green and white, which looks out over the gardens, and entered Wendy's bedroom. It's a dream in peach color, from the specially made peach carpet, flowered peach satin drapes, twin beds with padded satin headboards and peach satin covers, to the peach satin ruffles of the dressing-table. The closets are cedar-lined with mirror doors, and the bathroom, in peach and gray, is luxuriously large.

"I never had enough room in a house before," said Wendy, as we surveyed the commodious dressers, closets and wardrobes, "Mother has an entire suite to herself upstairs, all in apple green—with a separate entrance, too, so that she can be as independent as she pleases, yet close at hand."

We moved on to the den, a quiet room in brown and yellow, the beige-and-brown plaid of the linen drapes matched in couch and chair. "We can make this room quite spooky on Hallowe'en," planned Wendy.

"It's a grand background for orange lanterns and corn shocks. Speaking of corn shocks, we are serving the most unique salad ever! Corn shock and pumpkins—ever hear of it?"

CORND SHOCK AND PUMPKIN SALAD

2 cups diced boiled Heinz Asparagus potato tips
1 cup sliced ripe \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup diced celery
olives
Cooked carrots
Pinwido rings

Marinate potato and celery in French dressing. Drain. Combine with sliced olives, \( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon Worcestershire sauce with sufficient Hellman's Mayonnaise to blend. Toss lightly together. Press this mixture into cone shape paper drinking cup, or mould into shape. Garnish plate with lettuce and place cone in the center. Stand asparagus tips around the cone, about three or four to a serving. Cut pimiento rings and slip over asparagus tips. Cut Jack-o-lanterns from large upper part of carrot, and allow to marinate in dressing. Cut out eyes, nose and mouth and fill with tiny slices of ripe olive, outlined with cream cheese. Set Jack-o-lanterns around shock.

"We're having small sandwiches of salmon paste. The paste is bright orange and it looks pretty on either white or brown bread. George has a black cat cookie cutter and we're going to use on these sandwiches, and he's putting bits of olive on them for the cat's eyes. Ripe olives. But you can use green ones, of course. Then we're having rings of buttered bread with circles of yellow smoked salmon, topped with cream cheese or olives. These are grand. Naturally, there will be doughnuts. George

AT HOME

IT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE— I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SOAP

OUT ON
A PARTY

No S. A.
[STOCKING APPEAL]

Save elasticity...it's the secret of S. A.*

A run—and at the most embarrassing moment. "He" is bound to notice that you've lost S. A.

You needn't have constant runs, ugly wrinkles or snaky seams. Just use Lux. It saves elasticity, so threads give instead of breaking easily into runs. Stockings fit better, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity—rob you of S. A.

* Stocking Appeal— it's spoiled by constant runs, holes, twisty seams, wrinkles

for stockings
makes the American kind with the cake flour. He'll give you his recipe."

**AMERICAN DOUGHNUTS**

\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup sugar} \]
\[ \text{Cake Flour} \]
\[ 2 \text{ eggs} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup cream} \]
\[ \frac{1}{4} \text{ teaspoon salt} \]
\[ \text{thick milk} \]
\[ \text{Royal} \]
\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ cup Swansdown} \]
\[ \text{Baking Powder} \]

Grating of nutmeg or almond flavoring (few drops). Beat eggs until light. Add sugar gradually, beating until all is added. Then add cream, sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg together. Combine with egg mixture. This should make fairly soft dough. Add a little more cream or milk if too stiff. Roll out so that Dick covers lightly and quickly on slightly floured board, to \( \frac{3}{4} \) inch thickness. Cut with small doughnut cutter and fry at once in deep hot oil. Cover with sugar and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

"In England, we make doughnuts without the hole in the center. They taste like fresh bread just out of the oven, and are filled with jam. Luscious!"

**ENGLISH DOUGHNUTS**

\[ \frac{3}{4} \text{ Fleischmann's} \]
\[ 1 \text{ cup Luke warm yeast cake} \]
\[ 2 \text{ eggs} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup Luke warm milk} \]
\[ 1 \text{ teaspoon salt} \]
\[ \text{water} \]
\[ 1 \text{ cup sugar} \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ tsp. grated nutmeg (Burnet's) } \]
\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup butter (Flour)} \]

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add teaspoon sugar and flour to make batter drop easily from spoon. Beat well. Put aside in warm place to raise three-quarters to one hour. Cream butter and sugar together. Add well beaten eggs, salt, milk and nutmeg. Add to batter. Work flour to make a stiff dough. Set in warm place to raise six hours or overnight. Toss on to floured board. If too soft to handle well, work in more flour. Pat or roll \( \frac{3}{4} \) inch thick. Cut in rounds with biscuit cutter. Place \( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon jelly, jam or marmalade in center of half the rounds. Place edges with unbeaten egg white and cover with plain rounds of dough and press together. Let stand on board to raise again for one hour. Try in deep hot oil. Drain and roll in confectioners' sugar.

"I hope everything goes off all right. I had a dinner party last night—heaven, what a party! I wanted to be so grand. I told George to be sure to have things out of the ordinary. Well, you can get strawberries any time in California, of course, but we thought we would be fancy and have those enormous frozen ones that cost a lot and hardly seem possible. George didn't know you had to defrost the things. Neither did I. So in they came, looking simply unbelievable, and everyone ooh'd and ahh'd—until they tried to eat them, when no one could make a dent in a berry. I was horrified. But my guests, all being perfect guests, saw to it that the things were marvelous—not a bit hard, my dear and all but broke their front teeth."

"That wasn't all. Earlier, I thought the butter tasted funny. And nobody noticed anything about the butter?" And all those ladies and gentlemen, still perfect guests, cried: "Not a thing! and they all ate it to show they knew better. Just before the dinner was over, it developed that something was wrong with the refrigerator and poison gas was infecting the contents."

"My word! I thought. I'll have a tableful of dead guests, presently! I expected the homicide squad any minute, and I saw myself in court trying to prove I had no motive for murder. Heaven forbid anything like that at my Hallowe'en party!"
lie to mother—something I never did before. I have as much right to take my happiness into the open as any other girl!"

She went home, unseen, and invented a tale of visiting a girl friend, at Arrowhead Lake. Her mother’s adoring eyes were unsuspicious, and Jean turned away, feeling like a criminal. The defeat of old age, she saw, was never triumphant.

She met Dick again at the studio, and they went ahead with the picture they were making. She watched him work with a fierce pride tugging at her heart, and when they were in each other’s arms, in the love scenes, Markel hugged himself and his lips grew taut, for their love scenes together had a sincerity, a sweep, that would light a moment of beauty, and the cameras would catch it.

"Damn!" whispered Dick to her, one day, unheard. "I can make love to you all I want to—before the camera—in cafes—in public, at parties—but I can’t in private! We have no privacy."

"Darling!" she whispered, "Don’t! I hate it too!"

"Why can’t we go away over the weekend, sweet?"

She shivered. "Oh, I want to! But—mother?"

"What a life!" he muttered.

"Have you forgotten," she reminded him, "that the studio wants merely an engagement? And that we both have contracts forbidding us to marry?"

"There must be a way to beat this racket," he grumbled.

"I think, Mr. Ramsey," she said, tremulously, "that I love you very, very much!"

The party given by Ben Glassman for Jean Taylor and Dick Ramsey was elaborate. The great house was perfection; the glamour and elegance of the men and women present a national byword. All the great and near-great were present. Glittering people, great names, famous faces; a nonchalant, wise-cracking group, full of shop talk and studio gossip. The party was to be broadcast by radio and published in the chatter columns and newspapers. Everybody came. Hollywood’s most eligible bachelor was engaged to be married.

Dick Ramsey had shopped and bought Jean the most beautiful square-cut diamond that money would buy, and the newspapers learned of the dazzling engagement ring. There were pictures of Jean in the newspapers, of Dick, of the ring.

Sam Glassman isolated Dick at the party and thrust the newspaper clipping into his hand, covertly. "Look, robber," he complained, frowning. "I said we’d buy a few trinkets to make this engagement look real,

DENTYNE HELPS YOU HAVE HEALTHIER, WHITER TEETH!

Chew Dentyne daily — its specially firm “chewiness” gives your teeth needed exercise, stimulating healthful circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues. It also stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your mouth cleaner, healthier — your teeth lustrous white!

See—even a glamour girl like Olivia de Havilland gets runs in her stockings.
but what's the idea of this Crown jewel?"

"Think nothing of it," said Dick. "It has to look genuine, doesn't it? And I'm no tightwad. Don't you think you could honor him and Jean, but the eyes of the guests were full of challenge; they were intent on their own high-tension familiarity, their other play. Dick thought no more of Jean, he saw, through the window, was surrounded by an admiring group. His heart drummed with the pleasure of his secret knowledge; it's clear beauty—this girl with the starry, wine-colored eyes and the crushed poppy mouth belonged to him."

He lighted a cigarette, and stood near the deserted swimming pool. The night was still and lovely. The orange trees swayed in a night wind, saline with the ghostly savor of the sea, and the garden, nearby. He looked up, eagerly, as a slim, feminine figure approached, heralded by a fugitive vanguard of music. He would have sworn the clear moonlight recognized her, with a sense of disappointment. The girl was dark, directly, primly beautiful. Every movement of her showed a touch to aggravate masculine attention, too quickly, too easily. Her swaying body and reckless eyes started a train of thought.

Dick said: "Hello, Ruby! You're looking fine."

She laughed easily and sat down with him, her eyes masked, "You're a good-looking brute, but you haven't seen much of you, since your engagement. What's the gag, Dick?"

"No gag, Ruby," he answered, easily. "I wouldn't say she looked like a studio gag. You dropped me like a hot potato, I suppose I belong in an older script."

His expressive face sharpened. He said, still easily: "You flatter me, Ruby. You have so many admirers—"

She chuckled, interrupting. "You do these interminable speeches, beautifully, my talented darling! It all looks like a gag to me. Dear, how long are you supposed to play around with the milk-and-honey angel?"

"It's no gag," he said, quietly. "It's real, Ruby."

She sat facing the house, and she saw the slim figure of Jean emerging. In the side yard, a banked kiss abroad of Mediterranean eyes. She sidled close to Dick and threw her arms around his neck. Her eyes were suddenly luminous with avid desire, an unchecked capacity was on her hungry mouth.

"In that case, darling," she murmured, "you might kiss me goodbye—"

He drew his head back in distaste, but she pulled it down to hers and crushed her lips to him, holding with a surprising strength. They both heard the slight swish of Jean's dress. She stood, looking at them, wide-eyed.

Ruby laughed with the assurance of a woman who is accustomed to dominating situations, and she said as the strong, silent type, Dick," she said, with easy urbanity, "You might introduce me—"

Jean said, deliberately: "Is that necessary? It's cheap, and you don't like it. You're Ruby Lloyd, aren't you? You're singing at the Swan's Pond." Dick's face was dark with annoyance. Jean continued, without a trace of fever, and in a lot about herself. "You're really better-looking than I expected. Superficially, one might think you were really a nice girl."

Ruby smiled. "Charmed, I'm sure!" she murmured. "I also feel that I know you— Dick forming a sort of intimate connecting link between us."

She turned to Dick with a poised deliberately: "Your new fiancée needs to be housebroken, Dick. One detects a power of cleanliness, even standing on dewy darling, when the milk diet calls, I get so lonesome for you—"

He began, furiously, "Ruby! You should—"

"Tut-tut!" she admonished, her eyes greedy and hot, like an angry cat's. "Too bad ladies can't use the same kind of words men do, isn't it? Be seeing you, darling!"

She walked away, poised, with an exhibitionist's skill in the handling of dilemma. Just as Dick was about to follow her, he heard her say: "I suppose you think, Jean—" he began.

"I don't dear," she said, softly, "I watched her, knowing she was an old flame. Dick, her mental picture of her was as clear and precious as a picture of her, in his eyes, as a picture of her, in his eyes, as a picture of her, as was his mind."

"Nothing, darling! I took her out several times, she came to two of my limited house parties, that's all."

"Very nice, dear? You don't now?"

"No! Don't get any ideas! I thought that our engagement was all a studio gag."

"Isn't it? Some people are bound to think so—"

"But, darling! We two know better! I hate this! You're my wife, why can't we tell?"

But yet, dear. Why, if we were suddenly known to be married, it would spoil all of Glassman's ballyhoo. We're supposed to stage a love story. People like to think that I'm in love with each other, maybe, but married!

"Okay?" he shrugged. "Okay! But I don't like it! If you love me the way I do you, you won't do this.

"Oh, don't I, my dear?" she whispered, brokenly. "Don't I?"

"Come here, Mrs. Ramsey," he said.

Jean was sitting in her lot bungalow, the next day, dreaming, wrapped in happiness and in a perfect peace. In a few minutes, and she went home. Dick, mysteriously, had claimed a business appointment tonight. He had questioned her, obliquely, about the great Travres home. She had seen it. A Mediterranean villa, a show place, with white marble steps leading to the eucalyptus-lined terrace. She had been told that except for the Villa D'Este, it was the most beautiful piece, of its kind, in the world! In her heart, she knew that Dick meant to buy it for their future home. He had been so devious, and so apparent! She looked at her girl whose eyes were like twin altar lamps, shining with her dreams.

She was telephoning. She answered, a smile on her lips. A moment later she asked, "Who?" and the blood drained from her lips and cheeks. Incredulity and fear came into her eyes. She called to her maid: "You're going, Nora," she said, limply. The maid binned her head in the door and left.

Jean's hand went to her heart, as if to still the thunderous throb of it; she put her hand to the phone: "Hello? Now, will you please repeat that? I'm afraid I misunderstood you. You said—?"
"No, you didn't, ma'love!" chucked a male voice. "What's up? Someone in the room with you? Can't say anything, eh? I had a time getting you on the wire! Well, Jean, this is Myles Tracy, all right—in the flesh!" "But," she stammered, bewildered, "that can't be—"

"No! Well, it is! I want to see you right away, Jean. How's the lobby of the Roosevelt? No? Tell you what I'll do—I'll get a cab and drive out Wilshire. About a mile up, there's a church. I'll wait on the corner. You drive by. Something very important—to you!"

"I'll meet you," she agreed, faintly, and hung up in the confusion of uttershipwreck; then fear crystallized a grim purpose on her scarlet month.

She drove her little coupé out Wilshire Boulevard slowly, her mind a maze of hurt. Some prescience of disaster hung over her. She saw Myles Tracy finally, and pulled up.

He got in without a word. She recoiled from him, involuntarily. He smiled.

"What do you want?" she blurted. Inwardly, she was frozen with antagonism.

He lit a cigarette and let smoke trickle through his flaring nostrils. "What do you suppose?" he asked.

"Money, of course!" she snapped, with the words, "How much?"

"Well, now, we can discuss that. Jean, can't we? I saw in the papers where your film star fiancé, Dick Ramsey, just gave you the most expensive engagement ring in Hollywood. You must be rolling in it these days, eh, kid?"

"I'm not!" she gasped. "I'm not! I just got a start two years ago. Mammoth farmed me out to Atlantic, but my salary stayed the same as at the beginning. It still stays the same until after my next picture—"

"Well, you must have some money! Dick Ramsey is a millionaire!"

"That doesn't mean I have millions! I have very little, and that little I saved, dollar by dollar! Why should I give you any money, Myles? My marriage to you was annulled—"

"Don't be funny!" he said. "You can see it was annulled, but I can say plenty of other things—that we slipped plenty over on your mother before the marriage—"

She gasped, revulsion choking her.

"Look!" he snapped, viciously. "I'm broke, dead broke. I have to have money, see? I don't care what I have to say about you to get it. I can dig up the records and show that we were married, I have a bunch you wouldn't want your Dick Ramsey or Hollywood to know that. I've seen the stories in the newspapers. Well, suppose it came out that you have been slipping one over on Hollywood?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I? Just try me, baby!"

"How much do you want?" she asked, dully.

"Ten grand."

"Ten thousand!?" she echoed. "Why, I—"

"You've got it!" he said.

She calculated swiftly. "I have just about that much in the bank," she said. "I'll give it to you, but that's all you'll ever get. I believed you dead. What about that fire—"

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**Freshness is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette**

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness can be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness can be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos at the peak of perfect smoking condition; sealed-in with an extra jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack, and see what that means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen Scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.
"Sweet music," say Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; "glad you're going to dance to it," says Irving Berlin as he plays a tune he wrote for "Carefree."

"Sorry, but I'm very much alive, Jean." "I—checked up," she went on, tonelessly. "I hired a lawyer and he checked up—" She bit her lip. Disgust and fear were in the swift, stabbing glance she gave him. "I wish you were dead," she finished, dully.

"But I'm not, baby! I was in trouble when that fire hit that hotel, in Frisco. It was my roommate, Jim Raeburn, who was burned to death. Remember him? He was with our stock company too. They found my clothes and papers near him and they thought it was me. I switched with him when I saw how it was going to be, dropped from a window and got away in a peasant's suit. They're always been very kind to me, very lucky to me. Remember? I met you during a pea-soup fog, and we were married in one."

"You—changed clothes with—Jim Raeburn?" she whispered.

"Yeah. Of course, that's all over, years ago. I went to Mexico; lost this finger in a mine accident. Just got back to try the movies and read about your success and your engagement in the newspapers; and the engagement ring Ramsey gave you. I thought I deserved a little something—to shut up. After all, I was really your husband."

"Jim Raeburn?" she said. "He died in that fire? And his wife's dead, too! What about his little daughter, who was in that Oakland orphanage? What will become of her?"

He shrugged. "I only took Jim's identity, m'lady, not his obligations. What d'ye want me to do? Marry the gal? She's only about seven years old!"

Jean drew up at the curb and turned to face him, her eyes bleak. He had been a handsome leading man five years ago, when she had married him. He was still handsome, though his features had coarsened and hardened. There was a cheap flashiness about him which she could now see—the exaggerated collar, tightly drawn to his neck; the vivid tie; the sharply tilted derby; an exaggerated and not very immaculate fastidiousness.

"I'll give you ten thousand, Myles," she said, softly. "It's all I've got. All I've saved, in two years; and there will be no more. No matter what happens to me, there will be no more, understand? If you ever attempt to spoil my life here, to lie about me, I'll kill you, Myles. I'm not fooling, Myles. I'm telling you the truth."

"Well, what do you expect me to say?" he blustered. "I won't bother you again. I'm going east in a few weeks."
OUT IN HOLLYWOOD...

where a Complexion Care
has to work...

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

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Lux Toilet Soap,
IT REMOVES
COSMETICS
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BECAUSE IT HAS
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SAFE, EASY CARE
GUARDS AGAINST
COSMETIC SKIN

BARBARA STANWYCK
STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"ALWAYS GOODBYE"

—and in your own home town—

SCREEN STARS
OUGHT TO
KNOW ABOUT
COMPLEXION CARE

AND BELIEVE ME
THEY DO

IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN
THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL.
I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER
RISK COSMETIC SKIN

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
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SQUIRED BY A LONG LIST OF ELIGIBLES, THEY ATTEND IMPORTANT TOWN AND COUNTRY PARTIES...
SPEND THEIR DAYTIME HOURS IN CHARITY WORK AND SPORTS ACTIVITIES

"MIL️"...Blonde, brown-eyed daughter of the Henry G. Grays. Extremely vivacious...well-liked. Her name is forever cropping up in the society columns as "being here" or "going there"...She studies fashion designing...takes part in charity work...swims, ice-skates, loves to hunt. She is a Camel smoker. In fact, "I smoke nothing but CAMELS," she says. "Camels are so mild. And when I'm tired, smoking CAMELS gives my energy a lift."

As one of her set puts it: "Oh, there are so many ways in which CAMELS agree with me!"

"PEGGY"...Daughter of the Philip Stevensons...A tall, slim creature whom even critical society photographers call "beautiful"...She's been fitted from Newport to Palm Beach...Usually on hand when charitable activities are being planned...Golf is her favorite game...CAMELS, her favorite cigarette..."CAMELS never tire my taste," she says. "And they never get on my nerves at all. Oh, I like CAMELS in so many ways!!!" Evidently, Peggy Stevenson appreciates what is meant when steady smokers say: "Camels agree with me!"

"LE BRUN"...She is a member of a historic Knickerbocker family...the daughter of Philip Rhinelander 2nd...In sports, she favors the sailing at Bar Harbor, the hunts at Aiken...Her lovely eyes and ivory skin distinguish her in any gathering...She is known among her friends for her loyalty to CAMELS. "CAMELS are different," she says. "For instance, with CAMELS, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. And CAMELS are always gentle to my throat." Adding: "Camels agree with me in every way!"

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Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York  Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Babo Paine Spaulding, III, Pasadena
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

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"Camels agree with me"